

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 556[980 words]

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Dante then felt that following Yvette's instructions without question wasn't humiliating at all. If the rumors of the infamous Deadlock returning to the underworld were true, who in Myson's underworld gang would dare to disobey? It turned out that she really could make him the ruler of the southern region. That was no idle remark. Dante's heart was both anxious and excited. That night might be the night that would transform his impoverished, humble life. Upon learning that Yvette was Deadlock, a trace of fear crept into Dante's heart. Though he tried hard to appear calm, the slight tremor in his hands betrayed his inner tension and unease. After all, it was Deadlock

As a mere teenager, she had once made countless figures in Mysonna's underworld tremble in fear, and she had established the formidable Seventy-Two Chambers. Such a legend then sat before him. It was impossible not to feel nervous. "Dead... M-Ms. Zeller, what are your orders?" Dante stammered. He cursed himself internally, 'Why stutter at such a critical moment? How embarrassing!

Yvette tapped her fingers lightly on the table, her gaze lingering for a few seconds before she looked up. Her expression was neutral, her eyes cast downward, emotionless. Under her gaze, Dante's palms grew slightly clammy with cold sweat. He stood still as if awaiting a judgment of fate. If he was going to heaven or hell, it all hung in the balance

The four hall leaders of Seventy-Two Chambers stood on either side, their faces solemn, while everyone else kept their eyes fixed forward, unmoving. Jeremiah sipped lightly from a cup, his gaze dropping as a glimmer of light flashed in his eyes. Seventy-Two Chambers lived up to their reputation. The group demeanor is nothing like the underworld. Instead, they resemble a disciplined military unit. Yvette is indeed an extraordinary instructor, he thought..

Yvette spoke in an indifferent tone. "If you want to be the boss of the southern region, you'll need to prove your ability. I can give you the opportunity, but whether you can grasp it or not is up to you.

"If you pass Seventy-Two Chambers' hellish trials, I can provide you with weapons and funds. If you fail, with Seventy-Two Chambers. The choice is yours."

your life stays here

The hall leaders exchanged glances. 'Is Ms. Zeller planning to make this man the ruler of the southern region? If Dante has caught her attention, his future could change overnight, they thought.

If Yvette wanted Dante to take charge of the southern region, it would be effortless. With one word, Seventy-Two Chambers would clear the obstacles, paving the way for him to become the new overlord.

In other words, if Yvette was willing, it wouldn't matter whether it was Dante, born in the slums, or someone random. Any of them could take the position.

But why should she? If one wanted an opportunity, they must fight for it themselves. Opportunities didn't fall from the sky. If one could seize them, they were theirs; if not, it was one's fate.

At present, the choice had fallen into Dante's hands—something he had never expected. He thought that someone as influential as Yvette wouldn't care about someone as insignificant as him, that his fate would seem trivial to her. Who would have thought that she would place the decision in hands! For a moment, Dante was utterly stunned.

Yet, the Seventy-Two Chambers' hellish trials were something only a handful of people had ever passed. It was said that Yvette had designed the training and tests to select only the most elite members back in the day.

Over the years, aside from the original members personally trained by her, those who managed to pass could be counted on one hand.

Dante looked into Yvette's eyes and could see that she genuinely intended for him to make the decision. He lowered his

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head and said nothing. Though the diner was crowded, there wasn't a single sound.

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Mario and the members of the Pentagon Gang stood to the side, anxiously waiting, unable to do anything. Yvette watched Dante struggle, her expression calm and indifferent. Sometimes, a person's destiny lay in their own hands. After a long pause, Dante raised his head, his gaze resolute. Looking at Yvette, he spoke with firm determination, enunciating each word. "Ms. Zeller, I am willing to undergo the Seventy-Two Chambers' hellish trials. "Life and death are my destiny. Life is my fortune; death is also my fate. I have no regrets."

Jeremiah had long anticipated Dante's choice and was not surprised. Some people were born to carve out their own path, even at the cost of their lives. Otherwise, even if Yvette helped Dante become the ruler of the southern region, he wouldn't last long. At that moment, Dante shed his earlier nervousness and panic, exuding a trace of the demeanor of someone destined for power. This decision marked the beginning of his journey to becoming the ruler of the southern region of

Mysonna Yvette nodded slightly, her dark eyes sweeping over Dante. Her words were concise. "Go with them. The day you emerge from the Seventy-Two Chambers' hellish trials will also be the day you become the ruler of the southern region." Dante couldn't hide his excitement upon hearing that. He immediately knelt on the ground and said. "Ms. Zeller, I will never forget your immense kindness. If I survive and come out, my life will belong to you.

Just say the word, and I will go through hell and high water without hesitation."

Dante clearly understood that as long as he passed the trials, he could become a true leader. No longer would he be looked down upon as someone from the slums.

After Dante had stood up, the hall leader of Disciplinary Hall stepped forward respectfully and addressed Yvette. "Ms. Zeller.

will

arrange

for Dante to enter the inner hall for training. There will be no leniency, rest assured. We will take him now," Yvette, sitting with her

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Jeremiah's hand, holding the water cup, paused slightly before she nonchalantly took another sip. The loyalty of the Seventy-Two Chambers' members to Yvette was so extreme that it was truly shocking

Yvette lifted her eyelids and glanced at the four hall leaders opposite her. Each of their faces was filled with seriousness and determination. She curled her lips slightly, her eyes remaining unchanged, and asked slowly, "Are you The four nodded. Each one was feared throughout the underworld and was then behaving like obedient students in front of Yvette, exuding not a hint of menace.

Ms. Zeller, we've made up our minds, they said in unison.

Yvette lightly drummed her fingers on the table and leaned back lazily. She said, "Stay until the end of the year-this time next year, I'll come and take you home."

The four were stunned upon hearing that. Did she just say she would take them home? For them, home was wherever Yvette

They were all orphans. When they met Yvette, they were utterly alone. Although older than her by a few years, they were guided by her in both training and life—a ten-year-old leading a group of older kids to where they stood that day. Their fondest memories weren't of the vibrant nightlife of the underworld but of the two years spent in the training camp. Those years, despite the grueling hardships, were the most meaningful of their lives.

Yvette was merciless in her training methods, yet those days were filled with purpose.

Later, the days of sweeping through the underworld under her leadership became equally unforgettable. Despite life-and-death battles, not a single member was lost because, with her around, even death couldn't claim them. The four, in unison, shouted with years of tacit understanding, Ms. Zeller, we'll wait to go home with you!"

Looking at the excited four, Yvette replied in a low voice, "Go back and tell Braydon that I'll take you all next year."

She had no intention of keeping that a secret. No one could stop her from taking her people. The four nodded, well aware of her personality. When she said she would take Seventy-Two Chambers, even Braydon would have to agree. Going back to notify Braydon was merely a formality. Yvette had always been that assertive.

Once the Seventy-Two Chambers members had left, Mario immediately entered. Upon seeing Yvette, he lowered his head, no longer his earlier talkative self, but rather nervous and uneasy.

Having been in the southern region for so many years, Mario knew a thing or two. That a figure like Yvette would come to eat at his diner, behaving so courteously, was something he still found hard to believe.

Yvette walked unhurriedly toward the door, Jeremiah following beside her. As she passed Mario, she paused, causing his heart to race, unsure whether to look up or not.

Yvette glanced down at the tense Mario and said casually, "Your food tastes very good. With that, she and Jeremiah pushed open the door and left.

Mario broke out in a cold sweat. He had thought she was displeased with him. It turned out she was complimenting his cooking. Only after they had left did he finally relax.

Surveying the mess left behind, he sighed. Times were getting tougher, especially with the gang conflicts in the southern region that showed no signs of ending. Ordinary folks like him were borne the brunt of it. As he cleaned up, he noticed something unusual on the table where Yvette had sat. He thought he was seeing things—a slip.

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of paper resembling a check; He bent down for a closer look.

When he realized it was indeed a check, Mario froze. It was a 150 thousand-dollar check. A whole year's backbreaking work wouldn't even earn him half that. And right then, the sum had appeared out of nowhere.

As his emotions settled, holding the lightweight check in his hands, Mario sat on the recently cleaned blue chair, deeply moved. There was no need to guess who had left the check,

That lofty figure, who seemed unreachable, had remembered his struggling diner even after leaving. Mario's heart swelled with a mixture of gratitude and complexity.

In the car, Jeremiah was driving while occasionally glancing at Yvette, who was curled up in the passenger seat engrossed in a game. His lips curled into a smile.

Yvette had personally written a check for the diner owner. Only he would bother to handle such after-sale issues in the underworld.

Yvette, half-lowering her lashes, casually eliminated another player in her game. Without lifting her head, she asked in a low voice. "What are you smiling at?"

Jeremiah, holding the steering wheel with one hand, turned a corner leisurely and replied in a deep voice, "I like to smile."

His words made Yvette pause her game. She looked up, abandoning the game entirely, and glanced at Jeremiah. "Men are liars. What else do you like?" she asked slowly. Jeremiah, turning the steering wheel again, answered without hesitation. "I like you" His expression was earnest, his tone sincere.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand and replied, "That just proves you have good taste."

Jeremiah was used to her occasional bouts of self-adoration. His expression remained calm as he countered, "Then, who do you like?" His question was light as if he didn't care about the answer. Yvette arched her delicate brows, tilted her head, and replied lazily, "I like Coke."

Jeremiah's grip on the steering wheel faltered slightly. 'Who's Coke now? he wondered.

Yvette, after speaking, closed her eyes unhurriedly, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Back at the mansion, Jeremiah sat on the office sofa, his face illuminated by dim light. His sharp features, prominent nose, and unbuttoned white shirt revealed a pale collarbone, exuding an air of abstinence.

He was still wondering who this Coke was that Yvette had mentioned. Turning his phone in his hand. Jeremiah opened it, found a contact labeled "Eagle King, and made the call.

In Betrico, Eagle King, dressed in red shorts, a green tank top, and blue slippers, stared at the unfamiliar number. After confirming it, he answered cautiously, "Mr. Chavez, what a rare call, What's the occasion?"

Eagle King wasn't foolish. Jeremiah wouldn't call him for idle cha-chat. If he received a call, it was most likely related to Yvette. He knew his place well.

Jeremiah, listening to the water running in the bathroom, asked in a deep voice. "Who's Coke?"

Eagle King froze at the question 'Coke? Who's that? he wondered. He had no idea.

Jeremiah waited for a few seconds, and when no answer came, he knew Eagle King didn't know either. He muttered, "Forget it and hung up.

Eagle King, who was in Betrico's photo studio, was bewildered. He stared at his phone, utterly perplexed. Then, suddenly

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realizing something, he grinned mischievously and opened the group chat app.

The group chat's name was "Happy Family," with group leaders Eagle King" and "Samantha

That chat group, created after their return from South East Apleth, included everyone close to Yvette and Jeremiah, Whether they had met or not, they were all friends or comrades of the pair. The group buzzed with activity daily, though the two remained blissfully unaware.

The group had a clear rule-to not add Yvette or Jeremiah.

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In the Happy Family group chat, nearly everyone was present-Bagle King, Samantha, Andrew, Emmett, Charles, and the rest. The last ones to join were Rodney and Kash, all the way from Golden Triangle.

Eagle King was the most active member of the group, but his constant messages were often muted or ignored because he was just too noisy.

He loved to share tips on health and wellness or motivational quotes, claiming the world needed "truth, goodness, and beauty, although others thought his posts were borderline brainwashing.

If Eagle King hadn't become the group admin first, he would've been kicked out long ago,

Eagle King immediately posted the question Jeremiah called to ask in the group chat. Then, he sat down, watching Flying Fish shoot a scene nearby, not bothering to check his phone.

From experience, replies usually took ten minutes at the earliest sometimes up to half an hour. But this time, before Eagle King could even settle into his seat, his phone buzzed incessantly, the flood of notifications almost deafening. "What the heck? When did I get this popular?' he thought. Excited and trembling, Eagle King grabbed his phone to open the group chat,

The messages had already piled up to dozens. It was overwhelming, and for the first time, Eagle King experienced the chaos of being spammed. The first reply was from Andrew, who responded almost instantly.

[Wait, Eagle King, are you serious? Jeremiah called you in the middle of the night to ask who Coke is? Who the heck is Coke? I won't sleep tonight if I don't find out. Does anyone know? Speak up now!] he texted. Bonnie: [You're so nosy. Be careful, or Jeremiah will fly back from Mysonna just to deal with you. By the way, who's Coke? Im just asking for a friend.]

Samantha: [Bon, you're adorable. Logically speaking, Jeremiah's Coke must have something to do with Yve. Otherwise, there's no way he'd call to ask. Emmett, do you know what's going on?] She tagged Emmett. Emmett: [No clue. I just know Jeremiah and Yve went out for a late-night snack tonight. They're upstairs now. Never heard of this Coke.]

Bruce: [Agree with the above]

Bruce was usually quiet in the group, and it took big news like this to get him to post anything.

Sienna, lounging in Bruce's arms, sat up excitedly when she save the group messages, her face full of gossip.

[I think this Coke is definitely a big deal. Just the name screams drama. Could they be Jeremiah's new rival in love?] she texted.

Frankie [This person must be super important if they've made Jeremiah feel threatened. I really want to see who this Coke is. Haha, another rival for Jeremiah! Last time, it was Rodney; now it's Coke. Poor guy.] Chris: [Nobody is worthy of being Jeremiah's rival in love. His comment was a clear indicator of his die-hard loyalty to Jeremiah,

In Golden Triangle, Rodney put down his glass of milk and typed a single line: [This so-called Coke dares to be Jeremiah's rival? If I don't even rank, who does think he is?]

Kash, fresh out of the rainforest after training picked up his phone and simply typed: [You're the boss.]

The group was in a frenzy, everyone speculating wildly, except for one person who hadn't said a word-Charles. Samantha

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finally noticed and tagged him again

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On the other side, Charles had just stepped out of the dissection room. He had been covering for his professor, who was unwell and was swamped with labs projects. After thoroughly washing his hands, he glanced at his phone, say the multiple mentions, skimmed through the conversation, and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Calmly, he typed out a single line and sent it: [Coke is the wild black bear that Yvette kept as a pet at the Seventy-Two Chambers training ground.]

Putting his phone aside, Charles picked up his coffee cup and gazed out the window at the bustling campus, moment to relax.

taking a

Little did he know that the moment his message hit the group chat, the previously lively conversation came to an abrupt halt. It turned out all their guesses, all their brainpower, led to this revelation-Coke was just a bear. Keeping a wild black bear as a pet? That was such an Yvette thing to do. It took five minutes of stunned silence before anyone replied.

Eagle King: [Guys, can we pretend I never brought this up? Someone, please tell Jeremiah who Coke is. I'm going offline- don't try to contact me anytime soon.]

Andrew, Samantha, Rodney, and Sienna logged off simultaneously.

Bonnie: [Uh, am I the only one who thinks Yve keeping a black bear is super cool!]

Andrew replied instantly: [Totally! We're so in sync, Bon.]

Bonnie logged off immediately.

In the end, it was Emmett who put down his phone and sent Jeremiah a text message. He couldn't help but sigh. Since meeting Yve, Jeremiah has certainly encountered a diverse array of rivals!

The next morning, Yvette and Jeremiah came downstairs after getting ready. Everyone else was already seated at the breakfast table. The moment they appeared, the group collectively put away their phones in one synchronized, efficient motion

Jeremiah and Yvette exchanged a glance before taking their seats at the head of the table. Jeremiah calmly spread strawberry jam on Yvette's toast. Even such a simple act seemed elegant and pleasing to the eye.

Yvette leaned back lazily in her chair, her gaze sweeping over a few guilty faces. Raising an eyebrow, she asked, "Are your phones that interesting?"

Frankie, Chris, and Sienna shook their heads frantically, especially Frankie, whose head was bobbing like a rattle, clearly guilty.

Yvette took a sip of orange juice and smirked. Jeremiah set the toast in front of her, then tapped his fingers on the table and asked in his deep voice. "Are your phones that interesting?"

The couple's seamless teamwork sent a chill down everyone's spine. Frankie shook his head even more vigorously,

"No, not really, Jeremiah

"Not at all"

The chat records from yesterday and this morning were still on their phones. They had all taken some schadenfreude in the fact that Jeremiah had called Eagle King in the middle of the night asking who was Coke. 10:43 Thu, Dec 26 Gto.

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There was no way they could let the group chat messages get exposed. If Jeremiah found out about the midnight Coke debacle, they would be done for-dead without leaving a trace.

Yvette dropped the topic, leisurely finishing her toast, while Jeremiah acted as if nothing had happened. The two of them calmly enjoyed their breakfast,

Sienna and Frankie, being the two who had taken the most pleasure in the situation, exchanged a glance. Their hearts finally settled.

The two of them had escaped death by a hair's breadth, miraculously surviving to live another day. They were lucky-truly- lucky.

After finishing the last bite of her bread, Yvette pulled out a napkin and wiped her hands. Tilting her head slightly toward Jeremiah, she said, "Wait for me for a moment." Jeremiah took a sip of coffee, his expression indifferent, eyes slightly lowered, and tone languid. He responded,

"Mm."

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Yvette nonchalantly pulled out an old black phone. She hadn't used it in a long time but kept it as a spare. Once it lit up. Sienna and the others glanced at the old-fashioned cell phone del swallowed nervously.

They thought. That phone's so outdated I bet you can't find it even secondhand Why's she still using it? It's practically an antique However, Yvette then showed them what it meant to use the most outdated phone for the most high-tech tasks. Yvette casually fiddled with the black phone for a few seconds, her hands moving at lightning speed. Everyone watched in awe as the outdated black phone in Yvette's hand turned into a day computer in the blink of an eye. Holy shit! Can someone explain this to me? Is tech already this advanced now? What's with this mini keyboard" I didn't even blink! What just happened? Is that some magic trick? Frankie thought as he rubbed his eyes. Sienna exclaimed, "Yvette, w-what brand is that? Is it a phone or computer? Even she wanted one-it was simply amazing

Yvette's fingers danced on the keyboard, once again showing off her impressive speed. As she typed away, she slowly answered. "It's a no-name brand. Built it from a couple of old phones-you can't buy it anywhere,"

The others stared in silence, thinking. 'Goodness! Is there anything that Yvette can't do? Lines of code rapidly filled the screen Suddenly, Frankie, Sienna, Bruce, and Chris felt somewhat uneasy. What exactly did she do?

After a minute, Yvette stopped and looked up, still expressionless Jeremiah was sitting next to her, and his eyes briefly lingered on what was on the screen. He glanced at the group opposite him, lowered his gaze, and continued calmly sipping his coffee. However, Sienna, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie noticed Jeremiah's blank expression and knew something was up. They were dying to see what was on the screen, but no one dared to move.

Yvette propped up her chin while she looked at the phone screen with keen interest. A small, mysterious smile appeared on her lips and her green eyes lit up with mischief. "Happy Family Nice description, too," she casually remarked

Everyone else realized what Yvette had just done as soon as she spoke. 'Damn it, did Yvette seriously hack into our phones? Isn't that overkill they thought exasperatedly

Sienna was the first to react, immediately raising her hands in surrender and saying sincerely, "Yvette, I'll admit my mistake, but please believe me. I wasn't the one who sent the messages in the group chat yesterday."

"Bruce sent them from my phone-I swear I tried to stop him. I told him to keep his nose out of the gossip about Mr. Chavez and you, but he wouldn't listen!" she added.

Sienna spoke with conviction. Then, she turned to Bruce with a look urging him to quickly confess.

Bruce felt Sienna's gaze boring into him and sighed before setting down his coffee. He looked up at Yvette and Jeremiah and said, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, Sienna sent the messages." Frankie and Chris looked at Bruce in admiration as he spoke. He was always dependable at crucial moments.

Meanwhile, Sienna was utterly bewildered. What happened to the everlasting love and riding off into the sunset together! What about calling each other 'sweetheart? What the hell's going on? she thought in dismay Bruce looked at the dumbfounded Sienna with a slight smile and a knowing gaze. In a deep voice, he said, "You know what they say-when disaster strikes, even love can falter

With no way of bailing herself out, Sienna swallowed her words again as she thought, "Shit. Was this asshole waiting for me? He sure is petty' She sunk back into her chair dejectedly and slumped in defeat. Yvette looked at Frankie again, her green eyes slightly narrowed, she crossed her legs with an expectant smirk, like some big

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Frankie almost instinctively dropped to his knees and said, "Uh Yvette, Chris used my phone to send that message. Would you believe that!"

Chris stared at Frankie, unimpressed.

Languidly. Yvette stood up with a smile and raised an eyebrow What do you think?"

Jeremiah got up too. The two of them walked out the door, leaving Frankie and Sienna staring at each other and wondering if they had dodged a bullet.

Two strangers suddenly joined the Happy Family group chat. Their profile pictures were pitch black. As the group chat owners, Eagle King and Samantha immediately noticed them.

Eagle King pinged the two strangers: [Who are you? Who invited you?

Samantha, who had just finished a regular meeting in Betrico, frowned as she messaged: [No one did, they just appeared out of nowhere. I didn't even get a notification to approve them. Looks like our group chat has been hacked.] Andrew: [Who the fuck has the guts to hack our group chat? I'll blow them to pieces]

Sienna: Ahem, watch your language and keep things civil.]

Frankie: Think of your life and be careful.)

Chris: [Watch yourself.]

Bruce Good luck with that.]

Andrew was in the library, looking at the perfectly concurring messages on his phone in confusion. What's going on? Why are they still messing around? The group chat got hacked! he wondered.

Just as Andrew was about to ask for clarification, one of the strangers messaged: [Yvette.]

Another message quickly followed from the other stranger: [Jeremiah.

The group chat went dead silent. Over in Betrico, Samantha instantly updated the group chat description to Yvette is the cutest), Jeremiah is the most charming). [Welcome, Yvette), and Welcome, Jeremiah

I She also added: [Disclaimer: Mr. Andrew Mitchell has no relationship whatsoever with Ms. Samantha Muchell. Any inappropriate remarks made are his sole responsibility

When the other group members saw the updated description, they all jumped in to shower Yvette and Jeremiah with praise. Firework emojis and stickers of various gifts littered the group chat. It was buzzing with activity.

Later, Jeremiah dropped Yvette off at the entrance of Silas' medical lab. Silas had invited Yvette over, saying he had something to discuss, but he was secretive and insisted on a face-to-face meeting

Jeremiah watched as Yvette got out of the car and entered the lab Then, he turned the car around and drove off.

When Yvette entered the lab, she saw Silas standing in the middle of the hall. He was impeccably dressed and had even styled his hair with wax, looking carefully well-groomed. There was the faint scent of a classy cologne, much unlike his usual

Yvette paused for a moment when she saw Silas' puthit. She put her hands in her pockets and slowly approached hunk, dancing him over while casually asknig. "Aur you interested in someone you met at a blush date for the elderly agımı!" Throughout the years, Silas wore that cologne whenever he was love. Naturally, he had an equally extensive romantKİN,

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history.

Few people wouldn't be charmed by a sophisticated, wealthy, Mysonna, there were even women 20 or 30 years younger than

Silas' youngest girlfriend was 32 years younger than him. Howe no time for dating, she reluctantly ended things.

Silas lips twitched in response. He asked in annoyance, "Ms. Zel

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history.

Few people wouldn't be charmed by a sophisticated, wealthy, and handsome older gentleman. In a liberal place like Mysonna, there were even women 20 or 30 years younger than Silas openly wooing him.

Silas' youngest girlfriend was 32 years younger than him. However, because Silas spent so much time in the lab that he had no time for dating, she reluctantly ended things.

Silas lips twitched in response. He asked in annoyance, "Ms. Zeller, do I really look that easy to you?"

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Yvette nodded, her eyebrows lifting as she remarked casually, "You behave like an animal when you act without thinking"

Silas was taken aback. Deep down, he felt a bit guilty about it, considering he had quite a few girlfriends over the years. Seeing Silas act cute at his age was quite off-putting, but he did not seem to realize it. Yvette looked up lazily. Her eyes reflected her usual calm demeanor. She exchanged glances with Silas before leaving with both hands shoved inside her pockets.

He rubbed his nose and switched the topic quickly, saying, "Yvette, I actually have something to tell you today. Can you

what it is?" guess

If she stayed any longer, it would be hard for her not to slap the wide smile off Silas' face.

Seeing Yvette about to leave, Silas quickly tried to stop her. He said pitifully, "Come on! Really? I'm just asking you to guess. Can't you be more patient with me? Just a little?"

Yvette stopped in her tracks, letting out a soft laugh. She pursed her lips and replied straightforwardly; "Nope, so you better spill before I leave."

Silas quickly followed up and said, "I'll tell you, okay? No need to start using bad words now,"

Silas decided not to beat around the bush anymore, knowing Yvette would definitely leave out of impatience if he did.

He said, "You previously mentioned that Betrico University wanted to invite me to be an honorary professor. I've already contacted them. Once we wrap up the matter with the enhanced No.7 Toxin next month, I'll head to Betrico University for about a year, at least." Clearing his throat, Silas continued, "I want to train more talented people in the medical industry. It's a long but important journey ahead."

Yvette did not show much surprise, only turning her head to stare at Silas with a serious expression. She dragged out her words, saying, "Speak clearly"

Silas, who had just taken a sip of water, almost choked. He quickly soothed himself and caught his breath.

Silas mumbled under his breath, "I heard that in Clusia, older folks love doing the square dance. Haven't I done enough jazz and walizes here? I thought I could try out a different dance style in Clusia, Yvette walked leisurely over to a chair. She sat down, leaned back, and crossed one leg over the other. She said playfully, "A new dance style? Are you sure you're not just looking for a new dance partner?" Silas stared at Yvette with a pout. His expression grew increasingly pitiful with her repeated teasing.

'Did she have to be that blunt? he thought.

Silas decided to put aside his pride and admitted frankly, "I feel like my life-long true love is destined to be found in the distant and mysterious Aploth. It's like God is guiding me there With a sincere expression, Silas almost looked like he had received divine guidance

Yvette narrowed her eyes a little, resting her hand on the chair. Her lashes lowered as a mischievous smile flashed across her face. She said, "You never believed in God!

Silas looked as though he might cry, each of Yvette's words felte a dagger to his heart. If they contiqued this conversation, he might just suffer from a stroke. 10:43 Thu, Dec 26 G Ito.

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All he could think of now was that the further Yvette was, the better. At the very least, he did not want to see her again this

year.

The Golden Exhibit Center in Mysona was known as the oldest and largest concert hall in Mysonna, It was now used mainly for large-scale music events.

Only world-class musicians and performers could hold their concerts and recitals here. It was considered a sacred venue for everyone in the music industry.

This year, the Golden Exhibit Center hosted no more than five pianists for recitals. The next recital would feature Elliot Ross, the eldest son of the prestigious Ross family. Elliot gained fame at a young age.

When he was eight years old, he took the music industry by stom with his original piece, "Despaired Soul." He won almost all the major awards that year. This established him as a unique presence in the music industry and cemented his unparalleled status. Elliot would receive more than 30 million dollars in royalties every year from "Despaired Soul"

Clyde, Elliot's assistant, dismissed everyone in the break room, leaving just the two of them. Once alone, Elliot dropped his gentlemanly facade and turned irritable.

He threw the sheet music at Clyde's face and shouted angrily, Where's the new sheet music? Is it still not done? Months have passed! Those useless people can't even produce a decent piece, even with all the money I spend on them. These are all trash! If this gets published, what will happen to my reputation?

Clyde had grown used to Elliot's angry outbursts. Whenever things did not go couldn't see. Clyde carefully picked up the scattered sheet music from the floor.

his way, he would lose his mind where others

Clyde pleaded, "Mr. Ross, please don't be upset. They've said that if you give them a few more months, they'll definitely produce a piece that will satisfy you. So..."

Before Clyde could finish speaking, Elliot kicked him to the ground and cursed loudly, "What did you say? Wait? I've already waited for so fucking long!"

He fumed, "If I can't come up with a new piece this year, what will people think of me? All of them are ready to drag me down from the pedestal and replace me. Keep dreaming! They should all go to hell!"

Clyde appeared humble on the surface, but deep down, he harbored a strong sense of contempt. Ever since Elliot released the groundbreaking "Despaired Soul" piece at eight, he hadn't been able to produce anything as notable.

The whispers in the music industry had grown louder in recent years. They claimed that Elliot was a genius who fell off. He could no longer write good music.

Having worked with Elliot for many years, Clyde knew that Elliot's musical talent was not as impressive as the rumors made him out to be.

It was absolutely impossible for Elliot to compose a piece like "Despaired Soul. But if it was plagiarized, why didn't anyone come forward to expose it? Why was he handed the ticket to fame Clyde was puzzled to no

end.

Elliot was very

ry secretive about this piece, never bringing it up himself. Whenever he returned from a performance, he would throw a tantrum and smash things like he was possessed.

Clyde reassured Elliot, replying in a humble tone, "Mr. Ross, please don't be angry. I will continue to urge them every day

Right now, the most important thing for you is the recital in the days. The president of the International Music

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Chapter 560

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Association will personally attend. Whether or not you can get a high-ranking membership in the association hinges on this recital," he said.

At this point, Elliot finally calmed down, his expression relaxing noticeably. Becoming a high-ranking member of the association would silence all the critics. Who would still dare to doubt him and say his inspiration had run dry?

With his sharp and decisive voice, Elliot said, "Send the invitation card to Derek. Tell him if he doesn't show up to support me this time, we won't be bros anymore."

Clyde nodded, looking a bit troubled. The relationship between Elliot and Derek had been strained over the years. No one exactly knew what caused it. Each time they met, it was like oil and water. The rift between them was deep.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 561[1,155 words]

Chapter 561

That afternoon, Jeremiah returned to the medical lab to bring the back to the mansion. Inside, Sienna sat on the couch, with a freshly delivered invitation card lying on the table in front of her.

She opened the card and scanned it just as Yvette and Jeremiah walked in. Sienna quickly set the card down and greeted them with a smile. "Yvette, Jeremiah, you're back!"

Yvette nodded and walked over to the couch, her eyes drifting to the invitation on the table. The moment she spotted the emblem, her gaze quickly averted.

"This is an invitation from Elliot," Sienna said, picking up the card. "He had someone deliver it—it's for his recital at Golden Exhibit Center in three days."

The door opened, and Frankie, Chris, and Bruce stepped in, overhearing Sienna's last words. Frankie, always blunt, scoffed. "I swear, every time I walk in, it's about another fancy event. Don't these so-called elites ever take a break!" Chris, calmly pulling off his shoes, replied, "Your family counts as elite in Quakersville, you know." Frankie paused, momentarily lost for words.

Bruce walked over, settling next to Sienna. Elliot? The world-renowned musician from that prestigious family known for their music, he mused. Having attended concerts and art exhibitions often, Bruce knew a bit about the Ross family. Jeremiah placed a glass of warm water in front of Yvette and sat down beside her. The temperature's just right," he said. Yvette glanced up, took a sip, and set the glass back on the table,

Sienna, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie couldn't help but feel a twinge of envy. It was as if Jeremiah were caring for Yvette like a

child

"Yes. That's the Ross family," Sienna continued. "This generation has two

sons. Not both went into music, though.

Elliot became a pianist, and Derek went into business. Derek now owns Mysonna's largest club chain, with locations all over the world. One an artist, the other a businessman—both accomplished." Bruce nodded thoughtfully. He'd attended two of Elliot's performances.

His famous piece Despaired Soul is undeniably a masterpiece, but honestly. I think the praise is a bit exaggerated. It's powerful and groundbreaking, but his performance lacks soul. It's paradoxical"

Bruce a sharp ear for music made his critique hit the nail on the head. It was battling how someone could fail to bring their own creation to life

The pieces Elliot released after "Despaired Soul" paled in comparison-it was like night and day. Without being told, it was hard to believe the same person wrote them.

Sienna nodded in agreement. "You're right. I went to one of his recitals two years ago, and honestly, it was shsappointing. I also heard a rumor that he invited the president of International Music Association this time-probably hoping to jun The

Meanwhile, Jeremiah carefully peeled an orange for Yvette, neatly arranging the slices on a plate. Yvette let out a slow yawn, frowned slightly, and casually said. "Despaired Soul wasn't written by Elliot

With that, Wette arood and headed upstairs Jeremiah watched er graceful figure disappear, thinking to himsell, Her connection to the Ross family Seacrity Sky Nimbus It books like another surprise is coming

Siema turned to Bruce, her voice slow as she processed what Yue had said "That Yvette just say that Elliot x most famoses piece, Despaired Soul, was plagiarized?

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Chapter

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Bruce nodded without hesitation. He believed Yvette completely After all, a plagiarist could never truly capture the depth and essence of a masterpiece like that. He trusted Yvette's judgment without a second thought.

No one in the living room questioned what Yvette had said. If Yvette had told them that the world would end tomorrow, they'd have believed her without a doubt. She wasn't the type to be or make up.

Cries.

Sienna raised the invitation again and asked, "So, what should we do with this? Should I just throw it away? I wasn't planning on going anyway."

Frankie chimed in with a shrug. "Yeah, why bother with a recital by someone who plagiarizes? Toss it."

Just as Sienna was about to throw the card away, Jeremiah stood up, adjusted his sleeve, glanced at the card, and said quietly, "Keep it" He then turned and headed upstairs. Sienna froze, holding the card mid-air before setting it back on the table. Bruce, Chris, and Frankie exchanged glances. It was clear Jeremiah had something else in mind.

In the bedroom, Yvette stepped out of the walk-in closet, now dressed in casual loungewear. Jeremiah leaned against the wall, his posture relaxed, yet his gaze sharp.

You know the Ross family?" he asked. Jeremiah and Yvette had always been direct with each other-no guessing involved Yvette didn't answer right away. Instead, she walked to the balcony, letting the warm, soothing afternoon sunlight wash over her. The air felt soft and fragrant, the faint scent of blooming flowers carried by a gentle breeze that mingled with the rustling of leaves, all beneath the brilliant blue of the sky.

Jeremiah followed her, handing her a glass of orange juice as he joined her at the railing. He didn't push for an answer, simply waiting in silence.

Yvette glanced at him before taking the glass. She accepted it, though she couldn't help thinking she'd rather have something stronger, like wine.

Her gaze lowered, and she spoke with a casual tone, showing no emotion "When I was little, I spent a lot of time in the slums. One day, out of boredom, I saw a billboard and decided to audition for fun."

"Someone from the Ross family recognized my musical talent and offered to train me. I stayed with them for a few years" Her words felt distant, as if she were telling someone else's story

At the mention of the slums, Jeremiah turned cold. It was clear that Yvette had lived there before. He knew all too well what life in the slums was like-violent, lawless, filled with bloodshed drugs, and human trafficking. The thought of Yvette, so young and delicate, surviving in that kind of hell made his chest tighten. Pain flickered in his eyes as he imagined it.

Yvette noticed the shift in his mood. She lifted her gaze slightly, her expression unreadable. Her voice, when she spoke, was cold, almost casual, as if recounting a memory that no longer held any weight for her.

"The slums weren't that bad." She continued, "The one with the hardest fists makes the rules, I was there because my ancient combat skills were growing, and the fights were more exciting."

Jeremiah's tension and murderous aura surrounding him melted instantly, replaced by a mix of amusement and exasperation. He reached for her hand, wrapping his fingers firmly around hers. He knew that Yvette never resorted to pitying herself. Only she could talk about brawling in the slums like it was some kind of adrenaline-fueled pastime. Then, why did you leave Jeremiah asked.

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Yvette turned to him with a serious expression that didn't match the playful tone in her voice.
"Because I beat up too many

people. They cried and begged me to go"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 562[2,358 words]

Chapter 562

The next day, Yvette went shopping with Sienna and bought some jewelry. Afterward, the two of them went to a Frixian restaurant to have lunch.

Yvette got up to go to the restroom, while Sienna was flipping through the menu, finding the dishes quite appealing.

The owner of this Frixian restaurant had invited Sienna many times to try their food. However, Sienna never found the time until today, when she finally had a break and decided to bring Yvette along to give it a try. Suddenly, a sharp female voice echoed near Sienna's car. The diners all turned to look at the woman who had made the noise. Making such a sound in a romantic and elegant restaurant was really inappropriate. Sienna felt the voice was aimed at her. When she looked up, she saw a sexy blonde holding a new season Dior bag

The woman was dressed from head to toe in limited edition items, and Sienna could not compliment her fashion taste. The luxury items were piled together with no clear focus.

Sienna sat in her chair, watching the angry blonde. She frowned and asked in fluent Uprian, "Miss, do you need something?"

Seeing that Sienna was from Clusia and dressed plainly, the blonde got even more agitated. Her expression turned even nastier, thinking, "What right does a Clusian girl have to sit in this spot?"

The blonde tilted her head and said disdainfully. "This spot is reserved for me and my boyfriend. Please leave right now, or my boyfriend will be very angry if he sees you here."

With the blonde's arrogant attitude, one could mistakenly think she owned the restaurant. Even the waiter in the back looked conflicted, unsure of what to do

After all, Lucille Fournier was a regular at the restaurant, and her boyfriend was an impressive businessman, someone even the owner could not afford to offend. So, no one dared to speak up about the seating arrangement, fearing it might bring trouble.

Knowing better than to offend Lucy, the waiter looked at Sienna with pleading eyes, hoping she would voluntarily give up her seat to smooth things over.

The waiter said, "Miss, I'm sorry, but this seat is reserved for Ms. Fournier. Our staff is new, so the mistakenly made. If it's convenient, we can find you another table. arrangements were

Sienna followed the waiter's gesture and chuckled. Did they think she was easy to push around! Compared to her current table, the corner one was a joke. It was quite amusing. Sienna's already striking features became even sharper as she raised an eyebrow. Sitting firmly with her arms crossed, she let out a cold laugh. "No."

Without wasting another word, she directly refused Lucy's unreasonable demand. Sienna had been in Mysonna for years and was not about to indulge someone so shameless.

Lucy and the waiter did not expect Sienna to refuse so quickly, especially Lucy, whose face instantly turned pale. She bit her lip, took out a few tens of American dollars from her bag, and threw it on the table, holding her head high. "Hey, Clusian girl. Here's the money. Get out," Lucy said. The other diners paused, whispering among themselves,

In Mysonna, where racial discrimination was serious, Epeans generally saw themselves as superior and looked down on people of other races.

Therefore, while everyone dining knew Lucy was the one causing trouble, no one stood up to criticize her. Instead, they all

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Chapter 562

just watched the spectacle

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Sienna saw the few tens of American dollars on the table and instead of getting angry, she laughed. She picked up her knife and fork, leisurely cutting her steak in front of both the waiter and Lucy, then calmly ate a piece. She then lifted her head, wiped her mouth, and casually picked up the money on the table. Seeing her move, Lucy looked

even more smug.

She thought. 'See. This Clusian would definitely just take the money and leave.' Everyone else in the restaurant seemed to think the same, watching with mocking eyes.

The next moment, Sienna got up, took a couple of steps forward, and stuffed the money into Lucy's half-exposed chest.

She said, word by word, "You better remember, dumbass, 'Clusian girl is not something someone like you should say.'"

Then, while Lucy was still in shock, Sienna slapped her across the face. The sharp slap echoed through the entire restaurant, leaving everyone stunned by the scene.

After Sienna slapped her, she tucked her hand away, looking slightly regretful, as if it had not been hard enough. Lucy, who had been struck, screamed again and rushed toward Sienna.

Sienna was already prepared and met her head-on. A fight? No way she would let some foreign rowdy intimidate her.

As Yvette came out of the restroom, she could faintly hear the noise of a commotion and the sound of someone being slapped.

She paused for a moment. Her once calm face became icy cold, and her presence turned intensely intimidating.

Sienna initially had the upper hand. She grabbed Lucy's hair and pinned her down, slapping her. But with the waiter taking sides, Lucy found an opportunity. A slap from Lucy was about to land on Sienna's right cheek. Sienna could not break free from the waiter's grip and could only watch helplessly as the slap came closer. On instinct, she closed her eyes. After several seconds, the slap she expected never came.

She quickly opened her eyes and saw the hand about to hit her face being grabbed by Yvette. The moment she saw Yvette, it was like she had found her support. "Yvette, you're back! This blonde woman tried to hit me," Sienna said, looking like a tattletale, a stark contrast to the fearless fighter she had been moments before. With Yvette here, she could just quietly stay out of the way. Yvette tightly gripped Lucy's hand. Her delicate features were icy, and her dark eyes held a hint of cold menace.

With barely any effort, Yvette tossed Lucy onto a chair. Lucy hit the chair with such force that it shattered into pieces, leaving her seeing stars and unable to get up from the floor. Everyone was stunned. The two waiters holding Sienna saw Yvette's gaze sweep over them, their faces pale with fright, and they quickly let go of Sienna.

Once freed, Sienna shook her wrist and walked over to Yvette's side. Yvette glanced at her up and down, making sure she was not hurt. The tension in the air finally eased

Sienna quickly whispered, "Yvette, I didn't lose out. Bruce's grappling technique really works! If those waiters hadn't taken sides, I would have had her on the ground, begging for mercy." Yvette shoved her hands into her pockets, the corners of her eye lifting slightly. The sleeve of her white T-shirt revealed her tanned wrists. Her expression was indifferent. "What happened Sienna immediately recounted what had just happened. After hearing the cause of the conflict, Yvette furrowed her well-

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Chapter

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Chapter 562

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Chapter

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 563[1,185 words]

Chapter 563

Lucy's face was a mess. It was mostly Sienna who had beaten her up, leaving her no chance to fight back. Her face was now swollen and red.

She had thought her height advantage would make Sienna beg for mercy, but instead, she received several slaps, and her hair was yanked out, scattered across the floor. The floor, covered with blonde strands, showed just how intense the fight had been.

Yvette looked at Lucy expressionlessly, her green eyes carrying a hint of coldness. Just one glance was enough to send a chill down anyone's spine.

Lucy shouted angrily, "Just wait until my darling gets here! He won't let you off the hook. I want you all to suffer!"

Since she got together with her current boyfriend, people had always been polite and deferential toward her. This was the first time she had been beaten like this, and she was furious. Yvette merely took a step forward, and Lucy instinctively stepped back.

Sienna heard what Lucy said and could not help but laugh. She thought, 'Mentioning someone in front of Yvette? That's

hilarious

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Yvette leisurely sat down at the table, and seeing this, Sienna eagerly brought the steak over to place it in front of her.

Yvette calmly picked up a pair of silver butter knives, gracefully lifting a piece of sliced steak to her mouth. Her slender, clean fingers looked particularly beautiful under the restaurant lights.

Just when everyone thought another conflict was about to start, Wette's actions confused them once more. Eating steak at that moment seemed out of place, and who even ate steak with butter knives?

The people in the restaurant thought Yvette was being incredibly rude, but because of that recent kick of hers, no one dared to talk loudly.

Lucy was about to lose her temper over Yvette's actions. Just as she trembled and pulled out her phone to make a call, the restaurant doors opened once again.

A man, about six feet tall, with sharp features and deep contours stood before them.

His eyes had a light hue, and he wore a black, high-end suit with the sleeves of his shirt rolled up just right, revealing toned and muscular forearms-clearly showing he was a regular at the gym.

The man's appearance made Lucy, who was about to call for help, overjoyed.

She hobbled toward him and threw herself into his arms, her eyes filled with tears. Her earlier arrogance was gone, replaced by a helpless, pitiful demeanor.

Her voice was tearful as she said, "Darling, you're finally here. If you hadn't come, those two rude women from Clusia would have beaten me to death."

"They're so unreasonable. I just wanted to sit in our usual spot, but they refused and hit me. Look at my face, it hurts so much."

The woman deliberately displayed her swollen, red face to the man, hoping to elicit his sympathy.

The man merely glanced at Lucy without any reaction. Instead, his gaze rested on Yvette, who was leisurely eating her steak, His expression shifted with surprise before slowly settling, like calm waves in the ocean. 10:44 Thu, Dec 26 G 10.

Chapter 563

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Sienna thought the man's face seemed somewhat familiar, as if she had seen him somewhere before, but she could not quite remember where.

No wonder Lucy was so arrogant. This man probably had some status. He looked impressive and clearly was not an ordinary person.

Since his arrival, everyone in the restaurant had stopped whispering and began guessing his identity.

The man raised his hand without a change in expression, then pushed Lucy out of his arms and gently stroked her head.

In a deep and magnetic voice, he asked. "She hit you?"

Lucy was somewhat flattered by being treated so gently for the first time by the man. She had been by his side for a long time, and except when they were in bed, he hardly spoke to her. She the

he thought the man felt sorry for her and acted even more pitiful and weak, "Darling."

She barely spoke before the man grabbed her neck, slowly tightening his grip. Lucy's eyes widened as her breathing became

harder.

No one expected this turn of events. Wasn't this man her boyfriend? Why would he want to strangle his girlfriend?

The waiters were nearly scared to death. Sienna stood to the side, stunned for a moment, unable to understand the man's

actions.

Only Yvette, sitting in her chair, glanced briefly at the man as he entered and continued to eat her steak, completely unaffected by what was happening.

The man watched as Lucy's face gradually turned blue, his grip remaining firm. With just a bit more pressure, Lucy would lose her life.

Yvette finished the last bite of her steak and wiped her mouth, her eyes cold and indifferent. With an overpowering presence, she casually commanded, "Let go."

Hearing those two words, the man immediately let go, and Lucy collapsed to the floor. He looked down at her, took a check from his pocket, wrote on it, and tossed it onto her.

"We're done. Take the money and leave," he said.

Lucy looked at the man in fear. Not willing to give up, she crawled over, ignored the stares, and clung to his leg, begging for

mercy.

"Darling, I was wrong. I won't cause trouble again. Please don't leave me. I'll be good from now on. I truly know I was wrong," she pleaded.

Lucy was already bruised and swollen, and she looked even worse as she cried.

The man pulled his leg away in disgust, his voice harsh. "Do you know who she is?"

Following Derek's gaze, Lucy looked over to where Yvette sat with her legs crossed, and her heart sank.

She stiffened suddenly, remembering that it was Yvette who had told Derek to let go, and immediately, he obeyed. Yvette's tone was clearly commanding him, yet Derek was not angry at all. Instead, he actually let go of her. Lucy thought in shock, 'Derek actually listens to a woman?'

Lucy stammered. "Her? Her?"

Derek looked at Lucy like she was trash. "She's someone I wouldn't dare offend. Who do you think you are?"

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Chapter 563

Lucy's heart sank instantly. She thought, Who is this woman from Clusia? A woman whom even Derek wouldn't dare to provoke must be incredibly frightening"

Lucy did not dare look at Yvette again, realizing that Derek would not want her anymore. She glanced at the check on the floor, crawled over to pick it up, and then hurried out of the restaurant.

The diners were left staring at each other in confusion. It was the waiter's comment that revealed the man's identity.

"Mr. Ross, I'll arrange a better seat for you right away," the waiter said, feeling guilty and nervous, knowing he had made a mistake.

Just mentioning Derek left everyone dining there stunned. He was the second son of the Ross family, the owner of the world's largest entertainment chain club, and a top-ten eligible bachelor on the wealth rankings for five years straight. Sienna suddenly remembered why the man looked familiar. She had seen him at a party years ago. It had been quite a while, and she had nearly forgotten.

Ignoring the murmur of the crowd and the waiter's attempts to please, Derek walked straight up to Yvette and stopped. He greeted softly, "It's been a while."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 564[1,155 words]

Chapter 564

As Derek said, "Long time no see. Sienna had a vague idea in her heart-it wasn't surprising that Yvette knew Derek.

Over the years, she had become accustomed to Yvette knowing almost everyone. Staying calm had become an essential mental skill for her friends.

Yvette raised her gaze slightly, the corners of her lips curving upward. Her refined eyebrows and eyes carried a cold detachment, and her pupils looked deep and penetrating. "After all these years, your taste in women is still terrible," she remarked Derek didn't get angry. Instead, a faint smile appeared on his face. "True, my judgment isn't the best. When I find a wife. would you help me pick the right one?" he replied.

Yvette crossed her legs and tilted her head slightly, casually resting her hand on the armrest of her chair, a smile tugging at her lips. She said, "I have no time for that."

Derek shrugged indifferently and chuckled. He said, "Figures. You're so busy, I'd be grateful just to have a meal with you."

Derek's familiarity with Yvette was evident, not faked. Sienna noticed that as well, and her mind started to spin. She thought, "Could this be yet another rival after poisonous insects and the back bear?

This time, Jeremiah's rival wasn't just any ordinary person. He's handsome, wealthy, refined, and witty.

Derek continued, "Yvette, it's been years, and you've only gotten more beautiful. Tsk, tsk... Marry me, and I'd die a happy

Though his words seemed like a joke, they carried a bitter undertone. Even after all these years, some wounds and could never truly heal-especially with someone like Yvette. To her, the Ross family probably meant nothing now. Sienna quickly chimed in, "Yve has a boyfriend."

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Derek finally turned his attention to Sienna, sizing her up before asking uncertainly, "Are you the chief designer of Vibe? Ms. Sterling?"

Sienna smiled and nodded. "Hello, Mr. Ross."

Derek hadn't been in Mysonna and wasn't aware of recent events, so he didn't know Yvette was the owner behind Vibe. When he saw Sienna with Yvette, he was briefly surprised but didn't show it.

"I didn't expect Ms. Sterling to know Yvette," he said.

Sienna was momentarily stunned. Perhaps she had misunderstood their relationship. If Derek was so close to Yvette, how could he not know Yvette was the owner of Vibe?

Yvette spoke lazily. "Take your time eating." Then she stood up, ready to leave. Sienna quickly followed her

Seeing Yvette leave, Derek instinctively reached out to grab her. His hand froze just as it touched her sleeve. Yvette's eyes were icy, her upturned gaze defiant and sharp. She threatened, "Don't want your hand? I can chop it off for you." Faced with her chilling glare, Derek immediately withdrew his hand, masking his bitterness with a playful tone. "My mistake, I won't do it again."

Derek's humble demeanor was shocking to the onlookers in the restaurant. How could a billionaire act this way toward a young woman from Clusia?

Some people discreetly took out their phones and captured the scene, sharing it online. Although only Yvette's back was visible in the photo, it quickly went viral within minutes, sparking heated discussion. 10:44 Thu, Dec 26 Go

Chapter 564

The combination of a handsome billionaire and a girl from Clusia made netizens go wild.

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[The Ross family's second son is an eligible bachelor. Where did this girl from Clusia come from, and how dare she treat Derek like this?]

[The poster must be exaggerating. No one would dare treat Derek like that. Definitely fake news for clout.]

[Honestly, it's so absurd it might just be true.]

In the restaurant, Yvette didn't look back at Derek as she walked out. Derek stood frozen, staring at her slender, confident figure.

Suddenly, he hurried out of the restaurant, catching up with Yvette and Sienna. Yvette stood there, hands in her pockets, her expression indifferent as Derek approached

His gaze was complicated. After a long silence, he said, "About what happened back then, if you're willing, I can testify. What the Ross family owes you, I know it can never be repaid.

"But it's not too late for justice-those accolades should have always been yours."

No one understood better than Derek the wealth and fame "Despaired Soul" had brought to his family and Elliot. Without that composition, Elliot's musical talent would never have reached such heights.

Most of the evidence from back then had been destroyed. The only proof left was a recording in Derek's possession that could confirm "Despaired Soul" was Yvette's work. Without him stepping forward, no one could prove it Yvette's eyes were half-closed, and her face was expressionless. Derek, tell Elliot that I'm back," she said.

With that, she got into the car with Sienna and left, leaving Derek standing on the street for five minutes, his gaze deep and unfathomable. Finally, he pulled out his phone, found Elliot's number, and dialed.

The call connected quickly. Before the other party could speak. Derek said in a low voice, "She's back"

The line fell silent for a moment. The sound of heavy breathing grew louder, followed by a roar laced with fear.

"You saw her? That woman's really back? Derek, you must keep her away from me at all costs, absolutely!" Elliot said.

Derek listened to the shouting on the other end of the call. His expression darkened, and without replying, he hung up. How could he possibly stop Yvette?

The memory of their childhood, when they were kidnapped and Yvette-a mere child-killed more than ten people with a knife, was still vivid in his mind. He couldn't forget that small figure, her face expressionless and covered in blood. In the car, Sienna thought about Derek's words, sighing inwardly She thought, 'So Despaired Soul' wasn't written by Elliot. From the sound of it, Yve was the true composer.

"What a mess! The world-famous, top-ranking young pianist's breakout piece was plagiarized, and the victim was Yve. Just how extraordinary is Yve's musical talent?"

Sitting in the back seat, Sienna took out her phone and saw a trending topic notification. She clicked on it and immediately spotted the photo of Yvette being secretly taken at the restaurant earlier.

She quickly held up her phone and handed it to Yvette, saying, "ve, you were secretly photographed."

Yvette glanced at it indifferently, then casually took out her black phone. After a series of quick operations, the photo disappeared from the internet entirely.

Sienna clicked back, finding only comments left, with the photo now gone. She glanced at Yvette, who had just put away her phone. Well... musical talent aside, Yve's hacking skills are on another level. Truly an all-rounder, she thought. 10:44 Thu, Dec 26 G

Chapter 564

Elsewhere, Frankie sat in the living room, stealing a glance at J

He had just shown Jeremiah the viral photo of Derek and Yvet temperature seeming to drop.

Chapter 564

Elsewhere, Frankie sat in the living room, stealing a glance at Jeremiah's face, wishing he could slap himself.

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He had just shown Jeremiah the viral photo of Derek and Yvette. Now, Jeremiah was sitting silently on the couch, the room's temperature seeming to drop. 10:44 Thu, Dec 26 Go.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 565[1,171 words]

Chapter 565

Yvette and Sienna entered the room to find Frankie sitting stiffly on the couch, while Bruce and Chris wore unpleasant expressions on their faces. Since Jeremiah had seen that photo, the temperature in the living room had dropped steadily. and the low pressure emanating from him was palpable.

Sensing something was off, Sienna glanced at Bruce, who signaled her to stay silent, Jeremiah and Yvette's relationship was definitely not something they could meddle in.

Yvette casually changed her shoes and strolled into the living room, unfazed by the tense atmosphere. Jeremiah turned his head, locking eyes with her,

Frankie sprang up from the couch like a startled rabbit, eager to avoid the battlefield. One misstep and he could become collateral damage-Jeremiah's expression was that foreboding. Bruce and Chris also took a step back while Sienna moved closer to Bruce

Jeremiah's eyes were dark as he stared at Yvette. Then, he started walking toward her, picking up a glass of warm water from the coffee table as he passed.

Frankie whispered, "It's over, I think Jeremiah is really going to have a falling-out with Yve this time. Do you think he'd actually throw water at her?"

Bruce shot him a glare and said, "Do you think Jeremiah is as petty as you?"

Frankie scratched the back of his head. Jeez, can't I crack a joke? Though, to be fair, if Jeremiah really did throw the water, Yve wouldn't let it slide easily judging by her personality," he thought

With one hand in his pocket, Chris thought to himself that a fight seemed inevitable. The photo was taken at such an ambiguous angle. Derek seemed way too close to Yvette, so it was no surprise Jeremiah was upset

When Sienna heard Frankie's comment, she blurted out. "You guys saw the photo?" Her voice wasn't exactly soft, and it echoed clearly in the small living room.

Jeremiah paused mid-step but then sat beside Yvette, handing her the glass of water. His deep voice was calm yet magnetic His narrow, dark eyes shimmered.

What he said next left Frankie, Bruce, Chris, and Sienna collectively flabbergasted. "We don't even have a photo together," Jeremiah said.

The four of them exchanged bewildered glances. Wasn't he about to demand an explanation? Why is he suddenly sulking like a lovesick teenager? Asking for a photo?' they thought.

They couldn't reconcile this scene with the Jeremiah they knew the cold, dominant, and unyielding leader.

Yvette raised an eyebrow and smirked. She casually ran a hand through her hair, her delicate and stunning features dazzling like a work of art

Feeling like eating something sweet, she looked at Jeremiah as she nonchalantly pulled a piece of vanilla toffee out of her pocket.

Yvette slowly finished the candy, leaned back lazily against the couch, and raised her eyes. With a calm tone, she said, "Cameras can't capture my beauty."

The four other people simultaneously twitched their lips at the statement. Seriously? Is this something a person should say Cameras can't capture her beauty? they thought.

They sneaked another glance at Yvette, lounging comfortably on the couch, and swallowed their retorts. Honestly, she wasn't wrong-maybe the camera really couldn't do justice to her looks, they thought.

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Jeremiah froze, then broke into a smile. His sharp, cold features softened with a hint of warmth. He replied softly, "Cameras can't capture your beauty, and they can't capture my handsomeness either. How about we settle for a silhouette shot? That might work." Frankie, Bruce, Sienna, and Chris exchanged glances. They complained inwardly, 'Oh, come on. This is unbearable. These two are clearly basking in their own perfection. Can someone tell them to stop already?

"This isn't just flaunting beauty and charm-this is outright weaponizing it. Jeremiah could actually say something so shameless.

Unable to endure the suffocating air of romance any longer, the four quickly found excuses to leave. Staying any longer would mean drowning in this sickeningly sweet atmosphere.

With the living room now empty except for Yvette and Jeremiah Yvette rested her chin in her hand and lazily looked up. After a moment of silence, she nodded. She said, "Alright, let's do it."

Jeremiah, satisfied, immediately took out his phone. They took a picture without even bothering to find the perfect angle. Just like that, their first photo together was captured.

In the photo, the two were dressed in matching colors, radiating charm and harmony. Jeremiah posted the picture on his Instagram.

It was the first post he had ever made there, with the caption: [I only have eyes for you.] Corny and outdated, yet Jeremiah was thoroughly pleased as he put his phone away.

It didn't even take ten seconds for the first comment to appear.

Andrew: [Oh heavens, someone's showing off their love!]

Samantha: [I only have eyes for Yve.]

Eagle King: II only have eyes for Boss.]

Charles: [I only have eyes for Ms. Zeller]

Sienna: [I only have eyes for Yve.]

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Rodney: II only have eyes for Yve.]

Aurora: [I only have eyes for Yvette.]

Even Clifford, who rarely left comments, joined the frenzy: (Agreed with the comment above. Aurora is always right]

Emmett: [So, none of you saw Jeremiah in the photo?]

The comments were once again in unison. Aurora: [Nope.]

Samantha: [Nope.]

Everyone in the Betrico Military Department who followed Jeremiah on Instagram was in uproar. No one could believe that Jeremiah, of all people, had posted an official photo to show his affection.

It spread like wildfire through Betrico's upper-class society, reaching even Jase by the next day.

After posting the picture, Jeremiah, now in an exceptionally good mood, casually peeled an apple and asked. "The people from the Ross family reached out to you?"

Yvette lounged on the couch, her expression cool and distant. "We ran into each other at a restaurant." The replied.

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Chapter 565

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Jeremiah sliced the apple into pieces and placed them on the table with a fork. He turned to Yvette and said, "Three days" from now, Elliot will host a recital at Golden Exhibit Center.

"He's specifically invited members of the International Music Association, hoping to use this performance to become a first-class member of the association and silence the criticisms of him over the past few years." After speaking, Jeremiah pulled a kraft paper envelope from a drawer under the coffee table. Tapping it lightly with his fingers, his face turned serious

"Here is Elliot's information from recent years. He has only composed five pieces, and only one of them is an original- ironically, it's the one with the worst reviews. The other four were ghostwritten. This guy has been relying on his looks to attract fans

"Despite many questioning his musical skills in recent years, numerous fans still defend him, believing that someone who could compose a piece like 'Despaired Soul' must be talented. That piece has become his shield.

A so-called musical genius, empty of true talent, propped up by stolen work and a pretty face. Yet, he still has die-hard fans and a massive following What was more despicable about Elliot were the dirty, hidden secrets surrounding him. It was laughable, especially when chance. What a farcel

n some fans went to absurd lengths to attend his recitals, spending a fortune just for the

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 566[1,222 words]

Chapter 566

Yvette was leisurely flipping through the information Jeremiahs and worked overnight to compile. Her eyes briefly flickered upon seeing the words "International Music Association, though it disappeared almost instantly. As she reached the final pages, her gaze deepened, with anger swirling in her eyes. She quickly finished reading the file and put it down, her gaze dark and intense. "Drugs? Assaulting underage girls?"

Jeremiah nodded. "Yes. Elliot started doing drugs two years ago. He's also been secretly assaulting underage girls in a mansion he owns in the suburbs. That's why no one has discovered it yet."

The female fans thought Elliot meeting them privately meant he liked them, not realizing they were falling into his trap. Afterwards, there was no evidence, and with his sweet-talking and manipulation, everyone decided to let it go. Because of this, Elliot kept recklessly toying with girls and indulging in drugs to this day. Yvette kept a neutral expression, her deep, green eyes giving off a chilling vibe.

"Hey, wanna check out an amazing recital?" she asked.

Jeremiah smirked. "How could I miss such an exciting scene? Stolen things never truly belong to you. Elliot, your good days are over," he thought.

The next day, an unexpected woman showed up at the mansion. When Frankie saw her standing there, he thought he must still be half-asleep, his eyes playing tricks on him.

"Mrs. Chavez! What brings you here? Please, come in. The visitor was Aurora, who had flown overnight from Betrico to Mysonna. She'd seen a picture online and immediately recognized Yvette, making her too anxious to stay put. Leaving Clifford at home, Aurora took a private jet and got there quickly. She was dressed like a university student, in simple jeans and a white T-shirt, with a trendy bun that was all the rage.

She was wearing clothes worth only tens of dollars, but the only luxurious item on her was a limited edition watch worth ten million—a globally limited edition.

She smiled gently. "Boy, this isn't the first time you've met me. Why are you so surprised? Are Jeremiah and Yvette up?" Frankie hastily tidied up his clothes and quickly welcomed Aurora into the living room. "Mrs. Chavez, you haven't aged at all. What kind of magic potion are you taking? If someone looks at your face, they'd think you're only 20,"

Frankie wasn't exaggerating at all. Even in her fifties, Aurora had a youthful face. It was as if the years had left no trace on her features.

Aurora changed her shoes and walked over to the couch, sitting down with a gentle smile at Frankie. "Enough. You don't have to be like Andrew, who always says nice things. Did Yvette have breakfast yet? If not, I'll quickly go to the kitchen and prepare something for her."

Frankie was taken aback by this and wondered, "Is Mrs. Chavez being too lovely to Yvette? Offering to cook herself? It's been

years,

and I've never heard of her cooking. Isn't it always Mr. Chavez who prepares the delicious meals at home?

He was well aware of the story. Years ago, Aurora tried to cook a meal to treat Clifford, but it ended with him getting acute gastroenteritis and landing him in the hospital for a whole week. After that, he strictly forbade her from cooking again. It had been over twenty years since she last set foot in the kitchen.

Frankie thought, Now Mrs. Chavez wants to make breakfast for Yvette? Does she not like Yvette and plan to put poison in her food!

While Frankie was letting his imagination run wild, Aurora noticed him standing there with a peculiar look, not responding to anything. She could tell from his expression that he wasn't thinking good thoughts, so she interrupted him, "What are

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Chapter 506

you thinking about, Frankie?"

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Frankie quickly returned to reality and said, "Uh, Mrs. Chavez, Yette and Mr. Chavez turned in pretty late last night, so they might not be up yet. Breakfast has already been served, so you do not need to cook. Please wait a moment. I'll head upstairs to wake them up." Aurora couldn't hear anything else now. Her mind was stuck on the phrase "turned in pretty late last night." She smiled broadly, thinking she'd soon be a grandmother.

She said, "It's good for young folks to catch up on sleep. Don't go up and bother them. I'll wait here. They could use the rest." Frankie nodded, went to the kitchen to get some water, and awkwardly prepared a fruit platter, bringing it to the living room. He chatted with Aurora about recent events, who seemed intrigued. Yvette was indeed an outstanding daughter-in-law. Frankie noticed how intently Aurora was listening and got even more enthusiastic about telling the stories. As he animatedly gestured, Yvette slowly came down the stairs in her athletic clothes.

Yvette, with her exceptionally delicate and relaxed features, had long, straight legs. She paused when she saw Frankie happily chatting on the couch and Aurora, who had unexpectedly appeared there.

"Mrs. Chavez." Hearing the familiar calm voice, Aurora immediately turned around and, seeing Yvette descending the stairs, rushed up to her with an excited big hug,

"Yvette, I've missed you so much," she said, rubbing her cheek against Yvette's shoulder, looking adorable.

The gesture left Frankie completely stunned, and he thought, Mrs. Chavez, the iron lady, is acting like a kitten around Yvette. Yvette is so impressive. With a future mother-in-law this attached to her, there's really no need to worry about any mother-in-law and daughter- in-law conflicts.

He was now starting to worry about Jeremiah's position in the family. Yvette stood there, letting Aurora hug her with no sign of impatience, her lips curved slightly in a subtle smile. She looked up and said, "Go get some rest. Aurora was very touched by her words and thought, Look. A daughter really is a sweetheart, always caring for you. Only Yvette cares so much about me, while that brat Jeremiah-who knows where he is now?

Jeremiah, who Aurora was complaining about, was on the staircase, watching Yvette and Aurora hugging. He adjusted the cufflinks on his sleeves, standing tall and elegant in his black shin. In a deep voice, he said, "Mom, let go of her" After being called, Aurora looked defiantly at Jeremiah and refused to release her grip. Instead, she wrapped her arm around Yvette's right arm and said, "You brat, don't you dare get jealous of our bond. I'm not letting go. Hit me if you dare."

At this moment, Aurora showed what it meant to throw one's weight around to the fullest. While observing from the sidelines, Frankie felt like laughing but didn't dare. Who exactly is Yvette dating anyway? I'm confused, he thought. Yvette slipped one hand into her pocket, her green eyes showing a hint of amusement, and tilted her head slightly. "Let's go. I'll keep you company while you rest."

The doting scene made Jeremiah feel a bit envious. Yvette was incredibly attentive and caring towards Aurora, whose eyes lit up instantly and nodded.

"Yvette, you're the best. I'm tired as well. Let's hurry and rest. With that, she pulled Yvette along to go upstairs.

Jeremiah stood firm at the staircase, blocking Aurora, who was full of excitement. His gaze was intense. "Mom, she can skip

alone."

Yvette slowly curled up one side of her lips with a hint of mischief, her eyes dark yet sparkling She said casually, Move aside, Mrs. Chavez is tired."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 567[1,235 words]

Jeremiah observed Yvette and Aurora, who was clinging to her. He stepped aside gracefully while Aurora happily went upstairs with her arm linked with Yvette's. When she passed by Jeremiah, she paused to tap him on the shoulder. "Jeremiah, I can't do anything if Yvette loves sharing a bed with me. You don't mind, do you?" Aurora teased.

Yvette looked on from the side and smiled mischievously.

After teasing Jeremiah, Aurora quickly caught up with Yvette and they went into the guest room on the second floor, leaving Jeremiah all alone.

Frankie somehow felt that Jeremiah's tall, upright figure was enshrouded in loneliness. It was as if Yvette were the playgirl, Aurora was the arrogant third wheel, and Jeremiah was the pitiful, abandoned boyfriend.

Jeremiah stood momentarily, looking at Yvette's slender, delicate back. Then he turned and saw Frankie by the couch, deep in thought, as if he had discovered something significant. Jeremiah asked nonchalantly, "Had your fill yet!"

Frankie immediately shook his head. "Mr. Chavez, do you think there's a chance that Yvette is Mrs. Cluvez's biological child and not you? Maybe there was a mix-up at the hospital, or, twenty years ago, on a dark, windy night, a group of kidnappers broke into.. Before Frankie could continue rambling about his wild ideas, Jeremiah glanced at him as if he were a fool before heading to the dining room to have breakfast...

Frankie rubbed his nose and thought, "Mr. Chavez has no sense of humor. I was just making a joke to lighten the mood!"

Aurora showered on the second floor, before putting on the new loungewear Yvette had brought. When she exited the bathroom, she saw Yvette curled up on the couch, playing a game. Yvette was playing the finalized version of the game developed by FastPulse Technologies.

Aurora asked softly, "Yvette, what game are you playing? Is it fun Can you download it for me too?" Aurora always kept up with trends and sometimes liked to play games that were trending with the younger generation.

Yvette casually acknowledged with a nod before adding, "It's not released yet. I'll download the beta version for you, but it might be a bit challenging, so take your time."

Aurora was momentarily taken aback as she wondered, Isn't the beta version something only the gaming company's key technical people or executives can access? Shouldn't it be confidential?

me like it's no big deal? Is it because it's a game released by FastPulse

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'How could Yvette just download it and give Technologies?"

A while ago.

when Aurora was in Betrico, she met Yvette for the first time at a dessert shop with none other than Lucy, the chairwoman of FastPulse Technologies.

"But no matter how good their relationship was, they wouldn't give Yvette access to their unreleased game just like that, right? Aurora thought, silently contemplating all these.

After finishing the level she was playing, Yvette looked up. Seeing Aurora's expression, Yvette's flashed brightly as she raised her eyebrows and asked, "What's wrong?" Aurora just shook her head. It's nothing. The beta version has been released yet, right? Then, I just wait for now. Will it be launched soon!"

Yvette casually replied, "Yeah, it'll be released in the middle of next month.

Aurora didn't continue the topic. Yvette wasn't just any ordinary individual. She must have a close relationship with Lucy,

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Otherwise, Lucy wouldn't easily trust her with the finalized version of the game.

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Aurora sat across from Yvette, reminding herself she hadn't forgotten the main reason for flying to Mysonna this time. No one was going to take Yvette away from her.

Yvette put away her phone and lazily rested her chin on her hand with a slight smile. "Mrs. Chavez, just tell me what's on your mind." Yvette was always straightforward, especially with the people around her. She tended to be blunt if there were issues to avoid any silly misunderstandings. Aurora nodded. Seeing Yvette curled up on the couch looking so cute, her heart melted. This was exactly the kind of sweet daughter she had always dreamed of

After thinking for a moment, Aurora probed, "Yvette, how's your relationship with Jeremiah going lately? Has he done anything to make you angry?" If that brat Jeremiah upsets Yvette, then I don't mind disowning him,' she thought determinedly.

In truth, Aurora wasn't worried or was rather confident that Jeremiah wouldn't make any major screw-ups. But she wondered, 'Since this is Jeremiah's first relationship, does he know how to be romantic? What if Yvette gets bored with him? How can I no

I not worry

when there are so many great guys flitting around Yvette?"

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, her bright eyes looking steadily at Aurora as she replied casually, "He's been well-behaved and hasn't made me angry."

Hearing this, Aurora finally relaxed a bit, thinking, "It's good that he's well-behaved. A disobedient man shouldn't be kept around. "But what about that photo online yesterday?" Aurora asked. She felt a little awkward asking such questions, but for the sake of Jeremiah's happiness, she'd swallow her pride.

Yvette lazily sprawled on the couch and nonchalantly said, "He's a friend, someone I knew from childhood. We ran into each other by chance."

Aurora felt completely reassured now. She quickly changed the subject and remarked, "Yvette, I'm here to sign a long-term contract with Vibe. Once we sign the contract, Skye Group's production company will finally have a strong presence in Mysonna

Aurora paused before gushing. "Thank you so much! How about gift you the production company under Skye Group? That way, Vibe's will own the complete production line! Why don't you think about it?

Yvette raised her eyebrows and responded, "If you want, I can give you Vibe, too."

Aurora was about to take a sip of water, but just as the cup touched her lips, she put it down again and sighed inwardly, Wow, so this is what being filthy rich means...

Skye Group's production company is worth several hundred million dollars, but Vibe's market value was at least over 3.3 billion dollars and had a bright future ahead. Yet, Yvette was willing to give it away like it was nothing.

"Why do I feel like Yvette's my sugar mommy? Aurora thought delight.

Aurora immediately protested, "No! I'm at an age where I'm not planning to manage Skye Group by myself anymore. Giving me Vibe would only stress me out. Let's just sign the contract as partners. After all, we're a family and we can handle the business however we like."

Yvette nodded calmly. "Okay." Then, she stared intently at Auror

Thinking that something was on her face, Aurora asked, "What's wrong. Yvette? Is there something on my face!"

Yvette rolled up her sleeves casually, with a slight mischievous and charming smirk, and commented. "You're very pretty

This time, it was Aurora's turn to be stunned. Her heart soared th joy as she screamed inwardly, Did Yvette just call me

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Chapter 567

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pretty? Oh my gosh, just these words are enough to keep me happy for a month. Others might compliment me to be polite, but Yvette would never lie

Yvette and Aurora stayed in the room upstairs for the entire afternoon, only coming out around 3 or 4 o'clock for a late lunch.

At the dining table, Bruce, Chris, and Sienna all warmly welcomed Aurora.

During the meal, Aurora kept serving food on Yvette's plate, not even glancing at Jeremiah. Except for Frankie, who had previously experienced Aurora's bias, everyone else wondered dumbfoundedly, "Who is Mrs. Chavez's biological child, Mr. Chavez or Yvette?"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 568[1,235 words]

Chapter 568

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In the following two days, Aurora not only finalized the contract between Vibe and Skye Group with Sienna, but also spent most of her time with Yvette. They shopped and dined together, and Aurora even offhandedly bought a mansion for Yvette near Jeremiah's place. Aurora's idea was that if Jeremiah ever upset Yvette and they had a standoff, Yvette would have a place to retreat. In the living room, Jeremiah sat on the couch without much expression, watching Aurora hand the new mansion keys to Yvette.

Bruce, Frankie, Chris, and the others accustomed to the scene casually drank their water, ignoring the confrontation. Whenever Yvette was around, Aurora and Jeremiah were usually in a state of conflict.

Bruce, Frankie, and Chris had truly come to understand what it meant when people say a mother and son would become enemies when a daughter-in-law enters the picture.

Aurora suddenly said, "Yvette, when are you planning to head back to Betrico? I only need to organize some work over there so I won't be going back just yet. I want to stay here in Mysonna with you."

Yvette snuggled into the couch, resting her cheek on her hand as she leisurely took a sip of the mango milkshake Aurora had just bought for her. With a tilt of her head, she responded, "I'm heading back to Seacurity at the end of next month" Aurora nodded. "A little more than a month left.

Perfect! Then I just treat my stay in Mysonna as a vacation, You don't mind me staying here, accompanying you, right, Yvette?"

Jeremiah crossed his legs and glanced coolly at Aurora, his deepet eyes looking grave a low voice, he declared, "No."

**he clenched his tapered fingers. In

Bruce and the others lowered their heads even more. Another family showdown was brewing, so they just had to silently watch the drama unfold.

Aurora turned to look at Jeremiah, her tone vastly different from when she was talking to Yvette as she demanded, Jeremiah, do you want to repeat what you just said? What's your problem with me staying here?"

Jeremiah nonchalantly adjusted his cuff and stated, "Mom, you should head back to Betrico."

Aurora's expression changed instantly to one of great grievance. Before she could complain to Yvette about Jeremiah, her phone suddenly rang.

Everyone in the living room turned their attention to Aurora's phone. Only Yvette looked at Jeremiah, pursing her lips as a flicker of amusement passed through her cool eyes.

Jeremiah subtly smiled in return.

Aurora saw that it was Clifford was calling so she answered the phone.

After two minutes, Aurora hung up the phone. She paused for a few seconds before turning to Yvette and whining. "Yvette, I have to head back to Betrico now so I can't stay here with you. Make sure to visit me in Betrica when you retum to Clusia, alright?" Aurora looked reluctant to leave. Yvette raised an eyebrow and replied casually. "Alright, I'll see you next month."

Aurora stood up, but before she could say anything more, Jeremiah stood up too and cut in, "Mom, your luggage is already on the plane and the car's waiting outside. I'll personally send you to the airport. The private jet is ready to fly anytime." Bruce, Sienna, Chris, and Frankie swore this was the most they had ever heard Jeremiah talk. Jeremiah had finally shown his cunningness. It was clear from his subtle actions that Aurora's sen return to Betrico was all his doing- Aurora was left speechless by Jeremiah's words. She bit her lip, gave Yvette one last glance, and reluctantly

followed

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Chapter 568

Jeremiah out the door.

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At the entrance, next to the black Jeep, Aurora stopped and turned to Jeremiah, grumbling. "You brat, you're just jealous of my relationship with Yvette! If your dad weren't sick, I'd make sure to give him a piece of my mind!" Jeremiah shrugged, not even feeling slightly guilty. "Mom, that's between you and Dad behind closed doors. Not my problem."

In Betrico, Clifford hung up the phone and cleared his throat. And just like that, his voice was back to normal.

That brat Jeremiah called in the middle of the night to say Aurora was planning to stay in Mysonna for two months. How can allow that? But I have to hand it to him. He was clever enough to suggest that I should pretend to be sick, and now I Aurora's coming back!" Clifford mused.

He was still blissfully unaware of the trouble he'd face once Aurora returned. Once he had experienced it, he'd probably wish he could throttle Jeremiah himself for suggesting such a terrible idea.

Back in Mysonna, once Jeremiah dropped Aurora off at the airport and returned to the mansion, everyone was getting ready for steak night.

Yvette looked at Jeremiah, who was walking into the living room with a strawberry cake in his hand. His deep-set eyes were fixed on Yvette's stunning face as he asked, "Want to try the strawberry cake?"

Yvette nodded slightly, her eyes flashing with amusement as she smirked teasingly. "Is Mr. Clifford sick?"

Jeremiah stopped in his tracks and smiled nonchalantly. Yeah, age has caught up with him. He's feeling a bit under the weather, just a slight cough."

Clifford would have cursed out loud if he had heard Jeremiah now.

Yvene saw through Jeremiah's schemes but decided not to say anything. She teased, "You're pretty good at getting your dad

in trouble."

Jeremiah coolly placed the strawberry cake on the table and shrugged. "It'd be a waste not to use him when the opportunity arises."

In the evening, everyone sat down for steak night. Except for Yvette, who was sipping orange juice, everyone else was having red wine. With a mutual understanding, everyone placed their red wine far from Yvette. She observed everyone's actions and raised an eyebrow.

While talking. Jeremiah prepared Yvette's favorite meat and caviar, carefully placing them on her plate.

Sienna, who relished spicy food, was having ground beef chili as she chirped excitedly, "Yvette, tomorrow is Elliot's concert. I still have my invitation."

Yvette took a sip of her drink and answered indifferently, "We're going tomorrow, too."

Bruce, Frankie, and Chris had already heard from Sienna that Eliot had plagiarized Yvette's song. They were all surprised but more curious about why Yvette had never exposed Elliot all these years and allowed him to enjoy unearned fame. instead.

Seeing the confusion on everyone else's faces, Yvette could guess what they were wondering. She smiled slyly and raised her eyebrow, her expression full of meaning. "The higher you stand the harder you fall Only a fall from a great height leaves you crushed, right?" Bruce, Chris, Frankic, and Sienna were stunned by Yvette's words, 'So, the reason Yvette never exposed Elliot was because he hadn't reached the height of his fame yet? they wondered in shock.

If Yvette were to reveal Elliot's plagiarism at the concert, not only would his hopes of joining the international music

10:45 Thu, Dec 26 GIG.

Chapter 568

community be dashed, but he would be too humiliated to make public appearances anymore.

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Yvette's action was truly ruthless. Making someone fall from their peak was the cruelest punishment one could give.

Sienna immediately put down her chopsticks, feeling thrilled as she thought, 'Yvette is going to give the jerk a hard time tomorrow. I can't wait!'

Frankie, who was nearby, got excited, too. 'How can I pass on such an exciting occasion? he mused. "Yvette, Mr. Chavez. count me in, Frankie offered. Yvette raised her eyebrows casually and said, "Sure. I don't mind."

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COMMENT

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**Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
- Secrets Of MrS 569[1,196 words]**

Chapter 569

Early in the morning the next day, Elliot paced around anxiously in the Golden Exhibit Center's break room, in such an agitated state that he lost his temper nearly eight times in less than two hours. Clyde, holding his swollen face from Elliot's beating, glowered at Elliot. This was a familiar pattern-whenver Elliot was upset, he would take it out on Clyde.

Clyde had been wanting to resign since ages ago, but thinking of his sick sister, he swallowed his resentment, vowing to make Elliot pay one day.

Elliot splashed a cup of coffee on Clyde, his voice laced with malice as he demanded, "Where is my brother? Why isn't he here yet? Did you tell him that if he doesn't show up, I'll sever ties with him?"

Ever since Derek's phone call, sleep had eluded Elliot. Whenever he drifted into slumber, Yvette's blank, emotionless face would materialize in his dreams,

He thought resentfully. Why has Yvette returned to Mysonna after so many years? I've destroyed every piece of evidence when I stole the song. So what if she came back to expose me? What can she prove? No one will believe her. I'm a world-class pianist, while Yvette's a nobody. What else can she do if I deny?

The most critical piece of evidence is the recording in Derek's hand. All these years, despite countless threats and pleas, he refuses to hand it over. All I can do is tell myself to not be scared, but Yvette's shadow looms large. Clyde stole a glance at Elliot, murmuring. "I have conveyed your message, sir. However, Mr. Ross did not offer any response."

Seeing Elliot's face contort in anger, Clyde masked his satisfaction with a face full of fear.

"Sir, I think Mr. Ross will definitely come. You're his brother; of course, he'll support you," Clyde added. Elliot's grim expression improved after he heard that.

I must make Derek hand over that recording today. Without that recording, there will be no way to prove that I'd plagiarized Yvette's song' Elliot thought to himself.

Composing himself after throwing tantrums in the break room, Elliot stood at the entrance of the Golden Exhibit Center. waiting to greet his most important guest-Paolo, the president of the International Music Association

Moments later, a fleet of black business cars pulled up. Paolo, the renowned president of the International Music Association and also a popular figure in the music industry, was the first to emerge.

While his appearance was unremarkable, his authority within the music industry was absolute. He became the president at the age of thirty and had maintained his influential role for the past twenty-five years.

To aspiring musicians, Paolo was both an idol and a living legend. His approval was a golden ticket to success, and anyone fortunate enough to catch his eye was virtually guaranteed to rise to the top of the music industry. Over twenty years, he had chosen only three individuals to become his apprentices.

Ten years ago, Paolo took on his latest mentee, the prodigy Aria who had skyrocketed to fame four years ago and was personally acknowledged by Paolo as the most enigmatic performer in the music industry.

Aria always wore a mask in public. Only a few had seen their face. They had held two recitals and released all their work through the International Music Association.

Unlike musicians like Elliot, who struggled to produce anything noteworthy after one hit, Aria composed ten exceptional pieces in just three years. Seven of these works were included in music textbooks, cementing their reputation as a true musical genius. 10:45 Thu, Dec 26 G

Chapter 569

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Upon seeing Paolo, Elliot rushed forward, extending his hand respectfully. "Mr. Fontana! It has been two years since our last encounter. How have you been?"

Elliot carried himself with grace and politeness, but Paolo, his expression stern, gave only a curt nod, his response lacking any warmth. "Let's go," he said flatly.

He then strode inside, followed by members of the music association.

At the entrance, Elliot clenched his jaw in frustration, thinking. Paolo is still as arrogant as ever, giving me a cold shoulder. Once I join the International Music Association, I will make sure he regrets treating me like this.

Elliot flashed a fake smile at the crowd that came to watch the recital before catching up with Paolo and the others.

Right after Elliot left the entrance, a black Jeep arrived with Yvette, Jeremiah, Sienna, and Frankie, who insisted on coming.

Yvonne, clad entirely in black, exuded an intimidating presence, her sharp features emanating a wild, rebellious energy.

As the four stepped out of the car, they immediately commanded the attention of the guests. The group, with their strikingly charming Clusian looks, effortlessly captivated the gaze of many intrigued foreigners.

In Paolo's break room within the exhibit center, Elliot received a message that caused his face to fall. He was no longer in the mood to please Paolo.

Coming up with an excuse to leave Paolo's break room, he rushed to his break room and shut the door after making sure the coast was clear.

His eyes, filled with a malicious gleam, scanned the blurry photo that had been sent to him. Even though the photo was of poor quality, he could still recognize Yvette.

Her aloof, arrogant, and presumptuous demeanor was etched so deeply in Elliot's mind that he could never forget her.

Fortunately, he had been cautious. He had approached the security guards earlier, instructing them to closely monitor all guests attending the recital, with special attention to anyone who even remotely resembled Yvette. If they found anyone who did, he asked them to send him photographs immediately. To his surprise, his instincts proved right-Yvette was indeed at the concert, and he was certain she was here to cause trouble.

Elliot's expression was sinister as he instantly sent Derek a message. Receiving the message, Derek, who had just reached the entrance, rushed to Elliot's break room in no time.

Hearing knocks at the door, Elliot pulled out the gun he had prepared in advance and loaded it. As soon as the door creaked open,

he raised the gun and pointed it directly at his own heart.

Derek was greeted with that scene the moment he opened the door. Brows furrowed in confusion, he closed the door behind him and said in a deep voice, "Elliot, if you really wanted to do that, do you have to wait until I'm here?"

He effortlessly saw through Elliot's act, but Elliot, having already known his brother wouldn't fall for his scheme, had a backup plan up his sleeve.

His gaze gleaming with arrogance, Elliot spoke to Derek in utter despair. I know you've been hating me all this while, but I didn't mean for things to happen the way they did. I was so desperate for success and recognition from Grandpa, but as long as Yvette was around, she always overshadowed me. Grandpa only had eyes for her. Derek kept his composure, though a subtle twitch of his brow betrayed a flicker of emotion.

Earnestly, he spoke. "Elliot, even if you're jealous of Yvette, you shouldn't have done something like that. Despaired Soul is Yvette's piece. All the honors you've received over the years belong to her. If you apologize publicly now, I promise I'll talk to Yvette on your behalf." 10:45 Thu, Dec 26 G

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 570[1,164 words]

Chapter 570

'Ever since young, Derek had always favored Yvette. Why? Bloods thicker than water, right? I'm his brother, yet he's choosing an outsider over me!" Elliot thought, clenching his jaw in resentment and concealing the hatred that bubbled within him.

Regaining his composure, he said. "I've learned my lesson, Derek But this isn't just about me. If I admit what I did, I'll ruin our family's long-standing reputation. Do you really want to see that happen? Besides, that song isn't even that important to Yvette. Please, give me

that recording. I'm begging you."

For the first time in years. Elliot set aside his usual arrogance and domineering demeanor, submitting to Derek with an uncharacteristic humility. Derek stared into his brother's eyes, noticing what seemed to be genuine remorse and acknowledgment of his mistakes. Yet, he remained motionless.

After a moment, Derek lifted his gaze. "No, Elliot. I'll hand the recording to Yvette. I'm never going to give it to you unless she doesn't want it."

Looking at how stubborn Derek was, Elliot started resenting him too. He knew Derek wouldn't give in and hand over the recording easily. Taking a step back, he feigned devastation and disappointment, his eyes bloodshot with despair.

He said with dejection, "Derek, please let me call you my brother one last time. I'll carry this sin to my grave. Forgive me, for I can't face Yvette or the public's condemnation and humiliation when the truth is revealed. Goodbye."

Observing Elliot's determination, Derek frowned, refusing to believe he would actually do it. Before Derek could say a word, Elliot took one last look at him and pulled the trigger.

Blood spurted from Elliot's chest as he collapsed to the ground. Derek froze in shock as the reality of what had just happened sank in. When he finally regained his senses, he rushed forward, lifting Elliot, His mind went blank when he saw the blood pouring from the wound He couldn't comprehend how his brother-who had always feared death so deeply-could take such a drastic step with

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"Elliot... hang on! I'll call an ambulance right now!" Derek panicked. Despite everything between them, blood was thicker than water-there was no way Derek could remain unfazed while his brother was dying. His hands shook uncontrollably as he fumbled for his phone. Elliot slowly opened his eyes, lifting his hand laboriously to hold Derek's hand, his gaze losing focus. "No need... Just let me die. If that recording is released, I wouldn't be able to face the world either."

Watching Elliot slip away, Derek clenched his jaw and made a difficult decision. He chose to believe that his brother was genuinely sorry for his actions.

He said, "Hang in there, Elliot. I'll delete that recording in front of you right now. I'll make up to Yvette. I promise I'll do my best to compensate her."

Elliot struggled to suppress his joy while maintaining a sorrowful expression. "It's too late, Derek. Don't bother. I can't live like this anymore, so don't waste your efforts."

Watching the blood gushing out of Elliot's wound, Derek acted swiftly, deleting all the recordings on his phone, including the backups, right in front of Elliot.

After doing so, he looked up to see a fleeting, sinister smile at the corner of Elliot's lips. He wondered if it was a trick of the light.

In an instant, Elliot shook off Derek's hand and stood up, seemingly unscathed. His pale, dying demeanor was replaced by a vibrant, healthy complexion. 10:45 Thu, Dec 26 G

Chapter 570 88%1

Looking down at Derek, he wore a smug smile, thinking, 'Derek might seem tough but is a softie at heart. So what if he's smart? I still managed to fool him. All it takes is a replica gun and a couple of blood packs from the black market. Derek's face turned grim. He realized the cruel irony of his situation-he had been tricked into destroying the final piece of evidence himself. It was too late to say anything now; the deed! was done.

Now, there was no longer any evidence proving that "Despaired Soul" was composed by Yvette. At that moment, Derek fell into utter despair, thoroughly disappointed in Elliot, the brother whom he had grown up with.

Having triumphed over Derek, Elliot exuded wild arrogance. "Take this as your congratulatory gift for my induction into- the International Music Association. I must say, I quite like it-thanks!"

Derek's face darkened at Elliot's brazen, shameless words, Rising to his feet, he cast a piercing gaze at his brother, disappointment etched deeply into his features at Elliot's unrepentant demeanor. "From this moment on, we are nothing more than strangers, Derek declared, his tone cold and resolute. "Even without the recording, if Yvette ever needs my testimony, I will not hesitate to expose you"

Derek turned and left the lounge, leaving Elliot behind, basking in his victory. He thought, "No one will be able to threaten my position anymore. I can finally lay my ghost of many years to rest.

At one o'clock in the music hall of the Golden Exhibit Center, most of the guests had arrived, taking their seats. The front row was reserved for VIPs invited by Elliot, with Paolo, the president of the International Music Association, being the most distinguished one. He occupied the prime seat at the very center. Meanwhile, Yvette and her companions settled into the third row. Clad entirely in black and sporting a low baseball cap, Yvette nearly disappeared into the shadows as the lights dimmed.

Jeremiah turned to her and said, "The elderly man seated at the center of the front row is Paolo, the president of the International Music Association. Elliot went to great lengths to invite him."

Yvette adjusted her cap, her icy gaze lifting as she casually rested her face in her hand. "Yeah, that's him."

Sienna, hearing their conversation, whispered, "I had no idea Elliot was this resourceful."

Paolo was a renowned legend in the music world. Having him here was a testament to Elliot's power and connections. Seated in the front row, Paolo adjusted his watch and checked his phone. A single message read: (In Mysonna]

He rubbed his temples, thinking, 'Can't this brat tell me specifically where she is in Mysonna? How am I supposed to find her? What a heartless brat

Attending Elliot's concert was merely a cover; his real intention was to reconnect with a mentee he hadn't seen in a while.

She hadn't released any music in over two years, only staying in contact with him by exchanging holiday greetings. He couldn't help but wonder what she had been up to all this time.

Curious, Frankie asked Sienna, "This Paolo from the International Music Association sounds quite influential. What do you

know about him?"

Yvette scrolled through her phone absentmindedly, his fingers resting on the armrest. "Paolo, a third-generation duke, is a musical prodigy. His musical talent was discovered when he was five, and he graduated from Bonnelly Music University at seventeen. He started teaching there at twenty

Pausing, she continued, "When he turned thirty, he became the president of the International Music Association. He is a gifted musician, but he's notoriously short-tempered

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 571[2,359 words]

Chapter 571

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Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, his fingers curled as he turned to face Yvette. "You know him" he asked, his tone casual. Sienna and Frankie leaned forward, their interest piqued.

Yvette gave a slight nod, her reply measured. "Yeah"

At 2 p.m. sharp, Elliot emerged onto the stage with practiced ease, exuding an elegant charm. His acknowledgment was a brief nod, sending the audience into a frenzy of applause. His appeal was undeniable, with the majority of the audience Elliot scanned the crowd, soaking in the adoration of his fans snugly. But as his gaze swept the front rows, his eyes widened. and a chill ran down his spine.

The girl in the third row, wearing a baseball cap-was that Yvette It had to be her. His mind raced.

The bright lights turned harsh, exposing memories Elliot had long tried to bury. He remembered Yvette's arrival at the Ross estate, Lawrence taking her under his wing. While Elliot spent five grueling days perfecting a piece, Yvette mastered it in just Yvette had always been the first to conquer those intricate, world-renowned compositions. Lawrence had given her everything that should have been his. Elliot could never reconcile how this outsider had usurped his rightful place. He was Ross golden child, the one born to receive the best...

Elliot fought to mask his unease. She has no proof, he thought. Even if she accuses me of plagiarism, who would believe her now? Yet, despite thinking this, his eyes flickered to her seat as he performed. Yvette watched Elliot seated at the grand piano, her chin resting lightly on her hand. Her gaze was cold, her upturned eyes, glinting with sly amusement. A faint, almost imperceptible smile curved her lips. Less than 30 minutes into the concert, murmurs of discontent began to ripple through the audience. Those with a trained ear could hear it-Elliot's playing lacked focus.

Seated in the front row, Paolo wore a mask of displeasure. "What a waste of time, he thought bitterly. For a pianist of Elliot's caliber, such fundamental errors at an event of this magnitude were inexcusable.

Elliot was painfully aware of his missteps but quickly refocused, playing through the rest of the piece without mistakes. Finally, it was time for his signature piece-Despaired Soul, the much-anticipated crescendo of the evening

Elliot poured all his hopes into this final piece, hoping it would prove to Paolo that he was worthy of International Music Association. But fear lingered in the back of his mind.

He couldn't bring himself to glance at Yvette on the third row. Cold sweat slid down his temples, his clammy palms slipping slightly against the keys.

Jeremiah's gaze lingered on Elliot. "He's terrified, he remarked, his tone calm, and Yvette nodded in agreement.

Sienna and Frankie shared a knowing glance. 'Why wouldn't he be?' they thought. 'Knowing the original composer is watching and knowing you stole their work-it's no wonder he's shaking in his shoes.

As Elliot played the last note of Despaired Soul, the audience erupted in applause, the excitement rippling through the room. Elliot's gaze flickered to the third row, but Yvette was gone. Instead, in her seat was a strikingly handsome man. Chapnet 371

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Sienna's eyes lit up with excitement. Beside her, Frankie rubbed his palms, his thoughts simmering,

If Yvette marches up there and gives that fraud a piece of her mind, I'm ready to stomp that smug look right off his face Plagiarizing her works? He better be prepared for a lesson"

As the flower presentation began, Elliot stood tall, basking in the glory like a peacock showing off its feathers, convinced that Yvette had already left.

She must've realized I've destroyed all the recordings, so she backed off and stopped looking for trouble, he mused.

Better that she did, or she would've regretted it, Elliot thought with a sneer.

One by one, the pre-arranged attendees approached the stage with flowers in hand, with a lineup of fans and members chosen by the organizers, ensuring no awkward gaps or uncomfortable moments

As each person handed over their bouquet, the stage quickly became a colorful tapestry of flowers.

As the last presenter approached, an unusual stillness descended over the auditorium. The chatter faded, replaced by an almost eerie quiet, as though the entire crowd sensed something monumental was about to happen. Jeremiah leaned back in his seat, his gaze fixed on Yvette stepping into the spotlight, a subtle chill brewing in her eyes as a faint smile curved her lips.

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Elliot had no idea that Paolo wouldn't have endured his dismal performance if it were not for "Despaired Soul." Fear gripped Elliot's heart, his hands shaking slightly as he tried to steady his trembling body. Consumed by his own dread, he failed to notice Paolo's shift in demeanor.

Yvette walked toward Elliot, a small pot of cactus in her hands. The sight was so unexpected that the audience fell into stunned silence. A wave of murmurs quickly spread through the crowd as they tried to make sense of the bizarre moment. "Who is this? Why on earth would organizers arrange for someone to give a cactus? This is absurd, one person muttered.

"It can't be the organizers idea, can it? Maybe it's an obsessive fan trying to make a scene or someone pulling a prank on Elliot, another voice suggested.

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Fri, Dec 27

Chapter 371

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Fri, Dec 27 Chapter 371

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 572[1,216 words]

Chapter 572

Elliot's feet seemed cemented to the stage as Yvette drew closer. His face drained of color, but he fought hard to suppress his panic. With so many eyes on him, he couldn't reveal any panic, he'd risk drawing suspicion.

Yvette stood there, bathed in the spotlight, every inch of her seemingly flawless. Her long neck was radiating an ethereal glow. Her cold gaze locked onto Elliot, and her voice carried the crisp chill of melting snow in the mountains. "Even after so many years, you're still hopeless," she said.

Elliot's face flushed red immediately. He stared out at the chattering crowd below, his eyes filled with venom.

Elliot said with a deep voice, "Ms. Zeller, it's been ages. I'm glad you could make it to my concert. As for the cactus, I'll take it as a joke. But please leave. This isn't the place for such behavior. We're in the Golden Exhibit Center, not a farmer's market. You shouldn't be here." His voice was loud, a stark contrast to his usual gentlemanly charm, as his gaze burned ferociously into Yvette.

The Golden Exhibit Center was pin-drop silent as all eyes were on Yvette and Elliot. Some people thought, 'Who exactly is she to Elliot? What sort of history do they share that would prompt such an act on performance day?' Yvette took a single, passive step toward Elliot, and the weight of her presence seemed to press down on him. He instinctively stepped back, and realizing his retreat, he glared at Yvette as though he could intimidate her. Yvette's lips curled into a mischievous smile, her eyes narrowing. She twirled the cactus in her hand. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she sent it soaring toward Elliot.

Elliot's scream rang out. The audience watched in disbelief as the sharp needles of the cactus embedded themselves in Elliot's face, leaving him in a miserable state. From his front-row seat, Paolo observed Elliot clutching his face, seething with anger, while Yvette stood there, calm and poised, making Paolo smile bitterly. 'She's always been like this. If she has to fight, she goes straight for it. I worry for whoever ends up with her. Who could handle her fierceness? I'm worried,' he mused. Jeremiah's eyes never left Yvette. He had not a slight rise in his brow. He mused inwardly, 'She's pretty ruthless to her enemies. How cute!'

Frankie and Sienna, barely containing their excitement, couldn't help but think in unison, Yvette's in a league of her own. Throwing a cactus at someone's face? That's genius!

Elliot's face contorted with fury as he cradled his pricked face. "Yvette, I'm suing you for assault! You're finished! I won't let you get away with this!" he roared.

Nothing mattered more to Elliot than his appearance. He depended on his charm to lure his fans into filling his pockets, to vote for him, and to clear his name.

Internally, he seethed, 'That damn woman is targeting me! Why won't she just disappear?'

Yvette slid her hands into her pockets, her gaze icy as she looked at him. Then, she leisurely strolled to the center stage microphone. Without haste, she reached out to grab it, her head tilted slightly.

Her very presence filled the vast hall, commanding attention. The audience collectively held their breath as she approached the microphone.

A small, almost imperceptible smile danced on Yvette's lips. The moment Elliot saw it, panic gripped him. Ignoring the pain on his face, he was determined to stop her from speaking.

Chapter 372

But Yvette moved with fighting speed. Without a word, she spun on her heel and landed a swift kick, sending Elliot flying backward. His vision blurred as he was hurled several feet, crashing violently into the center of the stage, looking utterly broken.

The audience, who had just regained some composure, was thrown into a stunned silence again. "Why did she kick him, again?" they thought.

Yvette's chilling voice echoed throughout the Golden Exhibit Center. "Ladies and gentlemen, would you like to hear Despaired Soul' again?" she announced.

Politeness and asking the right question at the right time could make all the difference in some cases.

The audience, still processing the shocking scene they had just witnessed, was stunned into silence.

Is this some kind of joke? After what we just saw, who in their right mind would dare to refuse?' they thought, suspicion settling in. Is she some sort of terrorist?' they mused.

In an unexpected move. Paolo rose from his seat in the front row and began clapping, Yvette turned her head toward him, her expression neutral, with just the faintest raise of an eyebrow

The rest of the audience was left baffled by this unexpected display. Only Jeremiah, Sienna, and Frankie understood the deeper meaning behind it.

Paolo looked at Yvette with affection, his usual detached demeanor wholly gone. "It's not every day we get to hear you perform," he said. A discerning ear would catch the faintest trace of frustration in his voice.

As Elliot struggled to rise, his thoughts were consumed by Paolo's words, which hit him like an electric shock. What did Paolo mean by that? Did he just imply that hearing Yvette perform is a rare experience? Could Paolo have witnessed one of her performances before? he thought.

Yvette, hearing Paolo's comment, raised a single eyebrow. Her face was exuding a wild energy. Her eyes, sharp and defiant, met the room with a detached gaze.

"Listen carefully, then. Every performance is priced at 300 thousand dollars, she declared.

Each person in the crowd was too shocked to speak. 'How could she possibly dare to perform in front of Paolo and ask for 300 thousand dollars a piece? Which pianist would ever have the audacity to boast like that in his presence? they thought in disbelief.

Elliot, with his bruised face, let out a cold smirk. 'Yvette is truly digging her own grave. Who does she think she's talking to? No one has ever been so bold in front of Paolo. By saying that, she's burning all bridges in the music world,' he thought, sneering inwardly. Elliot raised his voice, rebuking. "Yvette, that is Mr. Fontana, Chairman of the International Music Association! You're being reckless with your arrogance.

He looked to Paolo, hoping for some kind of praise, but Paolo only gave him a quick glance.

Then, to everyone's astonishment, Paolo spoke again. "Only 300 thousand? Since when did you start lowering your prices? A piece should be 3 million, no less. Now play," he commanded.

'Did he say 3 million dollars?' everyone gasped inwardly, murmurs spreading across the audience.

"Did you hear that? Mr. Fontana is offering 3 million just to hear this girl play a single piece. What kind of world are we living in?" one spectator exclaimed in disbelief..

"I heard that. What do you mean by crazy? Mr. Fontana did say million, didn't he? I've never seen anyone like that. My mind is officially blown," another person remarked raise the price

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"No, no, the real question is-this girl must know Mr. Fontana, right? I've never seen him show this much attention to any musician before," a third person chimed in.

"It's more than just generosity. Their relationship seems way too close. What's her connection with Paolo?" someone asked.

At that moment, Jeremiah stood up, his silhouette sharp and defined, the epitome of aristocratic poise. With a chilling gaze, his voice was calm and measured as he said, "I'll offer 7 million.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 573[1,266 words]

Chapter 573

Paolo frowned and turned to see Jeremiah standing there, exuding an icy aura. He paused for a moment. This man's presence was powerful, almost matching Yvette's.

Yvette looked up, her gaze meeting Jeremiah's in mid-air. There was a hint of nonchalance in her eyes, and a fleeting smile crossed her lips. It was brief, but Paolo, observing Yvette closely, noticed it instantly

Paolo's eyes suddenly lit up as he looked at Jeremiah. Could it be that his mentee had taken an interest in this man? Had the day finally arrived when Yvette was interested in men? Paolo began planning to ask her about it later.

What if this man did not have a girlfriend? He could try to matchmake Yvette with him. It did not matter whether he had money: Paolo had plenty anyway. What mattered was they were a perfect match. Just think how good-looking their kids would be!

If this man resisted, Paolo would just drug him and send him straight to Yvette's bed. At worst, he could let Yvette keep him for a few days.

No one in the room expected Paolo to make a sky-high offer of 3 million dollars, but now, a handsome stranger appeared and offered 7 million dollars!

The most bewildered of all was Elliot. This was supposed to be his solo recital, so why did everything change when Yvette showed up? His heart surged with resentment.

It was just like when they were kids. Wherever Yvette was, he would become a foil for her. He would be rendered insignificant. Why, after all these years, was he still powerless to change this?

Paolo, busy plotting how to get Jeremiah into Yvette's bed, naturally stopped bidding and sat down. Ignoring the injury on his face. Elliot couldn't allow Yvette to play this piece.

"Mr. Fontana, this is my concert. Whether you know Yvette or not, will you really let her play my signature piece at my recital?" he asked.

Paolo frowned. His temper and attitude were not pleasant when dealing with Elliot. Not holding back, he snapped at Elliot

"Music knows no borders and shouldn't be stagnant. 'Despaired Soul' might be your signature piece, but today's performance was a complete mess.

"You are an experienced pianist, so your level and mistakes are unacceptable. Now, please sit down quietly and listen to her performance. Any issues can be addressed after it's over," he said. Paolo's words were like a sharp blade stabbing into Elliot's heart. All eyes turned to him, but unlike the usual envy, admiration, or fanaticism, the gazes were filled with doubt and mockery this time. Those remarks completely humiliated Elliot. He felt as if he had fallen into an ice pit, on the verge of collapse.

On stage, Yvette walked slowly to the piano, her expression indifferent. She glanced at Elliot, who stood there, eyes full of anger yet helpless. His fists were clenched, and his veins were bulging. She smirked. Did he think this was enough? she scoffed inwardly.

Everyone returned to their seats. By now, everyone was curious. Could Yvette possibly play "Despaired Soul" more beautifully than Elliot?

Most people doubted Yvette, thinking she was setting herself up for embarrassment. "Despaired Soul" was Elliot's signature piece, how could anyone possibly play it better than him?

The stage lights dimmed again, leaving a single spotlight on Yvette, seated at the piano. The light poured down on her.

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Wearing an all-black outfit-she sat upright with a slender neck and cool gaze

With delicate and striking features, she removed her baseball cap, letting her raven-black hair fall freely. Her figure was graceful and slender, and her slender fingers gently rested on the piano keys.

The next moment, the familiar, haunting melody of "Despaired Soul" began to flow slowly, gradually enveloping the entire Golden Exhibit Center in an atmosphere of despair and loneliness.

Unlike Elliot's performance just now, Yvette's rendition not only completely surpassed him in technique but also infused "Despaired Soul" with a hint of defiance.

The first half of the piece evoked a sense of loneliness and despair. As it progressed, the audience felt more and more invigorated and inspired. Some even felt their spirits rise with the intensifying emotions of the composition. By the final section, everyone was completely immersed in the music, feeling reluctant for it to end.

In the third row, Jeremiah sat with his legs crossed, the cuffs of his white shirt rolled up, and his well-defined fingers resting on the armrest. His deep eyes were dark as if they held a galaxy within them

His gaze remained fixed on Yvette at the piano, never straying for a moment. Beneath his tousled hair, his brow was sharp and defined.

Suddenly, an intense gaze intruded Jeremiah's eyes. He turned to look at Paolo in the first row and paused briefly. Noticing Jeremiah's attention, Paolo simply smiled at him.

Jeremiah politely returned the smile. Paolo's heart leaped with excitement. This might actually work out.

After all, being a civilized person, he'd avoid resorting to drugging him. However, the man his mentee was interested in could only belong to her. Even if she couldn't win his heart, she had to have him physically.

On stage, Elliot stared intently at Yvette as she performed. He stood there in a daze as if transported back to the first time he heard Yvette play this piece when they were children.

After all these years, Yvette had not lost her touch. Even someone without expertise could tell who played the piece better.

Elliot knew that now he could only firmly deny any plagiarism accusations. He'd rather admit his skill was lacking than confess to plagiarizing.

Just as the audience thought "Despaired Soul" was nearing its end. Yvette looked up, raised an eyebrow, and gave a mysterious smile. Her delicate features carried wildness and rebellion like a spider lily blooming at the edge of hell.

She was captivating and lethal. Jeremiah's heart skipped a beat when he saw Yvette. An indescribable emotion began to stir within him passionately

The next moment, the audience heard a piece completely different from "Despaired Soul," yet both melodies blended seamlessly, complementing each other perfectly.

At first, the audience was puzzled as to why Yvette played an unfamiliar piece, but soon, they were all immersed in the new world Yvette had created.

On the battlefield, horse hooves echoed from a distance, carrying tremendous force. In the night wind, they rose and fell, growing distant and then near. Horses neighed as they galloped forward, followed by iron-clad cavalry charging through like chaotic torrents. The general turned around to look. Thousands of arrows were released, and a short arrow pierced this throat, blood splattering onto the city wall. The moonlight reflected off the lanterns, and everyone was immersed in this atmosphere, trembling all over. When the song ended, Yvette stopped playing. Her expression was indifferent, yet her eyes were dark and deep as night, 10:18 Fri, Dec 27

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unfathomable.

This was the true and complete score of "Despaired Soul. What Elliot stole was just a small part she had casually composed

years ago.

Everyone was still immersed in the music from earlier, and for awhile, no one spoke. In Golden Exhibit Center, with at thousand people, all eyes were focused on Yvette on the stage.

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Chapter 370

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Everyone was still immersed in the music from earlier, and for awhile, no one spoke. In Golden Exhibit Center, with a thousand people, all eyes were focused on Yvette on the stage

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 574[1,235 words]

hapter 574

Everyone finally understood why Yvette dared to take the stage. Her performance was breathtaking. Though she played the same piece right after Elliot, her rendition outshone his and exposed their skill difference. On top of that, Yvette intrigued the audience with the second half of the piece she had played. Suddenly, one person began to clap, then another, and soon, the entire Golden Exhibit Center erupted in thunderous applause.

Elliot stood on the stage, looking like a fool. With nothing more than her actions. Yvette had once again turned him into a laughingstock.

As Elliot listened to the applause and watched the admiring glances toward Yvette, he felt a knot tighten in his stomach, and his legs nearly gave out

Yvette stood and, step by step, walked unhurriedly toward Elliot As she moved, the applause gradually faded. When her gaze swept over the audience, the clapping and the murmurs of discussions ceased at once. Seeing Yvette act so out of character, Paolo knew something had to be amiss. Yvette was usually laid-back and wouldn't have bothered showing up at Elliot's recital just to embarrass him without a good reason. There could only be one possible explanation. Elliot must have done something remarkably stupid to upset her.

Jeremiah watched Yvette and Elliot on stage with a sly smile, immediately putting the pieces together. The second half of Yvette's performance must be the true, complete version of Despaired Soul"

Sienna and Frankie leaped to their feet with urgency, looking as though they were ready to roll up their sleeves and charge. onto the stage to support Yvette.

On stage, Yvette raised her chin and looked at Elliot with a smirk Her frivolous and arrogant expression drove him into a seething rage. Her cold gaze was enough to send shivers down anyone's spine. "You've been playing it all these years thinking you copied the entire score, huh? What an idiot," Yvette said, her tone calm yet sarcastic.

Was the score that I stole back then incomplete? Elliot panicked

Yvette's words were amplified by the microphone and reached the ears of every single audience member, leaving them stunned by the revelation.

"Elliot copied someone else's music? Plagiarism is a disgraceful in any field, especially in the music industry. For a musician, being caught plagiarizing would mean the end of their career, an audience member muttered. "She's accusing Elliot of plagiarism? How's that be possible?" another person exclaimed.

"She played Elliot's signature piece, then claimed he copied it. I she implying that 'Despaired Soul was plagiarized?" a third person asked, confusion clear in their voice.

"If what Yvette is saying is true, then why wait all these years to pose him? There must be more to this story, one of the voices replied.

rendition. Maybe she is telling the truth. The second half he they were always meant to be part of the same

However, her performance was far more impressive than Elliot's. Her performance blended seamlessly with the first half. It felt like a single composition. Isn't that strange?" a different audience member said, raising a doubt. The murmurs among the audience grew louder.

Hearing the chatter, Elliot felt a cold sweat trickle down his face. Though he had prepared himself for this day, standing

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before Yvette, who spoke casually and confidently, he faltered. However, he managed to steady his nerves after remembering the recording evidence had already been destroyed.

Elliot said. "We haven't seen each other in years, Yvette. Why must you falsely accuse me the moment we meet? I know you've always held a grudge after Grandpa kicked you out of the Ross family, but you were the one at fault back then. Because you had some talent, you looked down on everyone else.

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He continued. "Grandpa, though with a heavy heart, had no choice but to expel you. And now, because of your resentment, you claim 'Despaired Soul' is plagiarized? That's outrageous! You can ask the audience here and see if anyone believes you! The piece was an inspiration I got during my childhood! I admit that my rendition of it isn't as good as yours, but that doesn't give you the right to slander me!"

Elliot's sincere and genuine demeanor made him appear deeply wronged, drawing sympathy from the audience and swaying them back in his favor. After all, Elliot was from the Ross family, he shouldn't have to plagiarize from an unknown girl like Yvette. From Elliot's words, the audience learned that Yvette had once lived with the Ross family, and they began to view her as ungrateful. It seemed unkind of her to show up on Elliot's big day and ruin it for him.

In the front row, Paolo frowned after overhearing the audience's discussions about Yvette. He pondered, "What's Yvette's identity? Why did she show up to stir up trouble for Elliot?"

It's no wonder I always found Elliot's rendition of 'Despaired Soul' a little off. Now, it all makes sense; it wasn't his to begin with. But why did Yvette never speak up about Elliot plagiarizing her piece? If I had known earlier, I would have made him pay much sooner." Paolo said sternly, "Elliot, what Yvette performed was the original version of 'Despaired Soul, right?"

Elliot looked at Paolo in shock and thought, 'What's gotten into him? Why is he siding with Yvette?'

Elliot clenched his fists tightly and responded, "Mr. Fontana, 'Despaired Soul' is indeed my own work. Since our childhood, Yvette had always been envious of my talent and Grandpa's favor toward me. She has held a grudge all these years and must have composed a second half of my piece just to ruin me. Don't be deceived by her lies! She has always been manipulative. Even my brother, Derek, has been bewitched by her to the point of obsession."

Paolo stifled a laugh, coughing lightly to suppress it. 'Obsession? given how attractive Yvette is, isn't it only natural for men to be drawn to her? What kind of fool wouldn't fall for her charm?'

The smile on Paolo's face left those around him puzzled. They wondered, 'What is he smiling so proudly for?'

Meanwhile, Yvette stood on stage, relaxed and unbothered by the surrounding noise. She fixed Elliot with a cold gaze, then stepped forward and slapped him across the face without hesitation. Elliot was completely taken aback. The slap sent him reeling, and he dropped to his knees, seeing stars.

Silence fell over Golden Exhibit Center.

Jeremiah, who was heading toward the stage, paused in his track and lowered his head with a chuckle. She's adorable, he muttered inwardly.

Sienna and Frankie were used to the stunned expressions around huge reactions. Elliot's long-winded speech paled in comparison. Paolo was dumbfounded.

them. Whenever Yvette took action, it always stirred up a

Yvette's slap-

On stage, Yvette slowly rolled up her sleeves, revealing her arm wrinkles. Then, she missed her foot and stepped on Elliot

Volte exerted a little bit of force, causing Elliot to let out a shout. The sound chilled the air leaving everyone in

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's eyes were bloodshot as he struggled to break free. However, no matter how hard he tried, Yvette's foot remained firmly planted on his shoulder. Even as sweat soaked his clothes and exhaustion set in, her foot didn't budge an inch. With clenched teeth, Elliot growled, "You've gone too far, Yvette your proof? Now, you're even assaulting me in public? I swear I get away!"

T you want to accuse me of plagiarism, fine! But where's take you to court, and with so many witnesses, you won't

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 575[1,201 words]

Chapter 575 92%

Since childhood, Elliot had been aware of Yvette's formidable combat power and knew he could never overpower her. The only weapon he had was the law.

Now, Yvette stood over the disheveled Elliot, her face devoid of emotion, her gaze cold and indifferent, as though she were staring at a lifeless body.

She narrowed her gaze. "Evidence? Do you honestly believe there was only one recording?"

Elliot froze and thought, I saw Grandpa destroy the evidence with my own eyes, reducing it to ashes. As omnipotent as Yvette is, she will never be able to piece it back together.

He retorted, "What evidence? I have no idea what you're talking about, Yvette. Stop slandering me. No one will believe you."

Yvette drew out her phone, waving it in front of him with a smirk. Her eyes gleamed with a mix of playful arrogance and cold calculation.

At that moment, Derek's deep voice resonated from the entrance of the Golden Exhibit Center. "The evidence wasn't destroyed. I have a copy right here."

His unexpected appearance at the doorway commanded immediate attention. Several people in the crowd recognized him. and the crowd soon buzzed with anticipation.

One of the guests whispered, "That's Derek from the Ross family, Elliot's younger brother! Is he really testifying against his brother?"

"Didn't they say Derek was completely captivated by this girl? Could he be framing Elliot?" another voice questioned.

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"No, didn't you hear their conversation? She mentioned having evidence and a recording. Things are getting complicated," another guest added.

Sienna glanced at Jeremiah and mused, 'Damn, with Derek suddenly showing up and speaking for Yvette, Mr. Chavez is definitely going to be jealous!

As Derek stepped onto the stage and looked at Elliot-kneeling his face battered and filled with burning resentment- Derek's expression shifted between cold detachment and reluctant sympathy. In the end, he sighed. From this day on, the Ross family's reputation will be beyond repair. I've always known this day would come, he thought

Panic surged through Elliot as he caught sight of his brother's expression. He pleaded, "Derek, don't let Yvette deceive you. I'm begging you-please don't get involved."

Elliot was still clinging to the hope that Derek would stay out of this on account of their familial ties. But what he didn't know was that Derek had already lost all faith in him after the events in the break room earlier.

Derek pondered. If it had been anyone else, I might have hesitated to get involved. But since Yveur is the one being wronged, I can't stand by. After all, if it hadn't been for her, I wouldn't have survived that kidnapping all those years ago.

Towe her my life. And now, with things reaching this point, I can no longer feign ignorance like I did when I was young. Derek's voice was firm as he addressed Elliot, Elliot, in addition to the voice recording, there's also footage from the surveillance cameras from that time. You know exactly what I'm talking about.

He then turned Im gaze to Yvene. "Yvette, the evidence of his plagiarism is on your phone. Despaired Soul was your work- and my brother stole it from you?

Yvette lifted her too, her expression unreadable, while Elliot lay on the ground like a beaten antimal, gasping for breath.

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His words landed like a bomb, shattering the silence and sending the crowd into a frenzy. Elliot's defenders fell silent, while some of his fans stood frozen, hearts heavy with disbelief and betrayal.

The revelation that their idol's hit song had been plagiarized was a blow no fan could have anticipated—a betrayal that cut deeper than any other.

Elliot's face drained of color as he sank to his knees, his dignity shattered in front of the crowd.

Despite his attempts to erase the evidence, Derek still had footage of him sneaking into Yvette's room and stealing the sheet music all those years ago—something Elliot had never even known was recorded.. He thought bitterly, 'If I had been capable of composing something like Despaired Soul, why would I have needed to plagiarize Yvette? It's all her fault for pushing me to this point.'

Gone was the arrogance he once held; now, Elliot stood silent, his shoulders slumped, his entire demeanor drenched in defeat and hopelessness.

The truth, buried for so long, was finally exposed. In that moment, all Elliot felt was a desperate urge to do away with Derek

and Yvette..

Paolo watched the scene unfold. The moment Yvette accused Elliot of plagiarism, any hope he had of joining the International Music Association vanished.

Even without concrete evidence, as long as Yvette held the presidency, there was no chance Elliot would ever gain entry.

Yvette kept her gaze half-lowered, her eyes dark and enigmatic. Her long legs accentuated her defiant aura, while her gaze, both cruel and icy, seemed to summon an impending storm of darkness. She spoke nonchalantly, her voice cold and sharp. "Did you know that Elliot has been abusing substances and violating women at your family's suburban mansion for years?"

Yvette's words hit the room like a thunderclap, leaving the crowd frozen in stunned disbelief.

The same thought echoed in everyone's mind. 'Substance abuse Violating women? This goes far beyond plagiarism; if these accusations are true, Elliot could be facing serious legal consequences. Derek, utterly stunned, went rigid. His hands trembled as the weight of Yvette's words sank in. He thought, Yvette wouldn't fabricate something like this—whatever she says must be the truth.

It was as if he had been plunged into an ice-cold abyss. Derek stood frozen, staring in disbelief at Elliot, who was just as stiff

as he rose.

A wave of suffocating pressure washed over Elliot. His eyes locked onto Yvette as he thought, 'How could she possibly know these things? I've been so careful!

At that moment, all eyes were fixed on Elliot, each gaze piercing him and boring into his being.

I'm finished, was the only thought echoing in his mind.

As the room remained stunned, Jeremiah gracefully took the stage. With broad shoulders, sharp features, and a commanding presence, he effortlessly attracted attention. Bathed in the spotlight, Jeremiah stood tall and aloof, his expression calm and detached. As the crowd watched him, they collectively wondered, 'Who is this remarkable man?

He approached Yvette with confident strides, his eyes locking on Elliot with a cold, piercing gaze. Standing side by side, the two exuded an undeniable, unspoken dominance, their presence commanding the room

Jeremiah opened a document bag, revealing a thick stack of papers. He pulled out the contents, and only then did the crowd.

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realize they were photographs.

Yvette took the photos from Jeremiah and arched her brow as an icy look took over her face. She hurled the hundreds of photos at Elliot.

The photos dropped onto the stage, each one depicting various young women, their expressions vacant and semi-conscious.

They were of different skin tones and ages, each one seen with the same man-Elliot. Some images captured him in a dazed, hazy state, all in startlingly high resolution.

Jeremiah had obtained these photos because of Elliot himself he had essentially dug his own grave.

Elliot had taken perverse pleasure in photographing his victims, his face contorted with excitement as he captured each moment. He stored the images in a custom-made safe at his mansion, regularly retrieving them to indulge in his dark obsession. [SEND GIFT](#)

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
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Chapter 576

Elliot stared intently at the scattered photos on the stage. Each one was a photo he had repeatedly admired during his midnight reveries but was now evidence of his crime.

Jeremiah stared at Elliot, a glimmer of killing intent flashing in his eyes. The girls in these photos are as young as 11 or 12 years old, assaulted while unconscious by Elliot. A lowlife like him shouldn't even exist in this world!" he thought, enraged. At that moment, Clyde stepped onto the stage, ripping off his clothes in front of the crowd, revealing bruises and burn marks from cigarette butts all over his body. Gasps of shock rippled through the audience,

Yvette and Jeremiah stood there, their faces unreadable. A single glance between them confirmed they already knew how those injuries came to be.

The crowd erupted in shock, their whispers buzzing like a swarm of bees. "Oh my gosh, isn't that Elliot's assistant? How could he end up with injuries like that? It's terrifying."

"Do we even need to wonder? Anyone stepping forward now must've been hurt by Elliot

"Drug abuse, exploiting yours, and now abusing his assistant-Elliot is truly a wolf in sheep's clothing!

This was the first time Derek had seen the injuries on Clyde, and it shook him to the core. What has Elliot been hiding from me all this time?' he wondered.

Clyde pointed to his injuries, his eyes full of hatred. "Everyone, m Elliot's assistant. For years, whenever he was upset, he took it out on me-burned me with cigarettes, kicked me. poured boiling water on me."

He paused, his anger rising with each word. "And for what? He has no inspiration, no real talent. He couldn't even compose his own songs, so he hired ghostwriters. I have all the proof. Elliot is nothing but a complete scumbag!"

It was often said that men only weep when deeply grieved. Clyde, humiliated and tormented for years, finally let it all out in front of everyone.

The crowd was even more stunned by his words. 'Elliot abused his assistant and even hired ghostwriters? He's hopeless! they mused.

By this point, Elliot realized that he had no further grounds to argue. His eyes burned with fury, and his clenched fists trembled at his sides.

He looked at the crowd beneath the stage, murmuring and casting judgmental glances in his direction, then turned to

Yvette.

Suddenly, Elliot burst into a maniacal laugh. "Yvette, after all these years of being gone, why ruin me now? You're truly my nemesis. From the moment you entered the Ross family, I knew it.

He continued, "Before you showed up, I was Grandpa's chosen heir, the one he trusted the most. He invested everything in me. And then you came along and ruined it all."

Elliot had lost his mind, shouting at the top of his lungs, his voice filled with resentment and hatred toward Yvette. He blamed her arrival for all his misfortunes, convinced that everything had changed because of her.

Derek watched in stunned silence as Elliot unraveled before his eyes. For the first time, he saw the depth of Elliot's hatred toward Yvette. But what does any of this have to do with her he thought, confused. "Elliot, Yvette's talent- Derek began. But Elliot didn't let him hush "Ever since Yvette came into our family, all I've ever heard is how her talent is unmatched But why? Why does her so-called talent get to erase everything we worked for?"

He was practically heaving now, his breath ragged with anger those hours I put in all the sleepless nights-does none of

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that count? Is that fair to me? I've been playing the piano since I was a kid!"

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His gaze swept the crowd, his tone becoming more desperate. "How could Yvette create something like Despaired Soul when she was just ten? Do you think I wanted to plagiarize it? I just wanted Grandpa to see me, to finally recognize me!" "When I released Despaired Soul, the industry called me a genius. Suddenly, all eyes were on me. I couldn't afford to fail. But I had nothing left, no inspiration. So, I turned to drugs, to women-anything to cope, Elliot continued.

He took a breath, the pressure mounting. "If I didn't hire ghostwriters, what was I supposed to do? It's all her fault!"

Elliot's words left everyone in shock. They couldn't believe Elliot could stand there and make such shameless excuses after everything he had done. -

"Loser!" a voice rang out. It was Frankie, and his shout was like a spark to dry tinder.

The entire Golden Exhibit Center erupted as the chant spread like wildfire. "Loser!"

In the front row, Paolo stood up. He looked at Elliot and said sternly, "Elliot, talent alone doesn't guarantee success. It's only part of the equation. You've made mistake after mistake, and instead of

owning them, you stand here making excuses. It's pathetic. He pressed further, "Did Yvette force you to plagiarize her song To prey on young girls? To do drugs? You're hopeless. Justice will be served, and the music industry has no place for someone like you"

Elliot said nothing and glared fiercely at Yvette. "Yvette, you've always been like this-as if nothing ever matters to you. Even though you're the one who caused all of this, somehow, you always manage to make everyone else take your side." "You've got a talent for this, don't you?" He shot a glance at Jeremiah. I bet that guy was seduced by you. That's how you got the evidence to ruin me, isn't it? You've always looked down on everyone else because you're so gifted." His voice grew colder. "When we were kids, you never even spared me a second glance. I wanted to be your friend, but you wouldn't even talk to me. This is all your fault. You pushed me to this point."

The crowd's foetis shifted, their attention landing on Yvette and Jeremiah as if waiting for her response.

Yvette lifted her gaze, her piercing eyes locking onto Elliot. Her expression was calm, but the air around her seemed to chill. A slow, twisted smile crept across her face as she tilted her head. Jeremiah, did he just say I seduced you?" Jeremiah's lips curled slightly, and the furrow in his brows eased "No. It wasn't that you seduced me. I fell for you the moment I saw you. It was your looks that drew me in."

The crowd exchanged puzzled glances, feeling awkward at the sudden public display of affection.

From the moment Jeremiali had walked onto the stage, Paolo had known Yvette was litually opening herself up to someone extraordinary. He couldn't help but feel pleased as he watched the scene unfold. Showing off her love publicly now? That's Classic Yvette, he thought with amusement.

Derek's gaze landed on Yvette and Jeremiah. He paused for a munient, feeling a twinge of bitterness, but he les it Yvette's gaze turned icy again as she looked back at Elliot His bravadu was crumbling now, and i I was clear to everyone that be couldn't hade the fear in his eyes when she faced him.

"Ellios" The single word sliced through the none had ever said tins name.

ace. It was the first time in all these years than Vette

song and Lawrence hail covered it up she had confronted him directly shed simply left quiet and componed in a way no ordinary child would have been

"Derek's rat, Yvette saki, ensura bating each word. The room fell

a sisujjed silence. The grond booked

swud, confusest.

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the words making no sense to anyone except Derek and Elliot. Derek blinked, startled. "Yvette, are you talking about the long-haired c

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 577[1,107 words]

Chapter 577

Derek turned his head stifly toward Elliot. He said, "Skinning it alive, draining its blood, and leaving it on my bed. That was all you, Elliot."

Elliot stopped pretending. After hiding his secret for so many years, it was enough. Now that things had come to this point, he had nothing to fear Elliot fixed his gaze on Derek, and his voice sounded sinister. He said, "I killed the cat because you treated a mere animal better than you treated me."

Elliot continued, "I've kept a secret from you for many years. If Yvette hadn't saved you back then, you would have been in my clutches long ago. But Yvette, you knew everything, yet you never told Derek." Elliot's words shocked Derek. Derek once had a long-haired cat, but within three months, it had been skinned alive and deboned. Then, it was tossed into his room.

Back then, Lawrence said it was done by a mentally unstable maid who had already been fired. Derek did not expect Elliot to have done it

Lawrence must have discovered the truth but chose to protect Elliot by finding a scapegoat. Derek was so scared that he couldn't sleep properly for a whole week. He had nightmares every night.

Everyone watched as Elliot ranted madly onstage. Elliot said, "Yvette, speak up! Didn't you want to reveal my secret and humiliate me so everyone hates me? I will give you a chance to say it!"

At this moment, Elliot looked deranged. Yvette glanced sharply at him and said calmly, "That's enough."

Elliot looked at the stunned Derek, who stood there in disbelief as he spoke with a sinister tone. "That's enough? It's not enough... Since you've already destroyed me, let's bring Derek and me down... Then, Elliot laughed wickedly. These words left everyone with doubts. They wondered what secret Elliot would reveal since things had reached this point.

In the next second, Yvette swiftly pulled out a silver handgun. The people below were dumbfounded at the sight of the gun. No one expected Yvette on stage to suddenly draw a weapon.

In Mysonna, guns were legal, so it did not cause any panic. Besides, everyone present knew exactly who the gun was aimed

There was no emotion on Yvette's cold and beautiful face. She cocked an eyebrow and narrowed her eyes, which were devoid of warmth.

When Elliot saw Yvette point her gun at him, his legs wouldn't obey him, and his body couldn't stop trembling. His eyes were lifeless, like a dead fish, yet they glinted with fear.

Others might use a gun to threaten him, but Yvette was different; she would pull the trigger. Yvette said, "I told you to shut up." Everyone who heard those words felt a chill down their spine. Paolo, who sat in the front row, frowned. He thought, If she pulled the trigger, it'd be a headshot, and Elliot would be done.

Podo shagged again. If this is done privately, killing this loser wouldn't be an issue. But doing it is from so many people wouldn't be easy.

Thope that Elliot won't go looking for trouble at this moment,

and said, "Yvette, let him

want to know how he plans to destroy me.

Hot blooded Free frowned. A danger glow flashed in her green eyes; then she lowered the gun. Derek pleaded,

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Chapter 577.

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Jeremiah cocked his head as he stared at Yvette intently. He could tell that she wanted to protect Derek. Jeremiah wondered what secret could cause Yvette to be so riled up. It was unusual.

Derek walked up to Elliot. Faced with his biological brother, whom he grew up with, he did not know how to react. Everything revealed today was beyond his wildest imagination. Derek was distressed.

He had a feeling that the next secret might cause him to break down, but since he had already reached this point, he could no longer avoid it. He said, "What's the secret? Just say it. Since you're determined to drag me down with you, go ahead."

Elliot looked pale as he stared at Derek. Then, Elliot cast a malicious glance at Yvette. Elliot's tone sounded wicked as he said.

Take a close look at the photos on the floor. Don't you think they look familiar?"

Derek carefully observed the scattered photos on the ground. After a moment, he was in despair, and his expression turned

blank

Jeremiah placed his hands in his pockets and cocked his head. Looking at Yvette, he murmured, "Elliot and Derek?" There was no need to say more.

Yvette nodded with a poker face, and her eyes looked mesmerizing. She glanced back at Jeremiah and nodded again. With a cold gaze, she said in a low voice, "It began when they were very young

The audience couldn't hear the conversation between the two, but Derek, who was on the stage, could hear it clearly. The girls in these photos all looked a lot like him when he was young, whether it was the nose, eyes, or mouth. Derek was very shocked. He felt numb, and his head was buzzing. His stare turned blank. He started saying, "You..."

Elliot's eyes were bloodshot as Derek stared at him with disgust. Elliot deliberately raised his voice and said, "That's right. Surprising, isn't it? I've liked you since we were kids. I fell for you, so what? Don't look at me like that."

Elliot continued, "I'm also the one who hired people to kidnap you back then. I wanted to lock you up for the rest of your life, but it's all Yvette's fault. She saved you and ruined my perfect plan."

Elliot's words made everyone in the Golden Exhibit Center silent once more. A nicely arranged recital had turned into a crime-revealing session by Elliot, and now he was acting crazy, revealing his shocking, dirty secret—he liked Derek. Even now, Elliot seemed shed. Ever since Derek had abandoned him to testify for Yvette at that moment, he had

decided to drag Derek down with him.

He wanted Derek to live miserably, unable to escape his shadow and trapped in a nightmare for the rest of his life.

Elliot sneered and said, Derek, you've always felt guilty about me plagiarizing Yvette's work back then. Do you know why she never exposed me?

Do you think it was only because of Grandpa? Do you think Yvonne is the type of person who could be intimidated by Grandpa? Let me tell you

A loud bang scared everyone. No one would have thought Yvette, who had already put the gun away, would suddenly fire a

Blood instantly gushed from Ellorsley. He screamed in agony, he clutched his injured leg. Meanwhile, Yvette stood there with an indifferent expression. She looked at him with rage and said, "One more word and you'll die."

SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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Chapter 578

Elliot's words came to an abrupt halt. He stared

which landed on Derek, who stood in a daze, hantly at Yvette, unwilling to accept defeat. Yvette raised her icy cold gaze.

"That's enough," she said.

lost his wits

Derek snapped out of his stupor when he heard those words.

With his head lowered. Elliot's eyes were burning with madness and malice.

Suddenly, he lifted his head and shouted at his younger brother, Derek! Grandpa knew everything back then. You respected him the most. Our good grandpa used this secret to threaten Yvette, keeping her from exposing me."

So, the reason Yvette never showed up over the years wasn't because of me! It was because of you! She was trying to protect your so-called fragile heart and that post-kidnapping-induced depression, right? Hahaha! Fools! You're all fools!" he said, Laughing:

It was pin-drop silence in the entire room. Today's recital had truly opened their eyes. Who would have thought that the internationally renowned musician, Lawrence, had resorted to such vile methods to threaten a young girl all those years Jeremiah's brows furrowed slightly, a cold glint flashing in his eyes as he looked at Elliot, who seemed lifeless as a corpse.

The person most shocked by this revelation was Derek.

First, he learned that his older brother had feelings for him, and now he discovered the truth after all these years. He never imagined it was because of him that Yvette did not step forward to reveal the truth. It was his fault; he was the real culprit!

Derek's face was pale, completely drained of any color. He could barely stand, and his hands were trembling slightly.

Seeing Derek in this state, Elliot felt a surge of satisfaction.

Elliot knew he was abnormal and twisted from a young age. Even if it meant death, he wanted to ruin Derek, someone he could never have all these years.

Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly. Her expression, cold and distant, was terrifying. It sent chills down one's spine, along with her icy voice.

"Derek, it has nothing to do with you," she said.

Back then, Derek was severely depressed after being kidnapped. If this scandal had been exposed, it would have driven Derek over the edge. Derek broke down uncontrollably, clutching his head in agony.

"Nothing to do with me? How could it not? Turns out I'm the redo I've been tooling myself all these years!" he said,

torn between the surveilla

could huse if banlı ways and protect

amera footage and the recording I had I even thought that if you truly diducteam. I

monster I must be crazy. It's all my fault he continued

so bran wrenching that anyone could feel the overwhelming despair

his voice. Everyone understood

Paolo sighed That twisted bastard Ellos had ruined everything What a truly despicable person someone like him 10:20 Fri, Dec 27

Chapter 378

deserved a thousand, even ten thousand, trips to hell, which would still not be enough.

Some people are truly born evil, he thought.

1% 91%

Frankie and Sienna lamented quietly, both feeling some sympathy for Derek. By now, anyone aware of what Elliot did would be sick to their stomach.

As Derek collapsed in despair, the door of the Golden Exhibit Center suddenly swung open. A group of police officers in special uniforms walked in.

All the lights in the Golden Exhibit Center came on at once, and everyone turned to look at the police officers. They immediately recognized who they were, mainly because their uniforms were too eye-catching. The room buzzed with murmurs,

"Interpol! Oh my God, it is the Interpol. Who called for them? Does Interpol usually come all the way to arrest someone personally?" a person asked.

"Goodness, since when does the Interpol handle such trivial matters?" another person asked.

The Interpol usually deals with major international cases or joint operations. There must be a reason for their sudden

answered. appearance today, someone

On stage, Jeremiah slightly turned his head to look at Yvette. Seeing her calm expression, he knew this was her doing. The nature of Elliot's case certainly did not require Interpol's involvement. The fact that they showed up was something only Yvette could pull off. The leading officer was named Chuck Strickland, who was around 30 years old.

He had specifically come to handle this case because not just anyone could handle a task from this big shot.

If he hadn't rushed over immediately upon receiving the news, he would be fighting others at the headquarters for the chance to be here.

Ignoring the murmurs from the crowd, Chuck headed for Yvette on stage.

Elliot stared in shock at the sudden appearance of the Interpol officers.

Chuck walked right up to Yvette and did something that shocked the entire room. He stood still and gave Yvette a standard military salute.

His voice was firm and loud. He said, "Reporting in! Interpol Headquarters First Squad, Squad Leader Chuck. At your service!"

The entire room erupted in shock once again

This time, not just the audience was shocked but also Elliot, who was on the stage. His eyes widened in anger, and even the despairing Drick was frozen in the same spot

Why did the Interpol squad leader treat Yvette with such respect This was the Interpol they were talking about!

all was completely dumbfounded tular's events were becoming more groundb

ih

last, and the appearance of the Interpol pushed everything to ja

Who exactly is this girl, Verde, and what's her story everyone wondered

Cuck stonerly on age, his heart racing

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Chapter 578

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After all, Yvette was the one who single-handedly took down lugia mafia's Chief and the Golden Triangle's drug lord. She even cracked numerous unsolvable cases that troubled Interpol for years. Her legendary feats were famous within the Interpol.

Yvette ordered, "Take him away."

Chuck immediately looked at Elliot, who was lying on the ground with his leg bleeding out. He looked barely recognizable. Chuck's face instantly turned solemn.

He shouted, "Yes, Madam Rest assured, I know how to handle this

One statement from Chuck was enough to indicate what would happen to Elliot next,

anymore, he

"What a joke! A criminal personally handed over by the Boss meant that there was no need to keep him alive and thought to himself.

With a wave of Chuck's hand, two Interpol officers immediately stepped forward to drag Elliot away. He did not resist but just stood there blankly as the officers took him away.

This was who Yvette was. From the moment someone wronged her, they had to live in constant fear. Yvette was so ruthless. She seemed almost inhumane sometimes.

As Elliot was taken away, he passed by Derek and greedily glanced at him. He paused and whispered, "Derek."

Just that word made Derek feel disgusted and sick to his stomach. As Elliot was about to say something else, his eyes rolled back, and he fainted.

Jeremiah had somehow ended up standing behind Elliot. His gaze was deep and cold.

The Interpol officers took away the unconscious Elliot.

Derek was surprised when he saw that Jeremiah had acted. How could this man be involved?

Seeing Derek's shocked expression, Jeremiah glanced at him indifferently. His eyes were as dark and cold as the abyss.

He said coldly. "If you're a man, don't be so weak."

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 579[1,156 words]

Chapter

579

Chuck had made a brief appearance before Yvette, which left him satisfied. Everyone at Interpol knew Yvette's personality- she was not fond of unnecessary chatter. Smartly, Chuck greeted her, led his team out, and cleared the crowd.

Interpol truly lived up to its reputation. Golden Exhibit Center, filled with a massive crowd, was cleared in an orderly fashion within ten minutes. By the end, only a handful remained-Yvette, Jeremiah, Sienna, Frankie, and Paolo, seated in the front row. After speaking, Jeremiah walked over to Yvette, his gaze tender as he whispered, "Did I do well?" Though he lowered his voice, the hall's silence ensured everyone heard him.

Yvette's lips curved into a faint, elusive smile. Her brows slightly arched as she replied calmly, "Keep it up."

Jeremiah nodded slightly, his blue eyes glinting with delight as he tilted his head. He replied. "Yes, ma'am. His tone was steeped in amusement, unbothered by the presence of the others.

Paolo's eyes sparkled with delight at the sight. Yvette, his stoic mentee, had finally fallen in love. Like a mentor reluctantly giving away his precious mentee, Paolo began planning for the dowry.

"Should I go with a mansion? Jewelry? A luxury car? No, too cliché: Paolo thought. After some thought, he decided to gift Yvette his cherished antique piano collection and rare instruments, all wrapped up as part of her dowry.

Within minutes, Paolo had even envisioned Yvette and Jeremiah's future home in Mysonna. He had land in southwestern Mysonna, and it was perfect to build a manor. Now, all Paolo needed was a designer who understood Yvette's taste.

Meanwhile, in the audience, Frankie watched Jeremiah and Yvette on stage with his arms crossed. He clicked his tongue twice, turned to Sienna, and said, "See that? Mr. Chavez's sly move-a few words and his love rival is obliterated. He's so smooth. I could never do that."

Sienna nodded in agreement She said, "Calling him 'fragile was brutal. That's a checkmate for any man."

On stage, Yvette barely lifted an eyelid, her gaze calm and undisturbed. She turned to Derek, who was still trapped in his swirling emotions.

Yvette said coldly. "I made that piece on a whim, and I left because I was bored. Besides, I didn't expose Elliot because he wasn't worth my time. That's all. Don't overestimate your importance. It has nothing to do with you."

Derek's face turned ashen. Slowly, he raised his head, though even meeting Yvette's gaze took all his strength. He thought, Why did she protect me all these years?

The memory surfaced-years ago when Yvette was new to the Ross family. One night, Derek heard noises by the pool and found Yvette willingly plunging into the icy pool, staying there for ten agonizing minutes.

Yvette was so weak after she emerged from the pool that she nearly fainted. Hence, Derek brought her a bowl of oatmeal from the kitchen.

Derek thought, "Just because of that bowl of oatmeal? That's why she protected me? He couldn't think of another reason. It turned out Yvette knew all along. Back then, Derek assumed she forgotten about it since she did not mention it the following day

After she spoke, Yvette strode past Derek and descended the stage, stopping before Paolo. Jeremiah followed without sparing Derek more than a disinterested glance. Yvette had no patience for melodrama A man stuck in regret, and the past could only save himself. Paolo deliberately put on a stern face and faked a cough behind his hand Yvette arched a brow and said calmly. Got a cold? Wear a mask if you do?

Va

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At Yvette's words, the mock cough turned into a real one, leaving Paolo gasping for air. "You ungrateful little thing. You promised to visit me," he said. Upon hearing that, everyone turned to Paolo. It seemed like everyone liked to act cute to Yvette regardless of their age. Now, even Paolo did.

Even Derek, still lingering onstage, looked down at Paolo in surprise as he wondered, 'Does Yvette know Paolo?

Yvette stood there, her posture casual and relaxed, with her gaze lowered. Her clear eyes held a quiet calm as she drawled. "Speak properly."

Paolo almost choked on his words. "I am speaking properly," he protested, his tone tinged with grievance.

Recalling those years of hardship, Paolo couldn't recall another mentor who was so thoroughly at the mercy of their mentee. Only with Yvette had he ever experienced such a complete lack of authority.

However, Paolo was used to it now. If Yvette were to treat him with kindness for once, he'd probably be terrified instead. Her usual aloof indifference was oddly comforting, Paolo grew curious about Jeremiah, wondering what charm he possessed to win over Yvette's heart.

Paolo said, "Come on, it's been ages since we've seen each other, Aren't you gonna treat me to a meal? Have you no respect for your mentor? Hurry up, I'm famished Without waiting for Yvette's response, he strode briskly toward the door.

Frankie and Sienna exchanged incredulous looks, thinking, "Seriously?" For someone claiming to be starving. Paolo's pace was astonishingly fast-nearly a sprint. If they hadn't known better, they might've assumed a supermarket was handing out freebies from Paolo's speed.

In Paolo's defense, though, the situation was dire. He couldn't risk being rejected. Where would he even put his dignity if that happened?

Yvette tilted her head, pressed her lips, and said to Jeremiah solemnly, "I don't have money to treat him."

Jeremiah paused, then nodded solemnly and said, "Neither do I Should we make a run for it?" His deep, magnetic voice was laced with an earnestness that made it impossible to tell if he was joking.

Just then, Frankie popped up and quietly said, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, I've got money. He announced proudly. Then he pulled out a stuffed wallet that looked like it might burst.

Before Frankie could bask in his moment of glory, Sienna stepped forward and delivered a swift kick to his leg, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Idiot," she muttered under her breath.

Yvette and Jeremiah turned to give Frankie a look, then walked away without a word, leaving him completely puzzled. Frankie wondered, 'What? Is it a crime to have money now? Sienna watched Frankie and sighed before saying, "Frankie, sometimes I truly wonder how you even became Mr. Chavez's

subordinate."

Frankie shook his head. "When Mr. Chavez took me in, he just said, "That's enough. Probably because he saw how perfect I am-flawless, really"

Sienna swallowed the words on the tip of her tongue as she thought, Forget it. If he could say something so outrageous, there was no saving him. Without another word, she hurried after Yvette and Jeremiah. Upon seeing everyone leave, Frankie panicked and said. "Wait for me! Mr. Chavez, Yvette. Fin still here."

At the entrance, silence fell over the Golden Exhibit Center with Frankie gone. On stage, Derek good motionless for a long moment before finally lifting his head, his eyes bloodshot. He was not about to be defeated so easily. Hell Regret Pite Such words would never define my future. Frankie thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 580[1,213 words]

Chapter 580

Paolo randomly picked a Clusian restaurant without even glancing at the signboard. He ordered casually by pointing at the menu and sent the attendant away. The atmosphere of the private room was anything but pleasant. Paolo sat next to Yvette while Frankie and Sienna sat together, hardly daring to breathe loudly. As for Jeremiah, he sat alone across them.

Frankie and Sienna thought, Judging from the looks, this International Music Association president isn't here to exchange pleasantries with Mr. Chavez. But what on earth is his relationship with Yvette? They were dying of curiosity yet too wary to ask.

Jeremiah rose, pouring water for Paolo with calm precision before turning to fill Yvette's glass with orange juice.

Meanwhile, Frankie and Sienna knew their place and quietly helped themselves to their preferred drinks, then took their seats on the sidelines. Their anticipation was almost palpable as they eyed Yvette, Jeremiah, and Paolo, ready for the drama to unfold.

Jeremiah settled into his chair. He was dressed in an immaculate white shirt that radiated a subtle chill, and his sharply defined features exuded an intimidating elegance. Across the table, Paolo couldn't help but appreciate the sight. Paolo thought, 'A man should be pleasing to the eye. Money? Secondary. Looks? Essential. It is, after all, the key to keeping Yvette happy. Her joy comes second to none.'

Yvette sipped her orange juice casually with her legs crossed. She glanced at Jeremiah before turning to Paolo, who was brimming with a thousand questions yet pretended otherwise, trying to act nonchalant. Just say it already," she drawled. Paolo dropped his pretense, set down his glass, and shot Yvette mild glare as he thought, This kid knows how to ruin my act. I just lost half my aura."

Clearing his throat, Paolo fixed his experienced gaze on Jeremiah, his tone taking on a sharper edge. "How long have you and Yvette been together?" He wasn't planning to play nice. After all, Jeremiah was stealing away his youngest mentee Jeremiah pondered briefly, raised his brows, then glanced at his watch. His lips curled into a faint smile as he said, "Seven months, six days, four hours, 25 minutes, and eight seconds."

Paolo was about to pick up his glass to drink but paused, setting it back down. He cleared his throat before saying, "Just give me an estimation. Why go into such detail?"

Sitting nearby, Frankie noted that he had learned something new. One day, he would flaunt his love like this, just to make everyone else jealous.

Yvette casually lifted her eyelids, her green eyes narrowing slightly. Then, she lowered her gaze and continued to sip her orange juice. Her calm demeanor was unshaken.

Pleased with Yvette's composed demeanor, Paolo thought to himself, 'Girls shouldn't be swayed by small gestures like this But for a man to remember such trivial details so precisely. Th's impressive

Paolo's gaze toward Jeremiah grew more satisfied. He continued asking, "How old are you? What do you do for a living! How many people are in your family? Do your parents like Yvette?"

The question about Jeremiah's parents' opinion of Yvette made Paolo's voice grow serious, his tone deepening.

No matter how covered Jeremiah was, he couldn't be with Yvette if his parents couldn't accept her temperament and character There were countless men in the world, and Yvette could easily replace him. Yet, she shouldn't be burdened by Troublesome in-laws. Jeremiah's expression remained indiffering as he answered

questions without the slightest hesitance in his sleep

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Chapter 580

voice, "I'm 27 years old, a military officer from Clusia. My family has four members-my parents, my grandpa, and 1"

In the future, it'll be five. And please don't worry. My parents prefer Yvette to me. If given a choice, they'd probably pick her as their daughter instead, Jeremiah added.

Paolo blinked in surprise at Jeremiah's response but quickly understood. He thought, 'Oh well, Yvette's a gem-a sweet, lovable girl who could charm anyone. It's no wonder his parents see her in such a light. They have good taste. We should meet when I go to Clusia As for Jeremiah's career as a military officer, Paolo thought it wasn't too bad. That wasn't a concern, although the job probably didn't pay well. After all, Paolo's inheritance would go to Yvette, and it would be sufficient.

Moreover, Yvette was more than capable of earning her fortune Paolo had witnessed her talents firsthand. If Jeremiah retired from the military, he could settle down at home and raise their kids. Or, if he preferred, start a business. Either way, they'd be fine. Yvette raised a brow. Her green eyes, deep as a winter lake, met Jeremiah's gaze. She smiled and asked, "Done asking?"

Paolo nodded, then shook his head and turned to look at Jeremiah. His expression turned solemn, his back straightening unwittingly. "Jeremiah, one last question. Think carefully before you answer. I want you to swear that you'll only love Yvette for the rest of your life." "She can choose to leave you, but you can't betray her. If one day you agree to this but fail to uphold it, I swear-no matter where you are, even if it costs me everything-I'll hire 800 assassins to make you pay. So, decide wisely," Paolo added. Paolo's words struck Frankie and Sienna as overly domineering. This was a classic case of double standards.

Then, they reconsidered. If it was Yvette and Jeremiah, maybe it wasn't so unreasonable after all. Their wavering stance changed, and they found themselves thinking Paolo's demand wasn't entirely demanding Jeremiah's blue, fathomless eyes showed no ripples of emotion, his gaze deep and steady. Paolo's words didn't seem to stir him in the slightest.

Paolo couldn't help but regard Jeremiah with even greater respect. He knew his request was far from fair, but fairness was never the essence of love. Call him selfish or overprotective, but as a mentor, Paolo's sole priority was ensuring Yvette wouldn't get hurt in love. Yvette crossed her legs, her eyes shimmering with a trace of mischief. Her brows arched slightly, exuding indulgent arrogance. With an indifferent gaze, her fingers tapped lightly on the table. Everyone at the table held their breath, waiting for Jeremiah's response. With calm precision, Jeremiah adjusted his cuffs, his slender fingers betraying no emotion. His deep voice cut through the tension. "I'll never betray Yvette, not until my last breath. And she'll never abandon me either."

The first part of Jeremiah's statement was spoken with composure, but his tone turned icy and resolute in the latter part.

Paolo studied Jeremiah's face and couldn't find even a trace of falsehood in his expression. Finally, he relaxed. As Yvette's mentor, it was only natural to give Jeremiah a little test, but today, Paolo was forced to witness their public display of affection. Looking at Jeremiah, Paolo quipped, 'Don't be overconfident about not being abandoned. There are outstanding men everywhere. You'd better watch yourself. I'll advise you as someone with experience-men should stay virtuous and keep a healthy sense of crisis' "Rest assured, no one is more exceptional than I am, nor could anyone be more suited for Yvette, Jeremiah replied unhurriedly.

Jeremiah's words made Frankie and Sienna twitch at the corners of their mouths. They couldn't believe someone could speak so shamelessly. Still, they had to admit, that if anyone had the confidence to back up such words, it was Jeremiah.

12/1

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 581[1,256 words]

Yvette lifted her gaze, her lips curling into a faint smile. With a mischievous glint in her eyes beneath her long lashes, she said leisurely, "Mr. Fontana, my dear mentor, does your wife know you live with such unease?"

Yvette's casual remark piqued Frankie and Sienna's interest as they thought, 'Mentor? He's Yvette's mentor? On second thought, it made sense. With Yvette's extraordinary musical tale, it was only natural for someone like Paolo to take her under his wing. What piqued Frankie and Sienna's interest was the loaded plinase. They wondered what Yvette meant when she asked if Paolo's wife knew he lived with unease. There was juicy gossip in there.

When Jeremiah heard the way Yvette addressed Paolo, his fingers paused, and his gaze deepened as he thought. The mentee of the International Music Association's president?"

Meanwhile, Paolo's face instantly turned awkward at Yvette's remark, his cheeks flushing red. He hastily tried to change the subject, but little did he know that Frankie's knack for gossip was faster than his reflexes,

Frankie asked with a mischievous grin, "Yvette, what do you mean by that? The gossip-hungry flames in his heart burned brightly, but he tried to feign nonchalance-a tough act, considering how curious he truly was.

Yvette narrowed her eyes. Her gaze was passive and indifferent, and her brows were faintly arched. She said slowly, "Mr. Fontana spent 30 years pursuing Mrs. Fontana. They were childhood sweethearts, and he proposed 88 times before she said.

ves.

"At home, he handles all the chores and sticks to Mrs. Fontana whenever he has time, terrified she might stop liking him one day. Every morning and night, without fail, he says, 'Darling, promise you'll love me today too."

This elderly romance was heartwarming. Frankie and Sienna couldn't help but feel envious. No wonder Paolo told Jeremiah to stay

virtuous and keep a healthy sense of crisis. It was from lived experience-proof of wisdom through practice. They thought, 'How impressive!

Paolo did not usually feel embarrassed saying that, but he felt awkward when Yvette put it out there so plainly. He quickly sipped on water, trying to compose himself. "You brat, how do you know what I tell my wife every day?" he said. Yvette set her glass down and arched a brow. She leaned back and crossed her legs. Her fingers traced the glass rim as she said calmly, "You used to flaunt your love life and tried to set me up with someone. You forgot?" Paolo nearly choked because of Yvette. 'Is she my mentee? She must be sent to torment me, he thought. He wisely chose silence, knowing that another word would likely end in disaster

After taking a deep breath, Paolo glanced up only to meet Jeremiah's faintly amused smile, Hastily, he grabbed his glass for some water but soon realized it was empty. Left sipping on air, he awkwardly placed the glass down

A mentee who drove Paolo mad was one thing. But now, there was her boyfriend-a man who could freeze souls with just a look. Paolo wondered what sins he had committed to deserve this.

Paolo was known as the cold and stem president of the music industry. Now, he could only-sigh and wonder why life had to be so difficult

When the attendant brought the dishes to the table, everyone was stunned. Even the usually composed Yvette and Jeremiah paused for a moment. Frankie and Sienna were equally baffled.

Why are the portions so massive? If Yvette's not here, this amount of food could easily feed ten people, Sienna thought. She hesitantly asked. "Um, excuse me, are you sure this is the correct amount? We ordered three servings

The attendant, upon hearing that Siena spoke in Clusian, relaxert slightly. "Yes, miss, these are three servings. Are those insufficient?" she asked sincerely, her Daglynn accent evident. She was worried that Yvette, Jeremiah, and the group might

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not have enough to eat

Π

Aside from Paolo, who was from Mysonna and experiencing Dagynn cuisine for the first time, Yvette, Jeremiah, Sienna, and Frankie understood immediately. The large plates of food made perfect sense. It was typical for a Dagfynn restaurant to serve generous portions. The attendant's question was met with a collective shake of heads from everyone except Yvette and Jeremiah. 'Is she serious, they thought. They could barely finish the food they had before them

Yet, as they finally leaned back, stomachs full, they glanced at the plates on the table. The sight was dizzying-had they truly managed to eat this much?

Paolo, Stenna, and Frankie turned their attention to Yvette, who continued eating at her own leisurely pace, and Jeremiah, who diligently peeled shrimp next to her.

Sienna thought, "When it comes to appetite, no one can beat Yvette. She's a force of nature-one against eight. She's consumed most of the food here.

Paolo leaned closer to Frankie and whispered. "Does Jeremiah always peel shrimp for Yvette?"

Frankie nodded, flashing a smile like they were lifelong friends "Oh, Mr. Fontana, not just shrimp. Whenever Yvette and Mr. Chavez dine together, we barely even see his face. He's too busy serving her. All she has to do is eat."

Sienna put down her chopsticks and chimed in saying, "Don't worry, Mr. Fontana As Yvette's man, Mr. Chavez is very dutiful

As Jeremiah peeled shrimp, he paused upon hearing that, his eyes darkening slightly. Looking up, he gave the two a subtle gaze of approval.

Encouraged, Sienna and Frankie doubled down, enthusiastically singing praises about Jeremiah to Paolo, their words. growing more passionate by the minute. When Yvette finished her meal and stood to leave, the duo was still excited, reluctant to stop their praise. Outside the restaurant, Paolo watched Yvette with a benevolent gaze, a sigh escaping his lips. His eyes were filled with a mix of relief and joy.

All these years, this child has been so lonely. But now, she finally has someone to walk through the long road of life with her. That brings me the greatest comfort, Paolo thought.

With a meaningful tone, Paolo said, "Yvette, have a loving relationship and live well. Don't forget to visit me sometimes. And will you consider attending your senior's recital next year?"

"And find some time to visit that old rascal Bryan-he keeps talking about you nonstop. I'm at my wit's end with his nagging: Paolo added

The last bit carried the most weight. Instead of training students to carry on his legacy, Bryan spent his days thinking about when Yvette would visit him. The thought of her was enough to drive him to Paolo's house, incessantly disrupting his precious alone time with his wife

Yvette, half-closing her eyes, responded with a passive "Min." Barely lifting her gaze, she added calmly. "I'll think about the recital and visit Bryan when I have time."

Paolo nodded and replied, "When will you release a new piece? Is been nearly two years." Every time Yvette composed something new, she would vanish after recording it at the International Music Association. Paolo wondered where she got her temperament front. It was truly maddening.

Yvette slowly muttered. "No inspiration."

Paolo chuckled bitterly, his heart aching. Not even a polite lie could spare his feelings-he wouldn't believe Yvette had no

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Chapter 581-

inspiration. She never needed inspiration as she had endless creativity gifted by the heavens. Inspiration was not important to her, unlike other musicians,

Paolo's gaze turned to Jeremiahs, who was next to him "Clusian military officers can retire after a certain age, right? When you retire, why not come along with this little heartless one and visit me

Frankie froze in disbelief at those words, thinking. Did Mr. Fontana misunderstand something? How could Mr. Chavez's identity allow for retirement? Impossible"

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 582[1,209 words]

Chapter 582

Jeremiah paused for a but, then replied to Paolo with a calm face, "Sure, I'll visit you if I have the time." As Paolo was Yvette's mentor and elder, Jeremiah showed extra respect.

Paolo waved at them. "Off you go. Stop being eyesores Though he said this, the reluctance in his eyes betrayed his true feelings.

Yvette squinted her eyes, gave Paolo a nonchalant glance, and slowly said, "I'm off. With that, she turned and left, her every movement exuding a carefree vibe. Jeremiah nodded to Paolo and then followed him. Frankie was the only one left, not in a hurry to leave, lost in thought.

Paolo turned to glance at Frankie, frowning. He left. What is he still doing here? he wondered.

Seeing Paolo's disdainful look, Frankie rubbed his nose. "Mr. Fontana, have you ever thought about the possibility that Mr. Chavez might never retire?"

The question left Paolo confused and wondering, "What's the deal with the Clusian military? Do they want Jeremiah to serve until he's old? That's just too much!

Frankie saw Sienna waving at him from a car in the distance and, ignoring the stunned Paolo, quickly said. "Mr. Chavez is the youngest general currently in Clusia." Paolo was left alone, utterly baffled by what he just heard. The youngest general in Clusia? he thought.

In the car, Jeremiah was driving, Yvette sat in the front seat, and Frankie and Sienna were in the back.

When they drove away, Sienna saw Paolo standing at the door, looking completely shocked and confused. Curiously, she asked, "What did you say to Paolo, Frankie?"

Frankie gave her a smug look. "Not much. I just told him about Mr. Chavez's position in the military.

Now Sienna understood why Paolo was so shocked. He initially thought Jeremiah was just Yvette's man. Who would have guessed he had such an impressive status and wouldn't be surprised?

Yvette nestled in the front passenger seat, eyes down, fiddling with her phone. Her delicate and beautiful features showed a touch of coolness. When she heard Frankie's words, her fingers paused briefly.

Then, she lifted her head and said slowly. "Pull over up ahead. You guys head home first. I need to go somewhere.

As soon as he spoke, Jeremiah slowed down the car, glancing sideways with a darkened gaze. "Will you be coming home for

dinner? I'll cook"

Yvette lifted her eyelids, put away her phone, propped her chin on her hand, and casually replied, "Yes. In craving some fried chicken wings."

Jeremiah nodded. "Sure. I'll stop by the store later and pick up your favorite milkshake"

In the back seat, Frankie and Sienna exchanged glances. It was another day of shedding tears over someone else's love story

They thought, Mr. Chavez really is the perfect boyfriend. He never pries into Yvette's whereabouts, giving her complete trust, and he's great at cooking. This, he buys her favorite milkshake. Where can you find a boyfriend like that? After Jeremiah stopped the car by the roadside and Yvette got out, he drove straight to the supermarket to buy ingredients for dinner.

Meanwhile, at the presidential palace of Mysonna, a young man in a wheelchair seemed to be in his early 30s. His smooth.

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pale face accentuated his sharp, stern features.

His dark, deep eyes shone with a captivating light, matched by thick eyebrows and a high nose, all adding to his noble and elegant appearance.

The young man sat beneath the blossoming magnolia tree, his hair color almost like emerald, the skin of his neck fine as porcelain. The white shirt he wore accentuated a restrained allure that was hard to put into words.

He was holding a magazine featuring the behind-the-scenes boss of International Fashion Competition as the cover story. Several newspapers and documents were on the table beside him, each with Yvette's name on it,

He put down the magazine, casually rolling his sleeves to reveal a tanned arm. A charming smile slowly appeared on his face as his voice, deep and slightly husky, murmured, "She's back,"

The words from his mouth carried a unique, indescribable charm

Beside the wheelchair stood a girl equally stunning, with a moleshape like a tear beside her eye. Her face held an innocence untouched by the world, exuding a unique charm of innocence and romance. Her voice was crisp and melodious "Demetrius, Yvette is back. Why isn't she coming to see us? Is it because I wasn't well-behaved enough? I've been very good and haven't sneaked any candy in three days!" she asked.

He gazed lovingly at the girl, her head tilted and eyes bright and clear. Gently stroking her hair, he softly said, "She will. I'm sure she will

The girl nodded eagerly at his words, her smile full of joy. "Demetrius, you're right. Yvette will definitely come back to see

me

As they spoke, the butler at the presidential palace, Rufus Lacrima, arrived. Seeing the two, he bowed respectfully and said. "Mr. Becker, Mr. Becker is waiting for you in the study. I'll show Ms. Becker to her room." Demetrius Becker nodded, his amber eyes clear and calm. He spoke gently to the girl. "Go with Rufus."

Alice nodded obediently. "Okay, Demetrius. I'll go back to my room with Mr. Lacrima."

When Demetrius turned to face Rufus, he was completely different from when he was with Alice. His expression turned cold immediately. "Got it. Take Alice back to her room. I'll head over myself."

In the study, Cyrus Becker, the president of Mysonna, listened to his subordinates reports, his expression darkening

It was not until he heard the sound of knocking did he hide his discomfort and gesture for the reporting man to leave.

The study door opened, and Demetrius, seated in his wheelchair lowered his eyes. He had already heard Cyrus' angry voice from inside but pretended not to have heard, calmly wheeling himself into the room. When Cyrus saw Demetrius in the wheelchair, his tone softened, though he still sounded a bit angry. In a deep voice, he asked, "Did you know Yvette showed up!"

Demetrius, sitting in his wheelchair, nodded without a second thought. "Yes. I found out this morning"

Cyrus glanced at him, knowing he must be telling the truth. If Demetrius had known that Yvette appeared in Mysonna earlier, he wouldn't have waited this long to return from abroad and would've done it immediately.

In a solemn tone, Cyrus said, "last time Yvette did surgery on me, she left a prescription and disappeared. For years, Interpol could only contact her through her phone for missions and she would vanish after completing them."

I've said it

"It's been hard just to meet her these past few years. Turns out she's been busy with some side business. She could've sa sooner if she was interested in fashion design. Does she have to be personally involved with the luxury brand Vibe?" he continued.

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No matter how big and impressive Vibe became, it was just a small business to Cyrus. It was really frustrating that Yvette would support Vibe instead of taking the time to meet with him

I'm the president of Mysomma. Do I really deserve so little status and respect? he thought.

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Demetrius fidgeted with the rosary bracelet in his hand, his gaze alistant and aloof. Under his delicate eyelashes, he exuded natural elegance as he watched Cyrus sulk alone

He said calmly, "Uncle Cyrus, don't be mad. It's not good for your heart."

SEND GIFT

COMMENT

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**Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
- Secrets Of MrS 583[1,168 words]**

Chapter 583

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When Cyrus heard that, he felt a sharp pain in his heart. Even when Yvette was not around, she could still drive him crazy.

Cyrus said. "Fine. Thanks to the prescription Yvette prepared, I haven't had any problems for years. Since she's in Mysonna, please try to contact her and ask her to come to the presidential palace. If she checks on me in person, I'll feel reassured about my health. Back then, when doctors around the world were at their wit's end, Yvette, using the alias Quiana, had managed to save his life, pulling him back from the brink of death. Over the years, his health had been relatively stable, but he still worried and insisted that Yvette needed to see him in person for him to feel a case.

Although Cyrus' words were strong, his tone lacked some firmness. After a pause, he continued, "Um, tell her that Alice misses her. If she doesn't want to make the trip, I can go myself

Demetrius sat in his wheelchair, his eyes partly closed but maintaining a calm gaze. He glanced silently at Cyrus, who wore a serious expression.

Demetrius thought, 'Uncle Cyrus can't handle Yvette at all but still puts on a tough act. If it weren't for Alice back then. Yvette probably wouldn't have even considered saving him. She doesn't care if he's a president or a beggar when it comes to saving people. Demetrius nodded and said calmly, "I understand, Uncle Cyrus. I'll contact Yvette."

Cyrus knew that Yvette would probably find time to see him this time, which lifted his spirits considerably, brightening his face and softening his tone.

He said, "Does your leg still hurt? When Yvette comes by, have her take a good look at it. Demetrius, listen to me. Let's do the

surgery.

Demetrius lowered his eyes and stared at his legs with a calm expression. He said, "Uncle Cyrus, I'm not having the surgery. Yvette told me back then that there's no guarantee of success even if she does the surgery. If it fails, I'll be bedridden for the rest of my life. I don't want to take that risk, and I won't. Let's not talk about it anymore"

Cyrus looked at Demetrius and sighed deeply. If it hadn't been for that unexpected car accident when he reached adulthood, his talented and promising nephew wouldn't have to spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair.

Cyrus frowned and said, "Demetrius, Yvette mentioned that your surgery has at least an 80 percent success rate. That's the highest possible rate. Don't you trust her skills? With her performing the surgery, it won't fail."

Cyrus had complete confidence in Yvette. He believed there was no operation she couldn't handle. Moreover, with her combat level, he was determined to keep her around because her presence served as a safeguard, giving him a sense of safety.

Demetrius' cold and distant expression was like the icy glow of the chandelier. His deep tone carried a hint of menace "Uncle Cyrus, that's enough. Yvette is not a deity. She has no responsibility or obligation to perform this surgery for me, and I refuse to take any risks. I don't want the surgery.

Meanwhile, after visiting Silas' medical lab, Yvette went to see Klein. He sent her several texts yesterday, saying he wanted to take her out for a meal and discuss something in person.

Yvette agreed to meet him at a dessert shop today. Since Klein knew she preferred desserts to Epean cuisine, he went to find a dessert shop with excellent reviews.

Inside the dessert shop, Klein, dressed in a suit, kept glancing at the watch on his wrist. He felt a slight nervousness at the thought of seeing Yvette soon.

Over the past few days, with Seraphina's support, he had successfully taken over Xander Group, even managing the issue of

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Gael's illegitimate child Naw, he had complete control over the company, which was made possible by Seraphina's help.

They reached an agreement, and he changed his name. Since yesterday, he had taken on the name Klein Dixon. To him, Xander had always been a disgrace, and the change was a relief. Just as Klein was feeling a bit uneasy, the door of the dessert shop opened, and Yvette walked in.

"Professor Zeller, over here," Klein greeted Yvette immediately.

Yvette nodded slightly, glanced at Klein, and then sat down.

Klein sat down as well. It was hard for him to stay calm in front of Yvette, who had changed his life's course.

Klein had never imagined that he would achieve his current status because of a girl. Indeed, such luck and a miracle had happened to him.

Yvette noticed the uneasiness and nervousness in Klein's gaze when she looked at him. Her exquisite eyebrows were furrowed, and the corners of her eyes were subtly upturned, revealing her stunning features, though her expression remained indifferent. She said in a clear and calm voice, "One of each signature dessert and two glasses of orange juice, please."

Yvette's words caught Klein off guard, easing his tension. Without hesitation, he ordered all the signature desserts from the waiter, along with tw

glasses of freshly squeezed orange juice and an iced coffee for himself

After everything was served, Yvette seemed to be in a much better mood. She enjoyed her dessert leisurely, not urging Klein to speak

Klein took a sip of his coffee, feeling much calmer afterward. He pondered for a moment

With a serious tone, he said, "Professor Zeller, I invited you here today to thank you. If it wasn't for you, I don't know when I could part ways with Gael, let alone become the leader of Xander Group. It's all thanks to you."

Yvette continued to dig into her dessert while listening to Klein was clear that, at that moment, the signature desserts in, front of her were more important than Klein's words.

Yvette lifted her gaze and glanced at Klein, casually saying. "He brought it upon himself by going after Vibe. I never intended to help you."

Klein paused, holding his coffee cup, feeling both amused and disbelieving. Only Yvette could say such things at the moment, showing no interest in social niceties.

However, Klein quickly realized that neither Xander Group nor he was of much importance to Yvette. Given her status and wealth, he seemed insignificant to her, Still, he would always remember her kindness-something he would never forget. Klein said nothing more. He watched quietly as Yvette finished one dessert after another.

After finishing twelve desserts, Yvette looked up and signaled to the waiter in the distance. "Excuse me, could you please pack two more desserts?" she asked.

Klein was truly amazed by Yvette's appetite. He found it impressive how much a woman could eat. "Professor Zeller, if that's still not enough, just pack three portions," he suggested.

Yvette shook her head slightly and replied, "No. These are enough:

The desserts were not for Jeremiah and the others. Earlier, while she had been enjoying her desserts, the poisonous insect king, nestled in the specially designed pouch in her pocket, had already begun to yearn restlessly for something. Apparently, the poisonous insect king wanted some dessert, too

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Chapter 584

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 584[1,231 words]

Chapter 584

Klein nodded and reached into his pocket, pulling out an invitation card he'd prepared earlier. He then extended it with both hands. "Professor Zeller, here's the invitation to next year's international Medical Competition." Yvette raised an eyebrow and glanced casually at the invitation card on the table. The white orchid was unmistakable-it was the symbol of the International Medical Competition.

Klein noticed Yvette was silent, so he sat up straighter. "Professor Zeller, as you know, the International Medical Competition is held every two years and is the absolute authority in our medical fieldTM After a pause, he added. "Although I'm now in charge of Xander Group, my passion doesn't lie in business. The company can be my support, but it's definitely not my dream."

Klein's lifelong dream had been to make a name for himself in the medical field. So, he was not going to abandon his profession for Xander Group.

Yvette sat in her chair, her feet crossed, gazing at him distantly. Her defined features were marked by a cool indifference. She nonchalantly replied, "So

Klein stood up, straightened his tie, and bowed formally to Yvette. "I'd like to formally invite you to join me in the International Medical Competition. I also hope you'll consider teaming up." he said solemnly.

"Next year, the first two rounds require teams of at least two, and I sincerely hope you'll join me. I assure you, I won't hold you back," added Klein.

Klein knew the chances of Yvette accepting were slim, but he had to try. As a medical professional, she must have her own ambitions. This competition, the most authoritative in the medical industry, would undoubtedly be attractive to her, he thought. Meanwhile, Klein had braced himself for Yvette's potential refusal. He would count himself fortunate if Yvette agreed, but he had also prepared himself for a negative answer.

Klein grew even more nervous as soon as he finished speaking. Yvette's gaze intensified his anxiety, making it hard for him to stay calm, even though he was prepared.

Yvette raised a brow and glanced wickedly at him, a playful smile on her lips. Tapping her phone with her defined fingers. she nonchalantly replied, "I won't be participating."

Klein expected her refusal, but the disappointment was still palpable. He had no right to force her to do something she didn't want, especially since participating was his desire in the first place.

Klein nodded, trying to hide how disappointed he was. 'I understand, Professor Zeller. I'll find another partner."

Yvette got up. The attendant packed up the dessert and handed it to her. She glanced at Klein, who was standing there, trying hard to hide his disappointment.

She raised her beautiful, defined brows and half-lidded eyes. Thinking of the desserts before her, she nonchalantly said, "See you in the finals of next year's medical competition."

Yvette grabbed the dessert and left the shop without a word, her departing figure exuding coldness.

Klein stood still, lost in thought. 'What does Yvette mean by the finals? And by "see you there"? Has she already found a partner? Is that why she rejected my invitation? he wondered.

Klein wasn't sure if he could make it to the finals. The event brought together the world's top medical talents. The competition for the top three spots was undoubtedly fierce. He lacked the confidence to make it into the top three, but he was determined. 1/3

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Stepping out of the dessert shop, Yvette got into the car. She adjusted her hair and put on a baseball cap, revealing only half of her exquisite and defined face, her tanned skin glowing.

She placed the dessert in the passenger seat. The long-dormant poisonous insect king emerged from the bag, impatient to gorge on food. Its beady little eyes were fixed on the sweet treat

Yvette took out her black phone, glanced at it, and then returned the missed call she had just received. A calm female voice answered after the call was connected.

Yvette, you finally called back! The rules for next year's medical competition are already up on the website. You have to be a judge this time. You refused the position before, and I can't really say much else if you decline again," said the woman.

"Mr. Walson is going to teach in Clusia for a year and can't judge this round. If you decline, I will, as you say in Clusian, get a rope and strangle myself, added the woman after a pause.

Yvette held the phone a little further from her ear, her eyes lowered. Her green eyes were calm and deep as she slowly said, "Yes, I'll participate next year.

The woman on the other end had been about to deliver a lengthy speech, trying to persuade Yvette to be a judge in the next medical competition. But after hearing Yvette's reply, she abruptly stopped.

She could hardly believe that Yvette had agreed so easily. The woman on the other end of the line was so stunned that she could barely catch her breath.

Yvette hummed lazily. The woman on the phone exclaimed, "Oh my God, you finally agreed! Dearest Yvette, you're the best. There will be three chief judges and two deputy judges, and you absolutely have to be the chief judge=" Yvette interrupted the woman's excited speech, saying, "No. Being a deputy judge is good enough."

The women paused for a moment, then happily accepted. After all, who cared about the positions? The important thing was that she'd agreed to come.

Yvette ended the call and slipped her phone into her pocket. Adjusting her cap, she lazily glanced at the passenger seat.

The poisonous insect king had almost finished a dessert, its belly now round and full. Yvette's gaze drifted to the insect's small, beady eyes.

The poisonous insect king had been fully engrossed in and happily munching away at its dessert when it suddenly felt something was off. It turned around and happened to meet Yvette's gaze.

The poisonous insect king froze, like a deer caught in headlights wondering if it was too late to play dead now. While blinking, the poisonous insect king quickly flew toward Yvette, aiming to land in her palm to play coy.

Halfway there, the poisonous insect king paused, flapping its wings. Spotting Yvette's darkening gaze, it wisely turned around and awkwardly flew back to the passenger seat, standing at attention.

Yvette's voice was cold as she stepped on the gas. "Clean yourself up? she hissed.

As if sensing her intent, the poisonous insect king began to flap its wings vigorously, cleaning itself inch by inch

Yvette floored the accelerator, but she still adhered to the traffic rules, only driving at the highest speed limit. She only let loose on the final stretch of suburban road.

It normally took an hour to drive from the city to the mansion, but Yvette made it in under thirty minutes. She'd cut her travel time in half.

Pulling up to the mansion, Yvette hopped out of her car. The poisonous insect king flew out in a flurry of activity and landed right on her shoulder.

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Frankie came out of the mansion just as Yvette arrived. "Yvette, you're back!"

Yvette nodded slightly, humming in response. She then tossed the car keys to Frankie casually. "Park it in the garage."

Frankie took the keys with a cheerful smile. "All right, Yvette. However, this car doesn't seem to be ours."

With her hands in her pockets, Yvette casually replied, "Oh, I happened to be passing by the dealership, so I just bought one. SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 585[1,237 words]

Chapter 585

Jeremiah personally prepared ten dishes and set them on the dining table. They flooded the entire table with delectable fragrances, which made the room seem highly inviting. Sienna, Bruce, Emmett, and Chris were seated at the dining table as Yvette had yet to return. Instead, they sat on the couch, lined up like kids in school waiting to eat. Sienna rested her chin on her hand. Taking a quick look at Jeremiah, who was in the kitchen in an apron, she turned to look at Bruce next to her with a hint of disdain.

She once thought Jeremiah was the kind of man who would never set foot in a kitchen. But she never expected him to be so in his element. His actions convinced her that love had a genuinely wonderful power. Bruce, with his phone in his hand, paused when he saw Sienna's disdainful glance. "I'll learn how to cook," he whispered.

With a satisfied nod, Sienna threw herself into his arms and deliberately spoke in a high-pitched, adorable tone to flatter him. "Bruce, you're the best."

To persuade any man to work on something, the woman had to offer a small reward. Bruce was happy to comply with her request, even though he knew her cutesy behavior was a tactic.

He tightened his arms around Sienna, and their affection left Emmett and Chris speechless. Emmett and Chris rolled their eyes, wishing to get rid of the lovey-dovey couple.

While Sienna and Bruce were being annoyingly affectionate, Frankie followed Yvette inside after parking the car. They then came across Jeremiah, who'd just exited the kitchen and was about to remove his apron.

Yvette raised an eyebrow at the sight of Jeremiah in his apron. She smirked playfully, with faint amusement in her eyes. She said, teasingly and frivolously. "Nice apron."

Despite wearing an apron, Jeremiah maintained a noble and relaxed air. He was a sight to behold even standing there. With a captivating and magnetic voice, he asked, "Just the apron?"

Frankie sensibly retreated to the couch. He understood he shouldn't stay near Jeremiah and Yvette as any singleton would feel absolutely out of place in such an atmosphere. Yvette looked up, her clear green eyes locked on Jeremiah. With slight lift of her chin, she replied, "You're even better."

Jeremiah smiled softly, which accentuated his chiseled features. Thanks for the compliment," he said, pursing his lips. They exchanged glances and smiled, filling the air with romance.

Sensing the passionate atmosphere between the duo, those on the couch cast interested glances at them. They weren't in the mood for the meal after watching this public display of affection because the love had satisfied their hunger. They needed nothing else. During dinner, Yvette's phone chimed twice due to text notifications. She took it up and nonchalantly checked it before setting it down to continue eating. She clearly had no intention of responding. Seeing this, everyone else remained mute. afraid to say anything. After dinner, the group stayed downstairs to play poker. Yvette was instantly ruled out because it would be futile for her to join since she was guaranteed to win each game she participated in. All they had to do was just give her their winnings. Sitting on the couch, Jeremiah inserted a straw into the milkshake he had bought and brought it to Yvette's lips.

Yvette lounged on the couch, eyes downcast and preoccupied with her phone. She didn't even glance up when Jeremiah brought her the milkshake, she just took a sip

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Jeremiah held the milkshake waiting for her to take a sip before offering it again. Soon, the entire milkshake was gone.

When those playing poker in the living room noticed the duo, they were distracted. They couldn't help but sigh as they realized it was another way for Jeremiah to flaunt their love. When Yvette's phone rang again, she looked at the caller ID indifferently. She stood up from the couch and nodded at Jeremiah, saying nonchalantly, "I'm going to take a call."

Jeremiah placed the empty milkshake glass on the table, his eyes narrowing slightly. "Mm. Fancy an orange?" he asked, his tone much gentler.

Yvette thought for a bit before nodding. "Yeah" She then went upstairs to receive the call, leaving Jeremiah to watch her disappearing figure with deep blue eyes.

He then turned around and chose the most appetizing orange on the table, peeling it little by little with his well-defined. fingers.

Meanwhile, Yvette leaned against the balcony railing to answer the phone. The faint glow of her phone illuminated her face. The hazy moonlight and brilliant stars blended with the bright lights, enveloping the deep night in tranquility. Under the same moonlit sky, in the presidential palace

garden, Demetrius sat in a wheelchair, listening to a familiar voice on the phone. His lips were slightly curved up, and his gaze was deep. "Yvette, I miss you."

When Yvette heard the deep voice on the other end of the line, she rested her palm on the railing, her exposed wrist glowing in the moonlight

She replied indifferently. "I'll send you the address later. See you tomorrow." She then ended the call without further small talk.

In the presidential palace, Demetrius stared at the now-silent phone, amusement shining through his eyes. He thought, "Yvette's attitude hasn't changed over the years. She still can't be bothered to say more than necessary. Demetrius' smile quickly vanished as he heard the door open behind him. He tucked the phone under the blanket on his lap before turning his wheelchair around.

Rufus, Cyrus' butler, bowed respectfully to Demetrius from the doorway. "Mr. Becker, Mr. Becker has asked me to check with you to see if the person he mentioned is willing to meet. He's still waiting for your response."

Demetrius' demeanor was frigid, and his deep eyes narrowed, making his handsome face appear more chilly. He remarked fiercely, "Tell him we'll discuss it later. I'll give him a firm answer within three days." After a pause, he continued. "I'll try to arrange everything." Rufus bowed his head even more after seeing Demetrius' expression. Despite being in a wheelchair, Demetrius wielded immense power in the presidential palace over the years.

He also managed his own business. Demetrius had Cyrus' undying affection and was second to none. Nobody dared to provoke him. If not for the accident that placed him into a wheelchair, he could've accomplished far more than he already did.

"I understand, Mr. Becker. I'll convey your message to him. Rest well. I'll take my leave, Rufus said.

Demetrius didn't even glance at Rufus. He turned his wheelchair, while Rufus sensibly slowed his speed and exited the garden. Demetrius gazed at the moonlight, his silhouette exuding strong pride and loneliness.

On the other end, after hanging up, Yvette returned downstairs to finish the orange Jeremiah had peeled before returning upstairs for a bath.

Just as she was about to shut the bathroom door, a hand stopped her. Jeremiah was looking down at Yvette. From his vantage point, he could see her exquisite collarbones and defined legs, which were barely visible beneath her white shirt.

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Chapter 583

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Yvette slightly raised her head, and her gaze fell on Jeremiah's hand. Their height difference was just right. Her defined brow rose slightly, displaying a mischievous and meaningful expression. She stood in a wanton, relaxed posture and asked, "Why? Do you want to shower together?"

Jeremiah's body stiffened, and his blue eyes welled with a terrifying yearning. It was as if a gigantic storm vortex was about to engulf Yvette whole.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 586[1,112 words]

Chapter 586 90%

Jeremiah's eyes darkened as he watched Yvette leaning casually against the doorframe. Her loose-fitting clothes and carefree demeanor exuded a teasing air. A dangerous sinile played on his lips, and an intense flicker glinted in his eyes.

Yvette offered a sly smile of her own, starting to close the door, but Jeremiah's deep, gravelly voice stopped her. "So, you think you can just flirt and dash?" he teased.

Before she could react, Jeremiah reached out, pulling her into his arms. In a swift motion, he pressed her back against the doorframe. Yvette hesitated, her fingers twitching slightly.

Jeremiah noticed her moment of distraction, and his smile deepened. He leaned closer, his nose brushing lightly against her forehead. His hand grazed the sensitive skin behind her ear, his fingertips tingling from the warmth radiating from her. Their eyes met, and Yvette instinctively took a small step back. The subtle movement only seemed to fuel the intensity of Jeremiah's gaze.

Jeremiah looked at her. His ocean-blue eyes glittered with a mysterious light as he loomed closer. "Let's bathe together," he murmured, his voice rich and low.

Yvette's lashes fluttered, and her hair framed her face, its strands contrasting against her lightly tanned skin. Her wrists and ankles gleamed faintly, her slender waist so delicate it seemed breakable under his firm grip, Jeremiah's heart thudded at the sight. Yvette blinked, her expression unreadable for a moment, before the murmured. "Hold me. That was all the invitation Jeremiah needed.

Tightening his arms around her, he scooped her up effortlessly, is firm grip steady on her waist. As he carried her into the room, the door swung shut behind them with a thud.

Jeremiah's chiseled abs tapered seamlessly down to his narrow waist, his lean silhouette exuding a sculptural perfection. Every line of his physique was sharply defined, a delicate balance of strength and grace, as if he were a sculpture.

Through the swirling steam, their entwined figures became ghostly outlines, their shadows dancing faintly across the frosted glass. Yvette's senses seemed to sharpen with every passing second.

Jeremiah's damp hair clung haphazardly to his forehead, adding a wild, untamed charm to his already striking appearance as his chest heaved with passionate intensity.

Looking down, Jeremiah took in the sight of the alluring woman beneath him. Yvette's flushed ears and rosy neck shimmered faintly under the soft bathroom light. Her collarbones, delicate and pronounced, stirred something deep within, Jeremiah, sending shivers down his spine.

At midnight, Jeremiah carefully lifted Yvette out of the tub. He rapped her in a towel, his touch gentle as he dried her off. Though his desires tugged at him, he restrained himself, knowing too well that pushing further might upset her.

Jeremiah's half-naked frame was illuminated by the dim light. towel wrapped loosely around his wrist, he towered over her as he carried her to the bed.

Yvette stirred, her eyes fluttering open, glinting faintly in the med glow. Her silky brown hair cascaded down her back, and her lips parted slightly as she whispered. "Enough. I want to sleep."

Jeremiah chuckled, leaning down to brush stray strands of hair from her face. "Are you sure you don't want to stay here?"

He watched as her gaze fell to his legs, which were

spread so captivately that it would be hard to

look away from the oversized white sheet that

was draped over him.

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Seeing his confident demeanor, Yvette curled her lips into a sly smile. She nodded and wrapped her arms around his neck.

"Okay."

Before Jeremiah could react, Yvette shifted their positions with surprising agility, straddling his thighs. Moonlight spilled through the window, casting a silvery glow on their entangled forms..

By the time the clock struck four in the morning, the two had taken another shower and finally settled into bed. Jeremiah pulled Yvette close, his hand gently stroking her damp hair. "Go to sleep." he murmured, his voice tender. Yvette gave a soft hum of agreement, her eyes closing as she mumbled, "Someone's coming tomorrow."

Jeremiah's hand paused for a moment. "Got it"

The next morning, Emmett and the others sat at the dining table, their eyes occasionally drifting toward the exchanged subtle glances, each silently wondering why the couple hadn't come down yet. e staircase. They

Sienna spread strawberry jam on her bread and questioned, "What's up with Yvette and Mr. Chavez? According to her schedule, she should've been back from her workout by now. Something feels off. Bruce handed her the milk carton, patting her head affectionately. There's gossip."

The other three rolled their eyes in unison. Frankie, sipping his coffee, frowned in annoyance. "Seriously, Mr. Chavez and Yvette aren't even here. Can you two stop being so lovey-dovey? Have some mercy on us single people, would you?*" Chris, usually quiet, surprised everyone when he suddenly spoke "I wish I could just break the two of you up," he declared flatly, his tone completely serious.

Every head at the table swiveled toward him, shock etched on their faces. Frankie nearly choked on his coffee. 'Leave it to Chris to say something Bruce might kill him for, he thought.

Even Emmett blinked in surprise, musing. Who knew Chris had this in him?"

Bruce turned his calm gaze toward Chris, but the unspoken tension in his look was unmistakable. Apart from Jeremiah, Bruce was the toughest among them.

Chris gave a nervous cough, scratching his nose. "My bad. I'll go reflect on my mistakes now, he muttered, setting his coffee down and retreating to a corner.

The others weren't fazed, but for Sienna, it was a revelation. "I never knew Chris had such a funny side, she remarked, watching him crouched in the corner like a scolded child.

Frankie burst into laughter, tearing into his sandwich. "This? The is nothing. Back when we were training under Mr. Chavez, Chris and I would eavesdrop whenever we got the chance, We'd ferch by the door like a couple of gargoyles, he reminisced, Hearing this, Sienna turned to Bruce, who nodded in agreement while peeling an egg. "Mr. Chavez didn't believe in corporal punishment, so we came up with our own rules. If someone didn't finish their missions, they had to squat in the cornes punishment

four times A. onth Frukte was there every day. He's

"As far as I recall, Bruce and I did it twice. Chris averaged three pracdally professional at it. You should ask him for tips: Epicott added with a smirk.

Frankie prin fraze Way to throw me under the bus, Emmett, thought,

hing was brun Jeremiah. HowT

Niingt do you thêM My, Chaver viralaing in something normy

bonke i at Uno existathelle ally ryokay, Frank li for

- most ordinary people. Those who eruhreed te wete

people can handler Frankie whispered,

been hand with your level of fur and inelig

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Chapter 586

comforted sincerely.

For once, Frankie was truly speechless.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 587[1,188 words]

Chapter 587-

While talking, Jeremiah and Yvette came down the stairs in casual matching outfits. The pair was a stunning sight, and everyone looked up to watch them come down, finding the scen pleasing to the eye.

It wasn't until the couple sat down that everyone snapped out of. Such stunning beauty first thing in the morning-who could handle it?

Yvette glanced over with her green eyes, her delicate and pretty features turning toward Chris sitting in the corner. She smirked. "What's up with him?"

After Jeremiah sat down, he started pouring orange juice for Yvette and spreading jam on toast, ignoring everyone else. It was only when she spoke that he glanced at the others, including Chris, who was sitting in the corner. Jeremiah's voice was much gentler than usual. "What did he say?" he asked.

Frankie gulped and recounted what had just happened.

After listening to Frankie, Yvette lifted her gaze slightly, sipping her orange juice. She crossed her legs and lazily said, "He does deserve a timeout"

Jeremiah nodded, his blue eyes deep. He said in a low voice, "Let him stay there a bit longer."

Chris instantly felt deflated when he heard this, pressing his head against the wall. He had really gotten a timeout to reflect

on his actions.

Frankie, Bruce, Emmett, and Sienna quietly lowered their heads. Everyone could see that Jeremiah and Yvette were singing the same tune perfectly.

After breakfast, Bruce and Sienna went on a date while Emmett dragged Chris off for physical training. Jeremiah and Yvette, went upstairs, one to work and the other to play games, leaving Frankie alone in the living room to be the odd one out, Frankie lounged on the couch and sipped the freshly opened wine before spitting it out disdainfully. The taste of the wine) worth 30 thousand was nothing special. Usually, it was fine, but this time, it lacked richness.

Just as Frankie was sipping his wine, the doorbell suddenly rang. He froze momentarily and wondered, 'Who could be coming to the mansion at this hour? Everyone has a key

Frankie quickly got up to open the door. When he opened it, he stood there in shock and mused, "Who is this strikingly handsome man?"

In front of the door, Demetrius sat in a wheelchair, wearing a thin white shirt. His long, pale neck was slightly exposed, and the smooth lines of his shirt emphasized his straight posture. His expression was cold, and there was a hint of aloofness in his eyes. Seeing Frankie standing there stunned, Demetrius spoke calmly. Hello, I'm Demetrius. I'm here to see Yvette

Frankie snapped out of his daze and immediately gave Demetrius a sharp look. 'Looking for Ms. Zeller?' he thought.

Frankie didn't even need to think to know the man in the wheelchair was certainly another one of Jeremiah's love rivals. This one seemed tougher to deal with than any of the previous ones.

Even though the man was in a wheelchair, his presence was anything but ordinary. Frankie was immediately on high alert. When it came to Yvette's suitors and Jeremiah's love rivals, he knew he couldn't go easy.

In the next moment, Frankie grinned broadly. "Oh, are you Ms. Zeller's guest? Please come in. Do you need help with your wheelchair? 10:22 Fri, Dec 2/

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Demetrius, who certainly noticed Frankie's hostility, paused briefly but kept his usual calm demeanor. "Thanks. I can handle it myself"

After saying this, he pressed a red button on the left side of his wheelchair and wheeled into the living room. Frankie watched Demetrius' back as he went in, gave a little smirk, closed the door, and followed. Demetrius glanced at the living room briefly before looking away

Frankie said, "Just wait a moment. I'll get Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez from upstairs. I have no idea what they're so busy with all day. They're always so lovey-dovey together. It makes a single guy like me so envious." He continued, "I've already told them they should go to bed and wake up early, but they're always up late every night."

As Frankie spoke, he observed Demetrius' expression carefully. Seeing no change, Frankie was somewhat impressed and wondered, 'Am I not making it clear enough?

'Mr. Chavez's love rival is calm! After hearing all that, he still is calm and composed. He's definitely a tough opponent.

Demetrius' hand hesitated slightly on the wheelchair. Then, he looked at Frankie, his eyes cold and emotionless. "Could you please ask Yvette to come down?" Demetrius asked politely.

Frankie awkwardly realized his move didn't work. "Wait a moment. I'll go call Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez down," he said.

Frankie was halfway across the room when he turned back to Demetrius. Out of politeness, he asked, "Um, do you want something to drink?"

-Demetrius politely replied, "No, thanks."

Frankie nodded and quickly hurried upstairs to find Yvette and Jeremiah. On the second floor, Frankie gently knocked on the door. Jeremiah opened it. Frankie saw Yvette nestled on the couch, looking cozy under a blanket. She was resting her chin on her hand, playing on her phone, looking completely at ease.

Frankie cleared his throat and softly said, "Mr. Chavez, there's a guy downstairs in the living room looking for Ms. Zeller.

Frankie lowered his voice when Yvette didn't move, thinking she didn't hear him. He continued, "The guy's in a wheelchair. but he seems pretty intimidating. Honestly, he's the coolest guy in a wheelchair I've ever seen." Yvette half-opened her eyes, her gaze deep and endless like a bottomless abyss. The corners of her lips curled into a faint smile as light as mist. She slowly put her phone away.

Jeremiah's blue eyes paused momentarily before he turned expressionlessly to Yvette. Before bed yesterday, she had said that a friend would visit today. It must be the guy in the wheelchair Frankie mentioned. Jeremiah turned to Yvette and said solemnly. "Your friend is here Should I go downstairs? If it's not convenient, I won't go."

How could Mr. Chavez just tell Ms. Zeller that someone has arrived? Shouldn't he handle it privately with that Demetrius. guy?' Frankie thought when he heard Jeremiah's words.

Frankie wanted to give Jeremiah a standing ovation and thought Mr. Chavez is being pretentious again. This is the highest level of advancing by retreating-asking if it's convenient. How could Ms. Zeller possibly say it's not? While speaking, Yvette had already walked to the door. Her refined features were calm as she glanced at Jeremiah and slowly said. "It's rather inconvenient. I'll go down myself.

After that, she slowly walked downstairs, leaving Frankie completely confused. He exclaimed inwardly, 'Holy crap. Ms. Zeller is being unpredictable. Shouldn't she go with Mr. Chavez to avoid suspicion?' Frankie turned back to see Jeremiah watching Yvette's retreating figure with a smile on his lips. He didn't look upset.

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'Mr. Chavez isn't angry What's going on?' Frankie, completely balled, wondered.

Downstairs, Demetrius sat quietly in his wheelchair, his fingers lightly resting on the armrests. The sunlight beamed through the glass, and just from his silhouette, one could feel his elegance and grace.

When he heard Yvette's footsteps, he turned his wheelchair around. Their eyes met in mid-air. His furrowed brows slowly relaxed, and his expression softened warmly. He said, "Yvette, I've missed you."

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 588[1,201 words]

Chapter 588

Yvette slowly glanced at Demetrius legs before casually walking over and placing her hand on the wheelchair. Jeremiah and Frankie, coming down from the second level, caught a clear view of this. Frankic eyes widened instantly, and he rubbed his eyes vigorously.

Frankir thought. No way... I must have seen something wrong Ms. Zeller approached Demetrius on her own and even helped push his wheel chair!

How many people could get such special attention from Ms. Zeller? It was likely that even Mr. Chavez hasn't enjoyed this privilege yet, so it's no small matter!

Alarm bells went off in Frankie's mind. This was no longer a yellow-level threat, but a red alert. This Demetrius was a latidmine waiting to blow!

He had a terrifying hunch that a true love rival for Jeremiah had appeared. Frankie stiffly turned his head to see Jeremiah looking at the two people downstairs with an inscrutable gaze.

He wondered. Why is Mr. Chavez so quiet? Is this the calm before the storm?"

To avoid any harm to his innocent self, Frankie bravely stuttered "U-Um... Mr. Chavez, maybe Ms. Zeller just pitied Demetrius for being in a wheelchair and decided to lend a hand. Ms. Zeller is kind-hearted; it's her biggest strength. Mr. Chavez, you must understand and support her, okay?"

Frankie's concern increased when Jeremiah remained silent. "Why is Mr. Chavez's face not showing any expression? he thought, quickly taking a step back.

"Mr. Chavez, please don't get mad. It's all Demetrius fault. It has nothing to do with Ms. Zeller, Frankie continued.

Jeremiah glanced at Frankie. Then, he turned around and walked toward the study, showing no intention of interacting with

him.

His actions left Frankie utterly confused. Where is he going? Could he be grabbing a weapon? He fretted to himself.

Frankie followed Jeremiah into the study with a furtive, anxious expression, no longer caring about what was happening downstairs.

"Mr. Chavez, since Ms. Zeller is friends with him, we need to outsmart Demetrius without acting rashly. To protect your relationship with Ms. Zeller, I've decided to handle Demetrius discreetly. How do you think we should proceed?" he asked.

A strong sense of responsibility rose inside Frankie. The important mission of dealing with Jeremiah's love rival now fell on his shoulders.

Jeremiah halted and turned back to look at Frankie, who had a determined "do-or-die" expression. With an unchanged expression, he pointed at the door and said, "Turn around and leave now.

Frankie replied, "All right, Mr. Chavez. I'll get ready right away.

Only then did he realize Jeremiah's order. Awkwardly, Frankie shuffled out of the second-floor study, sneaking a glance at him before leaving, Jeremiah seemed far too calm to Frankie as if he had gone insane from anger.

As soon as Frankie went downstairs, he was met with the sight of Yvette pouring a glass of warm water for Demetrius. Frankie felt like he was about to collapse.

Who is this Demetrius? How did he have Ms. Zeller push his wheelchair and now serve him water? Frankie wondered. He decided to observe the two downstairs silently and swiftly hid in the stairwell corner. Fri, Dec 27

Chapter 588 90%

Yvette placed the cup of water before Demetrius with lowered eyes. Then, she raised an eyebrow and glanced casually toward the upstairs corner, a slight smile curling on her lips.

Demetrius noticed the faint smile on Yvette's face as she sat across from him. Momentarily stunned, he softened his gaze and quietly asked, "Yvette, should we invite your friend to come down? Yvette crossed her legs, her eyes serene, and lightly replied, "No need. He likes hanging out in corners."

Demetrius' gaze was warm and focused on Yvette, his sharp features full of charm. "How long do you plan to stay in Mysoma this time?" he asked.

Yvette nodded slightly and nonchalantly answered, "Until the end of next month"

Demetrius nodded when he heard that and continued asking, "Where do you plan to go after that?"

Yvette lifted her gaze, and her eyes sparkled. Her lips curled upwards as she slowly said, "Clusia"

Those two syllables caused Demetrius' face to shift slightly, his gaze becoming much more intense. He seemed surprised by her plan to go to Clusia.

Upstairs, Frankie was crouched at the corner of the stairs, listening to the conversation between the two people. The more he listened, the more normal it sounded.

Did I misunderstand?' he wondered. 'So, Demetrius isn't Mr. Chavez's romantic rival?' If his connection with Yvette were simply that of a regular friend, Frankie would be relieved.

Just as Frankie was about to leave his position, he heard Demetrius' deep voice say, "It's been three years, but I was wrong

that night. I apologize"

Frankie's mind buzzed. What did Demetrius mean by that? Three years? That night? Could it possibly be what I'm thinking?" he questioned inwardly. He was convinced that Demetrius must have been Yvette's ex-boyfriend. This could not reach Jeremiah's ears. Otherwise, the world would probably explode. Frankie wanted to listen more closely.

Overcome with excitement, he tumbled and rolled down from the second floor to the first, abruptly interrupting Yvette and Demetrius' conversation. The room fell silent.

Yvette was lounging on the couch with her legs crossed and her chin resting on her palm, unmoving. Demetrius, expressionless in his wheelchair.

Frankie lay flat on the carpet for quite some time, not daring to lift his head. This was the epitome of social death. "Should I just pretend that I'm dead? he wondered.

However, he knew that plan wouldn't work, so he resigned himself and got up from the carpet. At this point, he was convinced that if he wasn't embarrassed, no one else would be either.

He put on a goofy smile and greeted Yvette and Demetrius, "Ms. Zeller, are you and your friend hungry? can whip up something for you. Just let me know. Don't be shy

Yvette tapped her foot on the ground, taking a leisurely sip of water. Her voice was low and gentle as she asked, "Are you sure you'll be cooking for us and not poisoning us?"

Frankie made good use of his thick skin at that moment. He plopped down next to them, grinning as if nothing had happened.

He laughed. "Well, Ms. Zeller, you guys keep chatting. I don't have anywhere to go, so I'll just sit here for a while. I won't bother you, so feel free to do as you please."

To hide his obvious intentions, he added in a fake tone, "Ms. Zeller, you were right. This big mansion doesn't even have a

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decent place to sit. All those lesson fees back then were a waste.

Yvette and Demetrius exchanged a look. Neither of them intended to expose Frankie, so they tacitly agreed to let him sit

there.

Demetrius sat in his wheelchair, staring blankly at Frankie. Under his gaze, Frankie felt incredibly guilty and quickly lowered his head.

Yvette raised her eyelids slightly, resting her face on her hand. Her voice was relaxed as she said, "Since you made your choice that night. I respect your decision."

Demetrius glanced at Frankie again before saying in a deep voice. "I always thought you'd be upset. I guess I was overthinking it."

Frankie's hand gripping the water cup trembled, and the water he had just poured nearly spilled. However, he calmed himself quickly. "Why does the conversation seem to be getting more intense?" he exclaimed inwardly. -4090%0

Chapter 589

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 589[1,208 words]

Chapter 589

Frankie could only hope that Jeremiah would emerge from upstairs soon. If Yvette and this man stayed alone any longer, they might start reminiscing. The future was uncertain, but memories were sure to touch the heart. Just as Frankie was praying fervently, Jeremiah finally showed up. The ambiance in the living room shifted immediately with his entrance. Demetrius turned his wheelchair to face the stairwell. Snuggled on the couch. Yvette watched him descend the stairs. Her lips quirked up, and her eyes sparkled beneath her raised brows. She adjusted her posture on the couch, splaying her arms out and curling up her long legs. Jeremiah's eyes, as icy as a winter pond, met Demetrius, which were as stormy as an ocean. Their two gazes met halfway, and neither flinched. Jeremiah approached Demetrius' wheelchair and stopped before him. Jeremiah's expression was as calm and indifferent as a distant star, seemingly close yet unreachable. After a pause, he walked over to where Yvette was seated and gently placed a blanket over her legs.

In a husky, deep voice tinged with an alluring warmth, he said, "It's cold. Cover up with this blanket." Then, he sat beside her on the couch with an air of authority.

Frankie quickly stepped aside, becoming a mere spectator. Jeremiah didn't need his assistance; he could deal with his rival himself. Frankie's main responsibility was to pass the weapon to Jeremiah at this critical moment, ultimately sealing Demetrius' fate.

"At such a thrilling juncture, how could I not involve my friends mused Frankie. He quickly pulled out his phone and opened the "Happy Family" small group chat.

Frankie typed: [The stage is set for Mr. Chavez to confront his rival, with an epic struggle for love about to unfold.

[Ms. Zeller's old love, undeterred by challenges, makes a dazzling entrance, stirring up old memories amid the fierce rivalry, leaving her entangled in nostalgia.

[Hurry up and watch. This event won't wait! Live broadcast with personal on-site commentary, Transfer 300 thousand dollars now to watch!]

Frankie's message caused an explosive reaction in the group chat. It was even more sensational than the previous one from Eagle King, and within seconds, the chat was overwhelmed with responses.

On vacation with Flying Fish, Eagle King quickly showed her his phone, clicking his tongue in disapproval. "Mr. Chavez has a new rival, poor guy. Compared to Boss, I'm lucky you're less of a concern."

The captivatingly beautiful Flying Fish didn't hesitate to slap Eagle King. Now an A-list celebrity, the paparazzi followed her everywhere, forcing them to escape to Boss' island in South East Aploth to find privacy.

Honestly, Flying Fish had never felt this exhausted, even as an assassin. She decided she would quit the entertainment industry after another six months of playing around. She still preferred the life of an assassin to that of an actress. Flying Fish said, "Hurry up and keep an eye on the messages in the group to see who Mr. Chavez's love rival is this time. It's going to be an epic showdown worth watching"

In the Happy Family group chat, Samantha texted: [Mr. Chavez as another love rival? What creature is it this time? Can we have some decent competition instead of bugs or minors?]

Charles wrote: [I've already transferred 300 thousand dollars.]

Rodney typed: [Am I the minor you're referring to? Samantha, that's not fair. I may be underage, but I'm very handsome.]

Kash replied: [Compared to Mr. Chavez, you're really just decent at best.]

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Chapter 580

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Sienna sent: OMG, what's going on? We just went on a date, and how Mr. Chavez's love rival has shown up Can I still make it back on time?

Emmett texted: [Chris and I will change quickly and head back the mansion right now,

Andrew wrote: [I've also transferred 300 thousand dollars already. Hurry up. Take a photo, even if it's just from the back. I'm begging to get a picture if nothing else.]

On the couch, Frankie looked at his vibrating phone and grinned from ear to ear. Each buzz meant 300 thousand dollars, today was his big payday,

In the living room, Yvette was slowly peeling an orange, Jeremiah was unhurriedly sipping his coffee, and Demetrius sat in his wheelchair. Only Frankie was grinning like a goofball, chuckling at his phone.

After a while, Yvette finished peeling the orange. Then, she meticulously cleaned her elegant fingers. She looked up, eyes shining like emeralds, and leisurely introduced, "Jeremiah Chavez, my man."

Demetrius hand trembled slightly on the wheelchair as he turned to Jeremiah. His eyes were bright and clear, and he spoke warmly. "Hello, Mr. Chavez. I am Demetrius Becker."

Jeremiah's sculpture-like features were cold, and his eyes slightly narrowed. The sunlight scattered on his brow added a noble and distant aura to his visage. With a cool courtesy, he nodded and said in a deep voice, "Hello, Demetrius." Then, the living room suddenly grew silent. None of the three were chatty, so they just stopped talking. The only sound that could be heard was Frankie typing nonstop on his phone, earning money from the group chat.

Frankie wrote: [Latest update. The living room is a total mess right now!] After sending the message, Frankie looked up with a satisfied grin, only to see Jeremiah, Yvette, and Demetrius all staring at him. Shocked, Frankie quickly put away his phone and pretended to sip his coffee. However, his mind was buzzing with questions. "What's happening now? Why hasn't the fight started yet?' he wondered. After a moment, Demetrius glanced at Yvette and casually asked, Yvette, are you happy being with Jeremiah?"

Frankie's spirits were lifted. 'Here it comes... They're finally about to start fighting, aren't they?' he thought gleefully. Jeremiah's dark, deep eyes remained calm and composed. His handsome face showed no reaction to Demetrius' words. Yvette rested her chin on her hand, her upturned eyes reflecting a hint of rebellious charm. With a smirk, she confidently declared, "Quite happy; my man is obviously the best in the world"

With just that statement, the three men in the living room each showed different expressions. Although Jeremiah's expression stayed neutral, the amusement in his eyes betrayed him. Demetrius, in his wheelchair, was momentarily surprised before settling back to normal. Among the three, Frankie was the most excited. 'Ms. Zeller is so commanding!' he thought. 'She didn't leave her ex any room for excuses with those words!'

Frankie quickly posted what Yvette said in the group chat, and as expected, the chat was flooded with endless compliments

for her.

Demetrius adjusted his wheelchair. He frowned, and a dangerous light spread across his handsome face. With a voice so cold it sent shivers down the spine, he asked, "Jeremiah, do you truly believe you're worthy of Yvette?" He shrugged. "Sure, being Clusia's youngest major general is an impressive feat, but Yvette had her choice, dukes and millionaires would be at her feet. What makes you think you deserve her?" Frankie almost hurled his phone at Demetrius face. How could he speak about Mr. Chavez in such a disrespectful manner? he thought.

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Chapter 389

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Jeremuah radiated a graceful, and charismatic aura, looking relaxed and easygoing yet possessing an air of arrogance. His blue eyes sparkled, making the warm sunlight streaming through the window behind him seem dull in comparison. "Even though the world offers countless virtues, Yvette loves only me," he said.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 590[1,257 words]

Chapter 590

Filled with jealousy after hearing Jeremiah's words, Frankie thought, When did Mr. Chavez start doing things like this? I must jot this memorable saying down. Who knows if it might come in useful one day? After calming down, Frankie quickly posted Jeremiah's words in the group chat. He thought, 'Since I get paid, I should give my friends a good live broadcast, right? I'm a professional, after "I

In the Happy Family group chat, Frankie texted: [Mr. Chavez went head-to-head with Demetrius. Big news. Mr. Chavez knocked him out, saying, "Even though the world offers countle virtues, Yvette loves only me."] Everyone in the gr

was quick to catch Frankie's news. As soon as he texted, Eagle King and the others got excited again.

Andrew wrote: [Jeremiah must've read the romance novel I gave him. Did he actually say that? What has he been through lately? Oh my gosh. Give me my cold and emotionless Jeremiah back!]

Bonnie typed: [It's normal for him to act like this, considering Ye's charm. Andrew, stop talking nonsense, or else no dinner for you tomorrow. Smirking emoji.]

Samantha wrote: [Bon is so cute! Andrew definitely needs a scolding. Beat him up all you want. Don't worry, I got your back.]

Rodney said: [Men in love are terrifying. I don't want to fall in love when I grow up. I can't say something so embarrassing. Prideful emoji.]

EmpiETT notified: [We'll be there in half an hour.]

Sienna wrote: [Was Mr. Chavez ever in a relationship before? He's way too good at this.].

Andrew responded: (I swear on my honor that Jeremiah has never been in a relationship. Girls used to chase him like crazy. but he'd scare them off with just one sentence.)

Samantha wrote: [You have honor?]

Eagle King chimed in: [He doesn't.]

Charles also chimed in: [He doesn't.]

The chat fell silent for a minute. Then, Andrew texted: [Aren't we talking about Jeremiah? How did you guys end up attacking me? That's just too much!]

In the living room, Demetrius stared at Jeremiah on the couch. His gaze felt like a blade that could cut right through Jeremiah. Meanwhile, Jeremiah met Demetrius' eyes without a hint of hesitation.

Jeremiah was dressed sharply, with defined features and deep, blue eyes showing detachment and coldness. His gaze barely wavered whenever he looked at anyone except for Yvette.

After a pause, Demetrius retracted his scrutinizing gaze, turned his wheelchair calmly, and said to Jeremiah's face, "Let me introduce myself properly. I'm Demetrius Becker. If you ever betray Yvette or upset her, kill yourself by ripping yourself up into pieces." "However, I'm confident you wouldn't dare betray her. Demetrius' last sentence was filled with absolute confidence as he thought, 'No man in this world could hurt Yvette.'

A mischievous smile appeared on Yvette's face as she finished her last piece of orange. With a raised brow, she spoke nonchalantly. "Enough, Deme.

Upon hearing the word "Deme, Frankie, who was typing away about the scene in the group chat, dropped his phone onto the plush carpet.

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'Damn... Deme? Did I mishear? Ms. Zeller calls Demetrius Dem So, Demetrius isn't Mr. Chavez's rival but Ms. Zeller's close friend? Could this get any more dramatic? thought Frankie.

With that, Frankie's heightened defense mode was dismissed in less than an hour. He couldn't help but feel somewhat disappointed.

At the same time, Jeremiah's hand on the armrest paused slightly, his deep gaze was like a black hole. He was surprised that Yvette was so close to Demetrius, not to mention the latter's identity. After all, Becker wasn't a common last name in Mysonna. Demetrius' tone softened as he spoke to Yvette, his voice unusually gentle. "Yvette, take your friend on the couch outside for a moment. I want to chat with your man alone," he said.

Frankie's attitude did a 180-degree turn when he discovered who Demetrius was. He nodded immediately and said, "Sure. I'll go right now, Demetrius. Right away." Then, he quickly got up

Meanwhile, Yvette slowly got up from the couch. She tilted her head and glanced at Jeremiah and Demetrius with beautiful eyes. Then, she left without a word.

Seeing that, Frankie quickly followed while muttering to himself Demetrius seems rather important to Ms. Zeller. I've never seen her so obedient to anyone before.

Yvette went to a pavilion in the mansion's front yard and lay down in a chair. Frankie quickly poured her water. Then, he washed some fruits, arranged them on a plate, and served them to Yvette with a huge smile.

"Ms

eller, Demetrius isn't your brother, is he? Are you guys like those sworn siblings who swore to be together through thick and thin?" asked Frankie.

Frankie could only guess that because there was no way Yvette and Demetrius were actual siblings with their different last names Frankie stared at Yvette with curiosity.

However, Yvette fiddled with her phone and lifted her gaze. With her legs crossed, she rested her chin on her hand. Under the afternoon sun, her exquisite face seemed to glow as she slowly said, "You've got nothing else to do?"

Frankie nodded eagerly in response. He knew he'd be tossing and turning in bed that night if he didn't find out why Yvette called Demetrius "Deme" that day. Moreover, he didn't know what to tell the others in the group chat since he already accepted the money. "Ms. Zeller, please have mercy on a curious soul like me. My curiosity is eating me alive. Just tell me. I'm begging you," begged Frankie.

Yvette looked at Frankie, chuckled, pinched her fingers, and pressed her lips together. Her fingers tapped the table rhythmically, making Frankie's heart race.

Finally, Yvette slowly said, "3.6 million dollars. You're rather good at doing business."

Frankie was instantly taken aback, and his face fell. Isn't 3.6 million dollars the exact amount I accepted in the group earlier? Ms. Zeller has it down to the last penny?' he thought as he clutched his pocket.

'Damn it. Which bastard in the chat said it was just an alternate account for Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez last time and they didn't use it? It's a complete scam, thought Frankie.

Frankie knew he had been careless, and he regretted his mistake gravely.

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"Ms. Zeller, I earned this 3.6 million dollars with my sharp instincts and high IQ. You wouldn't take it away so ruthlessly. would you? I know you must not care about such a small change, right?" Frankie replied nervously.

Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly. Her green eyes narrowed as she smiled with a hint of mischievousness, but her expression remained indifferent. Chapter 390

Leaning back into her chair like a boss, Yvette said, "Sorry. I'm r

Frankie froze. Hearing Yvette say she was broke, he couldn't believe what had just received was about to disappear. The pain was worse than

Without a choice, Frankie reluctantly transferred the 3.6 million looked at Yvette while transferring the money, hoping she would. Unfortunately, Frankie's hope was lost when the notification of the transfer sounded internally.

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Leaning back into her chair like a boss, Yvette said, "Sorry, I'm really broke. 3.6 million dollars. You got two minutes."

Frankie froze. Hearing Yvette say she was broke, he couldn't believe his ears. His heart ached as he thought the money he had just received was about to disappear. The pain was worse than a breakup or any other pain in the world.

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Without a choice, Frankie reluctantly transferred the 3.6 million dollars to Yvette's account with tears in his eyes. He even looked at Yvette while transferring the money, hoping she would change her mind out of kindness. Unfortunately, Frankie's hope was lost when the notification of the successful transfer sounded. 'My 3.6 million dollars!' he cried internally,