

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 591[1,196 words]

Chapter 591

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Frankie transferred the 3.6 million dollars, knowing he wouldn't get anything in return. However, since he already transferred the money, he figured he might as well uncover the truth behind Yvette's relationship with Demetrius. Clearing his throat, Frankie said ingratiatingly, "Ms. Zeller, now that you've received the money. Can you tell me why you and Demetrius are so close!

Yvette reclined in the rocking chair, her face mostly hidden under the hood of her sweatshirt. She spoke lazily. "I'm not answering that. Right now, you have two choices-sit here quietly or head back to your room. Don't block my sunlight." Frankie left the gazebo dejectedly, head hanging low. All his exertment had been for nothing. He lost the money. no gossip, and ended up with absolutely nothing. What a waste! lay he cursed inwardly. learned

Inside the living room. Demetrius had remained silent ever since Yvette had left. Only when he saw her outside, lying in the rocking chair with her face covered, did he quietly move his wheelchair. Jeremiah stood next to him with his hands in his pockets. Both of them exuded charisma and an imposing aura. Despite their powerful and cold appearance, their gazes were both fixed on Yvette. Demetrius spoke in a deep voice. "Yvette rarely smiles. However just now, she smiled three times-genuine smiles. I can tell she's been happy lately. Even though she doesn't say it, her expressions never lie." Demetrius' tone carried a mix of emotion. relief, and an indefinable complexity.

Jeremiah stood tall and composed, with his hands still in his pocket. He spoke softly. "She will only grow happier. That little girl deserves the best this world has to offer."

Demetrius' gaze became more intense when he heard this. He thought, Little girl? Other than Jeremiah, there was no one else in the world who would call Yvette a little girl because anyone who knew Yvette would find it difficult to treat her like an ordinary young girl. Demetrius said softly, "I'll take that as your promise to me, her family. Do you want to hear about Yvette's past!"

Jeremiah tilted his head and glanced at Demetrius in his wheelchair. His blue eyes narrowed slightly. "I'm all ears" Every time Yvette talked about her past, she dismissed it with nonchalance. This time, he wanted to hear her childhood stories from someone else's perspective.

Demetrius' gaze drifted, and those childhood memories played in his mind. Just like not a moment of it had ever faded. "I have a younger sister, Alice, whom I met along with Yvette in the slums.

"I was kidnapped as a baby by my parents' enemies and thrown into the biggest slum in Mysonna. I wasn't found until I was 15. Before that, I grew up with Yvette.

"At that time, the laws in Mysonna weren't as well-developed as they are now, especially in places like the slums, where even the police wouldn't go.

"It was chaotic-drugs, murder, looting everywhere. I met Yvette when I was four when she came to the slums from an orphanage. Demetrius' voice had a hint of sadness mixed with a chilling coldness. He continued, "Before Yvette came, Alice and I were always bullied.

"It was Yvette's arrival that saved us. Don't be fooled by Yvette being just four years old. She had some strange energy and knew how to fight. At first, the people in the slums didn't take Yvette seriously. internal

But over time, through her strength and wits, she became someone no one dared to mess with. If it weren't for meeting Yvette, I probably would never have believed a four-year-old could not only survive but dominate in the slums. "Alice and I survived under Yvette's protection. It's quite unbelievable, isn't it?" At just four years old. Yvette was already

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strong enough to intent in those around her.

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Jeremiah's blue eyes glimmered while his expression remained old and indifferent. Yvette had walked a path of thorns. breaking through the darkness bravely to stand where she was new.

Some people were destined for remarkable paths, perhaps from the very day they were born. Jeremiah said in a deep voice, "To her, nothing is impossible."

Demetrius was momentarily shocked, glancing at Jeremiah before smiling faintly. He thought, 'Now I know why Yvette chose him.

Demetrius continued. "Even though Yvette was younger than me she taught me every survival skill I have. She can learn anything that interests her incredibly fast-better than those who've spent years mastering it. That's what you call talent. "But Alice's accident changed everything. While Yvette and I were away, someone from the slum tried to kidnap Alice. Alice struggled and fell down the stairs. That fall left her brain damaged, leaving her mentally and cognitively impaired at the age of six."

As Demetrius spoke, his expression became more and more somber, full of overwhelming hatred and regret. He thought. If only I had been by Alice's side back then, none of this would have happened.

Jeremiah turned his head to look at Demetrius and asked in a serious tone, "And then?" Jeremiah knew Yvette's personality and temperament. She would surely blame herself for this.

Demetrius clenched his fists, his knuckles taut and his veins bulging. Then, Yvette crippled the people who tried to kidnap Alice. She dislocated all his bones and threw him into a pack of guard dogs. He was eaten up, not even a bone fragment left." Demetrius had etched into his mind the moment when Yvette dismantled that despicable man's bones without a trace of emotion. He took moment to calm himself before speaking again, turning his wheelchair to face Jeremiah. They stood in the sunlight, each with their distinct charm.

Demetrius said, "You probably know that Yvette is skilled in medicine. It was because of Alice that Yvette decided to pursue medicine back then, but she missed the best time for treatment, Not even the best doctors could save Alice anymore.

"Guilt drove Yvette to Afria's Colosseum, where she spent a year punishing herself in brutal matches. Eventually, Yvette led us out of the slums. I always knew Yvette had other mysterious identities. The slums were just a temporary stop for her.

"We were used to her often leaving and returning. Eventually, our family found us, and over the years, we've met up occasionally." Demetrius knew that they would grow up, and those childhood moments of companionship would always remain as cherished memories from the past.

Yet, the greatest blessing in his life was meeting Yvette. Yvette was his sister, someone he would sacrifice his life to protect. He lived his life for two people-Alice and Yvette.

Jeremiah nodded and turned to look at Yvette, who was asleep in the rocking chair in the gazebo. His gaze was filled with tenderness, and he exuded a noble and composed presence. He said, "Alice's issue must have weighed heavily on her.

"If she hadn't released the guilt and remorse she feels in the Colosseum, she might never be able to overcome it

Demetrius hadn't expected Jeremiah to say that. His gaze was so deep it felt like it could draw someone in, and his face reflected a mix of emotions that were hard to discern. Demetrius said, "Now I understand why Yvette picked you, Jeremiah. You truly understand her." 10:17 Sat, Dec 28

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Demetrius sighed and said, "When I was 18, my parents were killed in a car accident orchestrated by their enemies. I was the only survivor, but my legs were paralyzed. I can never walk again

He continued. "For years, Yvette has been researching cell regeneration drugs, hoping that I could be cured through surgery. the nerves in my legs are completely damaged. Even though she said the

chance of success is 80 percent if she does the surgery herself, I don't dare to take that risk. I'm a coward

His tone did not waver as though he were recounting someone's story. Yet, Jeremiah noticed that Demetrius' hands were slightly clenched on the wheelchair, his grip tense. His gaze was thoughtful. "You're not a coward, Jeremiah said softly. "You're just afraid Yvette will blame herself if the surgery fails. It must have been hard for you when she spent her year in the Colosseum."

Demetrius froze. The mention of that year brought back memories he had tried to suppress. Yvette had been so young then. Despite her extraordinary talent and physical strength, she was still just a child.

How did she survive that lawless place where death and brutality reigned?' he wondered. He recalled waking from nightmares almost every night-blood-soaked dreams that only stopped when Yvette finally returned from Afria.

Alice's fate was not Yvette's fault. It was his. He had provoked the wrong man, and Alice had paid the price. Yet, Yvette took all the blame to protect him from the guilt, punishing herself instead.

He mused, 'She's so young, yet she has thrown herself into the hellish world to protect my fragile pride, to give me some semblance of peace, even if it's only a sliver

Demetrius' eyes reddened as he said, "Yvette has always been more mature than her peers. I don't know what happened before she turned four, but after that, we relied on each other. The three of us became each other's lifelines. "But when I look back, what right do I have to say this? Yvette was always the one who protected Alice and me. looked tired or in pain. Anyone she trusted would get her protection, yet no one thought to protect her." She never

Demetrius' voice grew colder, tinged with profound heartache, as he said, "No one truly knows how much she has endured- how many wounds, both great and small, she has suffered.

"I've witnessed her paralyzed by a strange internal energy. The pain was so intense that she couldn't even move a little finger She lay on the ice for hours to suppress it. Even then, she never cried or complained. "She said, "The path you choose is yours, and your destiny is in your hands: Can you imagine? A little girl lying on the ice. unable to move, struggling with every step she took- yet still refusing help?"

By now, Demetrius' voice was thick with emotion. It was said that men only wept when the pain was deep, and the memory of Yvette's hardships brought almost unbearable grief.

Jeremiah's expression darkened with every word as he stood beside Demetrius. He could picture Yvette's indifferent expression whenever she spoke of her past,

A child born with such strong ancient combat power had no choice but to rely on herself, or the world would have crushed

her.

Jeremiah's voice was steady but heavy with emotion. "From the day she was born, Yvette was destined for greatness. I wasn't there to walk her path with her, but from now on, I will be."

The past was behind them, and Yvette did not need anyone's pity. The future lay ahead, and Jeremiah knew his role-his job was to protect her.

Demetrius looked at his paralyzed legs, his eyes reddening as he uttered, "I hate these legs. I can't stand by Yvette's side or

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help her. All I can do is make money-a lot of it. Yet Yvette does even need that. I feel useless

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Demetrius had never shown his vulnerability or his true self to anyone before. However, for the first time, he revealed it to Jeremiah

Sometimes. Demetrius wondered what it was all for, making all that money. No matter how much he had, if Yvette did not want it. It was meaningless.

Jeremiah caught the flicker of confusion in Demetrius' eyes, and his lips curved into a reassuring smile.

His voice became firm and almost commanding as he said, "Yvette may not need your wealth, but you do. So pull yourself together. Your job is to spend your life working and earning money for her." Demetrius blinked, taken aback by Jeremiah's bluntness. However, he realized Jeremiah was not insulting him but giving him a purpose.

He thought, Jeremiah is right. My life belongs to Yvette. I need to earn enough money that even if Yvette wants to throw it away just for fun, she will never run out. That is my purpose.

Weakness is not an option. If I falter, my vulnerability could one day become a weapon wielded by others against Yvette!

Demetrius said softly, "Jeremiah, I hope we can both protect Yvette in our own way. I ask for nothing more in this life than for her to be happy, year after year."

Jeremiah's eyes narrowed subtly as his gaze settled on the rocking chair in the courtyard. The noble aloofness in his demeanor eased, a fleeting hint of unspoken tenderness brushing across his face.

"I love her more than my own life," Jeremiah said softly. From the moment we met in Seacrity, my heart has belonged to her. Before Yvette, my life was nothing but an endless string of missions."

He continued, "Meeting her made me realize there's someone in this world meant just for me. I was born for her. No matter how broken or glorious the world becomes, there's nothing to fear as long as we're together."

Jeremiah was never a man of many words. Even as a child, he spoke only when it was necessary, unlike other children who chattered endlessly or constantly called out to their parents. That quiet reserve remained with him as he grew older.

However, Yvette had changed him-at least in her presence. She had brought out a side of him that no one else could reach, Around others, Jeremiah remained as reserved as ever, a man of unwavering silence.

Demetrius was unaware that it was the longest Jeremiah had spoken in years, and to someone he had just met.

Demetrius said confidently, "I believe you can do it. Yvette's judgment has never been wrong, and the man she chooses will undoubtedly be the best in the world."

Demetrius, seated in his wheelchair, studied Jeremiah for a long moment. His sharp gaze was steady, yet probing. Then, unexpectedly, he smiled-a rare, warm expression that softened his features.

His eyes softened, a tenderness reserved for only two people-Yvette and Alice. Jeremiah was unaware that it was a smile Demetrius only ever showed them, revealing his true feelings.

At that moment, all the doubts and suspicions Demetrius had held about Jeremiah melted away. He accepted Jeremiah as

one of their own without hesitation.

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Demetrius said, "You don't need to act all lovey-dovey in front of me, you know."

Jeremiah adjusted his cuffs with quiet precision, his tall, commanding presence exuding confidence. "You'd better get used to it, he said. "This is going to happen a lot."

Their eyes met, and a knowing smile passed between them. No words were needed-despite their differences, they shared at bond, a commitment to protect someone they both cared about. That

was enough to keep them from being enemies.. The silent understanding formed an unspoken friendship for two men as powerful as they were. Demetrius turned his wheelchair with ease, a faint smile curling his lips as he quipped, Shouldn't you be calling me 'brother' by now?" Jeremiah walked over to the table in the middle of the room. He poured himself a glass of water and casually replied, "We

talk about that after you cough up the fee."

Demetrius froze in mid-turn, then chuckled. "Fair enough. You're the major general of Clusia. I'd be embarrassed if I couldn't afford something respectable for you," he said.

Jeremiah poured a second glass of water expressionlessly and handed it to Demetrius, saying. And you, as the nephew of Mysonna's president, with half the country's economy under your control, I'll wait to see what kind of gift you bring." Demetrius sat in his wheelchair, holding the glass of water, his hand frozen mid-air. A flicker of surprise crossed his face, wondering, Jeremiah can figure out who I am just from a name

He set the glass down slowly, masking his reaction with casual indifference. "How did you find out?" he asked. The admiration in his eyes was quick, but he quickly tried to conceal it.

Jeremiah leaned back casually against the armrest of the couch, a small smile playing on his lips. "I guessed," he said. "The surname 'Becker isn't exactly common in Mysonna, and it just so happens to belong to the president." "Add that to your demeanor-do you really think anyone would believe you're just an ordinary guy?" he asked

Demetrius had not expected Jeremiah to compliment him, even if it was indirect. Still, he couldn't deny it-he liked it.

Demetrius replied, "That's it? Sounds a bit reckless. What if I weren't who you thought I was? Wouldn't that be awkward? Or maybe awkwardness doesn't bother you."

Though Demetrius acknowledged Jeremiah's cleverness, his tone still carried a sharp edge. After all, he's the man who has won Yvette over, he thought.

Jeremiah raised an eyebrow, unfazed by to her, he retorted.

the comment. "Yvette once told me that even my awkward moments are adorable

Demetrius stared at him, his mind racing. 'Adorable?' he thought feeling a strong urge to kick him on the spot.

Demetrius looked at Jeremiah, who spoke without a hint of embarrassment. He cleared his throat and replied. "As far as I know, Yvette isn't the type to say something like that."

In reality, Yvette had never said anything like that; however, Jeremiah did not flinch. His smirk deepened, and his confidence remained unshaken as he brushed an invisible speck of dust from his sleeve.

Jeremiah said, "Oh, she says many surprising things in bed. You'd be amazed at the sweet things she whispers."

The words completely shattered Demetrius' composure. He thought, 'How can Jeremiah, the youngest major general of Clusia, be so shameless?'

Demetrius knew he could not win a debate with Jeremiah-especially since Jeremiah always brought up Yvette.

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When Jeremiah noticed the flicker of contempt on Demetrius' face, he smiled. Amusement sparkled in his eyes as he said. "My apologies. I suppose I talked too much today."

His tone was polite, but the smugness in his expression and posture was impossible to ignore. Demetrius leaned back in his wheelchair, his gaze sharp as he remarked. "You do talk a lot. I wonder if Yvette knows this side of you

Jeremiah looked up with a blank expression and said, "Yvette loves me, no matter what. That's just the way it is"

At that, Demetrius was left completely speechless. He gritted his teeth and silently sipped his water, knowing that if the conversation continued any longer, he would explode from sheer frustration.

Over the years, only two people had ever managed to leave Demetrius at a loss for words-Yvette and, now, Jeremiah. While he had grown accustomed to Yvette's teasing, it had become a familiar routine.

If there was a day when she did not tease him, Demetrius would feel strangely off-balance. However, that privilege had always been reserved for her and his sister, Alice. No one else would dare challenge him-unless they had a death wish. Somehow, Jeremiah managed to join that exclusive club by using Yvette to throw his conversation partner off balance.. As they sipped their coffee and chatted idly, footsteps and hushed voices echoed near the door.

Emmett and Chris rushed back from the training room after seeing the message in the group chat and stepped into the courtyard.

What they saw was unexpected-Yvette reclining in a rocking chair, her face partially hidden by a wide-brimmed hat. They immediately slowed their steps, but it was useless.

Yvette had sensed them approaching from a few dozen feet away. The chair stilled as she stretched lazily, lifting her hat to reveal a face still soft with traces of post-nap drowsiness.

As the sunlight began to fade, Yvette slowly opened her eyes. It was about time anyway-whether Emmett and Chris had returned or not, her nap had come to an end.

Emmett and Chris exchanged cautious glances, realizing they had probably interrupted her sleep. They both knew that could be a dangerous mistake-Yvette wasn't exactly pleasant when she woke up.

"We're in trouble. This is like walking straight into a lion's den, they thought."

What baffled them even more was how Yvette could leave her sunor-or perhaps lier ex-alone with Jeremiah in the living room while she peacefully napped outside.

One of them silently wondered, 'Does she trust Mr. Chavez's temper so much? Or has someone already been hurt in there?' Yet none of them doubted the outcome. Jeremiah was merciless to rivals. No man stood a chance against him. While he kep his sharp edge hidden around Yvette, he did not hesitate to show it when it came to love rivals.

Meanwhile, in his room, Frankie suddenly realized that he had not revealed Demetrius' identity in the group chat He started typing a message but was interrupted when his phone rang with a call from home.

Without a second thought, he answered the call, completely forgetting the message He did not realize that he had unintentionally confused everyone by not sharing Demetrius' identity.

In the courtyard, Emmett and Chris froze as Yvette got up from her chair and walked toward them.

If she decided to make a move, they were unsure if they would even make it into the living room, let alone see how Jeremiah would handle his love rival.

Her slow, deliberate steps, with her hands casually tucked into her pockets, only heightened their nerves. She shot them al cool look, her voice sharp. "What are you two waiting for? Go inside."
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They paused for a moment, a wave of relief washing over them,

"After you, of course," Chris added quickly.

Yvette paused and eyed them both. With a knowing smirk, she i

The two of them froze again, exchanging a guilty glance. One o show?"

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They paused for a moment, a wave of relief washing over them. "We're going in right away!" Emmett blurted.

"After you, of course," Chris added quickly.

Yvette paused and eyed them both. With a knowing smirk, she asked, "You're hoping to see some drama, aren't you?"

The two of them froze again, exchanging a guilty glance. One of them thought, 'Is it so obvious that we're here for the show?'

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Chris shook his head frantically. "Yvette, I swear I wasn't the curious one. It's Emmett who wanted to watch

Emmett looked baffled. He turned toward Chris and thought in disbelief, The world has really changed. Even Chris would shamelessly pin the blame on me like that.

If there were a knife around, Emmett probably would've stabbed Chris. What a shameless asshole! he cursed inwardly before forcing a smile that made his expression look twisted. Please, Yvette, don't listen to Chris nonsense."

There's no way I'd dare put my nose into Mr. Chavez's business m just here because I was exhausted from training. So, what's going on in there?" he said as he leaned forward trying to take a peek. Emmett decided to play dumb, as though he genuinely didn't know anything.

Now it was Chris turn to be shocked. He couldn't believe how Emmett could lie with such a straight face. Since when did Emmett get so good at acting? he wondered in astonishment.

With her hands casually tucked in her pockets, Yvette watched as Chris and Emmett's expressions changed in succession. She raised her brow and mumbled, "You two have quite the flair for dramatics recently. There's even a certain charm to your exaggerated acting." After finishing her sentence, she turned and went back into the house, leaving Chris and Emmett standing awkwardly. Yvette's words didn't sound like a compliment at all. Yvette entered the living with Emmett and Chris following close behind. They both had serious expressions on their faces, but deep down, they were bursting with curiosity,

Frankie mentioned that Jeremiah's love rival this time was a gorgeous and charismatic man who was wheelchair-bound Though Frankie wasn't the most reliable source, he was pretty arrogant. So for Frankle to make such comments, the guy must be someone impressive.

Just thinking about Jeremiah battling his love rival was thrilling enough for Emmett and Chris. However, when they entered the living room, they were flabbergasted and stunned by what was happening

"Wasn't Frankie bombarding the group chat about chaos in the living room? Can someone explain why Mr. Chavez and the man in the wheelchair, whom Frankie mentioned, are sitting opposite each other, seriously playing chess? wondered Emmett. Yvette's ex-boyfriend? Mr. Chavez's love rival? The living room doesn't look like a brawl just occurred... Nothing seems different from when we left which means no fight happened, mused Chris

Based on how well Emmett and Chris had gotten to know Jeremiah over the years, they knew he was currently not in a good mood, but neither was it that terrible. Jeremiah's expression would have been different if this was a love rival, so they wondered what went wrong. So, Emmett and Chris, at a loss for what to do, decided to remain in the living room and observe Yvette, Jeremiah, and Demetrius.

Yvette slowly walked over to the chessboard where Jeremiah and Demetrius were in a standoff. She glanced casually at the pieces on the board, Jeremiah was playing with the black pieces, while Demetrius had the white pieces.

The black and white pieces were moving strategically on the board, each move filled with hidden danger, neither side giving

way.

Jeremiah saw Yvette approaching, placed a black piece down with ease, and lifted his gaze to meet hers. "Come sit," he said, lifting his eyebrows in invitation.

Demetrius, sitting in his wheelchair, heard this and paused momentarily with his hand on the white piece. In a calm tone, he

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cut in, "Come sit by the?

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Emmett and Chris, who were standing in the living room, immediately went on guard. 'What was going on? Oh God! Did this man in the wheelchair have a death wish? How dare he ask Yvette to sit with him? fumed Emmett inwardly. "In this situation, Yvette would surely choose Mr. Chavez, right? wondered Chris, feeling uncertain.

Jeremiah glanced at Demetrius, whose eyes had a hint of challenge. Jeremiah played with the black piece in his hand, his gaze deep and thoughtful.

In the next moment, Yvette lowered her gaze and unhesitatingly sat beside Demetrius. She crossed her legs and casually picked up an orange from the table, peeling it slowly.

Jeremiah looked away from Demetrius, his expression still calm. His eyes held a hint of amusement as he said in a low, smooth voice, "I want to eat oranges too."

Yvette paused her peeling of the orange and looked at Jeremiah's calm expression, wondering. "Isn't he angry seeing me sit next to Demetrius? There could be only one reason for this; he knows about Demetrius' identity and approves of him." She tilted her head slightly to glance at Demetrius, whose expression was just like Jeremiah's. Yvette's eyes sparkled faintly, and she casually remarked, "Looks like you two had a nice chat."

Jeremiah and Demetrius, moving in perfect sync, set down their game pieces. Their eyes flicked subtly, and drawled in unison, "It wasn't bad"

As they chatted, Yvette finished peeling the orange and handed some pieces to Jeremiah and Demetrius. They accepted the oranges, halting their game, and the three of them leisurely started eating the oranges. The afternoon sunlight streamed through the glass window, casting a warm glow on the three of them, creating a sense of harmony. Together, their appearance was like the most beautiful painting one could witness. However, there were two out-of-place figures in the living room-Emmett and Chris, who stood there stupefied. They were now in disbelief, feeling like the world had gone mad

"What was the meaning behind Mr. Chavez getting along so well with his love rival? Plus, what's with Yvette not choosing Mr. Chavez when both Mr. Chavez and the other guy invited her to sit down?" wondered Chris. This was already hard for them to accept, and what was even harder to take was Yvette sitting next to Demetrius. "What was with that genuine smile from Mr. Chavez?" mumbled Emmett to himself in shock. I gone crazy. Even someone as composed as Emmett couldn't handle the situation in front of him.

The world had g

Jeremiah, Yvette, and the love rival in the wheelchair were not just getting along-they were in perfect harmony. Even without any words between them, you could feel the understanding they shared. Emmett found it hard to trust his judgment. He started questioning whether there was something wrong with his eyesight or if he was losing his mind.

Chris wasn't doing much better. He kept telling himself the person in front of him couldn't be Jeremiah. But who else could

it be?

Emmett gulped in nervousness before whispering, "Chris, do you think there's a chance that we're still not awake and this is all just a dream?"

Chris thought Emmett's reasoning was absurd, but compared to what he was seeing, it didn't seem so far-fetched anymore.

Chris responded, "Emmett, are we having the same dream? That's so crazy, right? But then again, maybe dreams are supposed to be mysterious, you know?" 10 17 Sat, Dec 28

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Yvene, Jeremiah, and Demetrius finished their oranges. They had all heard what Emmett and Chris were talking about.

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Yvette lazily lifted her gaze and gave Emmett and Chris, who were standing across from her, a glance, "Those two should be checked into a mental hospital," she mocked: Demetrius nodded in agreement. He and Jeremiah continued their chess game on the board, but it was clear Jeremiah had the upper hand.

the black and white pieces evenly matched

In a detached and indifferent tone, Demetrius commented, "Your subordinates don't seem very smart. If you send them my way. I promise to return them smarter than they are 98%

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Emmett looked baffled. He turned toward Chris and thought in disbelief, The world has really changed. Even Chris would shamelessly pin the blame on me like that.

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cut in, "Come sit by the?

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Emmett and Chris, who were standing in the living room, immediately went on guard. 'What was going on? Oh God! Did this man in the wheelchair have a death wish? How dare he ask Yvette to sit with him? fumed Emmett inwardly. "In this situation, Yvette would surely choose Mr. Chavez, right? wondered Chris, feeling uncertain.

Jeremiah glanced at Demetrius, whose eyes had a hint of challenge. Jeremiah played with the black piece in his hand, his gaze deep and thoughtful.

In the next moment, Yvette lowered her gaze and unhesitatingly sat beside Demetrius. She crossed her legs and casually picked up an orange from the table, peeling it slowly.

Jeremiah looked away from Demetrius, his expression still calm. His eyes held a hint of amusement as he said in a low, smooth voice, "I want to eat oranges too."

Yvette paused her peeling of the orange and looked at Jeremiah's calm expression, wondering. "Isn't he angry seeing me sit next to Demetrius? There could be only one reason for this; he knows about Demetrius' identity and approves of him." She tilted her head slightly to glance at Demetrius, whose expression was just like Jeremiah's. Yvette's eyes sparkled faintly, and she casually remarked, "Looks like you two had a nice chat."

Jeremiah and Demetrius, moving in perfect sync, set down their game pieces. Their eyes flicked subtly, and drawled in unison, "It wasn't bad"

As they chatted, Yvette finished peeling the orange and handed some pieces to Jeremiah and Demetrius. They accepted the oranges, halting their game, and the three of them leisurely started eating the oranges. The afternoon sunlight streamed through the glass window, casting a warm glow on the three of them, creating a sense of harmony. Together, their appearance was like the most beautiful painting one could witness. However, there were two out-of-place figures in the living room-Emmett and Chris, who stood there stupefied. They were now in disbelief, feeling like the world had gone mad

"What was the meaning behind Mr. Chavez getting along so well with his love rival? Plus, what's with Yvette not choosing Mr. Chavez when both Mr. Chavez and the other guy invited her to sit down? wondered Chris This was already hard for them to accept, and what was even harder to take was Yvette sitting next to Demetrius. "What was with that genuine smile from Mr. Chavez? mumbled Emmett to himself in shock. I gone crazy. Even someone as composed as Emmett couldn't handle the situation in front of him.

The world had g

Jeremiah, Yvette, and the love rival in the wheelchair were not just getting along-they were in perfect harmony. Even without any words between them, you could feel the understanding they shared. Emmett found it hard to trust his judgment. He started questioning whether there was something wrong with his eyesight or if he was losing his mind.

Chris wasn't doing much better. He kept telling himself the person in front of him couldn't be Jeremiah. But who else could

it be?

Emmett gulped in nervousness before whispering, "Chris, do you think there's a chance that we're still not awake and this is all just a dream?"

Chris thought Emmett's reasoning was absurd, but compared to what he was seeing, it didn't seem so far-fetched anymore.

Chris responded, "Emmett, are we having the same dream? That's so crazy, right? But then again, maybe dreams are supposed to be mysterious, you know?" 10 17 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 391

Yvene, Jeremiah, and Demetrius finished their oranges. They had all heard what Emmett and Chris were talking about.

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Yvette lazily lifted her gaze and gave Emmett and Chris, who were standing across from her, a glance, "Those two should be checked into a mental hospital," she mocked: Demetrius nodded in agreement. He and Jeremiah continued their chess game on the board, but it was clear Jeremiah had the upper hand.

the black and white pieces evenly matched

In a detached and indifferent tone, Demetrius commented, "Your subordinates don't seem very smart. If you send them my way. I promise to return them smarter than they are

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 595[1,258 words]

Chapter 595

Jeremiah looked away expressionlessly, his eyes glinting as he replied, "No need for that. Sending them to a psychiatric hospital might be better

Emmett turned to Chris and they shared a look, with Emmett thinking, Yvette and Mr. Chavez are going too far: how could they think about sending us to a psychiatric hospital in a dream Anyone can see we aren't crazy! 'Clearly, it was Mr. Chavez and Yvette who were mentally ill, thought Chris.

They had brainwashed themselves and were sure they were in the same dream. Both gritted their teeth, relying on their sometimes-present, sometimes-absent tacit understanding over the years, to think of a way to escape this nightmare. Emmett declared righteously, "This can't go on. If it continues, this nightmare will just become worse. There's only one way

out now?

Chris nodded gravely. "Alright, let's go with your plan. Emmett hit me. Don't hold back, alright? If this dream continues, it'll be more unbearable than death. The Mr. Chavez I know would treat a love rival this way. I can't accept this.

Even if it was just a dream, Chris couldn't bear the idea of the Jeremiah he knew acting like this now. It didn't make sense to

him.

Emmett patted Chris on the shoulder and consoled, "Chris, don't worry. I feel the same way. I promise to make it hurt."

Chris' lip twitched as he warned, "Just one punch, and no using ancient combat power. And make sure not to bring in any personal grudges."

Emmett nodded. "Don't worry. Only someone like Frankie would do something like that. I'm definitely better than that. Just

trust me.

The next moment, Emmett raised his fist and, without saying a word, aimed straight for Chris' chest. The punch carried a tremendous force, and even though he didn't use ancient combat power, it was still quite powerful,

Across the room, Demetrius set down his white chess piece, listening to their nonsensical chatter. With a strained expression, he agreed in a serious tone, "Yvette was right. These two subordinates of yours are beyond saving. It might be faster to just send them to the crematorium."

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, wiggling her feet playfully. Watching Chris and Emmett, she delightedly opened another bag of chips. Their sitcom-like antics were much more entertaining than any soap opera.

Since meeting Yvette, Jeremiah always made sure to buy some spacks whenever he visited the grocery store, just so Yvette would always have something to eat at his place.

Jeremiah didn't expect Chris and Emmett's actions to become more outrageous as time went on, but he decided he really needed to seriously consider Demetrius' suggestion at this point.

Emmett threw a punch right at Chris' chest, and Chris didn't dodge; he just reeled backward from the force of the hit. As he regained his balance, the first thing Chris did wasn't to check if he was in pain.

Instead, he quickly turned to look at where Jeremiah, Yvette, and Demetrius were seated. 'Oh no, the nightmare isn't over yet... he howled internally.

When it was Chris' turn to punch Emmett, Emmett stepped away gravely, looking composed and with no trace of the confusion or disbelief from earlier.

He straightened his clothes before turning toward Jeremiah, Yvette, and Demetrius and politely offering. "Mr. Chavez and Yvette, is this our guest? I'll go make some coffee then." 10:17 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 3913

It finally struck Chris that he'd been fooled. So I was the only one here? Emmett had figured out earlier that this wasn't a dream and was just messing with me" raged Chris inwardly. 97%

So, he immediately cut in, "Mr. Chavez! Yvette! Emmett hit me because he was whining, which was a side of Chris they had never seen before, showing how bothered he was by Emmett messing with him.

Emmett felt guilty. He awkwardly rubbed his nose and explained, "At first, I thought it was a dream too. But how could Mr. Chavez and Yvette in this dream be even more handsome and beautiful than in real life? That's when I realized it"

At first, Emmett had been stunned, but he quickly caught on that Frankie had exaggerated by twisting the truth to make money. The guy in the wheelchair, Demetrius, was definitely not Jeremiah's rival.

As for his identity, Emmett was clueless, especially after seeing how unusually close Yvette was to Demetrius. Chris, already feeling wronged, definitely didn't expect Emmett to have learned how to butter up to someone.

Jeremiah placed the final black piece on the board, finalizing the outcome of the game. Jeremiah won, while Demetrius lost, albeit being close

Jeremiah looked expressionlessly at Emmett and Chris, his eyes glinting coldly as he instructed, "Next year, both of you go to Afria to handle the mineral development there. Now, get lost."

When Emmett heard the word "Afria" his head started to spin. Remembering the fear of being overpowered by the local women there earlier this year, he was truly terrified." Emmett couldn't do anything as they were ordinary locals, which was incredibly frustrating. If it had been an enemy harassing him, he would've taken them out long ago. will

Emmett knew Jeremiah's orders were final, so he left dejectedly Chris was unperturbed as it was always Emmett that those local ladies swarmed over wanting, not him.

As he was leaving, Emmett suddenly stopped and looked at Yvette. "Yvette, maybe you should just send me to a psychiatric hospital. Compared to Afria, Emmett preferred the psychiatric hospital.

Yvette sat with her chin on her hand and raised her eyebrow, smirking mischievously. "Oh, there's a women's psychiatric hospital in Afrin with great facilities. If you want to, I can personally take you there. I have connections there. So don't worry, they'll take care of you." Yvette spoke so earnestly that it seemed like the moment Emmett agreed, she'd send him off immediately. Emmett felt a chill run down his spine after hearing that Yvette's ruthless words had stabbed right into his sore spot.

Emmett didn't bother maintaining his dignity anymore. He quickly waved his hands, his whole body showing resistance as he begged, "No! Yvette, I was just kidding! I have to devote my whole life to Mr. Chavez's mineral business. I can't desert him! I'll take care of the mineral development."

After saying that, he immediately turned and headed to the yard Chris came up to Emmett and gloated over his misfortune. Emmett's back was ramrod straight. After all, his hitting Chris wasn't justified, so he didn't argue and decided to just enjoy the sunlight. In the living room, as Yvette

looked away, she noticed Jeremiah and Demetrius were both watching her. She fidgeted with her fingers and smiled casually. "What? Do you guys also want to visit a psychiatric hospital in Afria?"

Demetrius and Jeremiah laughed. Demetrius felt relieved as he mused, Yvette is still the same, but I know, deep down some things have shifted. Seeing her with such good friends really ease, my mind.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette with an unwaveringly tender gaze and thought, Yvette's presence had unknowingly changed many people. It's a magic brought about by her presence

Jeremiah gazed at Yvette and said softly, "As long as I'm with you, it doesn't matter where we go. Even psychiatric hospital sounds like a good place."

10:18 Sat Dec 28

Chapter 393

Demetrius messed up the chessboard they had finished playing public display of affection? With an annoyed look at Jerennials, love somewhere else; it's annoying

10:18 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 395

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Demetrius messed up the chessboard they had finished playing thinking exasperatedly, Why do I have to witness their public display of affection? With an annoyed look at jeremiah, he wheeled himself away, mocking lightly, "Go flaunt your love somewhere else; it's annoying.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 596[1,060 words]

Chapter 596

Jeremiah's eyes were dark as he spoke calmly. "Jealous? Then go find someone for you

Demetrius spinning his wheelchair, waved dismissively and replied, "Nali, women are too much trouble. I'd rather May single and free for the rest of my life."

Yvette stood up, pursed her lips, and slowly shifted her gaze to jeremiah and Demetrius in the wheelchair. Resting her chin on her hand and crossing her legs, she lazily said in her usual cotone, "You two make a good pair." Jeremiah and Demetrius froze simultaneously, turning to Yvette in unison. Their usually composed expressions disappeared.

In the courtyard. Emmen and Chris stood tall under the scorching sun. Sweat beaded faintly on their foreheads.

Chris glanced at the harmonious scene inside the house, then back at their own predicament, scowling at Emmett. "Emmett, the one thing I regret the most is coming back with you to witness Jeremiah's drama," he complained. Beside him, Emmett stretched his muscles slightly and countered, "Don't act like you don't want to see how Jeremiah deals with his love nival."

As they backered, Frankie cheerfully descended from the mansion's third floor nearby. Seeing Emmett and Chris at the courtyard gate, he approached with a mischievous grin, saying. You two got back quick, huh?"

The moment Frankie appeared, Chris and Emmett stopped talking, turning to him with sharp gazes.

Frankie paused, confused. 'What's with their expressions? Didn't just make a call that lasted a bit too long? Why do they look like they're ready to eat me alive?

Even someone as oblivious as Frankie could tell something was off. Quickly discarding his playful demeanor, he cautiously asked, "Emmett, Chris, what's wrong? Did I do something to upset you? Please, just tell me. Let's talk this through- everything can be solved." Emmett and Chris both smiled at Frankie, beckoning him over. Their smiles should have felt warm and inviting, but Frankie sensed an ominous chill behind them.

Reluctantly, Frankie stepped closer, his smile growing wider in a desperate attempt to diffuse the tension.

Before he could speak, Frankie's fist landed squarely on his left eye. Chris followed up with a punch to his right eye.

Dazed by the sudden attack, Frankie clutched both but could still feel the immense pain. He let out a deafening wail "What the heck? Don't you two have any decency? Why are you hitting me? If you don't explain yourselves today, ['IL. FIL..."

But no matter how hard he tried, Frankie couldn't finish his sentence

Emmett rubbed his wrist, his tone heavy. "You'll what? Say again that Demetrius is Jeremiah's love rival?"

Chris was so furious he almost kicked Frankie again. He scolded, Frankie, you've never done anything reliable. Remember when we were kids training in the mountains? You kept poking hornets' nests and brought the swarm back to us. We spent an entire day driving them away."

"Or when we practiced swimming? Instead of sticking to the bases, you dived straight into a river in the wild full of piranhas. We spent all night dealing with those fish," he continued.

"And now? You're spreading nonsense in the group chat about Jeremiah's epic showdown with a love rival, calling it an

intense scene

"Look at the living room now-Jeremiah, Yve, and Demetrius look like a happy family. And you dare to misreport things? I

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10 18 Sat Dec 28

Chapter 396

feel like killing yo

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Emmett had almost forgotten these absurd episodes of Frankie until Chris brought them up. Truly, Frankie had never done anything remotely responsible.

Even Frankie's thick skin couldn't save him now. Embarrassed, he muttered under his breath, unwilling to meet their eyes, "Can't we just talk this through? Why bring up old stuff?"

"Everyone's mischievous as a kid. That was just youthful innocence, something you wouldn't understand. Besides, I did Demetrius' identity in the group chat. He's Jeremiah's brother-in-law," he continued.

The moment he said that, Emmett and Chris' anger spiked. They thought, 'Demetrius isn't just any brother-in-law. He's Yve's brother. Whether by blood or bond, family is family. So what kind of drama are we supposed to be watching?' Emmett asked, "You posted in the group? What exactly did you post, huh?"

Their phones had been on them the whole time, and no such message existed.

Frankie froze, then realized he had been interrupted by a family call and had forgotten to send the message. Now there was no denying who was at fault.

Instinctively, Frankie took a cautious step back, keeping a wary eye on Emmett and Chris. Outsiders might not know what that meant, but they knew him too well. The fact that Frankie led with his left foot meant only one thing-he was preparing to flee.

With a grim chuckle, they gritted their teeth. If he didn't run, the two punches just now would be enough for the revenge; if he runs, he won't get away with just a couple of punches this time, they thought.

Frankie didn't know he had that habit either. Before he could take off, Emmett and Chris grabbed his collar and dragged him back

What followed was a brutal, one-sided beating. Being the physically weakest among them, Frankie couldn't even beat Chris. He stood no chance, especially against the combined force of Chris and the exceptionally strong Emmett. Despite his struggles, he was reduced to a pitiful punching bag.

Emmett and Chris kept it measured-only inflicting superficial bruises-but it was still more than enough to leave Frankie crying like a banshee.

The three were caught in a heated fight, with Frankie wailing like crazy in the courtyard. Eventually, Emmett silenced him by pressing an acupoint.

Inside the living room, Jeremiah and Yvette sat on the couch, while Demetrius was in his wheelchair. They sipped coffee and nibbled on snack seemingly unaware of the commotion outside, though they clearly were.

Brady chuckled lightly, taking a sip of tea. He asked, "Shouldn't you intervene out there?"

Yvette yawned and leaned lazily on the couch, her head tilted as she replied with a mix of seriousness and nonchalance, 'I kind of want to join the fight.

Jeremiah paused mid-sip, turning to her and lightly squeezing her palm. His voice was deep and magnetic, with a teasing lilt. "You want to beat up all three of them?"

Yvette's elegant brows arched, exuding a wild and defiant energy. She leaned back and smirked mischievously, saying, "Yeah, I do

Jeremiah thought for a moment, then nodded. Leaning closer, he asked, "Want me to call them in for you?"

Yvette rose from the couch, her eyes half-lidded, lips pursed. Slowly, she replied. "No need."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 597[1,185 words]

Chapter 597

When Yvette walked out of the living room, Jeremiah finally retracted

caze and turned to Demetrius, who was staring at

him. Jeremiah sipped his coffee and asked calmly, "What are you looking at?"

Demetrius chuckled lightly. For the first time that day, he found himself smiling genuinely more than once.

"Wette is just like when she was a kid-always itching for a fight but are you sure letting her spar won't leave your subordinates with broken arms or legs? Whist if she gets to used to you spoiling her this much?" he asked.

Even as he spoke, Demetrius felt a pang of guilt. In his heart, Yvette deserved to be pampered this way. But he was curious how Jeremiahi would respond.

Jeremiah glanced at Demetrius with a calun, knowing look, as if seeing through his games. He thought, "We're both too seasoned for this kind of testing."

Jeremiah uttered, "Let Yvette do whatever she likes. If anything happens, I'll deal with it. What's the point of a bottom line? Yvette upholds her own bottom line. Rules that she doesn't follow are meaningless."

"If she doesn't follow them, neither will I. She can do whatever she wants to," Jeremiah said in an almost monotonous tone, so calm it lacked any emotional fluctuation.

Demetrius, resting his hand lightly on the wheelchair, paused and looked deeply at him. Jeremiah was indeed an interesting person, far more devoted to Yvette than he had anticipated.

As a major general of Clusia, he had thought Jeremiah would hold to principles and rules more steadfastly than anyone. Yet here Jeremiah was, saying Yvette was his only bottom line and moral compass. The words left Demetrius deeply shaken. Still, this was for the best. Only a man who put Yvette above everything else deserved to walk through life with her. If Jeremiah had given an answer that displeased him, Demetrius would have stopped at nothing to prevent their relationship. Brady sighed and said, "Alright. I see you're showing off your love for her at every opportunity. Do you think making me jealous does you any good?"

Jeremiah, expression as cold as ever, poured Demetrius another cup of coffee. His gaze was sharp, his voice indifferent. "It does quite a lot of good. You're not an easy person to deal with.

"If I can make you angry enough to drop dead, it'll save me some trouble, Jeremiah continued.

The cup of coffee hovered mid-air in Demetrius' hand. No matter how priceless it was, he couldn't bring himself to drink it. Jeremiah truly lived up to being Yvette's man-his words were either nonexistent or so sharp they could enrage even the dead Meanwhile, outside, the moment Yvette appeared, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie immediately stopped fighting. To be precise, Emmett and Chris stopped. Frankie finally caught a breather from the beating

Standing in a row, Emmett and Chris flanked Frankie, making him look small and helpless.

Sporting panda eyes, bruises all over, and hair that had been yanked into a bird's nest, Frankie wiped imaginary tears from the corner of his eyes and flung himself theatrically at Yvette's feet

Frankle knew the boundaries. He didn't want another beating from jeremiah, so he was careful not to touch her pants. Instead, he just flopped down at her feet and sobbed frantically, ve, thank goodness you're here." "If you

didn't come, they would've beaten me to death. Emmett and Chris are madmen, totally inhumane! Look at me. There's not a single unharmed spot on my body," he continued dramatically.

"And my hair-do you know how much I spent getting a professional hairdresser to style it? All ruined! I might as well die.

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Sat, Dec

Chapter 397

I've got no dignity left to live for!"

At that moment. Frankie resembled a shrew from the village, rolling on the ground, full of exaggerated vigor. In fact, he seemed even more energetic than a normal person.

Emmett and Chris, seeing Frankie's antics, collectively ignored him. This guy's getting more shameless. Why does he dare to pull this act in front of Yve? they thought.

Chris gritted his teeth and said, "Yve, this guy started rumors in the group chat about Jeremiah fighting love rivals. That's why Emmett and I rushed over from the training room, only to find it was all a ridiculous misunderstanding. "He deserved the beating. I haven't even hit him enough.

Emmett, ever the neat freak, straightened his rumpled clothes and respectfully addressed Yvette, "Yve, this guy extorted 330 thousand dollars each from both of us. Beating him wasn't uncalled for."

Yvette glanced down at Frankie sprawled at her feet, then lifted her gaze to Emmett and Chris. Her stunning, delicate face showed little emotion. Arching a brow with a touch of mischief, she lazily said to Frankie, "So, you have a death wish?"

Frankie froze, scrambling to his feet as if his life depended on it Shaking his head furiously, he stammered, "Yve, I was joking! Just running my mouth! Don't take it seriously!"

Yve's questions were always serious, and if he dared answer "yes she might just take it upon herself to fulfill his wish. Hearing his response, a faint trace of disappointment flashed across Yvette's eyes. Emmett and Chris noticed it, silently wondering why she seemed almost regretful Frankie didn't want to die.

Yvette turned her gaze to Emmett and Chris, lifting her eyelids slightly with a casual arrogance. Tilting her head, she said unhurriedly. "You two still haven't had enough? I-

Before she could finish, Emmett and Chris cut her off in unison. For the first time, they found the courage to interrupt her because they could both sense it—if they admitted to wanting more, the consequences would be even worse.

The three of them immediately formed an alliance. Compared to Yvette, internal fights were preferable. Internal fights wouldn't injure them heavily, Yvette might.

Yvette wasn't angry at being interrupted. Lips curving slightly, her lazy expression remained indifferent as she looked at the trio, saying, "Since you don't want to die, and you two don't want to fight, why don't you all spar with me for a bit?"

Her tone was polite, as though genuinely seeking their opinion. But the three men knew better. They didn't even dare to say

1. no.

What they had hoped would be a reprieve turned into something worse. Yvette even had the courtesy to ask, as if they had a choice. They couldn't just play deaf.

After a long pause, the three exchanged glances, their expressions resembling someone on death row. If Yvette really made a move, they would be in for it and probably end up getting seriously schooled.

Finally, with begrudging agreement, they nodded in unison and said, "Fine, but please, Yve, go easy on us."

Yvette, hands casually tucked in her pockets, raised an eyebrow at their expressions of grim resolve. "Relax. I'm just going to practice a little," she said.

Upon hearing that, the corners of their eyes twitched. Yvette's idea of a little was never actually a little.

They didn't believe it, not for a second. But no matter what, they're still gonna get beaten. It was an inevitable fate that anyone would call it tragic.

Frankie muttered under his breath to Emmett and Chris, "Do you think, if we all give it our best, we can take her down?"

10:18 Sat, Dec 28

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 598[1,080 words]

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Emmett and Chris looked at Frankie with an expression as if watching an idiot, despite Frankie still holding onto a sliver of hope.

Emmett said mercilessly. "Frankie, a person can be dumb, but they can't be irredeemably stupid."

Chris nodded in agreement and said, "The idea of you trying to defeat Yve is the biggest joke I've heard in my life-an utterly delusional one."

Frankie realized he might have been overthinking things. He braced himself with a look of heroic resignation, ready to meet his doom.

Moments later, the three stood opposite Yvette, who observed them calmly, her half-lidded eyes still bearing that careless expression.

She walked leisurely to a nearby tree, plucked a wicker, and returned at her unhurried pace.

Emmett, Chris, and Frankie froze, confused by her actions. 'Is Yve planning to whip us with a wicker? Is she going easy on them? How painful could a wicker hit?' they wondered.

Frankie, full of misplaced confidence, tried to butter her up. "Yve, are you really using a wicker? If you're going easy on us, just say so! You had me all tense for no reason," he said as he patted his chest. After all, with his skills, he was confident that he could handle a couple of strikes from a wicker.

Emmett and Chris weren't as optimistic but still felt slightly relieved. Their tense expressions softened.

Yvette raised the wicker and curled her lips into a smirk, her eyes enigmatic. After a moment of silence, her voice came light and slow. "You don't think much of this willow wicker, do you?"

The three shook their heads hurriedly, but it was too late. A second later, they learned that the wicker didn't just hurt-it inflicted excruciating pain.

Yvette seemed to exert no effort, casually sweeping the wicker toward them. The trio immediately dodged. Frankie, however, was a step too slow, and the wicker struck his left leg.

The seemingly inconspicuous wicker hit his leg, and Frankie let out a bloodcurdling scream, startling the birds in the courtyard's trees. His wail was no act-his left leg went numb from the strike. Frankie was stunned. 'What's this wicker? A secret weapon? he thought

Emmett and Chris, having dodged the first blow, were equally shaken by Frankie's scream. They could tell Yvette wasn't even using her ancient combat power, this was purely her skillful control of force. The wicker was like a blade, wielded with deadly precision.

Emmett and Chris exchanged glances, fully alert as they focused on the branch in Yvette's hand. They knew avoiding strikes altogether was impossible-they just hoped to minimize the damage.

Yvette withdrew the wicker with ease and slightly lifted her eyelids, her delicate eyebrows arching. She glanced at Frankie, who was grimacing in pain, and Emmett and Chris beside him. Her voice was indifferent. "Again." Frankie, ignoring his numbed left leg, immediately stepped behind Emmett and Yvette, intending to use them as a shield. Friends are like clothing-easily replaceable when needed, right he thought.

Yvette didn't give them time to respond. The wicker swept out again, seemingly as casually as before, but the trio felt an overwhelming force bearing down on them.

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This time, Yvette's spert doubled. Emmett moved swiftly, dodging the strike. Frankie, having learned from his earlier mistake, hid behind Chris. As expected, Chris, slower than Emmett, took the blow on his shoulder and stumbled back two steps,

Frankie, safely behind him, let out a sigh of relief. But before he could celebrate, the wicker came straight for him. Bewildered, he cried inwardly. Wait, what? A sneak attack?

Before Frankie could react, Yvette appeared right in front of him. Her movements were so fast that even Emmett and Chris couldn't see how she got there. All they knew was that, in the blink of an eye, Yvette was in front of Frankie.

The wicker in Yvette's hand seemed to come alive. Frankie froze, and by the time he realized it, he was already bound tightly by the wicker.

Yvette curled her lips and raised an eyebrow. Her gaze held a hint of disdain as she looked at Frankie.

"Uh... Yve, what are you doing? Why are you tying me up?" Franke stammered.

Even Emmett and Chris were stunned. "Is she planning to beat us while we're tied up? That seems a bit too brutal. Are we next? they thought.

Yvette's expression remained indifferent. Her voice was calm and icy. "I'll find you a good spot."

Before they could react, she lifted Frankie like a sack and casually threw him. Bound tightly, he ended up hanging from a tree branch.

Emmett and Chris were utterly bewildered. "Hanging from a tree? Isn't this worse than being beaten? they exclaimed inwardly.

Frankie was equally dumbfounded. Bound and hanging precariously, he didn't dare struggle for fear of falling. His expression stiffened, panda-eyed from earlier blows, his legs dangling weakly in the air, feeling absolutely helpless. "Yve, let me down! I'm afraid of heights! I get hypertension up here! Help!" he shrieked.

No matter how much Frankie shouted, Yvette barely glanced at him, her tone unhurried. down here."

"You're too weak. You're in the way

Frankie's heart sank. He stopped shouting, his head hanging low. Am I so weak that I didn't even qualify to be Yve's sparring partner? What could be more humiliating?"

Without the wicker now, Yvette flexed her wrist and shifted her gaze to Emmett and Chris. Her eyes radiated an oppressive chill.

An hour later, Frankie, still hanging from the tree, watched the scene below. Chris lay on the ground, unable to stand, while Emmett struggled to stay upright, barely managing to balance.

For the first time, Frankie felt grateful to be hanging in the tree. He now only had one thought in mind. Yve is really good to

me

This hour had been an eye-opener. He had witnessed what it truly meant to be utterly dominated. Despite their best efforts, Emmett and Chris' combination of taking turns and two-on-one tactics barely fazed Yvette. She hadn't even moved far from her starting position. Frankie thought, 'Damn. Could there be anything more ruthless than this? Emmett, who's always been the strongest among us since we were kids, is no match for Yve

As for Chris, he couldn't even stand anymore, panting heavily on the ground.

Finally, Yvette ended the match with a powerful kick, sending Emmett flying several feet.

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Chapter 495

Emmett weakly raised his hand in surrender. He was completely out of energy, and continuing the fight might just be the end of him. Struggling, he said. Yve, we give up. If we keep going, we might not see tomorrow's sunrise."

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Chapter 599

II

Yvette calmly gazed at Chris, who was half-kneeling on the ground, and Emmett, who was barely managing to stand upright. With her hands in her pockets, she spoke in a steady tone, "Lack of physical strength, insufficient technique, average endurance, unstable

breathing

Neither Emmett nor Chris said a word, their faces filled with shame. The confrontation made them realize how far behind they were. To say they weren't disheartened would be a lie, but more than that, they learned the importance of not becoming complacent. If their opponent today had not been Yvette, they might have been beaten to death. The two became more serious, and even Frankie fell silent when he heard Yvette's words.

Yvette glanced at the three of them, then casually pulled three pieces of vanilla toffee from her pocket. She then placed them on the nearby table before heading inside.

By the window. Jeremiah and Demetrius had watched Yvette's moves from the beginning.

Demetrius was already impressed by Emmett and Chris' skills. As Jeremiah's subordinates, they were formidable enough to take on a hundred enemies alone, assuming firearms were not involved.

However, to meet Yvette's standards was another matter entirely-such people were extremely rare. After all, Yvette had fought off a pack of wolves and single-handedly wiped out a gang when she was a teenager. It was a piece of cake to take on those two-a complete mismatch.

Demetrius looked at the three silent figures in the courtyard and remarked to Jeremiah, "It looks like Yvette has completely shattered your subordinates' confidence."

Jeremiah was expressionless. He looked away and muttered, "Yvette went easy on them. They're just too weak."

He turned to leave and reached for the door. As he opened it, Yvette stepped inside. Without a word, Jeremiah instinctively bent down, retrieved a pair of slippers, and set them at her feet. He gently placed her foot on his knee to help her put them

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Yvette looked down at the man helping her with her slippers, a subtle smile playing on her lips. At that moment, sunlight poured over them, casting a serene glow that seemed beyond words-a perfect picture of quiet contentment.

Demetrius, seated in his wheelchair, watched the scene unfold and chuckled.

During dinner, Yvette, Jeremiah, and Demetrius were joined by Sienna and Bruce, who had just returned from a date. Jeremiah cooked the meal himself. Demetrius, having had little exposure to

Clusian cuisine, had not expected much, but he was pleasantly surprised by the flavors and found himself wanting more.

Meanwhile, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie, still reeling from the day's events, headed to the training room together, Event Frankie vowed that he would be qualified to spar with Yvette next time.

After dinner, Yvette pushed Demetrius' wheelchair down the road to where his car was waiting, not far ahead.

The night sky was deep and dark, dotted with bright stars. A crescent moon cast a silvery glow over the earth, and towering Trees lined the wide, smooth road.

Demetrius asked, "Yvette, do you remember the last time we watched the moon together?"

Yvette pushed the wheelchair at a leisurely pace. "When I was 15-the first year you were found and brought home," she replied.

Demetrius gaze held a trace of nostalgia as he sighed, "Nearly ten years have passed. Yvette, have you found any leads on

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your mother?"

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Demetrius did not have a good impression of Lilian. Regardless of the reasons, she had abandoned Yvette in an orphanage right after she was born, burdening her with immense internal energy that caused endless physical torment. Those two facts alone were enough for Demetrius to feel no affection for Lilian, who had either disappeared or already passed away.

Yet selfishly, he couldn't help but think that if Yvette's mother hadn't abandoned her, perhaps he and Alice would never have met Yvette in the slums.

When Yvette heard Demetrius mention Lilian, her expression remained calm and composed, as always. Her eyes were deep. and her voice was indifferent. "Yes, she should still be alive. The final clue to the truth from back then is in Betrico." Demetrius now understood why Yvette wanted to go to Betrico. He lowered his gaze and asked, "Yvette, what are your plans after uncovering the truth?"

Yvette wheeled Demetrius to the side of the car. She tilted her head and stared at Demetrius. Her stunningly beautiful face carried a darkness in her eyes. "None. Who can predict the future?" she replied.

Deep down, Yvette had a premonition that the secrets surrounding her so-called mother were far from simple. The fact that Lilian had managed to escape a biology lab on her own back then was enough to prove she was no ordinary person. Demetrius looked at Yvette with a fleeting glimmer of darkness in his eyes. His voice seemed soothing as he said, "Yvette, no matter what lies ahead, you

have Jeremiah and me now. Promise me you won't bear it all alone, okay?" Wette stood with her hands in her pockets, raising an eyebrow at Demetrius' serious expression. With a casual demeanor, she grinned and said, "You're getting more and more naggy with age. Stop acting like an old nanny. Let's go." Demetrius knew she did not want to continue the conversation. He sighed and chuckled before saying, "Fine, I get it. You find me annoying. I'll leave now and won't interrupt your time with Jeremiah." "Honestly, you're like a married woman with a weakened connection with their own family. You're not even married yet, and I already feel like my status has dropped."

With that, Demetrius glanced at the driver in the car. The driver immediately got out to take the wheelchair. He looked sturdy and resolute, more like a bodyguard than an ordinary chauffeur. Yvette stood still, watching Demetrius get into the car with an indifferent gaze.

Once inside, Demetrius rolled down the window and said softly, "When you leave Mysonna, I won't be coming to see you off. Alice and I won't see you for a while either."

Yvette nodded slightly, her eyes lingering on Demetrius' face as they grew deeper. She said, "All right, I understand."

She waved briefly, then turned and walked back to the mansion.

Over the years, they had become accustomed to it—Demetrius always watched Yvette leave and return. Only when she was out of sight did he order, "Return to the presidential palace."

The driver nodded and looked at Demetrius. He looked hesitant before saying, "Boss, how will you explain this to Mr. Becker? He won't easily give up the meeting with Ms. Zeller. Given his methods, she could be in danger. Even if Ms. Zeller avoids him, Mr. Becker will certainly put pressure on you. It won't be easy to deal with."

Demetrius fiddled with the rosary bracelet in his hand. His gaze was dark as a bottomless pit, radiating a murderous aura.

He said, "Uncle Cyrus can't hurt Yvette. He doesn't have that ability. Otherwise, he wouldn't have stood by and watched her leave three years ago. He wants to recruit Yvette and keep her around to protect his own life."

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The driver's expression shifted as he pondered, "Who exactly is Ms. Zeller? Even the President couldn't handle her? And Boss is willing to defy his uncle for her. She must be someone very influential." Demetrius raised his eyes to the slightly distracted driver. He said sternly, "Tell our people to keep a close eye on Uncle Cyrus. Report any movement immediately."

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Demetrius arrived at the manor gates. As soon as he stepped out of the car, he saw Dylan waiting for him.

Dylan quickly approached and bowed respectfully before saying "Mr. Becker, Mr. Becker has instructed you to go to the study in person. He has something to ask you in private."

After delivering the message, Dylan kept his head down, not daring to look up until Demetrius spoke.

"Okay. Let's go." Demetrius replied expressionlessly from his wheelchair.

Dylan immediately gestured to lead the way.

Demetrius' bodyguard stopped in his tracks, watching him leave with Dylan, his concern faintly visible. He thought, Mr. Becker summoning Boss to the second-floor study probably had something to do with Ms. Zeller.

Boss has decided to protect Ms. Zeller at all costs, yet Mr. Becker seems relentless in his pursuit of answers. This disagreement over Ms. Zeller is bound to cause friction between the two.

In the study, Cyrus sat in his office chair, his face hidden in the shadows. He lowered his head as if deep in thought, with a grim expression. When someone knocked at the door, he slowly raised his head, his expression growing colder. "Come in," he said.

The study door opened. Dylan stepped aside to let Demetrius in then carefully closed the door. Then, he quietly waited at the entrance.

Cyrus scrutinized Demetrius in the wheelchair, his expression darkening. Over the years, Demetrius' attitude toward Yvette had been far better than anything he had ever received as Demetrius' uncle.

No matter how hard Cyrus tried to make amends, Demetrius remained indifferent, his emotions unreadable. However, the mere mention of Yvette made Demetrius bristle like a porcupine.

Cyrus said nothing, and Demetrius sat quietly in his wheelchair, not intending to break the silence.

After a while, Cyrus looked away and said coldly. "You went to see Yvette. Don't deny it. I've had people protecting you discreetly. So, your movements in the last few days have not escaped me."

Demetrius paused as he turned the rosary bracelet in his hand. He raised his gaze nonchalantly and thought, Protection? That's nothing but a fancy word for surveillance

He suppressed the faint fluttering of his eyelashes and fixed his calm hazel eyes on Cyrus, devoid of any emotion. "I wasn't going to hide it from you. I met Yvette and had a meal with her he replied. Cyrus had canceled his evening meetings specifically to return and get a clear answer about Yvette. He wanted to know if she would agree to meet him at the presidential palace.

He told himself, 'I should have used all my power three years ago to keep Yvette by my side with armed forces if necessary! Cyrus' expression darkened as he asked, "Did you tell Yvette I wanted to meet her?" Demetrius' gaze sharpened, his profile distant and aloof. Beneath the cold night light, his voice was even more chilling as he replied, "No."

Cyrus thought, As expected. I've already guessed that Demetrius wouldn't mention my request to Yvette.

Fury surged through him. He swept all the documents off his desk with a loud crash and roared, "Demetrius! All these years. when it comes to Yvette, you've always been on her side!

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"Even as your uncle, I can't-duold a candle to her in your eyes. Do you even know who your real family

"It's true, you and Yvette grew up together, relying on each other But that was years ago I at your uncle-your only family in this world, along with Alice Why can't you take my side for one? Demetrius remained unfazed by Cyrus outburst, his face icy and indifferent, like frozen marble. He replied. "Uncle Cyrus. I will stand by Yvette even if I have to stand against the whole world." That was like adding fuel to the fire. Cyrus roared, "Fine! So if one day Yvette becomes my enemy, you'll stand by her wider Help her fight me? If she wanted to kill me, would you even hand her the gun Demetrius looked at the enraged Cyrus and coldly replied, "As long as you don't provoke Yvette, she won't come after you But if she wants to kill you, neither your guards nor your bodyguards will be able to stop her.

"So. Uncle Cyrus, don't waste your efforts. If people don't hurt Yvette, she won't hurt them. But if you insist on keeping her here against her will, you must be prepared to face the consequences. Didn't you learn that lesson three years ago?" Demetrius' voice was calm, his face impassive, his gaze unwavering. In contrast, Cyrus froze at the last sentence, his expression growing darker.

"You know about the special forces I sent to intercept Yvette three years ago?" Cyrus asked.

Demetrius sharp, chiseled features reflected his unyielding determination. He replied, "Uncle Cyrus, you can't hide secrets. The deaths of the ten special forces you sent should have been enough to show you that you cannot hold Yvette." Cyrus felt fear creep into his heart as he thought. If Demetrius knows, then so does Yvette. Forget keeping Yvette close-I might not even see it coming when I lose my own life.

Cyrus tone softened as he said. "Demetrius, you won't betray me will you? I regret it now. Yvette wasn't hurt, and my plan failed. I promise there won't be a next time. I wanted to keep her because I genuinely value her talents

"Why else would I arrange for her to join the Interpol Headquarters and become an International First-Class Interpol Officer?"

Demetrius continued to turn his rosary bracelet, his fingers tense and veined, his eyes cold as ice. "Uncle Cyrus," he said. "there's no need for such lofty words. Yvette joined Interpol on her own merit.

"Her promotion to International First-Class Interpol Officer was entirely her achievement. Over the years, how many major cases has she helped Interpol solve? You know that better than anyone. Interpol is fortunate to have her. She doesn't need their titles or accolades-she acts on her own terms."

His words cut through Cyrus justifications like a blade. Furious, Cyrus slumped back in his chair, gasping for air and clutching his chest, teetering on the verge of a breakdown

Demetrius remained unperturbed, calmly toying with his rosary bracelet. The atmosphere in the study grew tense and eerily silent. One was fuming, his face flushed with anger, while the other sat cold and indifferent in his wheelchair as though they existed in entirely different worlds.

After a long silence, Cyrus let out a heavy sigh, his expression finally softening. "Demetrius," he said, "we're uncle and nephew, not enemies. Can't we have a proper conversation?"