

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 601[1,221 words]

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Demetrius wheeled himself around, his tone icy as he spoke. "Ule Cyrus, everyone has their limits, and if those limits are essed, there will be consequences. If you give up on recruiting vette, we can still be family" Cyrus froze, imally understanding his nephew's thoughts. It was the first time in years Demetrius had spoken so openly- and he realized that without Yvette, his nephew might never have opened up like this. Rather than reacting with anger, Cyrus chuckled. "So, being your mele means I can't recruit Yvette, and you being my nephew means the same. In other words, I'm not allowed near her, right?" Demetrius met Cyrus' gaze, his voice firm. "It's not that you're not allowed. It's that you simply can't."

Cyrus nearly choked on his water, thinking. He must have learned that from Yvette. Of all the things he could learn from her, he learned to be sharp-tongued: He either stays quiet or gets under my skin when he speaks

"All right, I get it. I'll give up on keeping Yvette around. But can we at least negotiate? I'm your uncle-you wouldn't want me kicking the bucket early, right?" he asked.

He added. Tve been relying on Yvette to monitor my health and using her traditional medicine prescription for years. Don't you think I deserve an upgrade? If not, can I at least get a different flavor?"

Cyrus put on a pitiful expression as he finished his sentence. The traditional medicine she had prescribed was far more unpleasant than anything modern medicine offered-thick, dark, and utterly unappetizing.

Every time he forced the concoction down, it left him battling nausea for what felt like ages. The experience was nothing. short of excruciating. He couldn't help but lament inwardly, "Why must I, the president of Mysonna, go through this?"

I don't dare stop the medication for fear of complications. All leant is for Yvette to re-diagnose my condition and prescribe something that doesn't taste so awful. Why is that so much to ask?"

Demetrius studied Cyrus' earnest expression and, sensing his sincerity, softened. "Prepare a 300 million dollar consultation fee, and I'll ask Yvette if she's willing"

Cyrus let out a chuckle, amused and exasperated. 'Demetrius, I'm your uncle. You really don't pull any punches when it comes to setting consultation fees on Yvette's behalf, do you?"

Demetrius pushed the door open, paused briefly, and raised an eyebrow as he responded. "Blood is thicker than water, but business is business."

As he left, Dylan knocked and stepped inside. Spotting Cyrus seated, he inquired respectfully, "Mr. Becker, should we withdraw the men monitoring Mr. Becker?"

Cyrus expression turned somber. "Keep them in place, but stop tracking his movements. The people who attacked my brother and his wife, abducting Demetrius and Alice to the slurs, are still out there. They might target Demetrius again, and I need to ensure his safety" Dylan nodded. "Understood, Mr. Becker. I'll arrange it right away

With a weary wave, Cyrus dismissed Dylan, who promptly stepped out.

The next morning at the mansion, Yvette and Jeremiah descended the stairs only to spot Emmett, Chris, and Frankie entering from outside, still clad in the same outfits as the day before..

They had spent the entire night in the training room, pushing themselves to their limits. While Emmett and Chris seemed to hold up reasonably well. Frankie appeared utterly drained and disheveled.

Dark circles shadowed Frankie's eyes, and the relentless training with Emmett and Chris had left him even more battered,

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his body marred with painful bruises,

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When the trio caught sight of Yvette and Jeremiah, they immediately straightened up despite their exhaustion, greeting them in unison, "Good morning, Mr. Chavez, Yvette,"

Yvette's gaze swept over the trio, her voice low and teasing as she remarked, "You all seem in good spirits."

Frankie was on the verge of tears, thinking, 'Good spirits? Yvette sure has a knack for encouragement. We're miserable and drenched in sweat, reeking so badly even a stray dog would steer clear of us. How could she possibly say that about us?'

Meanwhile, Emmett and Chris' eyes lit up at her remark. The intense training from the previous night had pushed their endurance to new heights.

Emmett, in particular, felt that his ancient combat power seemed close to a breakthrough, as though he was just one step away from reaching an entirely new level of power.

Among the three, only Frankie felt nothing but pain. It was as if fate had offered him a door to greatness, but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't find the strength to open it.

Jeremiah stood with his hands in his pockets, adding casually, "Not bad."

Chris was exhilarated. "Mr. Chavez, Yvette, you felt it too, right? After that intense session yesterday, Emmett and I both felt like our blood vessels and meridians had been completely cleared.

"During our night training, we could actually feel the difference like we'd grown stronger. Yvette, would you mind giving us another beating next time you have the chance?" he asked. Chris was committed. He didn't mind taking a beating as long as he could get stronger. Emmett shared his sentiment, gazing at Yvette intently. It would be great if Yvette could beat us up every day. I'm sure she's not beating us up for nothing; it must be to train us, he mused.

Only Frankie took off running as soon as he heard those words. On the verge of tears, he begged, "Those two are nuts! I don't have such thoughts! If I get beaten up again, I'm as good as dead!"

Yvette glanced at the excited Chris and Emmett, then at Frankie who had rushed to the stairwell. Her striking features were

about this. No three are on the same page laced with amusement as her lips curled into a mischievous smirk. "Make sure you one can be spared."

Jeremiah narrowed his eyes and mused. 'She's teasing them again

With that, Yvette and Jeremiah left for their morning exercise, leaving Emmett and Chris exchanging puzzled glances, while Frankie stood there, looking on the verge of tears.

Emmett and Chris turned around in sync, looking at Frankie sinisterly. They then approached him.

Frankie wanted to escape but had nowhere to go, so he clung to the handrail and shouted desperately, "You guys are too much! If you want Yvette to beat you up, fine, but leave me out of it! Somebody, help!"

Seeing Frankie cling to the railing like a koala, the two couldn't help but smirk.

Emmett said, "You heard Yvette-we're in this together. It's just how it is, so just accept it. You'll get used to the beating"

Chris added with a grin, "Bro, you won't abandon us, right? Moreover, getting a beating from Yvette is a privilege-just roll with it. You don't have a choice anyway; there's more to come." Frankie's eyes widened as he looked at the duo in disbelief, thinking. These two are really something else! How can they talk about getting beaten up like it's some kind of honor!"

He shook his head fervently. "No way! Don't try to brainwash me I'm standing my ground!"

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The two exchanged & knowing glance. The next second, Frankin Emmett, Chris, you guys are such monsters! Get away from m

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The two exchanged a knowing glance. The next second, Frankie earth-shattering shriek echoed through the mansion. Emmett, Chris, you guys are such monsterst Get away from m 10:19 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 602

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The sky was a canvas of perfect blue, bathed in bright sunshine. A crisp chill hung in the air, mingled with the invigorating scent of fresh greenery. The forest echoed with the ceaseless chorus of bird calls, the clear chirping of kingfishers resonating across the verdant hills. Lush green grass carpeted the ground below.

Jeremiah bought land near this area precisely because of its beautiful scenery and the way it was surrounded by mother nature

Yvette and Jeremiah traveled alone on their way there. When Jeremiah purchased the property, he secured not just the mansion but also dozens of miles of the surrounding land, ensuing complete privacy and exclusivity. Jeremiah turned to look at Yvette, gently tucking her hair behind her car. This girl's skin is strikingly tanned" he thought to himself.

His calloused fingertip grazed the back of Yvette's car as he murmured, "Your skin is beautifully tanned"

Yvette paused mid-step, her elegant brows arching playfully as she shot Jeremiah a mischievous smile. "Jeremiah, behave yourself, she teased.

Jeremiah's piercing blue eyes glimmered with restrained desire, though his expression remained composed. His voice was steady. "I know. I'll keep trying-don't worry."

Yvette was momentarily stunned. 'That's not what I meant! This guy's asking for a punching!' she mused.

Jeremiah, seemingly aware of Yvette's urge to hit him, cleared his throat and took her hand, squeezing it. "Let's go. I'll make you some shrimp pierogies when we get back."

That single sentence struck a chord with Yvette, warming her heart. Jeremiah understood her well-food was paramount. To Yvette, a good meal had the power to make almost any problem seem trivial.

Wette nodded, her eyes sparkling at the mention of pierogies. Despite that, she murmured, "But I'm not hungry."

to a smile as he thought. She has no idea how adorable she is whenever she says one thing but

Jeremiah's lips curled into a means another

Nodding, he responded, "I know. I'm the one who's hungry."

Yvette shoved her hands in her pockets, gave Jeremiah an annoyed glance, and reluctantly nodded. "I see. Since you're hungry, let's head back."

Dressed in a crisp white shirt and black pants, with the top buttons casually undone, Jeremiah sat in the mansion's living

room

His long fingers skillfully worked the pierogi dough. Beside him, neatly prepared shrimp filling-the favorite Yvette-was ready to be wrapped. Yvette lounged lazily on the couch, legs crossed, her gaze fixed intently on her phone. She didn't even glance in Jeremiah's direction

Jeremiah, quietly wrapping pierogies, stole a glance at her. He smirked slightly, recognizing her deliberate attempt to ignore

him.

Jeremiah's eyes flicked to the rolling pin teetering precariously on the edge of the table. With a casual nudge, he sent it humbling to the floor, the sudden clatter shattering the tranquility of the room.

Yvette, immersed in scrolling through her phone, halted mid-swipe. Slowly, she raised her gaze to meet his. Her expression remained cool, her eyes distant. One hand cradled her chin in a relaxed pose, while the soft sunlight streaming in framed 1/3

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her in an almost ethereal glow, adding an unintentional allure to her composed demeanor.

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Yvette rose gracefully and strolled toward Jeremiah casually. Her lips, soft and tempting, made his heart skip a beat. Without warning, she gripped his chin and kissed him, nipping at his lower lip as if to vent her frustration.

Jeremiah froze as her teeth grazed his lip, sending a jolt of tingling numbness coursing through him. His body stiffened involuntarily at the unexpected sensation.

Yvette held his gaze until a surge of raw intensity lit up his blue eyes, prompting her to pull away with practiced nonchalance, as though nothing had just happened.

Narrowing her eyes, Yvette teased, "If you can't handle it, just forget it."

Her words hit their mark, and Jeremiah's body tensed further. She had an uncanny ability to unravel his composure with just a few well-placed jabs.

He gazed at the carefree, almost defiant curve of her lips. His blue eyes darkened, his voice low and deliberate as he countered. "I can't handle it?"

Yvette's gaze drifted to the glass of water on the table. She picked it up leisurely, taking a deliberate sip before setting it back down. Her eyes then flickered toward the rolling pin lying forgotten on the floor.

You dropped the rolling pin; doesn't that mean you can't handle it?" Yvette teased.

Jeremiah froze, momentarily speechless at her double entendre. He pursed his lips, his voice dropping to a rough, provocative tone. "Seems like I didn't try hard enough last night. Don't worry, I'll make sure to up my game every single night from now on." Yvette's gaze sharpened, turning icy as she inched closer, closing the distance between them. Their breaths mingled in a teasing, rhythmic dance,

If he lowered his gaze even slightly, he could catch a glimpse of the tempting view beneath Yvette's collar. His eyes darkened, an inscrutable look clouding his expression.

If this keeps up, I'll never finish the pierogies, Jeremiah thought, clenching his jaw in frustration.

Meanwhile, Yvette, noticing the restraint in his eyes, smiled slyly

She patted his shoulder and playfully tapped the button on his chest. Jeremiah's chest burned at the cool touch of her fingers

In the next moment, Jeremiah pulled Yvette into a tight embrace, his body pressing against hers with no space between them. His voice was taut, strained with barely contained intensity, "Did you do this on purpose?"

Yvette lifted her gaze, withdrawing her finger, and with a languid yawn, she teased, "Yes, I did it on purpose."

Jeremiah's eyes flickered to her lips, frustration flashing in them as he fought to maintain control. He gave her waist a gentle

squeeze.

Their gazes locked for a moment, and after a heavy sigh, Jeremiah finally relented, his voice laced with resignation. "Fine. Go ahead, torment me all you want."

Yvette wriggled free from Jeremiah's embrace, flopping down on the couch. Chuckling, she propped her chin in her hand and swung her feet casually.

Jeremiah watched her settle back, her gaze both provocative and teasing, flicking from him to the rolling pin in his hand. Observing his relaxed demeanor, he smiled to himself, thinking As long as she's happy, that's all that matters. Jeremiah chuckled. 10:19 Sat, Dec 28

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Jeremiah sat back down, prepared to finish wrapping the rest of the pierogies when Yvette's soft voice cut through the air. "I'm hungry."

Jeremiah tensed up again. Anything she says now is bound to make me overthink. I really need to teach her a lesson."

As Yvette savored her pierogies, Emmett and Chris descended the stairs, drawn by the tantalizing aroma wafting through the air. Upon seeing Yvette eating alone at the table, they knew Jeremiah must've whipped up something again. They could do anything in the mansion except cook, for everyone's skills in the kitchen were laughable at best. Only Jeremiah, driven by love, had transformed into a culinary wizard, rivaling the finest chefs in town.

Emmett and Chris stole glances at the kitchen and sat at the table, the desire to have a bite written all over their faces.

"Wow, Yvette. Mr. Chavez made you pierogies again? Emmett said enviously.

Every time he saw Jeremiah in the kitchen, he would be amazed Back in the day, Emmett would never have believed that Jeremiah, of all people, could become so good at making wheaten food, which he hated. Yvette glanced at the text she received on her phone and put it away, saying, "There's more. Help yourself."

Jeremiah placed the freshly made orange pudding on the table, glancing at Emmett and Chris.

""Mr. Chavez!" they greeted him.

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Jeremiah nodded and placed the orange pudding in front of Yvine, not giving Emmett or Chris a second glance. In a soft voice he said. "You eat first. I'll go change."

As Jeremiah spoke, Emmett and Chris finally noticed the streaks of white flour smudged across Jeremiah's black pants. One of them thought, Looks like Mr. Chavez's my sophobia doesn't apply to Yvette. Yvette glanced at the orange pudding, slightly smiling. She raised her eyebrows and replied, "Okay. I'm going out this

afternoon. Want to come with me!"

Jeremiah hesitated for a moment before smiling and said, "No, I've got some work to handle remotely at the military district. Let Emmett drive you"

Yvette nodded and said, "Okay"

Emmett froze momentarily upon hearing his name, then quickly straightened and gave a nod "Got it," he said.

That afternoon, Emmett picked out a plain black Jeep from the garage and drove out. Yvette was sitting in the back seat, leaning against the door with her eyes closed as if planning to take a quick nap.

Emmett kept his eyes on the navigation screen as they drove, but the destination felt strangely familiar like something was nagging at him until he finally spoke up.

Yvette, he asked cautiously. "This address looks familiar. Where are we going?"

Yvette opened her eyes just enough to glance at him, her brows slightly raised. Her voice was calm as she replied. "The presidential palace."

Emmett started to speak, "Oh, no wonder it felt so familiar. It's the president-Then he froze, completely stunned. "Holy crap! The presidential palace?"

His thoughts swirled as he exclaimed inwardly. The presidential palace? Yvette is going to the presidential palace? I pride myself on being the calmest among my peers-cool under pressure, calm in chaos-but this is overwhelming!

What's going on? Does she actually know someone there? Don't tell me she knows Mysonna's president Emmett hesitated, to guess further and felt a growing sense of disbelief.

Yvette noticed his reaction and pressed her lips together, clearly not understanding why he was reacting so intensely. "What's the big deal? It's just the presidential palace," she said.

Just the presidential palace? What am I supposed to say to that? How could she act like it's no big deal? If I didn't know better, I'd think we were on our way to a tourist spot, Emmett thought, swallowing hard.

The rest of the ride was silent. Emmett kept his focus on the road, still trying to process everything, while Yvette stared absentmindedly out the window. The scenery flashed by until she got bored and closed her eyes again.

An hour later, they arrived at the private manor within the presidential palace. Before Cyrus became the president of Mysonna, he had already been a wealthy capitalist.

The manor he now lived in was built after he took office, using the world's most advanced and secure materials, and it was nothing short of luxurious.

Even from a distance, Emmett could see dozens of guards at the gates, with patrols constantly circling the perimeter.

As Yvette's car approached, Cyrus was immediately notified. They were waved through without delay-Cyrus had given explicit orders for the vehicle to pass without restriction. 10:10 Sat Dec 28

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Emmett's expression grew more serious as the car approached the gates. He had counted at least a hundred surveillance cameras along the way, not to mention the drones patrolling the area from above. The level of security at the presidential palace is insane. What the president so afraid of he thought.

When they reached the entrance, Emmett turned off the engine and glanced at the imposing guards on duty. He was taken aback, wondering. Is Yvette walking into a trap? Why such an elaborate setup? Even without asking, he knew exactly who Yvette was there to meet. No one but Cyrus, the president of Mysonna, could command such a fortress-like security. 'So she does know the president, he thought. For a brief, doubtful moment, Emmett considered asking Yvette if she knew any aliens. However, he calmed his voice and informed her. "Yvette, we have arrived at the presidential palace entrance, Yvette slowly opened her eyes, still groggy from her nap. She glanced at the guards, unperturbed. "Okay," she said coldly before opening the door.

She stepped out, her long legs moving gracefully. Emmett quickly followed, wondering, What is she doing at the presidential palace?"

Yvette looked as composed as ever in her usual simple black tracksuit, her ponytail swaying with each step.

With her hands in her pockets, she entered with a calm confidence that made Emmett twitch. If anyone could turn the Presidential Palace into a home, it was Yvette.

Before she could get far, Cyrus' first assistant, Dylan, stepped forward. His posture was formal, and his tone was respectful. He greeted her with a slight bow. "Mr. Becker has been expecting you, Ms. Zeller. This way, please."

As one of the few to witness the legendary surgery, Dylan was well aware of Yvette's status. He would rather offend Hades than upset her. Yvette's temper was not to be trifled with

In fact, Dylan was even more cautious and respectful of her than he had been of Demetrius. As Emmett stood next to Yvette, he couldn't help but glance at Dylan.

Emmett said inwardly. That's a lot of respect. Is he afraid of her? What's going on? Did she beat him up, too? No way, that's impossible. If she did, he wouldn't be standing here.

Emmett followed them, acting casually as he mentally mapped out the route. Without Yvette, his identity as a Clusia military officer would never have gotten him past the gates. Dylan led the way in silence, not even glancing back. Yvette followed leisurely, her head slightly lowered, her flawless face unreadable. She moved as if the heavily secured presidential palace was just another park for her to stroll through

As they turned a corner, a bright, cheerful voice suddenly called out from a distance. "Yvette! Yvette! You're here! I missed you so much!"

Yvette stopped and turned toward the voice. A young girl came sprinting out of the garden, her clothes smeared with dirt and streaked with flower petals

Yvette's expression softened for the first time, a slight smile curving her lips. Dylan always perceptive, stepped aside without

a word

The girl, Alice, just jumped into Yvette's arms, clinging to her like a koala. Her legs wrapped around Yvette's waist, and her arms wrapped tightly around her neck as if she had no intention of letting go. Yvette caught her effortlessly, gently patting Alice's head. A rare warmth colored her voice as she said. "Alice"

Alice snuggled against Yvette's shoulder, her face glowing with overflowing joy. "Yvette, you finally canfe to see me! I missed you so much! You haven't visited for ages! If you hadn't come soon, I would have been mad!" she exclaimed. Chapter 609

As Emmett watched the scene unfold, he was puzzled. Alice's Emmett couldn't help but think. What now? Is this person anoth

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As Emmett watched the scene unfold, he was puzzled. Alice's face lit up with pure joy as she threw herself into Yvette's arms. Emmett couldn't help but think. What now? Is this person another rival for Mr. Chavez? 10:19 Sat, Dec 28

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Alice had latched onto Yvette and showed no signs of wanting to get down. She nuzzled Yvette's shoulder like a kitten, tilted her head, and asked in a sweet, childish voice, Yvette, I had a lot of candies today. Do you know why?" Yvette smiled slightly, gently stroking Alice's head. "Why?" she asked softly.

Alice giggled sweetly. "Yvette, it's because we can read each other's minds. I knew you'd come, so I wanted to be really sweet. I'm so sweet, Wette!"

After behaving cutely, Alice leaned in and whispered, "Yvette, promise you won't tell anyone, and don't tell Demetrius. I hid all the candy so he can't find it, hehel"

As she spoke, she pulled a candy from her Mickey Mouse backpack and slipped it into Yvette's pocket. Alice beamed with satisfaction, thinking no one had noticed. Little did she know th everyone in the room had seen exactly what she'd done. Alice had a sweet tooth since she was young. Prior to meeting Alice, she had a very hard childhood with Demetrius when they grew up in the slums. However, a brain stem injury left her perpetually stuck in the mind of a six-year-old child. Her favorite flavor was always something sweet. She loved sneaking candy and hiding the wrappers so Yvette and Demetrius wouldn't find out.

Yvette held Alice. Alice was growing tired as she was using both her legs and feet, but she was reluctant to get down. She could only secretly exert herself. Soon, her cheeks were flushed and damp with sweat

The next moment, Yvette gently lifted Alice, who was clinging to her like a koala. She shifted Alice and then began to carry the latter sideways. Yvette gently weighed Alice in her arms, her brow furrowing slightly as if displeased with how light she was.

Ignoring everyone's gaze, Yvette carried Alice into the mansion. Emmett trailed behind, astonished to see such a gentle side, to Yvette. He'd never seen Yvette act so tenderly

I never thought to associate the word "tender" with Yvette, but the way she's carrying Alice like this is beautiful, somehow, thought Emmett

Emmett could tell the little girl clinging to Yvette had some sort of mental developmental delay. She was definitely not like others. However, Yvette was really spoiling that girl a bit too much.

As soon as Yvette and Alice entered the living room, they saw Cyrus already seated on the sofa. Dressed formally in a suit and leather shoes, he was signaling how seriously he was taking this meeting

The moment Emmett saw Cyrus, he knew he'd been right all along. Yvette was really going to meet the president of Mysonna at the presidential palace.

Cyrus' lips twitched as he saw Yvette carrying Alice into the room, wondering, 'How she could be so unrefined in a formal setting? Doesn't she know where she is?

But he kept his thoughts to himself, his expression giving nothing away. Cyrus sat still, waiting for Yvette to make the first move to greet him.

Yvette hardly acknowledged Cyrus, who was sitting on the couch as she entered the living room. Her gaze barely swept over Cyrus as she went straight to the other side.

Yvette set Alice down softly and took a seat next to her. Crossing her legs, she leaned back, seemingly oblivious to Cyrus presence in the living room.

Yvette ignored Cyrus completely. Emmett stood next to Yvette, His gaze lowered. As far as he was concerned, he was going to pretend not to notice anything that Yvette did not see..

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Alice was settled on the couch, her arms still wrapped tightly around Yvette's and refusing to let go. She was being incredibly clingy. It was clear she was completely oblivious to Cyrus' presence.

The male assistant hurried over to Cyrus as soon as he saw what was happening, Leaning in, he announced loudly, "Mr. Becker, Ms. Zeller has arrived. We met Ms. Becker outside.

The male assistant's voice was as loud as it could be. It was clear that he wanted to make sure everyone in the room heard him, and nearly made himself hoarse from the attempt. 11 years of working for Cyrus had clearly honed his ability to read the room. Although Cyrus' cars were

ringing from the shouting, a satisfied expression spread across his face. He then cleared his throat loudly a few times, on purpose. "All right, I understand. You can step aside.

While Cyrus and his male assistant carried on this role quite smoothly, Yvette, Emmett, and the innocent Alice appeared uninterested in their presence. However, Alice was startled by the male assistant's loud voice and shrank into Yvette's arms fearfully. "Yvette, they're so loud," she whimpered.

Alice's dismissive comment left both Cyrus and his male assistant feeling awkward, but they still pretended nothing had happened. However, their pride was a bit wounded, especially Cyrus'. For Mysonna's president to be told he was noisy by his own niece was quite humiliating.

Emmett hid the mirth in his eyes, thinking, "The President is really pathetic, but he wants to show Yvette who's boss? With the King of Golden Triangle under her thumb, the President of Mysonna seems relatively insignificant in comparison' Yvette, who had been so still throughout the whole incident, was jolted into action by Alice's frightened face. A dark, menacing glint appeared in her usually gentle eyes.

A cold aura enveloped her, chilling the entire living room. Yvette gently patted Alice on the back, her gaze then settling on Cyrus, who was seated on the sofa.

Cyrus sensed Yvette's gaze and paused. Yvette's moodiness had not changed throughout the years, and Cyrus feared that she might actually attack him here. Yvette was brutal when she snapped

Cyrus quickly tried to calm Alice down. "I'm so sorry for scaring you, Alice. My voice was a bit loud. Here, have some new fruit candy. Why don't you go play outside? Yvette and I have important things to discuss." Cyrus took out some candy from a drawer. The colorful sweets looked delicious. Alice's eyes widened at the sight of the candy as she swallowed audibly, but glanced at Yvette, her expression torn.

After a while, as if she'd endured much and had made a difficult decision, she refused. "No, thank you, Uncle Cyrus. I want to stay with Yvette. I'm not going anywhere." She turned away, pouting slightly. Her grip on Yvette's hand tightened. Yvette sat with her legs crossed, a smirk playing on her lips, looking every bit the boss. Opposite her, Cyrus, who'd been soundly beaten despite his age and years of experience and cunning, could not help but feel a little embarrassed. Seeing Cyrus' grim expression, the assistant quickly stepped forward and apologized to Alice. "Ms. Becker, I'm sorry. My voice was too loud."

Cyrus gave the male assistant a satisfied nod and gestured for him to leave. "Off you go."

Cyrus put on quite a show trying to pass the buck, but his act fell flat. No one in the room, except for his assistant, was buying it. He realized that his putting on that act was futile, and a wave of dejection washed over him. 10:19 Sat, Dec 28

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Chapter 605

After the male assistant left, Cyrus glanced at Emmett sharply, clearly signaling his intent for Emmett to leave. However, Emmett was unfazed by Cyrus' unkind gaze and pretended not to see it. Until Yvette said otherwise, he was staying put. Emmett's impassiveness made Cyrus even more annoyed. I reckon Yvette's associates share a similar attitude to her, he thought.

Yvette crossed her legs and arched a brow. Her gaze, as cold as ice, locked onto Cyrus as she nonchalantly said, "Since when do you get to boss around my subordinates?"

Emmett was touched beyond words when Yvette spoke up for him. Yvette was one tough cookie. Who else could tolerate that temper?

As soon as Yvette spoke, Cyrus' expression darkened visibly. But he needed something from her, so he bit his tongue and suppressed his anger. He vowed to find a way to bring her down and prove that some people weren't meant to be trifled with. Cyrus said in a deep voice, Yvette, this concerns my health and my standing. It's not something just anyone can know. You should understand. Since he's someone you trust, let him stay."

Cyrus paused and added, "But if I hear a single whisper about my condition, even if he's your subordinate, don't blame me for being ruthless"

Yvené shot to her feet at Cyrus' words, her expression turning cold. It was obvious she was ready to walk out.

Cyrus, who had merely sought to regain his dignity, was caught off guard. He was puzzled as to why she would leave before even treating him

Cyrus stopped trying to play it cool. He quickly stood up and tried to smooth things over. "Yvette, what I mean is, I believe that your subordinate won't go around spreading rumors. Don't misunderstand me."

A wicked smile played on Yvette's lips as she pursed her lips and flicked an imaginary speck of dust off her clothes. She then

sat down once more..

Emmett watched as Cyrus' face turned beet red and very uncomfortable. It seemed Yvette had really rubbed him the wrong way. To have the privilege of seeing the President of the Mysonna squirm in humiliation like this was quite a sight, thanks to Yvette. Yvette's was impassive, and her impatience in her gaze was evident to everyone. As for who it was directed at, even the simple-minded Alice was aware. Yvette looked at Cyrus and said flatly, "Give me your hand."

Cyrus was so angry that he was on the verge of exploding, but at the mention of Yvette taking his pulse, he immediately extended his hand. With his life hanging in the balance, his pride was a small price to pay.

After all, she was the one who had saved him. If anyone else had behaved this way before him, they would've ended up dead

A hush fell over the room as Yvette's defined fingers traced Cyrus pulse. Two minutes later, she withdrew her hand and asked casually, "Have you been taking the traditional medicine prescribed on time?"

Cyrus nodded seriously and replied, "I've been very diligent about taking the traditional medicine you prescribed. You explained that traditional medicine works gradually, so I've made it a point to take it every day, no matter how hectic my schedule is

He had just finished his dose of traditional medicine before Yvete arrived. Years of consuming traditional medicine had infused his very being with the distinctive scent of traditional medicine. Cyrus was used to the hushed comments at formal gatherings about the smell. 10:19 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 605

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As the President of Myson, he couldn't very well tell them he was dependent on traditional medicine to stay alive. If word got out that he was only alive thanks to Clusian medicine and its remedies, it would undermine the prestige of Mysonna's modern medicine. He'd quietly funded a research institute dedicated to Clusian traditional medicine based on Yvette's formulas, a secret he guarded closely. The lab was staffed exclusively by top medical students from Mysonna

While the researchers only found some literature and existing traditional medicine formulae to study, none of them matched the prescription Yvette had given him.

Cyrus had to admit that traditional medicine was indeed extensive and profound. He even sent people to Clusia to recruit experts in traditional medicine, but after a whole year, he still had not found any good candidates.

Traditional medicine was on the decline. There were already few experts, and most of those who knew the craft were elderly. However, there were hardly any young practitioners. It was puzzling to Cyrus why the Clusians weren't doing more to promote traditional medicine. Yet, he refused to believe that Yvette was the only young person in the world who was an expert in traditional medicine. He was sure he could find a suitable candidate. If he could, he'd pay whatever it took.

Since he could not retain Yvette, so he would have to settle for someone else who knew traditional medicine.

Cyrus returned to his senses when he saw Yvette looking at him Yvette had a reputation for her biting remarks and her ability to see straight through people.

Yveté raised an eyebrow and said coldly, "Continue taking it. You won't require another prescription for two years."

Cyrus hesitated. Glancing at Yvette, he then said, "Yvette, can you give me a different prescription? This one tastes so bitter that it's almost unbearable. If I keep taking it, I might save my life, but I'll probably lose my sense of taste." Cyrus felt as if he had been greatly wronged. If the medicine had not been working, he would have thought Yvette was deliberately making his life miserable.

With a bored expression on her exquisitely beautiful face, Yvette casually crossed her legs. She treated everyone this way, Her words were as sharp as a knife as she taunted Cyrus, which angered him greatly.

"Oh? Back then, you couldn't get enough and wanted to take the medicine three times a day. Now you're complaining about it?" Yvette sneered.

Cyrus felt his heart skip a beat. Yvette's words hit the mark, and he had nothing to refute her statement with. Mumbling, he replied. "It was different back then. I'd just had surgery. I needed to build up my strength."

Cyrus' explanation lacked confidence. He had been so weak that he couldn't leave his bed, but Yvette's prescription worked. wonders, making him feel strong enough to leave bed within a single hour of taking her medicine.

He felt like he'd discovered a priceless treasure, and wished that he could take the traditional medicine several times a day. With the presidential election occurring every five years, he was scrambling to win votes for his re-election

Given that every moment was precious, he was definitely anxious about the whole thing,

However, no one could tolerate taking such bitter traditional medicine for years. Yvette knew exactly what Cyrus was thinking. A wicked smile played on her lips, sending shivers down Cyrus' spine. Yvette's smile was undeniably attractive, but it was also terrifying. Emmett was still somewhat astonished by Cyrus' deference to Yvette. Yvette was always so domineering, doing whatever she pleased. Even Cyrus, the powerful President of Mysonna, treated her with such respect.

If he had not seen it himself, or if someone had told him this had happened, he would've dismissed it as a rumor or outrageous lie.

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10:19 Sat, Dec 28

Chapter 605

Yvette propped up her feet and said lazily. "Are you sure you want to change the prescription?"

Yvette's question made Cyrus hesitate, but he finally gritted his teeth and said, "Yes, change the prescription. Give me another one, and I'll give you another 100 million dollars." 96%1

Yvette nodded slightly, a smirk playing on her lips. She would've been a fool to not make money out of this. "Sure, why not?

But don't come crying to me later."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 606[1,276 words]

Chapter 606

Seeing Wette agree, Cyrus quickly pulled out the checkbook he had prepared, filled it, and slid it over to her as he feared she would change her mind and not give him a prescription.

Yet, Yvette merely glanced over. Seeing that, Emmett stepped forward and picked up the check from the table before returning to stand behind Yvette. Though 100 million dollars was not a small amount, it was an eye-opener to him that one of Yvette's prescriptions was worth that much.

Emmett felt a bit emotional, thinking how traditional medicine, precious treasure left by the ancestors, was neglected and underappreciated in modern society.

Meanwhile, Yvette casually picked up the paper and pen prepared on the table and slowly wrote a new prescription. When she finished, she slid it over to Cyrus.

Cyrus quickly grabbed the prescription and looked at it. Like he had obtained a precious treasure, he was thrilled that he could finally stop having the previous prescription that he had gotten sick of. Yvette caught a glimpse of Cyrus' face and smirked. Raising an eyebrow, she said, "You used to take the old prescription three times a week. With the current prescription, you need to have it once daily." Cyrus' happiness lasted only a few seconds before his smile froze. "You mean I have to drink the new prescription once a day? This..." his voice trailed off.

Yvette leaned back slightly. Her face was cold as she slowly said, "Yes. If you'd rather not, you can return to the old prescription."

Yvette seemed pretty easygoing about it. However, Cyrus thought about how he had already spent 100 million dollars on the new prescription, thus suggesting going back was out of the question. After all, Cyrus could try to get his money back if it was anyone else, but he would not stand a chance with Yvette.

Even though Cyrus was the president of Mysonna, he was even more of a shrewd businessman. Spending 100 million dollars just like that surely hurt, but it would only be right to be reasonable. Cyrus thought Yvette would feel awkward accepting the 100 million dollars now that he did not need the new prescription anymore. Otherwise, that would not be different from outright robbery. After a few seconds of silence, Cyrus said, "If we switch back to the old prescription, does that mean my check will..."

Emmett was in disbelief that the esteemed president of Mysonna would be so stingy. 'He's asking back the 100 million dollars from Yvette?' he thought.

Then again, Emmett had no idea that Yvette's visit to the presidential palace for a consultation already cost 300 million dollars. The 100 million dollars was extra for the prescription.

While Emmett was mocking Cyrus' stinginess, Yvette nodded at his words. Her hand tapped away idly on the armrest. A mischievous smile appeared on her face as she raised her well-defined eyebrows. With a casual air, Yvette asked, "Hmm? 100 million dollars? When did I take 100 million dollars from you?"

Cyrus expression froze. He was too stunned to react. Yvette's reply was an obvious hoodwinking. After all, she might not have received the money herself, but it was no different when her subordinate did. Cyrus turned his gaze to Emmett, but Emmett immediately lowered his head and played dumb. 'Are you kidding? You're asking money out of Yvette's pocket?' thought Emmett.

Cyrus really could not believe Yvette would be so shameless. 'Cheating me on my turf? Did she forget this is the president's

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12:23 Sun, Dec 29

Chapter 600

home and not her own

Swinging her little feet on the couch, Alice munched on a lollipop while blinking her big, adorable eyes. She looked at the grim-faced Cyrus, then turned to Yvette. She said innocently, "cle Cyrus is being mean. Yvette didn't take it. She didn't. Cyrus' face fell immediately. Aside from the people Yvette brought into that living room, Alice was the only person who could prove him right, yet she also claimed that Yvette did not take it. 'Is there no justice?' he thought.

Then again, it was not Alice's fault. In her mind, Yvette had not taken the money since she never even touched the check. At that moment, Cyrus had no choice but to suffer in silence and only pretend he had lost the 100 million dollars. Cyrus reassured himself that at least he still had the new prescription. He thought of having his team study it and possibly recover the 100 million dollars.

Meanwhile, Emmett found himself increasingly impressed by Yvette. She was probably the only one in the world to pull off a trick like that in the presidential palace.

The most frightening thing was that Cyrus let Yvette's actions slide. Nobody knew that a man who had been a key figure in Mysonna's politics for over 20 years and even became president could be so agreeable.

There was only one explanation-Cyrus was wary of Yvette. 'Is it because he needed Yvette's treatment for his health?' wondered Emmett.

Moments later, Cyrus glanced at Yvette lounging comfortably on the couch. "Interpol Headquarters has been asking you to go on a mission this year, but I heard you've turned them all down. Have you been really busy lately?" he asked seriously. Even though Yvette had not worked a standard nine-to-five since she joined Interpol Headquarters, she was always approachable for help whenever someone went to her with a tough case.

Yvette had not handled many cases over the years, but every case was very challenging. The Interpol officers only sought her help when they could not solve a case internally. Her record was impeccable. She held the highest success record in Interpol to date. At that moment, Alice pointed at the oranges on the table and clapped her hands. "Yvette, I want that. I want the orange. I want to eat the orange," she said.

Yvette casually picked up an orange from the table and slowly peeled it. Her long, slender fingers were beautiful. Cyrus was already accustomed to her behavior now.

Only in front of Alice did Yvette reveal her soft side like an ordinary woman without all the fighting. Cyrus knew Yvette might not even have saved him if it were not for Alice back then

Similarly, Emmett was also taken aback by the scene. He even thought that Yvette might not be as gentle toward her own child as she was toward Alice if she and Jeremiah had a child in the future.

While peeling the orange, Yvette casually replied to Cyrus, "Yes. I won't have time this year or next, so I'm not taking any assignments."

Cyrus nodded without much reaction and said, "Okay. I'll inform them. Interpol won't bother you until the end of next year.

"Also, Terry asked me to tell you that the organization unanimously agreed to revoke your position as International First-Class Interpol Officer and officially promote you to Secret Special Agent. I'll have someone deliver your new ID to your place tomorrow." Emmett was stunned for a few seconds when he heard the term as it had the highest confidentiality status in Interpol. At t..... position, Yvette's authority had greatly increased.

Interpol was recognized globally as an authoritative organization. Now that Yvette was a Secret Special Agent, she had special privileges in any country.

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Chapter 606

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Yvette split the peeled orange and fed it to Alice herself. She nodded without care and simply hummed in response.

At that moment, Cyrus glanced at Emmett. He had already noticed that Emmett was from Clusia, and he had formed some suspicionis.

Yvette never stayed in one place for too long. She had been wandering for years without any subordinates, which was a good thing. However, that was not the case anymore, now that she suddenly had a subordinate from Clusia. 12:23 Sun, Dec 29

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 607[1,203 words]

Chapter 607 73%

Cyrus leaned back, his tone casual but with a hint of feigned indifference. "You used to keep to yourself. Now you've got a subordinate? I have to say, I'm surprised. Did you pick them up Clusia?"

Yvette shifted her gaze slowly from Alice to Cyrus. Her sharp, intense gaze showed an undeniable arrogance, and the room seemed to grow heavier as tension thickened the air. Even Emmett straightened slightly, his guard visibly raised. Although Cyrus asked casually, the probing undertone of his remark was impossible to ignore. The intense look in Yvette's eyes caused him to lower his gaze and take a sip of his coffee.

Yvette chuckled softly, then replied, "My boyfriend's a military officer from Clusia."

Cyrus' hand froze, the cup suspended. Though his face remained composed, the flicker of surprise was unmistakable.

A moment later, he lowered the cup, forcing a casual tone. "A military officer from Clusia? I didn't think you'd ever date. The man you chose must be quite something. What's his rank?" The question added to the tension. Emmett's expression darkened instantly, his gaze sharpening at the veiled curiosity in Cyrus' words.

Yvette smirked, her cold gaze daring him to say more. Her voice was icy. "Do we know each other that well?" Her words hit like a slap, the unspoken message clear-to stay out of her business. Cyrus' smile faltered as her sharp rebuke sank in. He masked his irritation, but the cracks in his composure became gradually visible from repeatedly being put in his place by her.

Sensing the shift, Emmett stepped forward, his face grim. He knew things were not going to end well, and leaving the presidential palace today might not be as simple as they had hoped.

Unfazed by the rising tension, Yvette reached over and placed a hand gently on Alice's shoulder. "Alice, why don't you go play in the garden for a bit?" she said softly.

Alice never listened to anyone except Yvette and Demetrius, and of the two, Yvette was always her top priority. She nodded and said, "Okay, Yvette. I'll wait for you in the garden."

She gave Yvette a quick, affectionate lean before darting off, like a bird finally free from its cage.

The silence that followed was suffocating. Cyrus' gaze locked onto Yvette, but she did not flinch, meeting his stare with a quiet, cutting intensity.

Finally, Cyrus said, "Yvette, I was just trying to show concern. No need to take it the wrong way. If you don't want to talk, I'll drop it. But Demetrius has been worried about you. Does he know you're dating?"

Trying to defuse the tension, Cyrus steered the conversation toward Demetrius.

The mention of Demetrius made Emmett freeze as realization dawned on him. He thought, 'Demetrius... the man from two days ago? Is he connected to the presidential palace? And Cyrus. they share the same last name. Could they be family?' Yvette's gaze stayed fixed, her face betraying no emotion. Her voice was cold. "That's none of your concern

Cyrus stiffened at the sharp dismissal, his jaw clenched in silent frustration. Her refusal to back down struck a blow to his pride.

Emmett, thoroughly impressed, thought, 'She really dares to treat the president of Mysonna like this? Who else is left? Is there anyone Yvette actually fears?

Yvette stood up, slipping her hands into her pockets as she raised an eyebrow at Cyrus. Her voice was calm but cutting.

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Chapter 607

"Mind your own business. It's better for your health. Stick your nose where it doesn't belong, and you might not walk away

from this."

Without waiting for a response, Yvette turned and strode out, leaving Cyrus on the couch, unaffected by his anger. Emmett glanced at Cyrus' darkening expression before hurrying after Yvette.

The living room felt suffocating as Cyrus sat alone, the palpable tension hanging thick in the air.

As Dylan saw Yvette walking out, he straightened up and gave a polite bow. "Ms. Zeller, are you leaving the presidential palace? I can escort you to the gate."

Yvette paused, narrowing her eyes as she looked at him. Her tone was indifferent. "Which garden is Alice in?"

The presidential palace boasted four expansive gardens, a reflection of Demetrius' love for plants. When the palace was built, he had them divided into four distinct sections.

"Ms. Becker is in the East Garden," Dylan replied, his posture respectful. "Would you like me to take you there?"

"No need," Yvette said.

"Understood," Dylan responded, bowing slightly once more. "If you need anything, just let me know." He stepped aside, watching as Yvette and Emmett made their way toward the East Garden.

Once they were out of sight, Dylan returned to the living room where Cyrus, his expression dark and furious, sat with a glass of red wine.

"Mr. Becker," Dylan began carefully, "Ms. Zeller and her companion have gone to the East Garden to meet Ms. Becker." As soon as Yvette left, Cyrus' composure shattered. His gaze darkened, and a cold sneer curled his lips. "She treats my presidential palace like her own personal playground-coming and going as she pleases, without the slightest bit of respect."

Dylan, ever cautious, lowered his head in a bow. "Mr. Becker, should we take this opportunity to detain Ms. Zeller? The elite special forces unit is already in position."

Dylan knew the risks of serving those in power. After years at Cyrus' side, his instincts were finely attuned to his moods.

The moment he saw Cyrus' expression, he knew that Yvette had gotten under his skin again. He chose his words carefully, matching the storm inside Cyrus.

Cyrus lowered his gaze, thinking deeply. Five tense minutes passed before he finished his wine in one long gulp. His voice, cold and measured, broke the silence. "We can't. Yvette's a walking weapon."

"If we take her down today, fine. But if she escapes, I'll never sleep soundly again. And trust me, if I make a move against her, Demetrius will see to it that I don't wake up."

Dylan knew Yvette could not be stopped. Yesterday, he had sensed that sending the elite unit was unnecessary.

She was too dangerous and unpredictable with combat skills, intellect, and physical strength that made her nearly untouchable. As an enemy, she had been an unstoppable force, impossible to counter.

Cyrus' expression grew darker. "Find out who her boyfriend is. A Clusia military officer? I doubt it's that simple. Whoever her boyfriend is, he won't be ordinary."

To Cyrus, Yvette was not just a threat but was a valuable asset to the country and those who knew how to leverage her. The benefits she brought were enormous.

If he could not control her, he would not let anyone else claim her either.

Dylan noticed the concern in Cyrus' eyes and had a sense of what was on his mind. He said, "Mr. Becker, as long as Ms.

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Chapter 607

Becker and Demetrius remain close to you, Ms. Zeller won't see you as an enemy

The mention of Alice and Demetrius seemed to ease some of Cyrus' tension. He leaned back, rubbing his temples as his frustration subsided. "Get me the surveillance footage from the East Garden." Dylan nodded, then recalled something he had forgotten to report. He quickly added, "Mr. Becker, there's one more thing."

"Ms. Leilani Markos, daughter of Mr. Markos and a suitor of Mr. Demetrius Becker, arrived earlier today. She's likely in the East Garden with Ms. Becker right now."

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 608[1,179 words]

Chapter 608

In the East Garden, a woman sat elegantly on a wooden bench, displaying sophistication in a tailored Chanel style and high heels as a housekeeper quietly poured coffee into her porcelain cup. Cyrus' assistant had mentioned her name, Leilani Markos.

Known as the daughter of a Mysonna real estate mogul, Leilani had recently made waves with calculated efforts to win over

Demetrius.

Leilani's eyes followed Alice, who flitted around the garden chasing butterflies. A faint sneer appeared on Leilani's flawless face, her thoughts dripping with contempt.

If only Mr. Becker didn't dote on his simple-minded sister so much, I wouldn't have wasted my time pleasing her and enduring this charade. Trapped in this garden day after day, entertaining her foolish games and tending to flowers? I'm going to lose my mind, she mused.

Leilani groaned as she turned to her housekeeper, Amanda. "Heavens, how much longer do I have to put up with that idiot? I'm at my breaking point!" she whined.

Amanda cast a wary glance around, ensuring the guards were out of earshot before leaning in, whispering, "Ms. Markos, please hold on a bit longer.

"Once Mr. Becker agrees to the engagement, you'll secure your place as the next Markos heir. Alice is just a small obstacle. Tolerate the girl for now," she added. Leilani's irritation softened slightly as Demetrius' name was mentioned.

Her expression gave way to a shy, lovesick glow as she envisioned his chiseled looks.

"Well, if it weren't for Demetrius, I'd never waste my time like this with a fool," she said. "Anyway, you certain he's returning to the mansion this afternoon?"

The Markos family had sent Amanda with a clear mission-to keep Leilani's fiery temper in check and ensure she successfully married into the presidential palace, which would cement the Markos family's status in Mysonna

Despite Demetrius' physical disability, his immense wealth and standing as the cherished nephew of President Cyrus made him the most sought-after bachelor of Mysonna.

With his reclusive lifestyle, only a few knew his true identity. The Markos family had meticulously plotted and used every tactic in their arsenal to draw her closer to Demetrius.

Thus, Leilani was granted permission for daily visits to the presidential residence.

Amanda informed, "Mr. Becker will return this afternoon, Ms. Markos, You must focus on showing concern for Ms. Becker. She's the only person who matters to him. Gain her trust, and he'll begin to see you differently."

Leilani nodded begrudgingly, her heels clicking against the stone path as she made her way toward Alice, who was engrossed playing in the garden.

'She's just a fool. All it takes is a bit of flattery, and she'll listen to me in no time. Once I become Mrs. Becker, I'll make sure this bothersome girl is sent far away,' Leilani thought, clicking across the garden path in her heels, preparing to speak. Alice, still pursuing the butterfly, turned suddenly and barreled straight into her.

Though Alice's mind was childlike, her physical strength was great; meanwhile, Leilani, pampered and delicate, found herself completely unprepared.

Chapter 608

Alice stood unscathed after the bump, but Leilani crumpled to the ground. Her twisted ankle robbed her of composure, and her face contorted painfully.

"Are you blind?" she snapped, glaring at Alice with a venomous expression.

Alice shrank back and stammered, "I-I'm sorry."

Amanda hurried to the scene, her voice edged with urgency as she intervened, "Ms. Markos, please. Ms. Becker didn't mean

it."

While supporting Leilani, Amanda gazed at Alice, standing at a loss with tears glistening in her wide eyes. Amanda turned to Leilani, who continued to mutter complaints and spoke tentatively.

"Ms. Markos, apologize to Ms. Becker-now. You're in the presidential palace. Reckless words could cost you dearly here," she cautioned.

Leilani, spoiled and unaccustomed to restraint, glanced around the garden. Seeing no one else present, she felt emboldened, certain that Alice would not dare speak of the incident.

Across from her, Alice clutched at her dress, her tears falling silently, one after another, looking like a fragile and utterly defenseless little rabbit.

Ignoring Amanda's request, Leilani felt her irritation boiled over. "What's with the tears? I only said one thing!" she snapped. "You're nothing but a burden to Mr. Becker."

Alice stared at her blankly, biting her lip as though she could not quite grasp the meaning of Leilani's words. Her hollow expression only fueled Leilani's sense of superiority.

'How can such a fool be so lucky? A brother like Demetrius and an uncle who's the president-that's ridiculous!' Leilani mused bitterly.

Beside her, Amanda fidgeted nervously. 'Ms. Markos is crossing the line,' she thought, her heart racing. 'In any other setting, her words might be brushed off, but here in the presidential palace? If anyone hears... Just then, Yvette arrived at the garden entrance with Emmett. From their vantage point, they saw Alice's back facing them, and in front of her stood Leilani with a smug expression, and Amanda in obvious distress. The sight of Alice's fragile silhouette made Yvette's expression hardened. A cold, predatory gleam entered her eyes; a faint crimson hue darkened her gaze, like a predator ready to strike.

Emmett stiffened, feeling the sharp shift in her energy. He thought, 'Someone's about to get unlucky today!'

While Alice, facing away, was entirely unaware of Yvette's arrival, Leilani and Amanda froze when they caught sight of Yvette standing in the doorway.

Even in her time at the presidential palace, Leilani had never encountered such an exquisite beauty, especially one with Clusian roots. For the first time, unease gripped her a sudden sense of competition she had not anticipated.

Her eyes darted to Amanda, and Amanda understood instantly. No matter how brash Leilani could be, she would not dare mistreat Alice in front of someone else.

Without hesitation, Leilani stepped forward, her demeanor transforming in an instant. Grabbing Alice's hand, her eyes brimmed with tears, and her voice cracked as sobs broke through.

"Alice, please don't feel bad. I know you didn't mean to hurt me. I'm not angry, so don't cry, okay?" she soothed, and even lifted her skirt to reveal a slightly scratched calf, exaggerating her discomfort to elicit sympathy. Amanda, ever quick to back her up, spoke loudly, "Ms. Markos, it's not your fault that Ms. Becker is crying, so don't blame yourself. Ms. Becker didn't mean to make you fall." 12:23 Sun, Dec 29 G.

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Alice, horrified and shaking, tried to retract her hand, but Leilani's grip tightened painfully, digging her nails into Alice's tender palm. Alice cried out in pain, her sobs intensifying..

As they exchanged quick words, Leilani and Amanda reshaped the story, twisting it so that Alice appeared the aggressor when, in reality, it had been Alice's fear that caused the incident.

Yvette's gaze shifted as she strode into the garden, a chilling coldness in her eyes. Emmett followed a few steps behind her. 'Something about this situation doesn't add up,' he mused, his eyes narrowing. "These high-society games are never simple! He had seen enough of these schemes in the past, having been tasked with dealing with such situations on behalf of Jeremiah.

If Jeremiah had not been so adamant about shutting down any advances, Emmett suspected he might have been utterly exhausted by the endless manipulation.

'These two are definitely trouble,' he thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 609[1,164 words]

Chapter 609

Yvette approached Alice while Leilani and Amanda pretended to just notice her arrival.

Leilani greeted cautiously, "Hello, I'm Leilani, the eldest daughter of the Markos family. Are you both guests of the presidential palace?", Leilani was not clueless. She knew she needed to assess a person's status before deciding how to treat them.

Anyone visiting the presidential palace would surely be of wealth and importance, with a notable status that she could not afford to offend.

As Emmett stepped forward, Leilani's eyes immediately fixated on his clothing-an exclusive collection from Vibe of only 15 pieces worldwide.

She had tried to buy one for Demetrius, but even she was powerless to obtain it as she had been told they were all sold out.

Neither Yvette nor Emmett spared Leilani a second glance, their attention elsewhere. Yvette's eyes darkened like the abyss, narrowing slightly. "Turn around," Yvette's voice cut through.

Alice jerked back to reality. As she turned and locked eyes with Yvette, her sobs halted immediately. Alice hastily wiped her

tears.

"Y-Yvette, I didn't mean to cry. I'll stop. You told me not to cry in front of others," she mumbled.

The shift in Alice's behavior stunned everyone but Yvette and Alice herself. No one had expected such a clear, coherent response from Alice, especially given her intellectual disability. Leilani, for reasons she could not explain, felt a sudden pang of anxiety.

Her mind raced. 'Alice is mentally impaired, incapable of speaking up, but can someone like her really say something so coherent?'

Her usual impulsiveness betrayed her, and she instinctively took a step back.

Amanda quickly steadied Leilani, giving her a reassuring look. Only then did Leilani regain her composure and put on a polished smile.

Emmett's gaze lingered on Alice biting her lip, holding back her tears. Her innocent expression, those wide, untainted eyes, struck him unexpectedly hard, like a physical blow to the chest. He lowered his head, struggling to control the unexpected stir in his chest. The awkwardness swelled, and a faint flush crept

the tip of his ears.

up

Yvette squinted her eyes, her expression indifferent, her voice cold. She reached out and gently wiped the tears from Alice's face, speaking slowly and clearly.

"When you were younger, I taught you that if someone hurts you, you retaliate. If they insult you, you shut them down. Now, tell me, what just happened here?" she asked.

Leilani froze at the sound of Yvette's chilling voice, her eyes wide with disbelief. 'Is she out of her mind? How can she be so ruthless?' she thought.

But then, seeing Alice's quivering form, a sense of triumph washed over Leilani.

'Alice is just an idiot. There's no way someone like her can explain things clearly. Even if she tries, I can deny it all. No one

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Chapter 609

will believe a fool like her, she mused.

eyes

Alice's widened in a daze as she stammered, "Yvette... She was behind me. I turned around, and I bumped into her. It wasn't on purpose. I'm not a burden to Demetrius, I'm not!"

In a sudden fit of distress, Alice attempted to hit her own head. But Yvette swiftly seized Alice's wrist. Her eyes glowed a deep, almost sinister red, and the tension around her was palpable. Yvette's eyes slowly shifted to Leilani, her stare cold and filled with unmasked murderous intent.

Emmett's heart also sank upon hearing Alice's explanation. 'She really told a mentally impaired girl she was a burden? Unbelievable!' he thought

Leilani was caught off guard by Alice's unexpected attempt to explain herself. Her expression, faltered, turning into one of awkward panic.

The cold fury in Yvette's gaze made her heart race, and she stammered out an explanation.

She began, "No, that's not it! Ms. Becker didn't see me, and I've even greeted her! Please, you have to believe me. You know that Ms. Becker has some issues with her-"

But before Leilani could finish, Yvette brought out a gun from her pockets, pointing its barrel directly at Leilani. Shock flooded her senses, and her expensive purse fell from her grasp, crashing to the floor.

For a brief moment, everything was frozen. Then, Yvette's lips curled into a casual smile as she holstered the weapon without a hint of urgency.

Emmett was momentarily taken aback by Yvette's actions, thinking, 'Why stop now? Yvette's infamous for her temper, and being in the presidential palace shouldn't have stopped her from going through with it.' Seeing Yvette put the gun away, Leilani, now recovering from her fear, took on a smug attitude.

'So, that's what she was doing-trying to intimidate me. Who's going to shoot in the presidential palace? That would be a death wish,' she mused.

But Amanda, ever cautious, was not so easily reassured. She knew that after clearing four levels of security, there was no way a dangerous item should have slipped through the cracks, let alone a gun.

The fact that Yvette had managed to bring one inside spoke volumes about her power and influence.

Before Amanda could make a suggestion to get Alice away from the situation, Yvette's chilling voice interrupted the moment.

Yvette's voice was light as she addressed Alice, "Handle it yourself I'll be watching."

Hearing those words, Alice, wiping the tears from her eyes, suddenly took action, stunning everyone in the vicinity.

She

spun

around and slammed her fist into Leilani's stomach with shocking force, followed by a brutal kick to her shin. Leilani gasped, completely stunned by the sudden assault. She had underestimated Alice's ability to defend herself, especially with such power. Amanda attempted to intervene, but Alice was faster. A swift punch to Amanda's face knocked her off balance, leaving her reeling.

Emmett could only stare, his mind blank. For the first time, he was left speechless. He never imagined that someone like Alice, so often underestimated due to her disability, could unleash such strength.

Five minutes later, Yvette was reclining in the gazebo, her chin resting casually on her hand as she skillfully peeled an apple

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SEND GIFT

Mon, Dec 30

Chapter 609

with a small knife.

Emmett, seated nearby, looked pale, still reeling in from the scene that had just unfolded.

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He glanced at the two women off in the distance, who were now imping away, their faces battered and bruised from Alice's relentless assault. He turned back to Yvette, who was calmly slicing her apple without a trace of concern. He was struck by the staggering disparity before him. Through this situation, he understood one thing-anyone who could roll with Yvette was a force to be reckoned with.

'Being able to train someone, even one with intellectual disabilities, to become so fierce-what kind of power did Yvette truly wield?' he thought

Emmett finally realized why Yvette had not fired earlier-she had been giving Alice the space, to release her pent-up anger through those punches.

Just as Emmett sighed, Yvette paused her apple peeling. Her eyelids lifted slowly, her gaze as cold as ice, and her voice cut through calmly. "What?"

Emmett hesitated for a second, then asked, "Yvette, did you teach Alice how to fight?"

He continued, "Those punches and kicks might seem random, but anyone who knows combat can see she's targeting vital spots. The pain from those hits is far worse than anything else."

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Yvette narrowed her eyes coldly as she plunged the dagger into the table. Nonchalantly, she remarked, "No one is capable of protecting a person forever. Only you can look after yourself. After Alice got hurt, I started teaching her how to fight." When Alice was a child, an injury restricted her mental capacity to that her free time teaching Alice self-defence and combat skills.

asi old. After she recovered, Yvette spent

Although Alice's strength was once mediocre, under Yvette's gradual tutelage and training, she now possessed physical strength capable of rivaling an adult man.

Emmett watched as the dagger sliced through the table like butter. He gulped nervously and said, "Yvette, Alice has been at it for over ten minutes. Don't you think she might be a bit tired?"

All this time, Emmett's gaze never once wavered from Alice. Naturally, he was the first to notice that she was growing tired.

Yvette looked up and glanced at Emmett with a slight smile. Yet, her smile didn't quite reach her eyes. Upon seeing Yvette's frosty gaze, Emmett sheepishly avoided eye contact.

Yvette then turned toward the garden where Alice was still relentlessly chasing after Leilani and Amanda. "Alice, are you tired?" she asked.

Alice halted in her tracks when she heard Yvette call her. Raising her clenched fists, she turned around. "Yvette, I can still keep going for a while."

Rather than force Alice to stop, Yvette simply nodded. "Feel free to go on for a little longer then," she replied gently.

Emmett, who was standing nearby, noticed the tenderness in Yvette's tone when she spoke to Alice. It was a clear display of Yvette's love for the young lady. 'Throughout all this time I've known her, I've never seen Yvette treat anyone this affectionately before,' he thought incredulously.

All thanks to Alice's fists, Leilani and Amanda were scurrying around in a frenzy. When Alice paused, they assumed she was too worn out to continue beating them, but Alice's reply caused them to panic once more.

Leilani feared that if Alice kept this up, her recent nose job would be ruined by the latter's beatings. Desperately, she started begging for mercy.

Even Amanda was forced to face Alice's wrathful beatings. Despite their cries, Alice spared them no mercy, leaving them helpless as she battered the duo with her fists.

After another ten minutes, Alice gave Leilani a strong kick that sent the latter flying into the flowerbeds. She then spun on her heel and ran toward Yvette, who was sitting on the gazebo bench with her chin resting idly on her palm.

When Yvette noticed the sweat beading on Alice's forehead, she turned to Emmett and said, "Pass me your handkerchief." Emmett's habit of carrying a handkerchief around was something Yvette and the others were well aware of. He quickly took it from his pocket and stepped forward, instinctively wanting to wipe the sweat from Alice's forehead.

Upon seeing Emmett come forward, Alice was startled and scurried to hide behind Yvette. Realizing how thoughtless his actions were, Emmett stiffened and retreated.

"S-Sorry Alice, I didn't-" Emmett stammered uncontrollably, unable to finish his sentence.

Seeing Emmett's helplessness, Yvette took the handkerchief from his hand. "Emmett is a good friend of mine," she explained calmly to Alice, who was still hiding behind her, tenderly wiping the sweat from her forehead as she spoke.

Alice nodded. Although she was a bit confused, she greeted him sweetly, "Hello, Emmett, I'm Alice. I'm 19 years old this year."

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Emmett's face turned red. What is happening to me?' he thought as his heart skipped a beat. This was the first time he'd stuttered over his words when speaking.

"Hi, Alice. I'm Emmett. I'm 28 years old, and I don't have any parents. I make 15 million dollars a year, and I have some side hustles as well. Also, I don't smoke, drink, or gamble. I also...." Emmett rambled on.

Alice looked at Emmett with wide, confused eyes. She gently tugged on Yvette's sleeve and whispered, "Yvette, what is he doing?"

Hearing that, Emmett snapped back to reality. 'Yeah, what on earth am I doing?' he wondered.

Yvette patted Alice's hand-reassuringly and glanced at Emmett, who was rooted in the spot in utter embarrassment. "He just wants to be good friends with you, Alice," Yvette explained casually.

Alice tilted her head as if she understood what Yvette meant. After a few seconds, she suddenly ran over and hugged Emmett tightly before quickly retreating back to Yvette's side.

"Emmett, I just hugged you, so from now on we're good friends, okay?" she said sweetly.

Emmett remained frozen in place. He felt like his body was going out of control as Alice's sweet tone made his cheeks flush crimson red.

Yvette watched the scene unfold before her with a knowing smirk. "Escort Alice back to the mansion," she instructed Emmett with an elegantly raised eyebrow.

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Immediately, Emmett snapped back to reality. He quickly calmed his nerves, reverting to his mature and composed self. "Got it," he replied with a curt nod.

Yvette tilted her head to address Alice, "You should return to the mansion with Emmett."

As a result of Alice's intellectual disability, her innocence allowed her to differentiate between genuine kindness and malice clearly. Knowing that Emmett harbored no ill intentions toward her, she nodded happily in agreement.

"I'll be a good girl and follow Emmett back to the mansion," she said. Stepping forward, she grabbed Emmet's large hand. "Let's go, Emmett. We can avoid falling if we hold hands!"

Although Emmett regained his composure, the feeling of Alice's small and soft hand made him stiffen. At that moment, he felt as if he had the entire world in his palm.

Throughout his entire life, it was a feeling he had never experienced before. Just like that, Emmett allowed Alice to lead him by her hand. Step by step, they left the East Garden. Amid his nervousness, Emmett even forgot to bid Yvette farewell

After Emmett and Alice left the East Garden, Yvette turned and walked out of the gazebo. Leisurely, she strolled toward the flower beds.

Yvette looked down at Leilani and Amanda, both were covered in countless bruises. Trembling, they huddled next to each other and looked at Yvette in bewilderment. "You called her deadweight?" Yvette asked coldly with her hands in her pockets. The beating had left Leilani and Amanda utterly disorientated. The former's Chanel-style dress was covered in mud. Moreover, her skin was marred with bruises. Even Amanda looked better off than her.

They shuddered at the sound of Yvette's ruthless tone. Uncaring of her pride or status anymore, Leilani quickly hid behind Amanda to avoid eye contact, but she refused to admit her mistakes and even tried to justify her actions.

"Who do you think you are to bear arms at the presidential palace and encourage Alice to beat us up? You've crossed the

know who I am?" Leilani spat angrily. line. Do you

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She continued, "My father is a property tycoon in Mysonna. I' Mr. Becker finds out how you treated his fiancée, he won't let Amanda, who was also shaken from the beating, perked up at engaged to the president's nephew! When Mr. Becker returns

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She continued, "My father is a property tycoon in Mysonna. I' Mr. Becker finds out how you treated his fiancée, he won't let y Amanda, who was also shaken from the beating, perked up at t engaged to the president's nephew! When Mr. Becker returns a 1. in.

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She continued, "My father is a property tycoon in Mysonna. I'm warning you, I'm going to be Alice's sister-in-law one da Mr. Becker finds out how you treated his fiancée, he won't let you off!"

Amanda, who was also shaken from the beating, perked up at the mention of Demetrius. "That's right, Ms. Markos is engaged to the president's nephew! When Mr. Becker returns and catches wind of this, he'll seek justice for her," she chi