

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 611[1,150 words]

Chapter 611

When Yvette heard Demetrius' name, her gaze flickered briefly. The subtle reaction was enough to bolster Leilani and Amanda's faltering confidence. To them, it was proof that Yvette feared him.

Leilani's certainty grew with every moment of Yvette's silence, convincing her she had the upper hand. It didn't matter to Leilani how influential or untouchable Yvette might seem-one thing was clear to her-Yvette feared Demetrius.

Desperate to assert her authority, Leilani shed every ounce of her socialite composure in a desperate attempt to assert dominance. "I don't care if you're a guest of the presidential palace," she barked. "You'd better apologize. Do you even realize how important Mr. Becker is?"

Her voice grew louder, more forceful. "You don't want to cross me, trust me. I'm giving you a way out-kneel down, apologize, and let me slap you. If you do, I'll forget this ever happened. I won't even tell Mr. Becker about what you've done."

Though Leilani was headstrong, she knew Alice's involvement complicated the situation. If Demetrius found out, there was no guarantee he'd take her side. However, the idea of being slapped without retaliation enraged her. Unable to confront Alice, she decided to vent her anger on Yvette instead.

Malice glinted in her eyes as she silently vowed to scratch Yvette's face with her sharp nails during the slap. The thought filled her with twisted satisfaction. She would turn her humiliation into retribution, consequences be damned. Yvette lowered her gaze briefly. When she looked up, her eyes sparkled with playful mischief, and a sly smile curved on her lips. She casually glanced at Leilani and Amanda before calmly asking, "You're Demetrius' fiancée?" Leilani knew that she wasn't technically his fiancée, but her family and the presidential palace were in the midst of discussing a marriage alliance. She believed Demetrius would agree to it eventually. It was only a matter of time. Even if she said yes, there was no one else around to contradict her. With that thought, Leilani nodded with unwavering conviction. "That's right, I'm Mr. Becker's fiancée," she declared.

Amanda was startled by Leilani's bold claim. She glanced nervously between Leilani and Yvette, unsure of how this would unfold. Meanwhile, Yvette tilted her head slightly, studying Leilani's smug expression. Without a word, she retrieved her phone and dialed an unmarked number.

Leilani, still sprawled on the floor, watched Yvette with growing confusion. A wave of unease swept over her. True enough, when the call connected, Demetrius' familiar voice rang out.

"Yvette?" Demetrius sounded surprised. "You never call me first. What's the occasion?" His tone hinted at being quietly flattered by the unexpected call.

Yvette's gaze

shifted toward Leilani as she asked calmly, "Is Leilani your fiancée?" Her words were unhurried, her voice steady, but her eyes held a faint glimmer of amusement as she watched Leilani's face drain of color.

On the other end, Demetrius nearly jumped out of his wheelchair. "Who? Who the hell is Leilani? Yvette, stop joking. When have I ever had a fiancée? And who would even dare pretend to be my fiancée? Where are you? We need to talk." Yvette answered calmly, "The presidential palace."

deliberately today' Then, without waiting for a response, she ended the call. Demetrius stared at his phone, baffled. Although she'd promised to check on Cyrus, Demetrius wasn't expecting her to drop by so soon. 'Uncle Cyrus must've sent me away he thought. Demetrius' expression darkened as he ordered his secretary to prepare a car to take him back to the presidential palace.

After hanging up, Yvette slipped her phone back into her pocket Leilani's confidence wavered as she stammered, "W-Who were you just talking to?"

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"Demetrius," Yvette replied, her tone calm and casual, but her smirk, which didn't quite reach her eyes, hinted at something far more dangerous.

The single name struck Leilani and Amanda like a blow, leaving both of them visibly shaken. Leilani's eyes widened in disbelief, and she refused to believe Yvette had Demetrius' private number. According to Cyrus, only a handful of people-trusted individuals-had access to Demetrius' private number. 'How could she have it?' Leilani thought, trying to convince herself that it simply wasn't possible.

Amanda, more level-headed than Leilani, paused to process the situation. The way Alice had deferred to Yvette earlier now made sense. A bitter realization dawned on her-Yvette might genuinely know Demetrius. The possibility left her shaken. Furious, Leilani snapped, "You Clusian fraud! Stop lying. There's no way you have Mr. Becker's number! And even if you did, how could he not know me? If you're going to bluff, at least make it believable!" Amanda's unease grew. She knew full well that Leilani had barely spoken to Demetrius as he barely paid her The so-called engagement was nothing more than Leilani's fantasy.

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attention.

Yvette shot Leilani an impatient glance, her frustration evident. Without a word, she reached down, grabbed Leilani, and hoisted her to her feet. "Shut up," she said coldly, her tone as sharp as a blade.

Leilani was stunned as Yvette lifted her effortlessly. She struggled, but Yvette's grip was unyielding, her strength far greater than it appeared. Meanwhile, Amanda followed behind, pleading for Yvette to stop, but the icy glare Yvette shot her froze her in place. With that, Yvette dragged Leilani toward the garden's swimming pool. With a swift motion, she hurled the latter into the pool like a ragdoll.

Amanda collapsed near the pool, paralyzed with terror. Unable to swim, she could only scream desperately for help. Her cries echoed briefly before Yvette's icy gaze silenced her. The moment Yvette turned away, Amanda bolted to find someone who could intervene. Standing at the pool's edge, Yvette watched Leilani flail in the freezing water, hands resting in her pockets, her expression cool and detached.

The icy water sent sharp shivers coursing through Leilani's body as she gasped for breath. Never in her life had she imagined she would be humiliated like this, tossed into a pool like a piece of garbage.

Shaking with both fury and the chill, she glared up at Yvette, who stood at the pool's edge, calm and composed. "You wicked woman! Mark my words-you won't get away with this!"

"Admit it-Alice is nothing but a burden, a clueless fool! Without Mr. Becker and Mr. Becker, she'd be nothing! She would've been ruined long ago. Alice is pathetic, and you know it!" Leilani screamed, her voice cracking under the weight of her rage.

Yvette's expression shifted subtly as the words hit her. Her eyes seemed to deepen, an ominous red tint flickering faintly at the edges. Her cold gaze was unreadable, but the sheer menace radiating from her was impossible to miss.

The weight of Yvette's icy glare sent an involuntary shudder through Leilani. As she swam toward the pool's edge, hoping to climb out, she glanced up-only to see Yvette already standing there, blocking her way.

Yvette extended a hand, and Leilani took it without hesitation. She was convinced Yvette wouldn't dare take things further, especially not in the presidential palace.

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As Leilani extended her hand toward Yvette, she said, "It's good that you know your place. But let me tell you, that pushing me into the pool issue isn't over. But since you pulled me up, if you kneel, I'll—"

Before she could finish, a wave of dizziness hit her. She lost her balance and fell back into the pool, creating a massive splash.

For a moment, Leilani struggled to stand in the water, trembling as a cold breeze swept over her. Her face was frozen in disbelief as she stared at Yvette, panic spreading through her eyes.

Yvette's eyes narrowed slightly, her gaze intense, with a sharp, captivating lift at the corners. She turned and sat down on a chair by the pool, crossing her legs. Her face remained expressionless, and the oppressive aura around her was chilling. Leilani was so shaken that she instinctively took two steps back, only to lose her footing again and fall into the pool.

She flailed and screamed, initially threatening Yvette to save her. When Yvette remained indifferent, she broke down, begging and offering a huge check in exchange for her rescue.

Weakened from being chased around by Alice earlier, Leilani quickly ran out of strength. After a few moments of struggling and shouting, she slowly sank deeper into the pool, until the surface gradually returned to calm. Yvette remained seated in the chair, her expression unchanged.

Meanwhile, Cyrus and Dylan watched the entire scene on the surveillance feed in the mansion's living room. When Yvette kicked Leilani into the pool, they winced. Watching a so-called socialite reduced to something resembling a drowned rat, was almost unbearable. The turning point came when Leilani insulted Alice, calling her a fool. Cyrus' face darkened instantly, and his expression turned cold.

'The Markos family has outdone themselves, sending such a brainless woman to marry Demetrius and letting her spout nonsense in his presidential palace, even insulting Alice. A marriage alliance? In their dreams. Alice isn't someone a fool like Leilani can insult, he thought.

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Dylan watched Leilani's wild behavior on the screen and thought 'I must say, that when someone is determined to court disaster, no one can stop them. Insulting Alice in front of Yvette was practically a desperate attempt to hasten her descent into hell.'

He thought grimly, 'If Mr. Becker is here, Leilani doesn't just face her end today; she faces a far more tragic fate. But even in Ms. Zeller's hands, her life hangs by a thread.

'Ms. Zeller's ruthlessness surpasses even Mr. Becker's, and with Mr. Becker fiercely protecting Ms. Becker, Leilani is as good as finished. Her downfall will bring the entire Markos family down with her,' thought Dylan.

He paused briefly, before thinking, 'However, Leilani is still the eldest daughter of the Markos family. If she quietly perishes here at the presidential palace, handling the fallout will be difficult.

Dylan saw in the video that Leilani had already sunk, and after a few moments of silence, he carefully spoke up, "Mr. Becker, if something happens to Leilani here, the public backlash will be a pain to deal with"

Cyrus chuckled softly, his eyes fixed on Yvette's emotionless face on the screen. "Did you see that? Yvette doesn't know what restraint is since she dares murder someone openly in the presidential palace. Only Yvette would dare do such a thing. She has no humanity

Dylan remained silent. Although Yvette's actions were indeed harsh, it was clear she acted for Alice's sake. In the end, Leilani had brought this on herself with her reckless words.

Cyrus nodded as his expression darkened. Rising to his feet, he spoke in a low voice, "Let's go to the pool.

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At the poolside, Amanda had already called over the security guards of the presidential palace. When she couldn't find Leilani anywhere, panic set in,

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Upon seeing Yvette lounging on a chair by the pool, leisurely sunbathing, she quickly ran to the edge of the pool and called out Leilani's name, but no one responded.

When she saw Leilani's high heel floating in the water, she quickly ordered the guards to dive in and retrieve her.

Yvette, however, remained seated, watching calmly, showing no intention of intervening.

Amanda stared at Yvette as if she was a devil.

'How dare this woman so boldly push Ms. Markos into the pool at the presidential palace? This is practically murder! It is outrageous, Amanda thought. Terrified, she stood several feet away from Yvette.

The two guards quickly yanked Leilani, whose breath was very shallow, from the deep end and laid her on the poolside. Her face was pale and her breathing was very weak, as if she were on the brink of death. Amanda was at a loss as she thought, 'If Ms. Markos dies here, Mr. Markos will not forgive me.

"Ms. Markos, Ms. Markos, please wake up!" Just as Amanda cried out, Cyrus, Dylan, and his personal doctor arrived. Amanda immediately ran to Cyrus and fell to her knees at his feet.

"Mr. Becker, this woman is crazy! S-She had a gun! She tried to take Ms. Markos' life by pushing her into the pool! You must stand

up for Ms. Markos! She's going to die, please have your doctor save her!" Amanda sobbed.

Cyrus looked at the bawling Amanda disdainfully and moved his leg aside. He spoke coldly to his doctor. "Go check if she's dead. Do whatever you need to do."

Amanda, hearing the coldness in Cyrus' voice, became even more frantic.

The doctor set down his bag, crouched beside Leilani, and checked her condition.

Then he stood and respectfully reported to Cyrus, "Mr. Becker, the prolonged drowning caused some damage to her heart and lungs, along with external injuries, but there's nothing life-threatening. I'll perform CPR and administer medication: she should regain consciousness soon." Amanda was relieved and sank to the ground, gasping for air...

Cyrus didn't even glance at Leilani's unconscious body. He turned to the doctor and said, "Sort it out." Then, he walked over to Yvette, with Dylan following close behind.

Yvette lay leisurely on the chair, her defined fingers resting on either side. With her eyes half-closed, a cold light shimmered in her gaze. Her profile was strikingly beautiful, too mesmerizing to look at directly.

Cyrus walked over and took a seat beside her. His eyes narrowed as he examined her emotionless expression, and his voice was cold.

"Leilani is the eldest daughter of Mysonna's property tycoon, the Markos family. After what you did to her today, they definitely won't let this slide. You're bound to face trouble later. Want me to step in and handle it for you?" Cyrus asked.

Naturally, he had his motives. Yvette wasn't someone who easily owed favors. If he intervened now, considering her personality, the rewards he could reap would far exceed the trouble of dealing with the Markos family.

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Cyrus' schemes were clear as day.

Dylan stood aside, his head bowed slightly.

It made sense that Cyrus wanted to manipulate Yvette-earning a favor was always worth a shot. However, the other party in question was Yvette. Dylan feared it might be a waste of effort for Cyrus. Reclined lazily in her chair, Yvette lifted her gaze slightly. She glanced coldly at Cyrus across from her, with eyes that were icy and sharp, bone-chilling even.

She curled her lips into a smirk, exuding an aloof yet commanding air. Her voice, as always, was cold and indifferent. "Trouble? Get rid of the root cause, and there won't be any more trouble," she said. Yvette slowly withdrew her gaze, clearly showing no intention of continuing the conversation with Cyrus anymore-or rather, she was never interested from the start.

Cyrus had approached on his own, hoping to gain some favor, but ended up with nothing but disappointment.

Frustrated by Yvette's attitude, Cyrus found himself fuming. But as her words sank in, he was shocked.

'What did Yvette mean by 'Get rid of the root cause, and there won't be any more trouble'? What exactly was she implying?' he wondered.

Upon hearing that, Dylan couldn't help but feel the corner of his mouth twitching.

Yvette's words implied destroying the entire Markos family-truly ruthless.

If the still-unconscious Leilani knew that crossing Yvette would lead to such consequences, she'd probably regret it deeply.

Dylan did not doubt at all that Yvette was serious with her bold claims. After all, during her time at Interpol, she had taken down more than her fair share of major drug lords and leaders. gang

Dealing with the Markos family would be easy for Yvette.

Cyrus coughed lightly into his hand a couple of times.

He said, "Yvette, you're with Interpol, not some heartless assassin I'll handle Leilani's case, so stay out of it. You don't need to get involved."

Yvette stood up from the chair, hands stuffed in her pockets. She stretched lazily before letting out a yawn.

She kicked a small stone at her feet straight into the pool, watching it ripple the water before glancing nonchalantly at Cyrus.

"Oh, I'm an assassin and a pretty heartless one, too," she said.

C

us was taken aback.

Since when did Yvette start going along with what he said? An assassin? The idea of an Interpol officer being an assassin would be the biggest joke ever. Still, he couldn't help but note Yvette's humor. 'Who knew she had it in her?' he thought.

Yvette noticed the obvious disbelief in Cyrus' eyes and tilted her head.

Since when did telling the truth become so unbelievable? What caused that, really?' she wondered.

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Seeing Yvette's serious expression, Cyrus dismissed it as a joke from her.

"Sure, you're an assassin working part-time as an Interpol agent. Anyway, Leilani barely survived after you dealt with her. She's paid the price, right?" he said.

Cyrus added, "Considering it happened in the presidential palace, it'd be hard for me to explain things. Let's just drop the matter, okay?"

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Yvette had an air of rebellion, her expression wild and unruly. The corner of her mouth curled upwards as she said, "Oh, but I don't think that's enough."

Cyrus knew Yvette wouldn't let Leilani off the hook so easily. The mention of "burden" and "fool" was enough to go past Yvette's patience. She wouldn't be herself if she could let Leilani go just like that. Before Cyrus could say anything else, Leilani, lying on the ground, coughed up water and regained consciousness.

Amanda rushed over and said, "Ms. Markos! Ms. Markos! You're awake!"

As soon as Leilani woke up, the first thing she did was look for Yvette.

When Leilani spotted Yvette standing not far away, casually chatting with Cyrus, she looked like a demon resurrected out of hell.

Ignoring her frail state, she let out a crazed scream, "Take her down! I want her destroyed! I want her gone! The Markos family will tear you apart and make you wish you were never born!"

Even now, Leilani continued to hurl threats at Yvette. All her life, she bullied others at school using her family's status, and this was the first time she had been beaten like this. She swore that even beyond the grave, she wouldn't spare Yvette. Leilani's eyes glinted with venom, her entire body soaking wet. She did not realize she was fully exposed now. Amanda quickly grabbed her cold hands.

'Ms. Markos must've lost her mind. Can't she see that Mr. Becker is still standing there? If he grew displeased with her, the engagement would surely be called off,' she thought.

Amanda whispered to her, "Ms. Markos, Mr. Becker is also here.

That mention of Cyrus calmed the hysterical Leilani instantly. Regaining some of her rationality, she hurriedly tidied her hair.

She did not realize that her face was now a colorful mess of smeared mascara, blusher, foundation, and eyeshadow. She looked like a clown. The more she tried to fix it, the more ridiculous she looked. Leilani glanced at Cyrus and immediately shifted her demeanor. From a madwoman, she switched to a pitiful, helpless victim who had been wronged. Crying, she began pouring out her grievances to him. She had no idea that Cyrus had witnessed everything from the start. Every word she had uttered, every small gesture- Cyrus and Dylan had seen and heard it all clearly.

Leilani said, "Mr. Becker, the woman beside you is insane! She convinced Ms. Becker to hit me and to drown me by throwing me into the pool!"

my maid. She even tried

-She added, "Yvette is a demon, Mr. Becker! You have to stand up for me. I'll report this to the police and have her arrested for intentional assault. My father will hand me justice when he finds out about this."

Leilani shivered from the cold, barely able to speak. But she managed to stammer through her and finished everything she had to say. She expected Cyrus to explode in rage upon hearing all that, but a few seconds passed, and he showed no reaction.

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Leilani stiffly lifted her head, only to meet Cyrus' cold and somber face, tinged with a trace of mockery.

Clearing his throat, Cyrus looked her in the eye and said in a low voice, "Sure, Yvette might be crazy, but didn't you also call Alice an idiot and a burden?"

"Marrying Alice off the second you enter the presidential palace? If you don't think Demetrius' sister and my niece, Alice, is good enough, then clearly the presidential palace is beneath the Markos family, too," he added.

"And since when did you become Demetrius' fiancée? Could you give me a proper explanation for it?" Cyrus asked.

Cyrus' words left Leilani, who had just regained some composure, completely stunned. She hadn't expected Cyrus himself to overhear everything she said in the garden and by the pool.

Leilani felt her vision fade to black. A dizzy spell hit her, and the world felt like it was spinning. She couldn't find any word to respond to Cyrus' interrogation. Her body shook uncontrollably, and she was too afraid to meet his gaze. Beside her, Amanda was equally shocked. This was the end; the marriage between the president and the Markos family was completely ruined.

At that moment, both Leilani and Amanda felt as if they had been stripped bare and thrown out into the street, utterly humiliated.

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Leilani paled even further until she became almost ghostly. After a long pause, she finally raised her head but avoided direct

contact.

Hurriedly, she tried to explain, "Mr. Becker, I-I didn't mean to. I had no intention of insulting Ms. Becker. Please forgive me. I won't call Ms. Becker an idiot ever again. I swear-

Before she could finish her sentence, a silver needle suddenly flew from Yvette's hand directly into Leilani's left leg. She felt a tingling sensation in her leg before it went completely numb.

Leilani stared wide-eyed at her motionless left leg, pounding it desperately but still feeling nothing. "W-What did you do to me? What have you done?"

Yvette narrowed her eyes at Leilani, her gorgeous features indifferent and cold. Looking at Leilani on the ground, she slowly uttered, "If I hear the word 'idiot' from you again, I'll make sure you regret it."

Cyrus, who was standing next to her, couldn't help but freeze for a moment upon hearing those words.

Leilani glared at Yvette viciously, clutching her numb leg. She sneered, "Fine. You've got guts. Just remember this. I will not let this slide"

At that moment, Leilani became completely enraged and stopped caring about who was present. She knew Cyrus wouldn't help her anymore after he heard her words, so she chose to unleash her

fury, abandoning all sense of reason. Amanda, standing nearby, could only fret anxiously, not daring to intervene. She could only hope that Leilani wouldn't say anything more offensive.

Yvette raised her eyebrows and leisurely walked over to Leilani, her eyes simmering with intense bloodthirst. "Not going to let me go?" She laughed. "Too bad. You won't get that chance."

Yvette quickly reached out and grabbed Leilani's soaking-wet neck. The latter looked like a lamb for the slaughter, trapped in Yvette's grip, and her already pale face gradually began to turn purple. With any more force, Leilani's neck would snap.

Amanda was so frightened that she had no idea what to do. She could only kneel before Cyrus and plead, "Mr. Becker, please spare Ms. Markos. She's Mr. Markos' most beloved daughter."

Cyrus looked at the scene before him, feeling a headache brewing. But if he spoke up to stop it now, Yvette's anger would be redirected onto himself. Saving Leilani wasn't worth Yvette's ire.

Just as Yvette was about to apply more force to end Leilani's life, Demetrius' voice called out from afar, "Yvette, let her go. Don't dirty your hands."

Yvette paused. She turned her head slightly and glanced at Demetrius, who was sitting in a wheelchair in the distance. As their eyes met, her bloodthirst slowly settled down. Then, she let go.

At this moment, Leilani was completely unrecognizable. She fell to the ground as if she had been struck by a huge blow, letting out a crazed scream. Then, her eyes fluttered close, and she fainted.

Cyrus ordered the bodyguards, "Take Leilani to the guest room. He then instructed the private doctor, who was standing nearby, stunned, "You go and check on her, too."

Thus, the bodyguards at the presidential palace carried the unconscious Leilani to a guest room while Amanda followed quietly behind them, not daring to look at Yvette even once.

As Leilani was being carried past Demetrius, he stopped his wheelchair and glanced at her with a contemplative look.

It was a long while before he finally recalled her. She had spoke to him twice before, but he had never responded. It was

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unacceptable for his fiancée, Leilani, to place the guilt on him and cause Yvette to misunderstand.

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'How did Leilani get into the presidential palace?' he wondered. It was probably Uncle Cyrus' doing. These days, continuing the family lineage was the only thing on his mind.

After Leilani was taken away, only Yvette, Cyrus, Demetrius, and Dylan remained in the pool area.

Demetrius wheeled himself up to Yvette, looked up at her, and said softly, "Women like her aren't worth your attention. I'll take care of it."

Yvette put her hands in her pockets. She nodded slightly, her eyebrows slightly raised as she said, "Suit yourself."

Cyrus watched Demetrius and Yvette interacting-so familiar as if they were family-and was left with a discomfiting sense of alienation.

His nephew did not have romantic feelings for Yvette, yet he considered her as important as Alice. If Yvette wanted someone dead, Demetrius would be the first to hand over the gun and the one to dispose of the body. 'What on earth does Yvette have going for her?' Cyrus thought. She doesn't have the softness and charm of a woman; she's stubborn and moody, and her hands are stained with blood. How could a woman like this be likable?' Cyrus did not like Yvette at all, mainly because the two people closest to him were more inclined to listen to her.

Cyrus looked at Demetrius, who was in his wheelchair, with a serious expression. In a deep voice, he said, "Demetrius, even though Leilani said something she shouldn't have, she doesn't deserve to die."

He continued, "As the eldest daughter of the prominent Markos family, any incident involving her in the presidential palace would be difficult to justify to the public. A light punishment and a stern warning should be enough." Demetrius was not unaware of what had happened; he had rushed to the presidential palace from his company, after all. However, he did not need to know the details.

If Yvette wanted Leilani dead, it indicated she had committed an unforgivable crime. Otherwise, Yvette wouldn't lose her temper so easily. If she wanted her gone, Demetrius would do it. Nothing she said or did mattered. Demetrius raised his gaze and glanced at Cyrus. Contemptuously, he said, "Did I say I was going to kill her at the presidential palace?"

The moment Cyrus heard Demetrius' words, he realized his nephew still wanted Leilani dead. Whenever it came to anything involving Yvette, Demetrius was entirely unreasonable

Cyrus' expression darkened, and with a commanding tone, he said, "Demetrius, do your uncle a favor and spare Leilani's life."

The atmosphere instantly became tense. Dylan, knowing he was just a small fry, quickly lowered his head to minimize his presence. He had no right to watch the confrontation between the three of them. Yvette looked up and glanced at Cyrus, whose face was cold. She narrowed her eyes a bit before saying casually, "There's no need to kill her; her legs won't function for the rest of her life."

The dosage of poison on the silver needle was enough to prevent Leilani from ever standing again. This was the most severe punishment she deserved.

As soon as Yvette said this, Cyrus grimaced further. He thought, The silver needle she had just thrown was poisoned! She would be a terrifying force to reckon with if she were an enemy Cyrus smiled stiffly. It was clear he was insincere when he said, vette has already punished Leilani, so let's leave this be

now.

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Demetrius nodded after hearing Yvette's words, gently saying, "Okay, if you say there's no need, then there's no need."

Cyrus let out a bitter sigh, realizing that all he had said was no match for a single word from Yvette.

Dylan noticed that the tension in the room had finally cased. Taking advantage of the moment when no one was paying attention, he discreetly wiped his sweat. In his heart, he had been worried earlier that Yvette and Demetrius might get angry and team up to shoot Cyrus.

Demetrius said, "Finished your check-up? I'll send you out."

With a relaxed expression, Yvette nodded and raised her eyebrows, saying, "Yeah, Emmett's at the mansion."

Demetrius nodded. "Sure, let's go to the mansion first, then I'll take you and Emmett out."

Yvette and Demetrius chatted as they left the pool, completely ignoring Cyrus, who stood not far away.

Seeing this, Dylan quickly approached and said, "Mr. Becker, Mr. Becker and Ms. Zeller haven't seen each other in a long time. They're probably just too happy and momentarily forgot you were here."

Hearing this, Cyrus' expression did not change. He did not understand what Dylan meant by "haven't seen each other in a long time", wondering whether that dinner two days ago was for nothing.

Completely uncomfortable, Cyrus snorted coldly and, with a stern face, went to the study to handle official matters.

Dylan rubbed his nose. It was not easy to survive in the workplace these days; he even had to blatantly lie. Meanwhile, as Yvette and Demetrius arrived at the mansion's entrance, they saw Emmett coming out, looking a bit uncomfortable. Upon seeing Yvette and Demetrius approaching, Emmett said in a low voice, "Yvette, Mr. Becker."

He then spoke to Yvette alone, saying, "Yvette, I've escorted Ms. Becker to her room. She might've been too tired, so she f- fell asleep."

When he mentioned that she fell asleep, Emmett blushed even more. As soon as Alice entered the room, she lay on the bed and fell asleep in less than two minutes, leaving him standing there, at a loss.

Hearing Alice's steady breathing, Emmett finally fled the room in a hurry.

Sitting in his wheelchair, Demetrius was quite surprised upon knowing this. Since childhood, Alice had never fallen asleep in front of strangers before. She always had to wait for him to come back and tuck her to sleep. He wondered what happened today. Emmett felt uneasy under Demetrius gaze. Although he had not done anything out of line, something just felt off, though he did not quite put his finger on it. It was as if he had committed a sin.

Demetrius withdrew his gaze from Emmett and politely thanked him. "Thank you for taking Alice back to her room."

Emmett quickly nodded and waved his hand. "N-No need for that."

Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly, lowering her gaze as she spoke to Emmett with a husky voice. "Let's go."

Demetrius personally escorted Yvette and Emmett to the gates of the presidential palace. After watching them leave, he turned around, his eyes brewing with a storm of fury.

What exactly did this woman named Leilani do? How could she make Yvette so angry?' he mused.

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Then he said sternly to the electronic device on his wrist, "Send me everything that happened today along with the surveillance footage to my study, right now."

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In the study, Demetrius watched the surveillance footage from today. Scene by scene, especially when Leilani called Alice a fool, saying she was unwanted, a burden, and had been mistreated, a

murderous aura radiated from him. 'No wonder Yvette wanted to kill Leilani. That woman deserves to die, Demetrius cursed inwardly.

Demetrius turned off the video and picked up the phone, dialing a number. Once the call connected, he immediately said, "From today onward, launch a full-scale attack on the Markos family. Within a month, I want them completely disappeared in Mysonna's property industry." After hanging up, Demetrius ordered for Leilani's other leg to be broken before having her sent back to the Markos family.

Emmett was driving and glanced back at the rear seat. After thinking for a while, he finally asked, "Yvette, was Alice injured when she was young? Is that why she's like this now?"

Yvette looked up. While replying to Jeremiah's text, she said, "Yeah, when she was six, she got hurt after being kidnapped by people from the slums. Her mental capacity was permanently halted at six." Emmett felt a pang in his heart. 'The slums? Six years old? Kidnapping?' Just those few words were enough for him to understand that Alice must have endured unimaginable pain and torment. 'Kidnapping a six-year-old? Those people from the slums deserve to die!' Emmett's face darkened, his voice cold. "Yvette, what about the people who kidnapped Alice? Are they still alive? Yvette put away her phone, her voice indifferent, answering, "They're dead. I shattered their bones and threw them into a pack of guard dogs, leaving nothing behind."

As he drove, Emmett could not help but curse himself for not being able to personally kill those people.

Yvette looked at Emmett's expression, tilted her head slightly, and asked seriously, "Do you like Alice?"

When Emmett heard this, he did not know where to put his feet almost pressing the brake instead of the accelerator. Flustered, his cold face instantly turned red.

"I... Yvette, I-I'm not a pervert or abnormal. I like Alice, but I..." he stammered.

Emmett stammered twice today, unable to respond. Facing Yvette's gaze, he did not even know how to answer. After all, he had never dated and did not know what it felt like to like someone.

He had always thought he and Jeremiah remain bachelors for life, but nobody would have thought Jeremiah would meet Yvette and end his bachelor streak.

Now that he had met Alice, he wondered whether this feeling really called "liking" her. He was not sure. All he knew was that when Alice hugged him, his heart pounded uncontrollably. 'Is it what it means to like someone?' Yvette leaned back, looking at Emmett, whose ears were red, and said calmly, "Emmett, don't get any ideas about Alice, or Demetrius will break your legs."

Emmett was stunned before calming down for a while. He looked at Yvette, asking, "Yvette, if I really end up liking Alice, would you break my legs too?"

It was not surprising that Emmett asked this. After all, he clearly saw how Yvette pampered Alice today.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression slightly relaxed, and said slowly, "I might even hit harder.

Emmett's heart sank upon hearing this. He could actually understand both Demetrius and Yvette. How can a girl with the mental age of only six possibly understand what love is?' he mused.

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And how many people would believe that someone can fall in love at first sight with a nineteen-year-old girl?' Even he found it ridiculous.

But that feeling of attraction was undeniably real, something he could not erase.

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On the way back to the mansion, Emmett kept silent, feeling a bit down. When he got home and saw Frankie, Bruce, Sienna, and Chris, his face remained emotionless.

He trudged upstairs in a daze, leaving the others bewildered. Nobody knew how could he have gone out fine but returned

like this.

Frankie watched Emmett's dejected figure and suddenly said, "What do you think happened to Emmett after going out with Yvette? Something big must have happened! Emmett has never been like this before!"

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Chapter 616

Not only Frankie had noticed something wrong about Emmett, but Chris, Bruce, and Sienna were also aware of that. Chris closed his laptop. The stocks Yvette suggested he buy from Solstice Innovations had been dropping for several days. If this kept up, Jeremiah's 6.7 billion dollars would be lost. Chris frowned and said, "Emmett's really acting out of sorts."

Bruce held Sienna tightly in his arms, his expression serious. He said in a deep voice, "In all these years, I've never seen Emmett so upset. Something must have happened today."

The next moment, Frankie seemed to have come to a sudden realization. Then he turned to the others.

He exclaimed dramatically, "What if when Emmett and Yvette went out, a girl passed by on their way, and Emmett fell for her instantly, but then they missed each other?"

"Emmett searched desperately through the crowd for his love at first sight, but sadly, she vanished. Emmett was saddened and in despair. Tsk... He looked a lot like someone who's suffered from love."

Frankie almost wanted to applaud himself for such a detailed analysis. However, when he finished, he saw Bruce, Sienna, and Chris looking at him disdainfully on the couch.

Frankie rubbed his nose and said, "Seriously, my analysis makes sense. Otherwise, what could have possibly affected Emmett so badly that he'd end up like this?"

The three of them stayed silent. Although Frankie's explanation seemed far-fetched, they couldn't figure out why Emmett returned looking so miserable after just one day out.

Sienna opened a bag of chips and munched happily. She said, "There's no point in us guessing. Didn't Emmett go out with Yvette? We'll know what happened to Emmett when Yvette comes back. "Honestly, Frankie, what you said is absurd. Emmett's not the type of guy to be so upset over a woman."

They thought Emmett would never act that way because of a woman. Only someone as unreliable as Frankie could think of a woman-related reason.

Bruce, Chris, and Sienna found it unlikely. They thought it would be ridiculous for Emmett to be upset over love.

As soon as Sienna finished talking, Yvette walked in. She had just put on her slippers when she looked up to find everyone in the living room staring at her.

Yvette walked to the bar counter to pour herself a cup of warm water. She took a slow sip before looking up and glancing at everyone. Without emotion on her exquisite face, she asked lazily, "What's the matter?" Frankie quickly stood up from the couch and rushed to Yvette, grinning from ear to ear.

Yvette held the glass as she raised an eyebrow. Her eyes slightly narrowed, and her voice was cold as usual as she warned Frankie, "Show me that creepy smile again, and you'll bear the consequences." Frankie, who thought his smile was dazzling, froze. 'Creepy smile? Other women always said I look handsome with my bright smile. Why does Yvette think it looks creepy?' Frankie wondered.

The three on the couch looked at poor Frankie, who was afraid to smile. They gloated inwardly as they thought he deserved

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Worrying that he'd end up getting hit, b/b'Frankie stopped smiling abruptly. He asked, "Yvette, Emmett looked miserable when he came back just now. He never looked so depressed before over the years, no matter how dangerous or tough the situation was. Did something happen when you went out today?"

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Bruce, Chris, and Sienna paused the game and stopped eating chips. Everyone awaited Yvette's answer.

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Yvette looked up and narrowed her eyes. After a few moments of silence, she pursed her lips and answered indifferently, "He fell in love at first sight and got heartbroken after that."

As soon as she finished her words, she set her glass down and went upstairs to look for Jeremiah.

Four of them in the living room were perplexed. They remained at a loss until Yvette went upstairs and was out of sight.

After a brief moment, Sienna gulped and clarified in surprise, "Yvette said Emmett experienced love at first sight and got heartbroken?"

Chris, who was next to Sienna, looked rather shocked as well. He thought it was an unbelievable cliché, but it turned out that Frankie guessed it right about Emmett experiencing love at first sight.

Even Bruce, who was usually composed, froze to the spot with his coffee cup in his hand. It was hard to imagine Emmett falling in love at first sight.

Yvette even mentioned Emmett got heartbroken, which seemed contradictory. Bruce could not understand what that

meant.

Frankie thought his wild imagination finally hit the mark after all these years. Looking at the others with different expressions, he said excitedly. "You guys never believe me. I told you Emmett is feeling down because of love.

"Let me tell you something. No matter how strong a man is, he becomes vulnerable when dealing with love. As an expert in relationships, I'm sharing wisdom from my experiences. You should all keep it in mind."

Chris stood up and picked up his laptop. He glanced at Frankie, who was proudly boasting, and said casually, "When you were 13, you had a crush on the little girl from the village next to the training field.

"She had lovely long hair down to her waist, but you insisted it was too long and hard to wash, so you wanted to cut it.

"You ended up cutting her hair so short. She spent a whole year with a buzz cut, chasing to hit you whenever she saw you. Then, at 18, you fell for the campus belle of the university.

"You were desperate to win her over. Instead of flowers or gifts, you gave her a gun and said that she needed it to protect herself. You almost got mistaken for a terrorist."

After Chris finished speaking, he glanced at Frankie, who froze in shock. Chris took his laptop and went upstairs.

Frankie came back to his senses and was about to complain about Chris to Bruce. However, Bruce seemed to have already known what Frankie wanted to say. He put down his coffee cup and looked at Sienna. She nestled in his arms, looking curious. Bruce uttered, "When he was 20, he fell for a model in the entertainment industry. She asked for some resources, and he got the runway model to work as an auto show model, where she was stuck in the cold wind for seven hours and almost passed out.

"At 21, he became infatuated with a female cop from the police station. He assisted in nabbing criminals to help her

performance stats, but he was too rough and caused the thief to have a severe concussion."

Bruce paused for a moment. Looking at Frankie, who was utterly embarrassed, he continued, "You've got a lot of unique experiences that ordinary people can't quite grasp. It might be better for you to keep those to yourself."

With that, Bruce held Sienna and went upstairs. As they passed Frankie, Sienna paused briefly to give him a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

She said earnestly, "Frankie, any woman you fancy must have the worst luck ever. Take it from me-do the women out there a favor by staying away from them."

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In the end, Frankie was left alone in the living room, pondering

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Chapter 617

On the second floor, just as Yvette was about to knock on the study door, Jeremiah opened it.

When Jeremiah saw Yvette, he immediately took her hand and led her into the study.

Yvette calmly let Jeremiah hold her hand, lowering her eyes to watch as his large-hand enveloped hers. Jeremiah's hands were always warm-a warmth she loved; unlike her hands, which were always cold.

As a child, Yvette's body was exposed to extreme cold to control the rapidly growing ancient combat power, which caused her body temperature be much lower than normal. Even as she grew up, it remained the same.

Jeremiah led Yvette to the couch and gently said, "Give me five minutes."

Yvette glanced at the computer and nodded. "Okay."

Her voice silenced everyone on the other side of the computer.

Jeremiah then sat in front of the computer and quickly assigned all the tasks before ending the virtual meeting.

In Betrico's First Military District's conference room, dozens of soldiers sat looking at each other, holding their breath. Nobody got up to leave, even after the virtual meeting had ended. They stayed in their seats with varied expressions, each more intriguing than the last. After a moment, a rugged man in military uniform coughed, breaking the silence. "Did anyone else hear a woman's voice on the conference call with General just now?" he asked.

As soon as he asked this, the conference room-enveloped in pin-drop silence earlier-erupted into a lively discussion.

In truth, these soldiers weren't gossipmongers. The military district had a hectic schedule daily, leaving them hardly any time for personal dramas.

However, the focus of this gossip was Jeremiah-a man known for being tough and distant, whom women dared not approach.

Another man in uniform loudly declared, "Yes, we all heard a woman's voice. General's got a girlfriend! So, those rumors were true?" The soldiers sitting next to him were nearly deafened by his booming voice.

"Bjorn, stop shouting! We're not in boot camp. Are you trying to make us deaf?" grumbled one of them.

"Yeah, seriously. Can you tone your voice down a bit? I wonder how your wife puts up with it. So what if General's got a girlfriend? He's such an incredible guy; his girlfriend has to be great, too, right? I heard she's from Seacrity," piped up another.

"Seacrity's a great place. I used to take the recruits there for training back in the day, but it's been over ten years since Hast visited," commented someone.

"You're still reminiscing while we're wondering if the General's prolonged absence from the military district is because of his girlfriend. Who'd have thought he'd ever take a leave for a woman? It's quite shocking, teased another.

Another soldier sighed. "But to be fair, General needs a break, even if it's not just for his girlfriend. It's been so many years. We get to go home to our wives and kids during the holidays, but General's either been in the military district or on missions all year round." Now that he's got a girlfriend, it's high time he takes a well-deserved break for a romantic time together," he added.

"That's true. Let's finish our tasks before General returns at the end of next month. Then, we can prepare for next year's World Military Championship," agreed someone.

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When the mention of this topic, silence ensued in the conference room.

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Except for the few times Jeremiah participated and took first, their rankings in recent years had been underwhelming. If next year's results were mediocre again, it could seriously impact the First Military District's morale.

Back in Mysonna, after ending the video call, Jeremiah walked over to the couch and sat beside Yvette, who was already curled up on the couch, resting her chin on her hand and playing on her phone.

Seeing Jeremiah's action, Yvette glanced at him and raised an eyebrow. 'Does he have to sit so close to me? The couch has plenty of space,' she wondered.

Jeremiah pretended not to notice her stare and calmly started peeling an apple. "What's up with Emmett?" he asked.

Hearing this, Yvette put down her phone, leaned back, and answered softly, "Emmett has a thing for Alice."

Jeremiah's hand paused momentarily, disrupting his peeling of the apple.

After a couple of seconds, Jeremiah continued to peel the apple carefully, his eyes unfathomable as he probed, "Demetrius' sister?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow and nodded casually.

Jeremiah handed the peeled apple to Yvette, who took a bite. She found it sweet and continued eating eagerly.

Jeremiah watched as Yvette's cheeks puffed up while she ate the apple, making him want to reach out and pinch them. However, to keep his hands safe from Yvette possibly twisting them, he dismissed the idea. Pinching Yvette's face was off-limits. After Yvette finished eating one apple, she craved another and glanced at another apple on the table. She swung her feet and tilted her head, looking at Jeremiah. "You're good at peeling apples," she remarked.

After saying that, she just stared at Jeremiah's face without saying anything else.

A hint of amusement flashed in Jeremiah's eyes at her words. He casually replied, "I'm not too bad, I suppose. Thanks for the compliment." However, he didn't even glance at the last apple on the table. Yvette nestled on the couch, turned her head slightly, and gazed at Jeremiah's serene face. After a while, she took another look at the apple on the table and stayed silent for a few seconds

Finally, squinting her eyes and lifting her chin a bit, she casually nudged Jeremiah's leg with her foot and drawled, "Since I said you're good at peeling, shouldn't you prove it by peeling another apple?" Jeremiah smirked mischievously as a playful light shone in his eyes. 'Yvette's really putting in some effort just for an apple. A for effort, but I think I can push her a bit more,' he mused. Jeremiah looked at Yvette, picked up the knife he was holding, and gave it a small wave. He suggested provocatively, "I could prove myself in another way."

A minute later, Yvette looked on as Jeremiah, who had pulled her into his arm after saying he would prove himself, showed her how to peel an apple by holding her hand and doing it. Yvette gritted her teeth, thinking, "This guy is really asking for it

Jeremiah lowered his eyes, watching Yvette grit her teeth. He smirked and wondered, 'Shouldn't I be rewarded for peeling apples?'

After they finished peeling the apple, Yvette suddenly looked up and bit Jeremiah's chin, leaving a deep mark before letting

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Jeremiah didn't even flinch. He just gazed at Yvette indulgently as she bit him.

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Yvette slipped out of Jeremiah's embrace, making sure to take the peeled apple with her. She looked at the bite mark on his chin and shot him a warning look. "You've got quite a few tricks up your sleeve, haven't you?" Jeremiah reached up to touch his chin, feeling a tingle of pain. He chuckled. "Being crafty keeps your girlfriend from running away. There's more to come. You'll get used to it."

Yvette juggled the apple in her hand, thinking, 'Now I'm suddenly tempted to throw it at him... Should I?

Jeremiah noticed Yvette staring at the apple and not eating it, so he raised an eyebrow. He stood up and stated seriously, "That's the last apple in the house. If you throw it, then no more apple."

Yvette kept her determined gaze on Jeremiah as she took a bite of the apple.

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During dinner, when Yvette and Jeremiah came downstairs, Bruce, Sienna, Chris, Frankie, and Emmett were already seated. at the table. The atmosphere was unusually quiet until they sat down and the air calmed slightly.

Frankie piped up, "Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez, I ordered today's dishes. They're Strico cuisine and are pretty spicy. An expert once said if someone is heartbroken, they should eat spicy food to vent... Oh crap." He hadn't finished before Chris kicked him hard under the table.

That kick nearly knocked Frankie over, making him grimace in pain. Yvette raised an eyebrow at Frankie and asked casually, "Which expert said that?"<

Frankie confidently patted his chest and boasted, "Me-an outstanding love expert, a dating master certified by countless beauties."

Frankie's confidence successfully made everyone at the dining table put down their utensils. It was a bit nauseating hearing him, and they lost their appetite.

Yvette was momentarily silent before she looked at Frankie with a blank expression, picked up a piece of spicy fried chicken, and put it into her mouth. "You can be confident, but don't be shameless," she mocked. Yvette's words stabbed into Frankie's heart, making him feel as if he was bleeding profusely.

Jeremiah glanced at Emmett, who looked down. The former ordered gravely, "Eat." Emmett heard the command and mechanically picked up his fork again, his expression somber as he was lost in thought.

At the dining table, Bruce and Sienna looked at Frankie like he was an idiot. 'This guy has no sense of timing, always saying the wrong thing. Didn't he notice Emmett's expression had changed?' fumed Sienna inwardly. Chris seethed, "Even having food in your mouth can't keep your mouth shut, can it? Just eat already." Then, Frankie pouted and sat down.

Finally, there was some peace, and they quietly finished dinner before gathering around the couch. Sienna had ordered a few desserts and some imported fresh fruits.

Sienna took a bite of watermelon and looked at her friends. After a moment of thought, she suggested, "Yvette, how about we go skiing in Ybaulla for the next couple of days to relax?"

"I feel like I haven't gone out in ages. Plus, there's a company in Ybaulla interested in getting the exclusive rights for Vibe, so it'd be perfect to mix some fun with a bit of business scouting," she added.

Sienna's suggestion got a strong endorsement from Frankie, who was an expert in having fun. "Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez, Sienna's idea is awesome! I haven't been skiing in two years, so let's all go together," he gushed. Sitting on the couch, Chris watched their excitement and quietly cut in, "Have you all forgotten how Yvette crushed the Ybaulla team when she represented Clusia in a past competition

Chris' remark brought an awkward silence to the room. Sienna and Frankie were at a loss for words. They had all forgotten how Yvette had completely overpowered the Ybaulla delegation recently, leaving them utterly defeated. Especially Kaiden, who had met a particularly terrible fate. Steel Serpents had a huge influence on Ybaulla's underground force, and being recognized there could turn a vacation into quite an ordeal. Clearly, Ybaulla wasn't the best place for a trip. Sienna sighed. "Yvette's fate is just too unforgettable. The competition was so sensational back then. There's bound to be people who recognize her."

Right then, Emmett, who hadn't spoken since dinner, raised his head and cut in seriously, "Mr. Chavez has dealt with the recordings and live streams from the competition. Most of them only show Yvette's back and side profile, so it won't be that 1/3

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easy for people to recognize her."

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Emmett didn't mention that Jeremiah had already taken care of Larry and dismantled his faction. So, it was hard to say who was in actual danger.

Yvette was curled up on the couch, resting her face on her hand, idly playing on her phone. She looked up, calm and composed, and watched Sienna's enthusiastic expression. Yvette raised an eyebrow, slightly turned her head to meet Jeremiah's deep-set eyes, and paused. Then, she casually replied to Sienna, "We're leaving the day after tomorrow." Bruce, Chris, Emmett, and Frankie nodded at Yvette's words. Since Yvette was fine with it, there was nothing to be concerned about.

Besides, with Yvette's skills, even if someone recognized her and tried to pick a fight, they'd probably end up regretting. Everyone was sure that this trip to Ybaulla would be thrilling.

The following morning, Frankie and Sienna planned to pick out their ski gear together, so they left early after getting ready.

As soon as they opened the door, they saw a cute girl with big eyes standing at the entrance, carrying a Mickey Mouse backpack. She blinked her eyes adorably, looking as sweet as one could be.

Sienna and Frankie were surprised and confused as to why this adorable girl was at their doorstep so early in the morning.

The girl standing there was Alice, who had been brought over by Demetrius' bodyguards. Alice looked at Sienna and Frankie, sniffled, and clutched her backpack straps tightly.

In a soft voice, she said, "Hello, Miss and Mister. My name is Alice, and I'm here to see Yvette and my new friend, Emmett

Sienna was delighted to see Alice. Worried that even speaking a little too loud might frighten the cute girl, Sienna replied sweetly and softly, "You're here to see Yvette? Come on in! Wow, when did Yvette have such a cute friend like you?" Alice could tell that Sienna was complimenting her, so she shyly smiled back. Whenever Alice smiled, two dimples would appear on her cheeks.

Standing beside Sienna, Frankie glanced at Alice and wondered, "Wait! How did she know Emmett? When did Emmett meet her?"

Sienna warmly took Alice's hand and gently said, "Come on! Give your backpack to me, and we'll wait for Yvette inside, okay?"

Alice's face lit up with joy at the mention of Yvette's name. She eagerly nodded, then took off her backpack full of snacks. She held Sienna's hand and walked into the living room.

Seeing Frankie standing there, looking dejected, Sienna pulled Alice inside and said, "Hey, Frankie! Grab Alice's backpack and bring it in!"

Frankie picked up Alice's backpack, closed the door, and went into the living room.

In the living room, Alice sat up straight and obediently on the couch like a lady. She looked sweet as she hugged her Mickey Mouse backpack, nearly melting Sienna's heart. 'How can a girl be this adorable? I just want to pinch her cheeks! Siena squealed inwardly.

With his arms crossed and a serious look, Frankie looked at Alice, "So, Alice, how do you know Emmett?" he asked

Alice tilted her head, thought for a moment, and then earnestly answered, "Through Yvette. She's Deme's friend."

Frankie was surprised by how seriously Alice answered the question, leaving him feeling like he was an unreasonable person

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making an unnecessary-fuss.

Sienna couldn't stop laughing, and Frankie gave the former an irritated look.

Frankie, still not giving up, asked Alice, "Then do you know who am?"

Alice raised her puzzled eyes to look at Frankie, then gave him a look that seemed to ask why he was being childish. In an innocent tone, she replied, "I don't know you."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 619[1,149 words]

Chapter 619 04-84%*

Frankie looked at Alice, who was clearly different from a normal person, and endured the humiliation in silence. He couldn't beat the young lady up and kick her out.

Sienna patted Frankie on the shoulder, once again expressing her sympathy. She looked at the cute and well-behaved Alice and asked, "Alice, when did you meet Emmett?"

Frankie perked up at Sienna's questions. For many years, no woman had ever claimed to be Emmett's friend, and Emmett had never even smiled at women, always scaring them away. But now, a young girl who seemed to have intellectual disability appeared in front of Emmett. Something was definitely up.

Alice momentarily paused, blinked her big eyes, and said sweetly, "Yesterday. Yvette said Emmett wanted to be my good friend, and I said yes."

As soon as Alice said this, Sienna and Frankie, who were sitting across her, exchanged a look. It turned out the person Yvette and Emmett met yesterday was Alice.

That meant the person Emmett fell for at first sight was undoubtedly Alice. Frankie and Sienna finally understood why Yvette had said Emmett was crossed in love after falling in love at first sight.

The fact that the person Emmett had fallen for at first sight was not an ordinary woman but a young girl with intellectual disability shocked Frankie. He had been wondering what kind of girl Emmett would fall for all these years; he had never thought it would be someone like Alice.

'Love is indeed a crazy thing. Sienna gulped, feeling that she needed some time to process the information.

When the living room was enveloped in silence, Emmett came down from the second floor. The moment he saw Alice sitting on the couch, his pupils contracted slightly in disbelief. 'Why is she here so early in the morning?' he wondered.

Emmett strode down the stairs, and Alice became elated as soon as she saw him. 'My good friend is here!' she mused.

Frankie and Sienna looked at the two with gossip faces. Alice abruptly got up from the couch and waved at Emmett happily as he came down the stairs.

"Emmett, Emmett, I brought you lots of yummy treats," said Alice. Emmett walked over to Alice and gently patted her head, speaking in a soft, coaxing tone. "Did Demetrius bring you here, Alice?"

Alice took a step back and stared at Emmett, conflicted. Yvette and Demetrius had told her that if anyone patted her head, she should hit them. 'But Emmett is Yvette's friend and also my good friend. Can I hit him?' thought Alice. After thinking for a while, Alice stepped forward and punched Emmett in the chest. It wasn't strong, and Emmett didn't feel any pain!

Emmett was momentarily stunned after Alice punched him. Then, as if he had found out the reason, he smiled and looked at Alice tenderly, asking, "You hit me because I touched your head, right?"

Alice nodded vigorously. "Deme and Yvette said I can't let others touch my head. If someone does, I have to hit them, and I can even hit them to death."

Frankie and Sienna were surprised to see the delicate-looking Alice actually hit someone, thinking, 'Hitting someone to death? Yvette sure taught her some hardcore rules. If anyone were to corrupt a child, it'd definitely be Yvette! Emmett didn't get angry at Alice's words, and he said gently, "All right. Next time someone touches your head, just smash their head in. You can even smash them to death."

Sienna and Frankie were now absolutely convinced that Emmet had fallen head over heels for Alice. His behavior explained that; it was no different from those irrational men when they were in love.

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Chapter 619

Alice wasn't sure if she understood, but she clenched her fists and said fiercely, "Got it, Emmett. I'll smash their head in!" Emmett smiled contentedly and asked Alice, "Are the snacks in your backpack for me?"

Alice quickly opened her Mickey Mouse backpack, revealing a huge pile of snacks, chips, and candies. She poured everything out onto the table and proudly pushed them all in front of Emmett. "Deme said that snacks are to be shared with good friends," explained Alice. Emmett looked at the myriad of snacks. He had never had snacks before, so he wasn't very familiar with them. "Emmett, these are all for you, so you have to finish them up. It'll be shameful if you waste them," said Alice. Emmett nodded, then grabbed a snack from the table and started eating it. Frankie was dumbfounded. Emmett had never had snacks or junk food in his entire life, and now, he was eating them because of Alice.

Frankie's mouth twitched at the sight. He thought, 'There's at least 30 bags of snacks on the table; Emmett would definitely get sick from eating all that. He has clearly lost his mind.

Sienna looked at the table covered with snacks. She picked one up to have a look and put it down, then picked another one up. After confirming that she had never seen these snacks in the market before, she fell silent.

She had been in the snack industry for many years, yet she had never even seen the packaging of those snacks. 'Isn't this a bit excessive?' she mused.

"Alice, did you buy these snacks at the supermarket?" Sienna asked curiously.

Alice shook her head and replied, "No. Deme brought them to me every day. He owns a gigantic snack factory, and it can make whatever snacks I want. It's amazing!"

Alice's words shut Sienna up, and the latter thought, 'So this is the world of the wealthy! He even has his own snack factory, and the snacks are not even sold to the public. He probably did that just for Alice.

Frankie picked up a bag of snacks and glanced at the ingredient list. Every snack was made from organic and all-natural vegetable-based ingredients, without any artificial additives. Besides, the ingredients were sourced from the top producers all over the world. Frankie couldn't help but sigh. He thought, 'Who would ever pamper their kids this much?"

Emmett ate the snacks on the table leisurely while watching Alice introduce the delicious snacks and her recent favorites to him excitedly.

In the living room, Emmett and Alice seemed to have formed a world of their own. No matter what Alice said, Em listened intently without showing signs of impatience.

Frankie and Sienna watched the scene with relish at first, but after an hour, they were wearied by it. 'Why are we putting ourselves through this?' they wondered.

And yet, despite the self-inflicted torture, they couldn't bring themselves to leave and wanted to watch the spectacle unfold.

inutes later, Chris and Bruce came downstairs together in casual clothes. Seeing the four people in the living room, ecially Emmett, who was munching on snacks, and Alice, who was chatting beside him, along with the table full of snacks, they felt somewhat puzzled. As soon as Frankie and Sienna saw Bruce and Chris, they quickly waved them over.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 620[1,199 words]

Chapter 620

Ten minutes later, Sienna, Frankie, Bruce, and Chris were all seated on the couch. Their postures was perfectly synchronized and their gazes uniformly focused on Emmett and Alice, who were munching on snacks. Bruce and the other two agreed wholeheartedly with Frankie's earlier statement-love was truly a mystical thing.

Just as Emmett finished the last packet of crackers, Yvette and Jeremiah descended the stairs from the second floor. Everyone in the living room stood up to greet them.

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The moment Alice saw Yvette, she darted toward Yvette and threw herself into that woman's arms.

Just like when she was a child, she nuzzled Yvette's shoulder. However, this time, she could only nuzzle a few times before Jeremiah grabbed the back of her shirt and yanked her away.

A considerate person, Jeremiah only grabbed her clothes and did not use much force. Alice struggled in dissatisfaction for a moment but soon realized she couldn't escape. She hung her head, looking pitiful, and tears started to well up in her eyes. Emmett quickly stepped forward, shielding Alice behind him. He explained, "Jeremiah, Alice didn't mean it."

Yvette tilted her head, giving Jeremiah a sideways glance with narrowed eyes. She slowly approached Alice, gently patted her head, and asked softly, "What do we do when we can't win?"

Alice stubbornly held back her tears. With a soft and childlike voice that was devoid of any threat but resolutely firm, she said, "You said if we can't win, ambush them. Kick the guys in the crotch and pull the girls by their hair."

Everyone else there were both amused and exasperated by Alice's innocent response. It was clear that Yvette had taught her -she even declared her ambush tactics so boldly.

Alice puffed her cheeks and glared at Jeremiah, clearly ready to fight.

Her arms crossed, Yvette stepped aside and casually leaned back as her narrowed eyes playfully scanned Jeremiah. Then, she turned to Alice and said, "Be ruthless and quick. Go for it."

Across from them, Jeremiah stood there, coughed lightly, and gave Emmett a look. Emmett hurriedly turned around and grabbed Alice, who was already balling her fists and ready to charge. He said, "Be good, Alice. I'll take you to the garden to play."

The moment Alice heard "garden," her mood instantly shifted. She completely forgot about fighting Jeremiah and grabbed Emmett's hand. "Let's go to the garden, Emmett!" she chirped, dragging him off enthusiastically.

The two of them left. The rest who were still around-Frankie, Sienna, and Bruce-stood there staring at Yvette. They swore they saw a look of surprise on Yvette's face for the first time.

Nothing could faze Yvette, not even a collision between two planets. It seemed that Alice abandoning her úght with Jeremiah to gor in the garden had dealt quite the blow to Yvette.

Noticing Yvette's slightly surprised expression, Jeremiah smirked and approached her. "Looks like Emmett's charm worked pretty well," he said in a relaxed tone.

Yvette paused. She lifted her gaze lazily and replied leisurely, "Are you asking for a beating, Jeremiah?"

Jeremiah took this as a sign that Yvette was both embarrassed and irritated.

The four spectators exchanged glances and silently took two steps back in unison, thinking it was best not to get caught in the crossfire when both of them fought... Jeremiah's gaze darkened. "Quite possibly. But if you're going to hit me, I get to pick where." His voice carried a teasing note.

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The others instantly got his meaning, though Chris was half a beat slower than the rest. Everyone silently roasted Jeremiah in their minds.

Frankie thought, 'When it comes to cheekiness, Jeremiah's the one. The serious and aloof Jeremiah from before is gone, and the Jeremiah standing before Yve now is a flirt.' Sienna thought, 'He's bold. So bold. If anyone can flirt with Yve like that, it's only Jeremiah!'

Bruce thought, 'I wonder if Sienna likes that kind of banter. Might be worth trying!'

Chris' expression was one of disbelief and awe. He thought, 'Love's so nauseating. Jeremiah's even worse.'

Although their minds were filled with thoughts, none of them dared say a word.

Yvette looked at Jeremiah with a faintly amused smile that turned into a devil-may-care grin. Just as she was about to speak, she was interrupted by the ringing phone in her pocket.

She pulled it out and glanced at it before answering in front of everyone..

It was Demetrius on the other end, calling just before boarding a flight to Sumanthova. He wanted Alice to stay with Yvette for a while, and Yvette agreed without hesitation.

After hanging up, she looked at Jeremiah. "Pick for yourself? Did I give you that option?" Her tone carried a lazy indifference that masked her emotions, and her demeanor was commanding and icy.

Before the other four could react, Yvette threw a kick. Jeremiah, whose reflexes were fast, dodged her sweeping strike. Seeing the fire in her eyes, he knew this fight was inevitable.

He smirked. The first two buttons of his white shirt were undone exposing his defined collarbones. He radiated restraint from head to toe. "You really want to fight?"

Yvette nonchalantly rolled up her sleeves, revealing her slender, tanned wrists. Her eyes were clear and resolute. "Fight me," she replied.

Jeremiah paused for a few seconds. After all the time they had known each other, this seemed to be the right moment for proper fight. "Alright," he said.

Yvette and Jeremiah's mutual readiness left the four spectators dumbfounded. 'How did this escalate to a fight so quickly? It isn't surprising for Yve to call for a fight, but Jeremiah actually agreed to it!' they thought. Yvette and Jeremiah's gazes, cold and dismissive, swept over them. The couple's message was clear-the four w

in the

way.

However, the four had no intention of leaving. This was not just any fight-it was a legendary showdown. Seizing the chance to witness it, they all sat back on the couch with comical determination and ignored the daggers being glared at them. Frankie fully used his advantage. As long as he was thick-skinned enough, no one could do anything about it. He grinned cheekily and said, "Yve, Jeremiah, go ahead and fight. I'll just sit here quietly. I promise not to get in the way." Chris chimed in earnestly, "Same here. I'm just here to watch, that's all."

Bruce and Sienna nodded in agreement. The four of them were determined to stay. They were set on watching it through to the end.

Her hands in her pockets, Yvette looked at the four of them sitting so comfortably. Suddenly, she smirked rebelliously. "You can watch all you want, but tickets are 660 thousand dollars each Still interested?" she asked. Jeremiah's smirk widened, and his gaze softened. 'Only Yvette would think of charging for tickets in such a situation. How could she be so endearing?' he thought.

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The four froze. Seeing how serious Yvette was, they didn't hesitate. In unison, they said, "We'll pay. We're transferring now

'660 thousand dollars for a front-row seat to Yve and Jeremiah's fight? Totally worth it,' they thought.

Afraid Yvette might change her mind, the four quickly took out their phones and wired the money. As VIP account holders, the transactions went through in less than two minutes.

In just two minutes, Yvette easily earned 2.6 million dollars in ticket sales from the four of them.

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After the four of them transferred the money, they sat on the couch with a sense of accomplishment. The excitement was palpable; all they needed now were popcorn, snacks, beer, and soda to complete the experience. Eager to stir the pot, Frankie feigned seriousness and remarked, "You know, if Jeremiah wins against Yve today, i

have it worse, He'll never get to touch Yve's hand again."

Chris shook his head and said with a resolute tone, "Jeremiah won't lose."

Sienna crossed her legs and clicked her tongue. "Are you sure your Jeremiah won't lose? Let me tell you, Yve doesn't even know how to lose. The idea of her losing is absolutely ridiculous!

Holding Sienna, Bruce said calmly, "A man losing to his woman isn't shameful."

Frankie and Chris remained silent as Bruce, lost in his love-struck state, argued passionately.

The four were in a heated discussion when they turned to realize Yvette and Jeremiah standing in the living room, watching them with amused expressions. Instantly, the four fell silent, waiting for the drama to unfold.

Yvette stood lazily with her hands in her pockets and lifted her eyelids slightly. She glanced at Jeremiah across from her, her eyes flashing briefly. Jeremiah looked back at her, and a faint smile tugged at his lips as though he understood something. His gaze softened. 'She really doesn't play by the rules, does she? Why's that so charming?' he thought.

The next moment, Yvette spoke, her voice as cool as ever but laced with a touch of irreverence and arrogance. I'm hungry.

Jeremiah nodded, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "Steak?"

Yvette nodded again. "Okay."

The two quickly decided to head out for steak, leaving the four on the couch speechless.

'What about the epic showdown we were promised? The fight of the century? 660 thousand dollars they're just leaving to eat steak?' they thought.

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ticket? And now

The other three, aside from Bruce, looked visibly deflated.

'So we just got scammed out of 2.6 million dollars? Willingly? Is there a bigger scam out there? Even robbing a bank wouldn't have been this fast! Is there no justice left? Can anyone punish this

scammer couple?' they exclaim As Yvette and Jeremiah prepared to leave, Frankie suddenly stood up.

Yvette paused, glancing at him nonchalantly.

rdly.

Frankie, who had been brimming with the confidence to ask for his money back, suddenly lost half of that confidence. He muttered, "Um, Yve... aren't you and Jeremiah fighting anymore

His voice lacked confidence, and the other three couldn't bear to watch.

Yvette's delicate face remained calm and collected. With a slow and measured tone, she replied, "How can we fight when we're hungry?"

Frankie froze, 'How does ve manage to sound so righteous about scamming us out of 2.6 million dollars, and then casually say something like that?' he wondered. Jeremiah tilted his head, fixing his eyes on her face with an intense focus that made it seem like she was his entire world.

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Unwilling to give up, Frankie pressed on. "Yve, if you and Jeremiah aren't fighting, could you at least..." he said and held up two fingers, his message clear.

'She won't refuse to refund us, right? After all, that's my hard-earned money!' he thought.

Yvette's gaze fell on Frankie's fingers, her expression unchanging She let out a soft hum then raised an eyebrow. "Oh mean the 660 thousand dollars for the tickets?" she asked.

Frankie immediately nodded, his attitude utterly servile. "Yve, you have no idea how tough it is to make money these days. It's a terrible economy, and I've been saving that money for so long," he said. Watching Frankie's shameless performance made Sienna's lips twitch. She was tempted to throw something at him. 'Seriously, that bad acting makes me want to toss rotten tomatoes at him!' she exclaimed inwardly. Yvette's expression remained indifferent, and her was tone calm as she asked, "Didn't you transfer the money voluntarily?"

Frankie obediently nodded and replied, "Yes."

"I'm not refunding," Yvette replied flatly, turning to leave without hesitation.

Jeremiah followed her, admiring her lithe figure and unbothered demeanor. 'She scams people with such ease, it's almost an art,' he thought.

After Yvette and Jeremiah left, Frankie sat in stunned silence. He turned to look at Bruce, Sienna, and Chris on the couch. "Did Yve just scam us so openly and self-righteously?"

Chris and Bruce stayed quiet. It was clear now-Yvette and Jeremiah's drama was not for ordinary people. Today, it's 660 thousand dollars. Who knows how much it'll be next time?' they thought. Sienna nodded and picked up a bag of chips, intending to relieve her sadness with eating.

"Frankie, think of it this way-Yve didn't wipe out our accounts or take all our money. She only took 660 thousand dollars. Isn't that quite merciful when you think about it?" Sienna said.

Frankie had not thought of it that way; but, after hearing Sienna's explanation, he had to admit that it made sense. 660 thousand dollars was just a drop in the ocean compared to their entire fortune.

The next day, because Alice joined in, their originally planned trip to Ybaulla became a journey for eight.

At the airport, the group of eight used the VIP lane and boarded Jeremiah's private jet.

On the plane, Frankie returned from the cockpit looking puzzled. He asked, "What's going on, Bruce? V military-transferred pilot in the cockpit?"

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Sienna, Bruce, Chris, and Emmett were playing poker. Alice felt sleepy and had gone to the break room to rest, leaving her favorite snacks on the table.

The day before departure, Emmett had fetched five large boxes of Alice's belongings from the presidential palace, all of which had been brought onto the plane. Ever since she arrived, his mood improved noticeably and his once cold demeanor softened.

"Yvette said not to send anyone over. She wants to fly the plane herself," Emmett said.

Frankie was shocked, but the others already knew about it.

Sienna played a two and, noticing Frankie's stunned expression, said, "Frankie, calm down. What's so surprising about Yve piloting a plane? It's just a plane, not a fighter jet."

Chris glanced at the Joker in his hand and suddenly said, "A fighter jet probably wouldn't be a problem for Yve either."

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Sienna nodded in agreement. "Exactly. If Yve's interested, there won't be much of a difference between a fighter jet and a regular plane."

Bruce, who was wearing gold-rimmed glasses that gave him a refined yet mischievous appearance, looked up and < deep voice, "Yve has already flown a plane once. Last time, he flew herself when she went back to treat her father." That particular flight put a lot of pressure on the pilot.

That flight had severely shaken the pilot. Throughout his years as a pilot, he had never seen anyone fly a plane so recklessly. The ordeal had taken such a toll on him psychologically, he had to undergo mental health tests and take a month off. One could imagine just how Yvette must have flown the plane to scare a seasoned veteran like that.

Frankie wondered if it would be too late to get off the plane now

He gulped nervously and asked, "Does Yve have a private pilot's license? Or is she self-taught?"

None one was quite sure about that. After all, they had absolute faith in Yvette. It did not matter whether she had a license or

not.

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Chapter 622 84%

At that moment, Frankie's loud voice woke Alice up. She rubbed her eyes and stepped out of the lounge, still drowsy.

The moment Alice appeared, Emmett immediately put down the cards in his hand then picked up the cool table and handed it to Alice. The temperature was just right.

Bruce and Chris noticed Emmett's attentiveness and realized he really adored Alice.

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Alice took a big sip of water then looked at Frankie, saying sweetly, "Yvette has many certificates. There are many boxes of them."

The others stopped playing cards and turned their attention to Alice. Embarrassed by their stares, Alice hid behind Emmett and clutched the hem of his shirt with her small hands. Her face flushed, and she looked adorable. Emmett spoke softly, "Don't be scared. Are you saying Yve has a box of certificates?"

Alice shook her head vigorously, then nodded and sniffled. "Emmett, you're wrong. It's not one box-it's eight boxes."

The others were stunned into silence. Alice wasn't one to exaggerate, so Yvette must really have eight boxes of certificates. Even though they were used to Yvette's incredible feats, this revelation left them at a loss for words.

'What the hell! Is Yve even human? Doesn't she need time to study? Don't exams take time? How's her time different from ours?' everyone thought.

Seeing their silence, Alice hid behind Emmett again and said in her babyish voice, "Yvette said taking exams is just a way to pass the time. If you're bored, you can try it too. She said it's very simple."

Bruce, Sienna, Frankie, and Chris dismissed it as Alice's innocent remarks. She had way too much faith in them. Taking exams to pass time and amassing eight boxes of certificates? Only Yvette could pull off something like that. It was beyond human.

The group laughed awkwardly. Emmett took Alice back to the lounge and coaxed her back to sleep. Frankie took over Emmett's cards, and they resumed their game while listening to Emmett singing lullabies in the break room.

A rare silence settled among them. Even Frankie, who was usually the most playful, stopped joking around. Everyone knew Emmett did not fall in love easily; but, once he did, he wouldn't let go. However, loving Alice meant a lifetime of hardship. After a couple more rounds of card games, they lost interest. They opened a bottle of red wine and started chatting. Half an hour later, Yvette and Jeremiah walked in, both dressed in matching casual black outfits.

Yvette lifted her cap and glanced at the break room. She asked nonchalantly, "Is Alice asleep?"

Sienna nodded and whispered, afraid to wake Alice, "Yeah, Emmett's with her. She woke up just now because of the noise. but she should get some rest now."

Yvette nodded slightly. "We'll depart in half an hour," she said coldly.

Jeremiah turned to looked at her with a soft expression and said, "I'll sit in the co-pilot seat."

Yvette responded with a short hum and headed for the cockpit.

Holding his wine glass, Frankie watched the two leave and sighed, "How's it possible for two people to look so perfect together, even from the back? It's like they were made for each other. "I wonder if I'll ever find a love like that. Oh, when will I get to experience the pain of love?"

Bruce downed his glass of wine in one gulp and looked at Frankie. "Dream on."

Chapter 622

Those words pulled Frankie out of his daydreams, leaving him sulking.

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In the cockpit, Yvette sat in the pilot's seat while Jeremiah occupied the co-pilot's. Watching her skillfully prepare for takeoff, he asked with interest, "When did you learn to fly?" Yvette's hands paused briefly on the controls. She lifted her eyes slightly and replied coldly, "I taught myself my license at 18."

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Jeremiah was not surprised. He had long guessed that Yvette would not wait for an instructor to teach her. Instead, she learned it herself.

With two minutes left before takeoff, Yvette completed the final preparations. She picked up the intercom and announced, "Fasten your seatbelts. Taking off in one minute."

Everyone returned to their seats and buckled up. Recalling the previous pilot's warnings, Bruce leaned over to tighten Sienna's seatbelt and double-checked it. Sienna cooperated without complaining.

Seeing that, Frankie teased them, "Really, you two? Yve's flying the plane. Even if you're scared, there's no need to tighten your seatbelt so much. You're overreacting."

Bruce glanced at Frankie's loosely fastened seatbelt and, after a moment of silence, kindly advised, "Tighten your seatbelt, Frankie."

Frankie brushed it off, but Bruce looked at Frankie as if he were looking at a fool. 'Suit yourself,' he thought.

Emmett had settled Alice in the break room and sat beside her, watching her sleep peacefully and feeling deeply content.

A minute later, everyone felt the plane gradually lift off the ground, ascending until they passed through the clouds. The takeoff was smooth.

Just as Frankie was about to mock Bruce for being overly cautious; the plane, now flying steadily, suddenly picked up speed. It went faster and faster.

Nine hours later, Yvette's voice came over the intercom, "Prepare for landing in five minutes."

Remarkably, she had shaved almost three hours off the usual flight duration from Mysonna to Ybaulla. Despite piloting for nine hours straight, Yvette looked completely refreshed-more than when she boarded the plane.

won't be able to get out Jeremiah turned to her, his gaze deep and thoughtful. 'How many more surprises does she have hidden?' he wondered.

Sensing his eyes on her, Yvette raised her brows and said slowly, Jeremiah, if you keep staring of bed tomorrow."

Jeremiah was used to her sharp tongue and merely chuckled, his voice soft and teasing. "I've booked a private spa in Ybaulla."

He waited for her reaction. Sure enough, Yvette bit her lip; and the smile in Jeremiah's eyes deepened.

Yvette tilted her head and casually unbuttoned two buttons on her shirt, revealing her elegant collarbones and the white T- shirt underneath. She glanced at Jeremiah nonchalantly and threw down her challenge. "Fine. Whoever backs out, loses." Jeremiah's eyes darkened, a flicker of something intense crossing his gaze. He smirked and replied hoarsely, "Deal."

Back in the cabin, Frankie was the happiest after hearing Yvette's landing announcement. He feared that the plane would maintain its earlier speed. Who knew Yvette would speed up halfway through?

'Holy! One would think that Yve's flying a fighter jet,' he thought Now, he understood why Bruce had tightened Sienna's seatbelt so much. Honestly, if not for his own belt, he might have flown out of his seat. Chapter 622

For the first time in his life, Frankie realized he had never seen anyone "race" a plane before.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 623[1,228 words]

Chapter 623

After they landed, the group's first stop was Hillscester, Bruce had already booked the hotel in advance habe most famous ski resort, this season was bustling with activity, Every year around this time, Hillester was ter tourists.

In the car, Bruce drove while Sienna sat in the front passenger seat. Everyone had already changed into t soon as they arrived, Jeremiah glanced sideways, curling his lips into a smile. Yvette, wrapped tightly in layers of clothes with a knitted hat on her head, exposed only her face.

Yvette lazily glanced at Jeremiah, harboring a slight urge to "stab him in her thoughts, Jeremiah had prepared unnec thick clothes. 'Is he implying I can't handle the cold? she wondered.

In the back seat, Frankie, Chris, and Emmett watched Yvette, who was bundled up. They wanted to laugh but dared not, holding it in with great effort. However, they couldn't deny it-Jeremiah really didn't want Yvette to catch a chill Alice tugged on Yvette's sleeve, her big eyes blinking. She asked, Yvette, are you freezing

Among everyone present, Alice was the only one who didn't notice that Yvette was ignoring Jeremiah. Her demeanor had turned frosty. Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly and replied calmly, "I'm not."

Alice seemed a bit confused, wondering, 'Why is Yvette wearing such thick clothes if she isn't cold? Afraid Alice would keep asking. Emmett quickly pulled a lollipop out of his pocket for her. Satisfied, Alice sat quietly in the back seat, happily enjoying her candy. When Yvette saw Jeremiah glance her way, she immediately turned her head to look elsewhere, closing her eyes as if telling him not to mess with her.

For this trip to Hillscester, Bruce booked the presidential suites of the largest hotel in the area and reserved an entire floor. After checking in, everyone went to their rooms to rest.

Alice stayed with Sienna in one of the presidential suites next to Yvette and Jeremiah's room. The rest of the group's roomy were also adjacent to one another.

In her room, Yvette stepped out of the bathroom after a shower, dressed in a loose T-shirt and a pair of shorts that revealed her long and straight legs, which were tanned, firm, and flawless,

Jeremiah stood up from the couch, handing Yvette a glass of lemonade while naturally taking switched on the hairdryer and slowly dried her hair strand by strand.

owel from her hands. He

Through the mirror, Yvette watched Jeremiah's defined profile. His eyes were bright and focused, exuding clarity. Jeremiah, gazing downward, felt the softness of her hair in his hands. His eyes grew darker, and his lips curled slightly into a faint smile.

After turning off the hairdryer and setting it aside, Jeremiah wrapped his arms around Yvette's waist from behind, leaning close to her ear. He murmured, "Rest for a bit. We'll go out to eat later." Yvette half-closed her eyes, raised an eyebrow slightly, and nodded in response.

The next moment, Jeremiah scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bed. He set her down gently, then tugged at his white shirt, revealing his chiseled, bare torso. His gray lounge pants hung loosely, exuding a casual yet deliberate appeal. As he leaned down slightly, his breath, hot and teasing, brushed against Yvette's collarbone, leaving a trace of redness. Yvette, staring at him with unreadable eyes, smirked. His attempt at seduction was too obvious, yet he was acting cool and indifferent. Yvette lowered her gaze, pretending not to notice Jeremiah. Then, she calmly closed her eyes. Although Yvette was faced

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with such a stunning scene, her indifference perfectly illustrated what it meant to remain utterly unaffected. Seeing her shut her eyes, Jeremiah paused, frowning slightly.

Is my charm no longer effective? Has Yvette lost interest in me? Do I no longer attract her?' Jeremiah wondered.

Yvette remained unaware that in those fleeting seconds, countless thoughts had raced through Jeremiah

The next moment, he lay down beside her, pulling her into his embrace, his chin resting atop her head. He nuzzled her hair gently and murmured, "Let's sleep."

Though his words conveyed care, the faint trace of grievance in his voice didn't escape Yvette's notice.

Yvette, lying in his arms with her back to him, opened her eyes. They sparkled with humor rather than fatigue, and a playful smile danced across her delicate features.

The instant Yvette opened her eyes, Jeremiah's hold tightened instinctively. "Don't laugh," he muttered.

Yvette turned to face him, snuggling into his chest. She raised her gaze, her eyes softening, and let out a faint chuckle. Moments later, Yvette shifted, straddling Jeremiah's waist. Leaning forward, she buried her face in the crook of his neck, her warm breath teasing his skin, sending a tingling sensation coursing through him.

Jeremiah wrapped his arms around her waist, his eyes fixed on her. Yvette stretched languidly, her loose T-shirt barely covering her waist, exposing her smooth skin.

Yvette noticed the desire simmering in Jeremiah's eyes. Her voice, low and slightly husky, carried an undeniable allure as she said, "Let me teach you what real seduction is. Watch and learn."

Jeremiah froze. If he had retained even a shred of composure earlier, the way Yvette spoke shattered it completely.

Yvette's lips curled into a mischievous smile. The next second, she leaned down, planting a kiss on the corner of Jeremiah's lips.

The intensity of her kiss caught him off guard, rendering him momentarily speechless. His mind went blank, and all rational thought dissipated, leaving only the instinctive desire to hold her tighter. Seizing his momentary daze, Yvette wrapped her arms around his neck.

At 9 p.m., since Bruce had booked the entire floor, several presidential suites remained unused. One had been converted into a casual dining and social space for the group.

Emmett and Alice sat together, Bruce and Sienna occupied another couch, while Frankie and Chris, the two single men, huddled together.

An hour earlier, Frankie had suggested playing poker. With nothing else to do, everyone agreed. After two rounds, the wins and losses were minimal. Chris had lost a bit, and Sienna had won slightly.

Noticing Alice quietly playing with her Lego bricks, Sienna asked Alice, would you like to join? Poker is really fun."

Alice perked up at Sienna's invitation, quickly setting her LEGO bricks aside. "Can I play too, Sienna?" she asked eagerly.

Sienna, who had a soft spot for adorable girls like Alice, was immediately won over. Aside from Emmett, Sienna was the second person that favored Alice the most in the group,

Sienna said, "Of course, you can, Alice. If you want to play, go ahead and let Emmett show you."

Emmett, just returning from the kitchen with a plate of freshly cut fruit for Alice, noticed her interest in poker and chuckled indulgently. "If Alice wants to play, I'll cover her bets," he said.

Chapter 623

Hearing that, Frankie perked up. Sienna had found a way to get Emmett to spend his own money, a feat that was usually impossible.

It was his chance to finally get some of his money back. If he didn't seize this golden opportunity to make Emm would be a fool.

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'Forget about whether I'm taking advantage of Alice; Emmett is loaded, after all, thought Frankie. It was his chance to finally recover the 660 thousand dollars Yvette had swindled from him.

Frankie chuckled slyly, brimming with confidence. "Alice, come on over! Chris, move aside and give Alice the seat," he said. The others, seeing Frankie's excited expression, immediately knew what he was up to.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 624[1,109 words]

Chapter 624

Alice gave a shy smile and sat down in the seat Chris had just vacated. Emmett, holding a plate of freshly cut fruit, sat beside her. Seeing Alice's eager expression, he smiled gently and said, "This is poker. You can bet any amount you want." Alice, not sure if she fully understood, nodded obediently. "Gott, Emmett. This is poker. I know how to play," she said.

Hearing that, none of the others took it seriously. Alice was an adult; it wouldn't be surprising if she had seen poker before. But as for her claim of knowing how to play? That wasn't particularly credible.

Frankie glanced mischievously at Emmett, who was sitting next to Alice. He said, "Hey, if Alice plays, you can't give her any tips. Otherwise, it wouldn't be fun."

Frankie's intention of messing with Emmett was evident.

Emmett raised an eyebrow, glanced at him, and said in a deep voice, "All right, Alice will play by herself."

After Emmett said that, he pulled a check from his pocket, wrote 3.3 million dollars on it, and placed it on the table.

Frankie, Sienna, and Bruce glanced at the figure on the check. Emmett was truly spending a fortune for the sake of a girl. The problem was that this 3.3 million dollars was bound to be lost. It was clearly nothing but an attempt to make Alice happy. Alice didn't understand why the other players at the poker table were so excited.

An hour later, Alice looked at her cards, sniffled, and then glanced again at the joker card in her hand. After some thought, she called. The other three players' gazes locked onto her.

The moment she called, Frankie eagerly revealed his cards, shouting, "Four of a Kind. I finally won!"

Sienna and Bruce exchanged glances. They looked at their chips, which had dwindled from an initial 1 million dollars each to a combined total of only 30 thousand dollars. That barely covered Frankie's winning hand, leaving them completely cleaned out. Frankie gathered their chips and counted his remaining ones, which totaled only 150 thousand dollars. All three then looked in unison at the thick stack of chips in front of Alice, their mouths twitching.

In the past hour, over three rounds, Alice had won at least two-thirds of the games. Moreover, every win of hers was at least a "Four of a kind" victory. Frankie had never imagined that the match would end with Alice as the ultimate winner. He thought, "This was yet another unbelievable day!"

Emmett had been gazing at Alice indulgently from start to finish. Feeding her fruit, he said little, showing no surprise at her poker skills. From the first game, he realized that Alice could play.

'Who else but Yvette could have trained someone with the mind of a six-year-old child to play poker this well?' he thought.

Frankie recounted his chips again, sighing over his losses. First, he failed to recover 660 thousand dollars, and then he lost another 1 million dollars to Alice-a massive setback.

Frankie suddenly stared at Alice and muttered, "I have reason to suspect you're a wolf in sheep's clothing, Alice."

Alice blinked, clearly puzzled. Frankie's words were beyond her understanding. In a soft, childish voice, she said, "You're so silly. A wolf can't be in a sheep's clothing. Yvette told me to stay away from dummies."

Her tone was filled with disdain, and the others burst into laughter. Sienna nodded. "You're right; you really should stay away from dummies"

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Chapter 624

Frankie finally understood what it felt like to be unanimously despised. He asked again, "Alice, how do you know how to play poker?"

Alice replied, "Yvette taught me. She said playing poker helps develop the brain and makes you smarter. I..." She paused, counted carefully on her ten fingers, and continued, "I learned it ten years ago! I can also play other games, too. I know a lot!" Bruce and the others had guessed Yvette had taught Alice poker, but they didn't expect such a comprehensive education that included other gambling games.

Alice, unaware of her winnings, pushed all her chips toward Emmett. "Here, Emmett. Can these buy lots of snacks?" she asked.

Frankie snorted, his tone dripping with jealousy. "Alice, you've won enough to buy a mansion here."

Alice seemed to understand the word "mansion." She tilted her head. "Emmett, you can use it to buy a mansion and marry lots of wives!" she said.

The room fell into stunned silence. Everyone's expressions were priceless. Who told Alice that one could marry multiple wives?' they wondered. Emmett's face froze, and his body stiffened instantly. 'What does she mean by 'marry lots of wives?' he thought.

Frankie, delighted by the chaos, asked, "Alice, Emmett only wants to marry one wife."

Alice looked at Emmett with innocent eyes, her expression saying, 'Only one? That's so little!' Emmett grew even more rigid.

As they chatted, Jeremiah and Yvette entered the room. Upon seeing Yvette, Alice immediately grabbed the check in Emmett's hand and ran toward her. Emmett was speechless.

Alice ran up to Yvette, presenting the check like a treasure. "Yvette, this is what I won. You can use it to marry a handsome husband!" she said.

Jeremiah stood beside Yvette, his cold and imposing figure exuding an unapproachable aura. When he heard Alice's words, his expression remained blank, but his gaze grew darker.

Emmett stepped forward, pulling Alice behind him. Facing Jeremiah's frosty demeanor, Emmett said, "Jeremiah, she's just a child. She didn't mean anything by it."

Alice peeked out from behind Emmett and loudly asked, "Yvette, don't you want to marry one? Or do you want to marry lots of people?"

Sienna's mouth twitched. She thought, 'Alice's innocent bluntness has hit Jeremiah's sore spot repeatedly. If anyone else had said such things, they'd probably be long gone by now.'

Yvette squinted slightly, her delicate features radiating calm coolness. Looking at the adorable and naive Alice peeking out, she smirked, her expression tinged with mischief. Glancing sideways at Jeremiah, she said lazily, "One is enough. Quality over quantity." Alice nodded in a daze. She looked at Jeremiah, pointed at him, and tilted her head, asking, "Yvette, do you want to marry him?"

Her question was so sincere that the others perked up their ears. This was the kind of drama only Alice dared to create.

Everyone's gaze landed on Yvette. She slowly raised her eyes, her expression serene. After a long pause, she answered nonchalantly, "Maybe."

Jeremiah's hands clenched tightly, and the room's atmosphere instantly turned oppressive. Everyone else froze.

Yvette's ambiguous "maybe" threw the room into chaos. If she didn't give an explanation, Jeremiah might just lose his mind.

No one could guess why Yvette would say that. They were uncertain if a crisis was brewing in her relationship with Jeremiah after just a few hours.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 625[1,227 words]

The atmosphere in the living room was so tense that no one dared to speak. Only Alice, completely unafraid of Jeremiah, nodded with a slight understanding.

"Yvette, I get it now. You don't want to marry him. You can marry me then. I can buy you lots of houses and snacks. I know I'm your favorite," said Alice.

The previously silent living room instantly lightened up after Alice's innocent words. Yvette lifted her beautiful eyes, and her lips curled nonchalantly with a mischievous and roguish expression. Then, Yvette spoke slowly. "Alice, he's your future brother-in-law, Jeremiah."

Those words struck right in Jeremiah's heart. His furrowed brows immediately relaxed. The dangerous and intimidating aura he had vanished right away.

Bruce, Sienna, and Frankie all glanced at Jeremiah. The word "future brother-in-law" completely overthrew Yvette's earlier reply. At that moment, the same thought crossed all their minds at once.

They all found a hopeless romantic like Jeremiah terrifying. He was totally under Yvette's control. No matter how powerful a man was, he would be helpless when he met a woman he loved, not to mention a powerful woman. Alice glanced at Jeremiah and thought, 'He pulled me, but Yvette told me he's my future brother-in-law' Reluctantly, Alice called out, "Jeremiah."

Then, Alice mumbled quietly, "If you pull my collar again, I'll get Yvette to deal with you."

Jeremiah's lips curled into a smile as he acknowledged Alice's address with a simple hum. Sienna quickly jumped in, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, dinner is already reserved. Shall we go downstairs now?"

Yvette nodded, and the others tidied up to head downstairs to eat. Yvette and Jeremiah walked side by side at the back.

Jeremiah suddenly stopped and said seriously, "There's no such thing as maybe."

Yvette paused with a playful smirk and raised her eyebrow mischievously. She looked every bit like a cheeky female bully as she replied, "We'll see how well you behave then."

Jeremiah stood there with an air of elegance and charm, looking strikingly handsome and enigmatic. He paused for a few seconds and said in a deep voice, "Don't you already know that from earlier?" Jeremiah said that without a hint of embarrassment, showing a straight face as if he was saying something of utmost importance. Just by looking at his face, one would never guess he had said such a bold thing. Yvette shoved her hands in her pockets, glanced at Jeremiah casually, and replied calmly, "Nope."

Jeremiah lowered his eyes and asked, "Are you planning to toss me to the side once we're out of bed?"

Yvette nodded openly with a playful smile and said, "Yes."

Jeremiah wasn't surprised at all. He knew there was nothing Yvette wouldn't do. With a light chuckle, he said, "Fine. I'll just keep you in bed next time."

Yvette refused to back down. With a cheeky grin, she reached out and patted Jeremiah's muscular chest, whispering, "Did you forget who was on top earlier?"

As expected, Jeremiah's expression changed momentarily when he heard that. He felt it was time he changed Yvette's habit of being in control.

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Then, Yvette withdrew her hand and chuckled indifferently as she continued toward the dining area.

'Who is he bluffing? There's no saying who will be unable to get out of bed, thought Yvette. After all, she never gave in to anyone when it came to strength and endurance.

As the largest spa resort in the area, it specializes in combining hot tubs with gourmet dining. Guests could enjoy a private spa while they dine, offering them an exceptional experience.

As soon as the group entered the private room, they saw two steaming hot tubs separated by a screen. A large table was also already set in the middle of the room with mostly Yvette's favorite dishes.

Once everyone was seated, Jeremiah, as always, began grilling meat for Yvette. Meanwhile, Bruce grilled meat for Sienna, and with Alice there, Emmett was also busy serving her.

Frankie and Chris exchanged looks, glancing at the three couples sitting across them-grilling meat, passing napkins, and serving dishes. They couldn't help but wonder if they really needed to be there. Frankie picked up a piece of raw salmon slice, sighed, and said, "Why does the raw salmon slice here taste so sour?"

On the other hand, Chris was already used to the public display of affection. It used to be Jeremiah and Yvette, then Bruce and Sienna, and now there was Emmett and Alice.

Chris calmly picked up a piece of salmon, looked at Frankie, and said, "You haven't eaten it yet."

Frankie replied, "No need. I can smell how sour it is." The corner of Chris' mouth twitched at Frankie's reply.

In the neighboring private room, a woman with delicate features, dressed in a Ybaullan outfit, was serving coffee on her knees to two chatting men covered in tattoos. She backed to the corner after pouring the coffee and lowered her head.

One of the men spoke with an unsettling voice. His face was dark and threatening as he said, "Kaiden was killed in Clusia, and Larry's faction was wiped out overnight. Whose power is behind this? It couldn't have been an internal matter within Steel Serpents. "Months of investigation have revealed nothing. Who could have quietly taken out Larry's entire faction? It's unbelievable."/

The man sitting across from him slowly lifted his head. With a vicious face, sinister gaze, and rugged features, the man looked evil.

The man said, "Mr. Barnes, the businesses under Larry's faction were the most profitable in Steel Serpents. There's nothing we can do now if we can't find the killer. Our current top priority is to take over his business as soon as possible. We'll face huge losses if the other factions get them instead.

"Steel Serpents' annual meeting is in seven days. This matter will definitely be discussed. Are you willing to watch those profitable deals be divided with the other factions? How much will you get with a total of 12 factions?"

The man called Mr. Barnes was Callum Barnes. He led the largest faction in Steel Serpents after Larry. Since Larry's faction was wiped out, Callum's influence was the largest among the 12 factions. And with Larry's business thriving now, Callum definitely didn't want to share it with anyone else.

Callum downed the coffee in his hand with a grim look, and his eyes narrowed with a sinister vibe.

"Mr. Young, Mr. Iverson won't let me off easy if he finds out I've been secretly dealing with other factions. He had already talked to me and said he wanted to give Larry's business to Jasper," said Callum.

Mr. Young, also known as Sage Young, was the man with the earlier suggestion. His face was disdainful at Callum's reply, and he said, "Mr. Barnes, Mr. Iverson is old now. Steel Serpents needs a new leader. Are you satisfied with obeying him forever? "Your current power has already made him cautious. Mr. Atkins has always wanted to replace you. If Larry's business is given to him, will there still be a place for you in Steel Serpents?"

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Callum's face darkened slightly. After a moment, he said, "No. There are dozens of high-level Tradecrafters by Mr. Iverson's side. Each of them is capable of killing without leaving a trace. If we offend him, I'm afraid..."

There was no need to say more. Sage understood immediately. Still, he said through gritted teeth, "Mr. Barnes, Mr. Iverson has high-level Tradecrafters by his side, but we can also recruit professionals ourselves."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 626[1,129 words]

Chapter 626

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Callum shook his head fearfully. "You don't understand how skilled Mr. Iverson's ten high-level Tradecrafters are. You joined too late to know the past-those who tried to overthrow Mr. Iverson were all found tragically dead. He's ruthless, and I can't risk it." Seeing Callum hesitate and knowing he wouldn't dare challenge Waylon, Sage reluctantly agreed. "Fine, we won't go after Mr. Iverson, but we can't let Jasper take over Larry's faction's business. We may not touch Mr. Iverson, but we can..." Sage's words hung in the air, and Callum immediately understood the implication. After a moment's contemplation, he nodded, a scheme forming in his mind to eliminate Jasper and seize control of Kaiden's business.

As the two conversed, the female attendant serving them subtly raised her head, her sharp gaze locking onto Callum and Sage.

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The next moment, deafening gunshots echoed through the room. Callum clutched his bleeding arm, staring in disbelief at the female attendant. If Sage hadn't reacted quickly, shoving him aside, the bullet would have struck his heart. Chaos erupted in the room. The female attendant swiftly aimed her gun back at Callum. Realizing the imminent danger, Sage scrambled to find something to shield himself with, shouting, "Protect the faction leader!" Despite his frantic calls, the guards at the door remained unresponsive. The female attendant unleashed a barrage of gunfire, transforming the private room into a chaotic nightmare!

The deafening shots echoed through the building, but in the neighboring dining room, Yvette paused for a moment, her fork hovering in midair. Then, unbothered, she continued eating as if nothing had happened. Jeremiah, equally unaffected, kept his expression neutral, his blue eyes betraying no emotion. One by one, Chris, Emmett, and Bruce slowly set down their utensils, thinking, 'Such rapid gunfire-this is no minor incident...' Emmett spoke with a grim tone. "Mr. Chavez, this shootout is as bold as it gets."

In Ybaulla, where underworld activities ran rampant and were almost a matter of course, even a shootout at a five-star resort wasn't particularly shocking.

Compared to Clusia, it seemed as though the criminal forces worldwide were far more pervasive,

Chris nodded, his expression darkening. "That level of gunfire... the shooter's intentions are clear- this isn't just a warning, it's an execution."

Frankie chuckled lightly, adding, "Talk about luck-walking right into a gunfight as soon as we arrive. Maybe I should buy a lottery ticket later; seems like I might hit the jackpot today."

Emmett thought Alice would be afraid and was about to cover her ears, but to his surprise, Alice sat wide-eyed, listening. intently to the chaos unfolding around them, showing no signs of fear,

A flicker of sympathy crossed Emmett's face as he observed her, thinking, 'How could a kid who grew up in the slums be scared of gunfire? For most people, the sound of gunshots is a scary nightmare, but for Alice, it's nothing more than background noise. Bruce reassured Sienna before turning to the others. "This gunfire sounds like...

Yvette lifted her gaze, raising an eyebrow as she spoke indifferently. "Desert Eagle, made in Irethiel, 1980. Powerful enough to rival an AK47"

Everyone froze, their eyes locked on Yvette as they thought, 'How on earth could she identify the gun model from just the sound of the shot? Is she even human?'

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Chapter 626

Right then, Jeremiah said flatly, "Someone's at the door."

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The door swung open with a loud crash, and Callum staggered in, clutching his bleeding arm, followed closely by Sage, who limped in with a bullet wound in his leg.

Callum scanned the room filled with young men and women, his voice booming with authority. "I'm Mr. Barnes from the first faction of the Steel Serpents. Help us deal with the woman hunting us, and I'll write you a check for 330 thousand dollars."

Callum and Sage had hoped to use the people in the room as human shields, buying themselves time to escape. Unfortunately for them, they had chosen the wrong group of people.

As Callum revealed his identity, Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others didn't flinch-their expressions remained stone-cold, unreadable. On the other hand, Emmett and his crew exchanged knowing glances, thinking, 'What a small world this is.'

On their first day in Hillscester, they had already crossed paths with the Steel Serpents. Given the country's small size, it was hardly a surprise-they were bound to run into familiar faces sooner or later.

Frankie laughed, glancing at the disheveled Callum and Sage disdainfully. "Let me get this straight. The so-called boss of the Steel Serpents' first faction and his right-hand man are worth only 330 thousand dollars? Pathetic. Now, get out. You're interrupting our meal." Callum and Sage were taken aback by Frankie's brazen attitude. They hadn't expected the entire room to be filled with Clusians.

'How are these people so calm, even after knowing who we are? Don't they realize the Steel Serpents' power in Ybaulla?' they thought.

As soon as they entered, they spotted the man and woman sitting in the main seats. The duo exuded a commanding presence, setting them apart from the others.

Callum and Sage were no fools. Having survived in the cutthroat world of the underworld, they'd honed their instincts for survival, learning to be cunning and calculating. With a female assassin on their tail, they couldn't afford to make more enemies. Callum gritted his teeth, clutching his injured arm, and forced his tone to soften. "You're from Clusia, right? Ybaulla and

haven't seen us." you Clusia are allies. I'll make it 1 million dollars instead-just tell the woman hunting us that

Frankie opened his mouth to retort, but Yvette cut him off. She placed her fork down, wiped her hands clean with a wet wipe, and lifted her gaze to meet Callum's, her expression icy.

Jeremiah, raised an eyebrow in quiet curiosity as Yvette surveyed the injured Callum and the menacing Sage. She took a slow sip from her coffee cup, her voice steady and calm. "Two questions. Who's after you, and why?"

The moment Yvette spoke, they met her eyes and felt chills running down their spines as though they were being assessed by a predator.

Sage answered, "Miss, don't worry. If our faction leader and I make it out of here, you'll be generously compensated. The Steel Serpents honor their word. Once our people arrive, the check will be yours."

He changed the subject, thinking, "This is the Steel Serpents business. What right do the Clusians have to get involved? If we weren't so badly wounded and schemed by the assassin, we'd teach them a lesson for treating us like this.

As Sage finished speaking, Bruce, Emmett, and the others sneered, thinking. They really think they can outmaneuver Yvette? They have a death wish.

Jeremiah shot Callum and Sage a meaningful glance and mused Yvette's not the type to get involved unless she has a reason. If she's asking questions, she must have something planned.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 627[1,241 words]

Chapter 627

Yvette sipped her coffee slowly before setting the cup down and narrowing her eyes. "Answer, and I promise you'll live," she said, her tone extremely oppressive and icy. "Otherwise, I ensure you die right now." Callum and Sage were taken aback by Yvette's arrogance. Sending them to their deaths? That was a bridge too far. The next moment, their eyes widened in shock as a silver pistol appeared on the table, pointed straight at them. They were shocked that Yvette had a gun. She was clearly no ordinary person. Could she thus be a fellow traveler? Callum and Sage exchanged a glance, gritting their teeth. Then, they decided to come clean. Sage explained, "Miss, we shouldn't be enemies. I apologize for the misunderstanding. The attackers were rivals within the Steel Serpents, jealous of our hall leader's brisk business."

Sage added, "That's why they attacked. There was a misunderstanding with Clusia a few months ago during a competition."

As he said this, Sage paused his explanation, carefully watching Yvette's reaction. Seeing no difference in Yvette's demeanor, he felt slightly reassured and continued to speak.

"Have you heard about what happened to Kaiden Harper, the son of our hall leader Larry? He died in Clusia." Sage hesitated, still wanting to test the waters before deciding to say anything more. Hearing this, Emmett, Chris, and even Frankie remained calm and impassive. Due to a longstanding tacit understanding, they knew Yvette had a plan when she spoke.

They had no idea what was happening, but they knew how to play along. The group put on a convincing show.

Sage felt even more relieved when he saw this, thinking, 'I daresay that these Clusians have no idea what happened.'

Yvette crossed her legs, twirling her coffee cup with a nonchalant air, and replied casually, "I hadn't heard."

Sage and Callum both believed it. Callum then took over the conversation.

"After Kaiden died in China, the Steel Serpents were wiped out overnight. A power struggle has erupted within the faction, with everyone fighting over the business," Callum said. "I've been marked for assassination because Mr. Waylon Iverson chose me to take over Larry's business. Miss, if you save me, I'll be eternally grateful," he continued.

Frankie and the others smirked, thinking, 'Yvette has impeccable acting. So these idiots are targets because of Kaiden's family's death and the ensuing power struggle within Steel Serpents. The root

of the trouble was Yvette and Jeremiah-Yvette killed Kaiden, and Jeremiah sent his men to wipe out Larry's faction.

Little did Callum and Sage know that the person who murdered the Harper family was sitting right there, across from them. If they had, they'd probably wish they were dead. Yvette's eyes narrowed, a wicked smile gracing her lips as she glanced at Sage and Callum's sincere expressions. "I'll save you," she said casually. "But first, get into the hot tub."

Callum and Sage's expressions hardened as they looked at the steaming hot tub nearby. Given that they had bleeding gunshot wounds, the hot water was going to aggravate their wounds. Yvette narrowed her eyes, watching the two men hesitate. A cold smile played on her lips as her emotionless green eyes on them. She spoke impassively. fixed

"Don't want to go in the hot tub? Then turn around and leave now, or my gun can send you where you should go, she said.

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Chapter 627

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Jeremiah picked up the coffee from the table and sipped it. A knowing smile played on his lips as he gazed down. 'She certainly knows how to handle Callum and Sage,' he thought. 88%1

Sienna glanced at the two men's troubled faces and leaned closer to Bruce. "Now you know why I've always said it's safer to piss off Hades than to cross Yvette."

Bruce nodded, thinking, 'Yvette's move was indeed ruthless. Forcing Callum and Sage to soak in the hot tub? Just think of all the pain their infected wounds are going to cause them. The worst part is, they did this willingly. Who can they really blame?' Frankie was so close to clapping his hands in glee. 'I knew Yvette wouldn't have saved those jerks from Ybaulla for no reason. She has something up her sleeve. How vicious of her. This is exciting!' he thought.

Emmett smirked, thinking, 'Yvette is a master manipulator. She makes you think you have options, but she's always one step ahead.

If Callum left now and with no rescue in sight, this was a dead end. Their only option was to jump into the hot tub. That water was going to cause them a world of pain.

Callum and Sage gritted their teeth, looked at Yvette, and nodded with some difficulty. "Fine, we'll do it."

Yvette shrugged and arched an eyebrow, looking as nonchalant as ever. She strolled over to the edge of the hot tub and turned around, her voice flat and filled with a hint of defiance. "Oh, that's your own decision. Don't blame me."

Yvette acted like she was being reasonable, which made Callum and Sage so angry they gritted their teeth. Both swore under their breath to make this woman pay once they got out of this.

Yvette adjusted her sleeve and discreetly sprinkled a white powder into the hot tub. It vanished as quickly as it appeared. Only Jeremiah noticed the subtle movement. A thoughtful look crossed his eyes, and a smile played on his lips. Jeremiah looked at Callum and Sage and said in a low voice, "They're almost here."

Callum and Sage panicked at Jeremiah's words. A single glance at Jeremiah was enough to make them realize he was a formidable opponent.

Without a second thought, they jumped into the hot tub one after the other. As soon as Callum and Sage plunged into the hot tub, their wounds were soaked, eliciting painful screams from both of them.

A strange itch crept over their wounds as soon as they entered the hot tub, but with the need to stay alive, they pushed the discomfort aside. Two minutes later, their consciousness began to fade, and eventually, they both passed out in the hot spring.

In the private room, Emmett, Bruce, and Chris were left scratching their heads when the two people passed out so quickly after going inside.

'Wouldn't their wounds have ached like crazy and kept them alert when they soaked in the hot tub? It doesn't make sense that they'd just faint. What's going on? What kind of strange body condition is this?' they wondered.

Yvette stood by the hot spring, watching Callum and Sage lying unconscious in the water, the surface stained with blood. With a blank expression, she returned to her seat and continued eating her barbecue. Jeremiah picked up the tongs and continued grilling. It was as if nothing had happened as they continued to grill and eat.

Sienna looked at the unconscious people in the tub, the strong smell of blood making her feel nauseous. She turned away and vomited. Bruce walked over and gently patted her back.

"You'll need to get used to this kind of life if you want to be with us," he said. Without offering any consolation or empty words, Bruce believed it was important for Sienna to know the kind of life he led 2/3

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Chapter 627

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Sienna endured the nausea and took the tissue from Bruce, wiping her mouth. "I knew from the first day I was with you that I'd need to get used to it. Don't worry, I will."

Frankie watched Yvette eating the barbecue and asked, "Yvette, why did you save those two people?"

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 628[1,170 words]

Chapter 628

Yvette slowly put down her fork, her long eyelashes casting shadows over her eyes. She glanced at everyone and said leisurely, "I'm too bored. I need something to do." Her response was far from convincing for Chris, Frankie, and Sienna, as Yvette usually didn't like to meddle in other people's business.

She wouldn't get involved with Steel Serpents purely because of boredom. That reason seemed a bit perfunctory.

"Don't be ridiculous, Yvette," they said in unison.

Yvette smirked, crossed her legs, and leaned back in her chair with an air of dominance. "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Frankie and Chris nodded instinctively, and Frankie said, "Come on, Yvette. Given your personality, you wouldn't meddle in something you have no business in."

Yvette placed her fingers on the table, raised an eyebrow, and lifted her chin slightly. "Hmm? What's my personality like?" she asked indifferently, but Frankie's heart was pounding.

That was a loaded question. If he answered it wrong, he might be the next one to end up in the hot tub.

Everyone at the table looked at Frankie, stunned. Jeremiah took a sip of his coffee and shot an indifferent glance at the nervous Frankie.

Frankie suddenly burst with a strong survival instinct and responded with a face full of sincerity. "Yvette, your personality is one in a million. You're magnanimous, elegant, beautiful, kind,

adorable, and most importantly, good-tempered. "I've never met anyone with a better temper than you. Knowing you is the luckiest thing that has ever happened to me. I must have done something incredible in my previous life to earn the privilege of being your friend.

"And I'd even come back from the dead if I could. Yvette, you're a deity to me, and I'd go through hell and high water for you."

Frankie looked like he was ready to die a heroic death as he made such an impassioned speech. He even patted his chest for emphasis after he finished speaking.

The others at the table couldn't help but twitch. Even Alice, who barely understood what was going on, stared at Frankie as if he were something novel and thought, 'Deme was right. I shouldn't get too close to fools, or I'll become one!' Yvette lifted her eyelids slightly, her lips curving into a mischievous smile. "Yeah, I do have quite a good temper. You have a keen eye. Not bad."

Frankie instantly felt relieved and chuckled. His skills in flattery had improved and were even acknowledged by Yvette. Being honey-lipped indeed had its perks.

Emmett didn't expect Yvette to actually fall for Frankie's flattery. He could forget about the compliments to her, but not when Frankie said that she had a good temper. He wondered if Yvette actually understood what having a good temper was. Sienna and Bruce exchanged a glance. After hearing Frankie's words, Sienna wasn't as grossed out anymore. Frankie was in his element when he was buttering Yvette up, as if that was his innate talent. She was genuinely impressed. Meanwhile, Chris couldn't bring himself to look at Frankie anymore, for fear that he'd want to beat him to death if he did.

Yvette tilted her head and looked at Jeremiah. With her chin resting on her hand, she slowly asked him, "Do I have a good temper?"

Jeremiah paused, then nodded without hesitation and said firmly "Not just good. You have an excellent temper."

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10:01

Chapter 628

The others were flabbergasted, musing, 'How did Mr. Chavez manage to say that with a straight face?

Just as Jeremiah finished talking, the door burst open again. This time, it was Nora, the female attendant who had been hunting Callum and Sage, followed by several armed men with guns. 88%

Nora came to the private room following the blood trail. As soon as she and her people entered, they saw Callum and Sage floating in the hot tub, not knowing if they were dead or alive.

The smell of blood in the room made her believe that they were on the verge of death. Her gaze locked onto Yvette and the silver gun on the table before her, and she immediately became alert.

Nora gestured to the men behind her and looked at Yvette and Jeremiah with a sharp, scrutinizing gaze and a solemn expression.

She spoke cautiously. "Miss, those in the hot tub are traitors to our organization. We're here to take them away. Would you mind giving us a break?"

Having been an assassin for years, Nora was highly sensitive to murderous aura. Everyone in the room was unsettlingly calm, which clearly showed that they weren't ordinary people, especially the beautiful woman in the center and the man next to her. They both gave off an enigmatic and inexplicably dangerous vibe that made Nora extremely wary.

Yvette lifted her gaze, crossed her legs, and deadpanned at Nora. Her voice was glacial as she uttered, "I'll keep them safe.

Yvette's Ybaullan was fluent and impeccable. Before Nora could react, the man behind her clamored, "What makes you think you can protect them? They're traitors to Steel Serpents. Who do you think you are?"

As soon as the man finished speaking, a bullet pierced straight through his forehead. He collapsed to the ground and died.

With a silver gun in his hand, Jeremiah wore a dark expression as he calmly placed the gun back on the table. "Who are you to talk to her like that?" he said in equally fluent Ybaullan.

Nora looked at the lifeless man on the ground, a strong sense of danger surging within her. Jeremiah's shooting was precise and quick; no ordinary person could do this.

She knew that she had encountered a tough opponent today, and things were likely to spiral out of control.

Emmett, Bruce, and Sienna showed no surprise. Anyone who dared to be disrespectful to Yvette in front of Jeremiah was simply courting death.

Yvette ignored the man on the ground. Her exquisitely beautiful face carried a hint of frivolity as she threw the stiffened Nora an indifferent glance, saying, "You can't kill them today. You have two options-leave, or just stay here for good." Nora wasn't stupid; she understood what the last sentence meant right away.

Nora glanced at Callum and Sage in the hot tub, then back at Yvette, who appeared indifferent. Her instincts told her that the woman before her wasn't lying and indeed had the capability to end her life. Yet, Nora couldn't bring herself to leave Callum and Sage. After hesitating for a while, Nora gritted her teeth, raised her gun, and aimed it at Yvette. The men behind her followed suit and pointed their guns at Yvette and the group.

The atmosphere grew tense in an instant, like a powder keg ready to explode into a shootout.

With a cold expression, Nora spoke to Yvette. "Miss, is there really no room for negotiation? Hand them over to us, and you'll be adequately compensated. You might not know who the two in the hot tub really are, but you can't believe anything they promise you" 10:01 Tue, Dec 31

Chapter 628

Nora gripped the gun tightly and aimed it at Yvette intently. Beads of cold sweat began to form on her forehead.

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 629[1,187 words]

Chapter 629

Yvette glanced at Nora and the people the latter had brought with her. Then, she lifted her eyelids slightly and twirled the gun in her hand, not making any big movements. The next second, a bullet sped toward Nora.

Caught off guard, Nora quickly yanked the nearest man in front of her as a shield.

The bullet pierced through the man's chest. He collapsed to the ground, his eyes staring lifelessly at the crystal chandelier above him, and died.

Without sparing a glance at the fallen man, Nora stared at Yvette in shock. "How dare you shoot us? We're subordinates of Mr. Atkins from Steel Serpents. You-"

Yvette squinted her eyes and interrupted Nora, "He's dead. I don't care who he is."

Jeremiah's gaze darkened, the air around him growing even colder.

"Shall we kill them all?" He turned to Yvette and asked calmly, as if inquiring about something trivial.

Hearing this, Nora panicked, musing, 'Who exactly are this woman and man? I've revealed my identity as a member of Steel Serpents, yet they still dared to attack us.' Emmett, Bruce, and the others also turned to look at Yvette, who was sitting on a chair with her legs crossed, appearing utterly composed.

The lives of the members of Steel Serpents depended entirely on Yvette's decision.

A wicked smile played on Yvette's lips as she raised her eyebrows slightly. Her eyes glinted with defiance as she said calmly in a slow tone, "Keep her. Kill the rest."

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie nodded. Since they were in Ybaulla, they might as well take the chance to kill as many as they could. Letting even one go would feel like a loss. Sensing the imminent danger, Nora shouted, "Retreat! Now!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, Emmett and the others pulled out their guns from their pockets. They had always carried the guns with them but rarely had the chance to use them, as they were always with Yvette and Jeremiah, who handled everything. Now that those Ybaullans had fallen into their hands, it was the perfect opportunity to hone their skills.

The men in black tried to escape, but before they could push the door open, Emmett and the others had already aimed their guns at the men Nora had brought.

The men turned to fire back, but it was too late. Four bullets fired simultaneously and shot them in the heart.

Seeing this, Nora pulled out her Desert Eagle and aimed at Yvette, but her bullet was knocked down by another bullet in mid-air.

Jeremiah was holding his gun, his face stony.

He was the one who knocked down the bullet fired by

bullet struck her right hand and knocked the Dey, Nora. He pulled the trigger again, and as Nora's pupils widened, the

Eagle off her hand. Her palm was also pierced by the bullet.

Yvette remained seated, her face void of emotion. She calmly peeled the orange in her hand amid such a chaotic and dangerous scene. 10:01 Tue, Dec 31

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Sienna and Alice also sat still, Sienna forced herself to stay composed while trusting Bruce to protect her.

Meanwhile, Alice showed no fear. From the moment she became aware of the world, such gunfire had been part of her everyday life. Alice feared the dead even less, as Brady had once told her that the dead and ghosts were not the truly terrifying ones, the living. 88%1

but

Nora had brought fewer than ten people with her. In the blink of an eye, the floor was littered with corpses. She was the only one left alive.

The air in the room was thick with the stench of blood, and Nora was now like a lamb to the slaughter and couldn't retaliate.

Her palm throbbed with pain, and she bit her tongue so hard that it bled. As she had guessed, none of the people in this room were ordinary.

Chris stepped forward and dislocated both her shoulders, then returned to his seat.

"Now that I've fallen into your hands, what are you going to do with me?" Nora asked with difficulty.

Emmett and the others were silent, their gazes shifting to Yvette, who was peeling her orange.

They had no idea what she was up to. Only Jeremiah had guessed it since Yvette had rescued Callum and Sage earlier.

Something terrible was going to happen with Steel Serpents.

Yvette lifted her gaze and looked at Nora, who faced death calmly.

"I won't kill you. Instead, I want you to deliver a message to Mr. Atkins on behalf of Mr. Barnes and Mr. Young," she uttered, her brows slightly creased and her gaze cold and unreadable. Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie were taken aback by her words.

Callum and Sage hadn't had much chance to speak since entering the room, let alone leaving messages for Jasper.

As expected, Yvette was indeed up to something, and it was about to begin.

Nora initially thought she was going to die, but unexpectedly, Yvette spared her life. She could tell that Yvette and Jeremiah, who had just injured her, were the backbone of the group. She believed in Yvette's words and felt fortunate to have narrowly escaped with her life. "What... What me to deliver? That you're Callum and Sage's subordinate?" she stammered. do message

you want

Yvette replied with a low hum indifferently. She lifted her fingers and pointed at the unconscious Callum and Sage in the hot tub.

"Mr. Barnes and Mr. Young specifically mentioned that Mr. Atkins had injured them this time before they passed out. As long as they're alive, they will fight with Mr. Atkins to their last gasp.

"They'll kill his entire family, abuse his wife and daughter to death, and spare neither his mistress nor illegitimate child. Tell your boss to wash his neck and wait for Mr. Barnes and Mr. Young to come to him," she uttered emotionlessly. "How did you know Mr. Atkins has an illegitimate child?" Nora blurted out, convinced upon hearing Yvette's words and seeing her expression.

The fact that Yvette knew about Jasper's mistress

d illegitimate child could only mean that she really was the subordinate of Callum and Sage. Otherwise, she wouldn't have known such private details.

She had to report back to her boss immediately. Their faction and Callum's faction would undoubtedly lead a cat and dog

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life, and they had to prepare for it in advance.

Yvette squinted her eyes slightly. "How I came to know about it isn't important. You can leave now."

Fearing Yvette might change her mind, Nora ignored her dislocated arms and fled immediately.

In the room, Emmett, Frankie, Chris, Bruce, Sienna, and Alice gaped at Yvette and were on the verge of falling to their knees. 'Holy shit... That was marvelous acting!' they exclaimed inwardly

88%

+5

If they hadn't been present to hear what Callum and Sage had said earlier, they would've believed Yvette's words themselves.

Those two hadn't spoken a single word, yet because Yvette had fabricated such a convincing narrative about them, things were about to get chaotic for Steel Serpents.

The fight over territory was now going to escalate into a full-blown gang battle.

Yvette was an effortless victor; she watched in safety while others fought and reaped the reward afterward.

Emmett asked in confusion, "Yvette, how did you know that Jasper had a mistress and a child?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 630[1,082 words]

Chapter 630

Everyone at the table turned their attention to Yvette. They were all curious about the same thing-how did she know about Jasper's mistress and illegitimate child? If Yvette hadn't mentioned Jasper's secret, Nora wouldn't have believed her so easily. Yvette crossed her legs, revealing her delicate ankle, and smiled innocently at their curious faces. "I guessed. Every gang leader surely has a few mistresses and illegitimate children," she said calmly.

Frankie's jaw dropped in disbelief. "Seriously, Yvette? Are you kidding me? Does that make sense?" he blurted out, his face showing a hint of doubt.

Yvette nodded slightly, her green eyes cold and serene as she responded, "Why wouldn't it make sense?"

Beside her, Jeremiah stifled a laugh, finding Yvette's confident attitude truly adorable.

Emmett, Bruce, Chris, and Sienna could only chuckle helplessly. Yvette had made up a reason and successfully stirred internal conflicts within Steel Serpents. They couldn't say anything but had to admit her tricks were impressive.

Frankie looked at Yvette awkwardly and gave her a genuine thumbs-up. He thought it was incredible how she could come up with a random story and fortunately hit the mark. "Yvette, Lady Luck is indeed on your side," he said.

Yvette maintained a calm expression, exuding an aura of authority as she said seriously, "I do have pretty good luck." Jeremiah's smile deepened, her eyes growing more intense. Seeing Yvette serious, he asked, "Good luck? Like what?" He was genuinely curious to know just how "lucky" Yvette considered herself to be.

The others were equally curious. No one cared about the unconscious Callum and Sage in the hot tub or the corpses scattered around. What interested them more was just how lucky Yvette claimed to be.

So, in a room filled with corpses, they began to discuss Yvette's luck.

Yvette leaned back, her long legs stretched out casually, looking at Jeremiah, and said nonchalantly, "Does winning the lottery twice count?"

Frankie was unimpressed after learning it was just about winning the lottery twice. He shook his head and said, "Yvette, that doesn't count. I've won the lottery, too. Who hasn't won two bags of laundry detergent?" The others didn't see it that way. They believed that for something to be called lucky by Yvette, it couldn't just be two packs of laundry detergent. Chris asked, "Yvette, may I ask, what did you win in those two lotteries?" Yvette's beautiful eyes narrowed slightly as she glanced at them. She smiled and said calmly, "I won 7 million dollars the first time and 30 million dollars the second."

Instantly, the room fell silent. Frankie's eyes widened in shock as he thought unhappily, "Why didn't everyone get equal treatment and win laundry detergent? How could Yvette win 7 million dollars and 30 million dollars instead? How could this world be so unfair? Couldn't Lady Luck stand for ordinary people? Wasn't that too much to ask?"

Jeremiah remained calm, knowing that Yvette's idea of winning the lottery was different from Frankie's. 'Sure enough, my little girl is the best at making people feel inadequate!' he thought proudly.

Bruce, Emmett, and Sienna all wore expressions of "we knew it. They were amazed by Yvette's incredible luck in winning something as random as the lottery.

Frankie suddenly brightened up, looking at Yvette with a flattering smile. "Yvette, do you have any tips for winning the lottery? Share them with us, please. If I win, I'll surely give you t

Not taking advantage of such a golden opportunity would be foolish to him. Knowing the lottery was all about probabilities,

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Frankie believed Yvette-must have discovered some pattern, given her extraordinary mind.

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Yvette's clear eyes scanned the excited Frankie up and down. She replied casually, her tone rising slightly at the end. "No winning tips. It was random. I just happened to pass by and bought it on a whim."

The room fell even quieter than before. Emmett, Chris, Bruce, and Sienna all lowered their heads simultaneously. They thought in shock, 'Random? She just passed by and bought it on a whim? How could someone be that humblebrag?"

If anyone else had said that, they would not have believed it. However, Yvette's words were impossible to doubt. They genuinely wondered what kind of relationship Yvette had with Lady Luck.

Hearing that, Frankie deflated like a punctured balloon, thinking about how unfair life could be. He couldn't believe that Yvette had randomly won the lottery twice, netting 7 million dollars and then 30 million dollars.

+5

Yvette looked at the silent group and turned her head to Jeremiah, frowning slightly. "Is winning the lottery really that hard? Isn't it just a matter of chance?"

The others thought speechlessly, 'Does Yvette really think that highly of us? How could she say that so casually? Winning the lottery is as rare as a collision between planets, yet she had done it twice.

How incredible is that!' Jeremiah nodded, his gaze deep as he responded affirmatively, "No, it's not hard. For you, it's not hard at all."

Emmett, Bruce, and the others were rendered speechless again. They felt like they were continuously hit by blows from the couple, thinking that Jeremiah shamelessly showed off his affection anywhere, anytime. After a moment, Alice suddenly pointed at the two men in the hot tub and said with her innocent and childish voice, "Yvette, they're all swollen from soaking."

Her words successfully caught everyone's attention, and they finally turned to look at Callum and Sage in the hot tub.

Since Yvette had stirred up this conflict with Jasper and the two and intervened in Steel Serpents' infighting, Callum and Sage couldn't die yet; otherwise, they could not continue to fight them.

But judging their current state, they doubted the two might already be dead. If Alice hadn't mentioned it, they would have forgotten about them.

Yvette glanced indifferently at the two in the hot tub and said emotionlessly, "They won't die."

Jeremiah had a knowing look in his eyes. The reason the two wouldn't die was the powder Yvette had sprinkled.

Yvette turned to Chris and ordered, "Get them out of the tub."

Chris immediately got up and walked to the hot tub, pulling the nearly breathless two out without hesitation. After getting them out, he threw them to the ground with force, clearly venting some personal frustration.

Callum and Sage remained unconscious on the ground, showing no signs of waking up. They were covered in blood, and their wounds were swollen from soaking, looking pitiful and utterly miserable as if they had been tortured. Meanwhile, Yvette calmly walked to their side and looked down at them, her eyes filled with a hint of malice.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 631[1,245 words]

Chapter 631

The next moment, two silver needles suddenly appeared in Yvette's hands. With a swift flick, she sent them flying toward Callum and Sage, striking their acupoints with perfect precision. Frankie and the others stared in stunned disbelief at her skills, thinking, 'Since when could silver needles be used like this?

Callum and Sage jerked awake, their eyes wide with terror as though they'd just had a nightmare. Yvette took two steps back, casually pulled a chair over, and sat down. Then, she leisurely rolled up her sleeves.

After Callum and Sage regained consciousness, they took a moment to process their situation. The pain from their injuries was so intense that breathing felt difficult. Slowly, they turned to look at Yvette sitting in the chair, then scanned their surroundings. Seeing the killers who had been after them lying lifeless on the ground, their eyes widened in shock. They couldn't help wondering what had happened while they were unconscious.

Sage carefully examined the wounds on the bodies scattered across the ground. Each one was a clean, fatal shot to the chest -clean and precise with no other injuries. The shooter's skills were terrifyingly precise.

Sage shot Callum a look, and when Callum followed his gaze, he was equally stunned.

While the two were still in shock, Yvette's impatient and cutting gaze fixed on them. Her voice was low and chilling as she said, "Done staring?"

Callum and Sage snapped back to their senses. They looked at Yvette with heightened caution, their eyes also filling with doubt and fear. For Yvette and her group to have easily dealt with their pursuers, they were undoubtedly dangerous individuals.

Callum spoke up. "Thank you for saving us, Ms. Zeller. I'll make sure the full amount is delivered via check tomorrow." Initially, the two had planned to use Yvette as a scapegoat. As for the money, they had intended to destroy all evidence and pretend the deal never happened. However, seeing the pile of bodies around them, Callum had a change of heart. He understood that provoking someone like Yvette was not a wise move.

Sage quickly nodded in agreement. However, looking at Yvette's emotionless face, a sudden thought crossed his mind. 'If we could recruit her and her subordinates to work under our faction leader, they'd be a tremendous asset.'

Yvette's hand rested lazily on the armrest, her long legs crossed in a relaxed manner. She glanced at them indifferently, her voice carrying a weight of authority as she spoke calmly. "You two can leave now, but send your people to clean up this mess." Callum and Sage were caught off guard, not expecting to be released so easily. They thought Yvette would exploit their situation to make outrageous demands. They stood in place, still in disbelief that things had played out quite differently. Yvette leaned back in her chair and raised an eyebrow as she looked at them. She asked coldly, "What's the matter? You don't want to leave?"

Callum and Sage quickly supported each other to their feet. Callum replied, "No, we'll be on our way! Don't worry, Ms. Zeller. My subordinates will be here soon to handle everything. We'll save you the trouble."

With that said, the two men draped their arms over each other's shoulders and slowly made their way out. Despite the pain from their injuries, they kept going, fully aware Yvette might change her mind if they stayed any longer. Emmett and the others watched the two battered men stagger, their thoughts silent but unified. Was falling into Yvette's hands a blessing or a curse for the two?

Callum reached the door, but as soon as his hand touched the handle, he heard Yvette's emotionless voice. "Hold on

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10:01 Tue, Dec 31

Chapter 631 87%

Both men froze in their tracks. After several seconds, they unwillingly turned around. Their faces were filled with vigilance, as they were unsure of what else she wanted from them.

Yvette narrowed her eyes at them, her face devoid of expression. Callum and Sage broke into a cold sweat. They felt as though they were prey being eyed by a wild beast, one that wouldn't stop until it had shredded them. They thought, 'Not again... It's that look again. Who exactly is this woman?'

Yvette said leisurely, "You see, the woman leading this group escaped, and the people we killed were hard to deal with...

Callum and Sage looked at Yvette's subordinates in confusion. There wasn't a single trace of blood on them, nor were they wounded.

They grumbled internally, 'What a blatant lie! It doesn't look like they had much trouble. Does she take us for fools?'

They would have found it easier to accept her excuse if there had been evidence of a struggle, but her subordinates looked perfectly fine.

Callum's suspicions were confirmed; she wasn't planning to let them go easily and had clearly been waiting for them here. He clenched his teeth but didn't dare to confront her. He asked cautiously, "What do you mean, Ms. Zeller?" Yvette looked at Callum and Sage disdainfully, as if they were fools. "After we've worked so hard to save you two, don't you think we deserve more?" Yvette spoke in a deceptively friendly tone, as if she was negotiating with them. Jeremiah, sitting in a chair nearby, watched with a subtle smile. His eyes were warm and gentle as he admired Yvette's relaxed and laid-back approach to handling the situation.

Meanwhile, Emmett, Sienna, and the others tried hard to hold back their laughter; Yvette was something else. She didn't even bother coming up with a convincing excuse to extort them, instead, she made absurd claims. Yvette had a unique way of dealing with things. Callum pondered for a moment and offered tentatively, "How about another 1.5 million dollars on top of the amount we agreed on?"

Yvette didn't respond, simply staring at them menacingly.

Callum clenched his fists and tried again, asking, "2.3 million?"

Adding on the previously agreed amount of 1 million, that totaled up to 3.3 million. Yet, Yvette still said nothing, casually kicking one of the bodies at her feet and sending it sliding across the ground.

Yvette looked at him and cleared her throat. With a harmless expression, she asked, nonchalantly, "Hmm? What did you just say?"

Callum looked at the body that stopped in front of him, his brows furrowed in frustration. Sage leaned in and whispered, "We can't afford to offend her now, Mr. Barnes. If we don't offer this Clusian woman a satisfactory amount, she's not going to let us go." After a tense pause, Callum clenched his jaw and said, "7 million I'll give you 7 million as a token of appreciation for saving us."

Yvette gave a slight nod. Her eyes were still nonchalant, but a satisfied smile tugged at her lips. "Sounds good."

Callum and Sage turned around, but just as they were about to leave, Yvette's voice cut through the air again. "Just a minute." The two men were on the verge of losing their sanity. Though they were seething with anger, they didn't dare to show it. After taking deep breaths to recompose themselves, they reluctantly turned around to face her.

Sage asked, "Is there anything else, Ms. Zeller? If you have any more requests, please state them at once."

It was clear that Callum and Sage were close to a complete breakdown—both mentally and physically. Seeing this, Emmett and the others couldn't help but think, 'Yvette sure is ruthless.'

Yvette looked at them with a wicked expression, malice lacing her words as she said, "Oh, I forgot to tell you the group's leader left a message for you two."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 632[1,164 words]

Chapter 632

Callum's and Sage's expressions changed. They wondered, 'Did that female assassin leave a message for us?' They looked at Yvette with suspicion.

Yvette stood there, her gaze darkened, and she had a slight smile on her lips. Calmly, she said, "That woman said Mr. Atkins will never let you off."

"He'll rip you apart and won't spare your wife, kids, mistress, or illegitimate children either. You're being delusional if you believe you can take business from Kaiden."

Emmett and Bruce exchanged glances, trying to hold back their laughter. They thought, 'Yvette is really good at making things up. She used the same excuse and words to bluff the female assassin and now Callum and Sage.

'Yvette really dares to make stuff up. What if Callum and Sage actually don't have any illegitimate kids? What a shame! Hearing this, Callum's and Sage's faces immediately darkened. They now truly believed what Yvette said because they both indeed had mistresses and illegitimate children, and not just one.

Seeing their faces suddenly turn gloomy, Emmett and the others knew Yvette had guessed right again. There was really no arguing with her.

With a sullen face, Callum said to Yvette, "Thank you, miss, for telling us this. Would you mind telling us your name?" Yvette, hands in pockets, spoke with a voice tinged with casual indifference. Her green eyes were sharp, exuding an imposing aura. She glanced at the two of them indifferently. "Yvette Zeller

Callum said, "Thank you, Ms. Zeller, for saving our lives. We'll definitely come to thank you in person in a few days."

After that, the two hurriedly opened the door and left. They finally felt relieved only after stepping into the elevator, afraid they might hear Yvette's voice again.

In the elevator, Sage and Callum were utterly exhausted. Their bodies were at their limits, and their wounds were painful and itchy. They didn't dare to touch them, having to bear it in silence.

Sage spaced out, not knowing what he was thinking. Callum nudged him, snapping him back to reality.

Callum asked in confusion, "What are you daydreaming about? At a time like this?"

Sage nodded, his face pale. "Mr. Barnes, the name Yvette sounds familiar, like I've heard it before. Her side profile also seems so familiar."

Sage tried hard to remember, but her memory was blurry. Callum thought Sage might be fascinated with Yvette after seeing her face and warned him.

He said, "You've met her? No way. With Yvette's looks, there's no way you'd forget if you'd met her. I'm telling you, this woman seems like trouble, and the guy beside her who hardly spoke also gives off a dangerous vibe. Whatever you do, don't get involved with people like them."

Callum had been in the underworld for so long, surviving this far by trusting his instinct about people, which helped him avoid many risks.

Sage realized Callum was right. With Yvette's unforgettable looks meeting and forgetting her would be impossible. It must have been just a moment of overthinking.

It was when Callum and Sage exited the elevator that their subordinates arrived. They immediately took the two to a private hospital. For Steel Serpents, today was bound to be anything but peaceful.

1/3

10:01 Tue, Dec 31 Chapter 632

Emmett, Bruce, Frankie, Chris, and Sienna watched Callum and Sage leave in the private room, completely convinced. They couldn't quite find the right words to express their feelings for a moment. 87%

Honestly, Yvette's method of sowing discord wasn't difficult at all. She basically made wild guesses, but it worked perfectly. It really made those who went to great lengths to incite disputes within Steel Serpents look foolish. What impressed them the most was that, from start to finish, Steel Serpents brought this problem upon themselves.

Jeremiah stood up and walked over to Yvette, casually rolling his sleeves. She glanced at the room full of bodies and turned to the others, saying, "Let's go."

Then, they left the room that was filled with bodies. After they left, Callum and Sage's men entered to pack up and remove the bodies quickly. They were clearly used to this type of task as they were swift and efficient.

In the presidential suite, Yvette ordered the hotel's specialty again and had it delivered to the room. Emmett and Bruce sipped their wine, watching Yvette enjoy her meal.

Beside her, Jeremiah was peeling fruit for her after the meal and occasionally handed her a napkin.

Sienna took a sip of her wine, looking at Yvette with envy. "Yvette, how do you eat so much and not gain weight? No. I must learn from you. Starting today, I'm going on a diet."

Bruce glanced at her, not quite understanding what girls meant by being fat. 'Almost five feet seven inches and around 100 pounds. How is that fat? I can pick her up with one hand. How is she fat?' he exclaimed inwardly. Bruce said in a low voice, "A little fat feels better."

Sienna turned around and shot him an annoyed glance, looking like she didn't want to bother him. He rubbed his nose, wondering what he might have said wrong.

Frankie looked at Bruce's confused face and patted him on the shoulder with a smirk. Trying to sound smart, he said earnestly, "A woman's thought process is impossible to grasp. Bruce, there's a line you just can't cross when talking to a woman. Do that, and you're in deep trouble."

Bruce put down his wine glass and looked at Frankie, frowning. "What is it?"

After Emmett put Ellie to bed, he walked out and joined the conversation. He added, "Cheating? Having a mistress? Lying?"

Chris, getting interested, joined the discussion. "And what happens if you cross the line?"

Frankie looked secretive, keeping the group in suspense. He then glanced over at Yvette, who was focused on her food, and eagerly sat across from her. "Yvette, do you have any bottom lines? If someone crosses them, they'd be in big trouble, right?" Jeremiah paused while peeling the fruit, his well-defined fingers looking particularly striking against the bright red apple. His gaze darkened.

Yvette raised her eyes, casually picking up a napkin to slowly wipe her hands clean. Her sharp, distinct eyes lazily focused on Frankie.

With her usual cold voice, she said, "It's fine. Those who have crossed the line are already dead. I act quickly, so they die peacefully, without pain."

With a smile on his lips, Jeremiah looked at her with warm eyes. She really is kind-hearted!' he thought.

Sitting across the table, Frankie swallowed and turned to look at Emmett, Chris, Bruce, and Sienna, wondering. Did I misunderstand something? Can the phrase "die peacefully" really be used like that here?"

The others were feeling just as uneasy as Frankie. Yvette spoke indifferently, and Jeremiah looked at her like a hopeless romantic. No one knew what he was implying.

Chapter 632

Bruce looked at the flustered Frankie. "Stop beating around the bush. What is considered a bottom line for women?"

Frankie got up, walked over to Sienna, and looked at the curious crowd. "You guys are so clueless. It's losing weight. When she says she's fat, just keep silent. Don't even think about responding."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 633[1,131 words]

Chapter 633

As the most clueless member of the group, Chris still didn't quite understand. Puzzled, he asked, "How does that relate?"

Frankie felt a strong urge to knock some sense into Chris, wondering just how dense he could be. Taking a deep breath, he lectured Chris, "If you respond with 'yeah' when your girlfriend complains about gaining weight, you'll lose her. But if you say 'no,' they'll just call you a liar."

Pausing, he continued, "So, the best approach is to avoid commenting on their weight altogether. Only they can call themselves fat in this whole wide world, and as men, it's best to steer clear of that sensitive topic.

Bruce nodded in agreement, saying to Sienna, "You do whatever makes you happy Sienna. Your happiness is all that matters."

Sienna drained her glass of wine and replied, "What exactly do you mean by that? You don't care about my figure at all, do you? Well, sleep alone tonight. Goodbye."

She sashayed away after that, leaving Emmett, Chris, and Bruce stunned and puzzled while Frankie fumed in exasperation at Bruce's hopeless stupidity.

Bruce turned to Frankie, asking sheepishly, "What did I do wrong?"

Jeremiah finished peeling the fruits and placed them neatly on the plate before looking at the puzzled Bruce. "If your girlfriend thinks you're wrong, then you're wrong, even when that's clearly not the case." Though his words were directed at Bruce, his gaze remained fixed on Yvette.

Yvette finished the last piece of pizza and met Jeremiah's gaze, commenting lazily, "You're quite insightful."

Jeremiah nodded, his breath brushing her ear as he leaned in and whispered, "I'm glad you approve, teacher. I'll do better under your guidance."

The others didn't catch his words, but they saw Yvette's expression shift after he whispered to her. Emmett cleared his throat and tactfully said, "I'm returning to my room, Mr. Chavez, Yvette."

take a nap." go With that, he hurried toward one of the rooms while Bruce followed suit. "I'm exhausted. Guess I'll

Chris, reading the room and realizing he'd soon be stuck witnessing a public display of affection if he didn't leave soon, quickly excused himself. "The stock's been unstable lately, and I need to keep an eye on it. Goodbye, Mr. Chavez, Yvette." Frankie was the last one remaining out of the four. At times, he could be surprisingly sharp, but other times, he acted downright clueless. Hanging around with a mischievous grin, he said, "You guys go ahead. Just pretend I'm not even here."

In the next instant, Jeremiah snatched the knife and fork from the table. The blade caught the light as he axed Frankie with a cold, half-smile. "Pretend you don't exist? I could make that a reality," he said, his voice icy. Frankie gave a start and stumbled back, warily eyeing the knife in Jeremiah's hand. Then, without another word, he left in such a hurry that he left the door wide open, the entire process taking less than ten seconds. Yvette glanced at the open door and arched her brow, looking at Jeremiah teasingly. "Have I ever taught you to not frighten people?"

Jeremiah gazed at her with a smirk, his eyes twinkling with amusement as he leaned in.

Their breaths mingled, and he pecked her lightly on the nose, smiled, and whispered with a languid, alluring tone into her ear, "Teacher."

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Chapter 633

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Yvette grabbed Jeremiah's chin and planted a kiss on it, her green eyes filled with defiance. "Good boy."

Jeremiah's breath quickened as he thought, 'She's flirting with me again.

Before Jeremiah could say anything else, Yvette pushed him aside, yawned, and said, "I'm sleepy."

Jeremiah glanced down at his abdomen, then up at the girl, who clearly had no intention of finishing what she started. Steadying himself, he muttered, "I'm tired too. Let's just sleep." 87%1

Yvette flashed a mischievous smile, her finger pointing at the area beneath his custom-made belt. With a playful smirk, she teased, "Sleepy? Really? Some parts of you seem pretty wide awake."

Jeremiah stiffened at her words, rooted to the spot as he watched Yvette saunter away. him, and he fought the urge to grab her and teach her a lesson for speaking so audaciously.

A

surge

of frustration welled inside

up

Meanwhile, at a private hospital, the attending physician was left puzzled after treating Sage and Callum's injuries and conducting a few additional tests.

When the nurse informed him that both had regained consciousness, he rushed over without hesitation. As major figures in the underworld, Sage and Callum were not to be trifled with, and the hospital couldn't afford to make any missteps with them. The doctor pushed open the door to find Callum and Sage wearing grim expressions.

Their wounds ached and itched unbearably, leaving them itching to scratch, but unable to. Both of them seethed in silence -like two enraged lions, ready to snap at the slightest provocation.

Callum shot the doctor a glare, hurling a pillow in his direction as he demanded, "Why are we so itchy? What's going on?"

Sage, who was plump, suffered even more than Callum. His itching was unbearable, and he scratched furiously, desperate for any kind of relief.

The relentless scratching caused Sage's freshly dressed wounds to reopen, and blood began to pour out uncontrollably. Despite his miserable state, his eyes, burning with fury, locked onto the doctor

as though he wanted to devour him. The doctor spoke shakily, "Mr. Barnes, Mr. Young, after examining your injuries, we've concluded that your wounds are gunshot wounds, aggravated by immersion in scalding hot water. This has led to infection and severe inflammation."

He paused and continued, "As for the intense itching, it appears to be caused by an unknown powder. As for what powder it is, we'll need further tests to identify it."

The doctor was clearly troubled; the small amount of white powder recovered from the wounds didn't match any known medications on the market. They wouldn't be able to find it in a short while. Identifying the substance would take time and further testing.

Callum and Sage exchanged a knowing look. They both had a sinking feeling-they had fallen into a trap. A gunshot wound alone wouldn't cause this level of itching. They silently wondered when and where they had been ambushed.

After the doctor finished speaking, he stepped aside, his head lowered, too terrified to even make a sound.

Sage paused for a moment, his mind racing, then voiced his suspicion. "Mr. Barnes, do you think the Clusia woman, Yvette, might be behind this? Could she have set us up?"

Callum immediately dismissed Sage's suspicion, shaking his head. "Impossible. Yvette couldn't have known about Jasper's plan in advance."

He added, "How could she have known Jasper sent someone to assassinate us, prepared that powder, and predicted we'd barge into their private room? Such coincidences don't happen. This has to be Jasper's doing. 10:02 Tue, Dec 31 OG.

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Sage nodded thoughtfully before suddenly exclaiming, "It must have been that coffee we drank!"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 634[1,195 words]

Chapter 634

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A malicious expression twisted Callum's face as he thought, "To think Jasper had the audacity to hire an assassin to kill me, even threatening my mistress and child. Fine, he's declared war. I'll

fight him to the end and see who comes out on top! Battling the relentless itching, Sage looked up after a moment of thought. "What do you think of that Clusian woman?" he asked Callum.

Callum's expression darkened, his gaze sharpening as he eyed Sage with suspicion. "What do you mean, Mr. Young? Are you interested in her? She's trouble, trust me. Her background's shady, and you'd do well to stay away-unless you want to get yourself in trouble." Everyone was well aware of Sage's reckless reputation with women. A few years back, Sage had engaged in all sorts of absurd antics with women. Callum was worried that Sage might have inappropriate intentions and set himself up for trouble. Noticing Callum's suspicious look, Sage awkwardly cleared his throat and clarified, "That's not what I meant, Callum. But have you considered using Yvette to our advantage? Both she and the man she was with seemed mysterious. I have a strong feeling they come from extraordinary backgrounds."

Callum was taken aback by Sage's suggestion. After a brief pause, he replied, "No, that's too risky. We know nothing about Yvette. Her actions are too suspicious and mysterious. How can we even convince her to join the Steel Serpents?"

He added after a pause, "And how capable is she really? We were unconscious, so we didn't even know what happened. A Clusian woman? I don't trust her."

Sage didn't argue, but he was certain that Yvette was way more capable than she seemed. He believed she could be the key to helping them seize Kaiden's business, and he wasn't about to give up.

He continued to press Callum, "If you're worried about Yvette's abilities and background, we can easily test that. I'll look into her true identity, and then we can decide on our next move."

Seeing Sage's persistence, Callum gritted his teeth and reluctantly agreed. "Fine, but first, let's conduct a thorough investigation into Yvette's background."

Meanwhile, in the presidential suite, Yvette sat relaxed before the hotel's computer, her sleeves rolled up and legs crossed. Her fingers moved fluidly across the keyboard, typing out complex lines of code with practiced ease.

Two minutes later, Yvette reviewed the modified data, then pulled her hands back with a mischievous smirk. She lazily leaned back in her chair.

Reaching for a piece of vanilla toffee from the table, she unwrapped it slowly before popping it into her mouth. The candy melted instantly, but as she savored the sweetness, she realized that she hadn't been craving sweets as much lately.

Yvette casually glanced at the porcelain vase nearby, her eyes narrowing with focus. Slowly, she extended her hand, directing her attention toward the vase. With a sharp flick of her gaze, the porcelain shattered into pieces with a loud, resounding crack. Yvette withdrew her hand, lowering her gaze to conceal the glint in her eyes. The ancient combat power she wielded was unlike any martial art practiced by others.

Over the past year, the wild internal energy from her childhood had been mostly tamed, now fully under her control. She could feel that it was on the cusp of a breakthrough, poised to reach a higher, more formidable level.

Just then, the door creaked open, revealing Jeremiah. He stood tall, his white shirt crisp against the dark contrast of his tailored black suit pants. His long legs and effortless confidence added to his charm, while a smile lit up his piercing blue eyes. Stepping into the study, he spotted the shattered porcelain vase. Without a flicker of surprise, he turned to Yvette and asked

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casually, "Everyone's outside, Feel like going skiing?"

Yvette's clear eyes gleamed like stars as she narrowed them slightly and nodded, rising gracefully to her feet. "Sure."

Jeremiah and Yvette headed to the break room to change into their ski gear. Meanwhile, Emmett stayed behind with Alice, while Frankie, Chris, Bruce, and Sienna, already suited up, waited by the door.

A hotel shuttle awaited outside to transport the group to the ski area. Along with Yvette's party, there were five or six other young men and women-also VIP guests staying in the presidential suites. The hotel had arranged for both groups to share a shuttle. Yvette and her friends boarded last, finding the shuttle partially occupied by three stylishly dressed young men and women, each adorned in head-to-toe luxury brands. Their polished appearances exuded an air of exclusivity and wealth.

As Yvette and her group stepped onto the luxury bus, the lively chatter among the other youths came to an abrupt halt. All eyes turned toward the newcomers as they made their way to their seats.

An adorable girl's eyes lit up with curiosity as her gaze landed on Jeremiah, clearly captivated by his charm. Meanwhile, a handsome young man with vibrant red hair found his attention fixed on Yvette, his expression betraying his admiration for her stunning beauty. Yvette and Jeremiah walked straight to the front seats, paying no attention to the curious stares behind them. Settling in, Yvette tugged her hat low and pulled her collar up, obscuring half her face before closing her eyes.

Jeremiah draped his jacket over her legs for warmth. Then, he slipped an arm around her waist, adjusting his position to ensure she was as comfortable as possible.

Sienna settled into the seat beside Bruce, while Frankie and Chris shared the row behind them. Both pairs ignored the strangers entirely.

The adorable girl and the red-haired boy grew visibly restless as they watched the intimate interaction between Yvette and Jeremiah.

Exchanging a silent glance, they conveyed an unspoken message one that the other four members of their group immediately picked up on without a word.

The red-haired boy deliberately raised his voice, addressing the girl. "Savannah, with Vibe's partnership, your family's fashion company is bound for greatness. Once you secure the exclusive agency for Vibe in the Ybaulla region, don't forget about us when you rise to success."

The girl, Savannah Leahy cast a fleeting glance at Jeremiah, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear as she nodded humbly.

With a wave of her hand, she replied sweetly, "Mr. Livingston, your father's company is a cosmetics powerhouse in Ybaulla, and its stock is climbing impressively. I also heard that despite breaking up with your ex recently, you still bought her a downtown condominium. Such a gentleman."

Although Savannah's words were directed at Thiago, her gaze subtly drifted toward Yvette, clearly fishing for a reaction. To her dismay, Yvette remained entirely unbothered, her eyes closed as if she hadn't even registered the conversation.

The other four, whose families were clearly less influential than Savannah and Thiago's, joined in, showering compliments and flattery that transformed the previously quiet bus into a lively buzz.

Thiago grinned as he added, "Savannah, with your graduation from Mysonna's top business school, you're destined to take over your family's company. I wonder which lucky man will be fortunate enough to marry you."

Savannah smiled shyly, her pretty face filled with smugness buter tone tinged with humility. I'm still single, but I hope to find that special someone soon."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 635[1,246 words]

Chapter 635

Thiago chuckled, his eyes glinting with amusement as he looked at Savannah. He was well aware of her playgirl reputation. 'She's looking for her soulmate? Who is she trying to fool?' he scoffed inwardly.

In the past years, Savannah had countless boyfriends. 'She's just putting up an innocent act because of her interest in that handsome guy who just got on the bus,' Thiago thought.

Despite his musings, Thiago admitted that the man possessed stunning looks that would make any woman's heart skip a beat.

Moreover, the woman next to him was gorgeous. While Thiago had met countless women with Savannah's ordinary looks, this was his first encounter with a woman who carried herself with such refined elegance.

Savannah and Thiago traded understanding glances, coming to an unspoken agreement. Quickly, the conversation between them became a competition of their wealth and family influence. At the same time, the duo dropped subtle hints about their single status. The more they talked, the more animated they became, so much so that they almost revealed the passwords to their bank

accounts.

After quite some time, Savannah gritted her teeth as she glanced at the unresponsive group in front. 'Are they deaf? Have they not heard what we said? Why aren't they responding?' she seethed. Normally, crowds would flock to them after hearing about their prestigious statuses.

Similarly, Thiago's mouth was dry from all the talking. The lack of response also left him feeling displeased and embarrassed.

Suddenly, Sienna took off her headphones and turned to look at them. Bruce also put down his laptop and turned around. He was joined by Frankie and Chris. Together, they gave Savannah and Thiago pointed looks, clearly displaying their annoyance. Sienna, stunningly beautiful yet distant when not smiling, carried an air of aloofness that made her appear untouchable. The irritated look burning in her eyes further hinted at her anger.

After quietly enduring their chatter, she had pieced together that the fashion company vying for sole agency rights to Vibe in Ybaulla was connected to Savannah's family.

Even if she had considered their proposal-which she hadn't-Savannah's manipulative arrogance would have been enough to shut it down.

Sienna's voice cut through the air, sharp and fluent in Ybaullan. Shut your mouths. This is a public space, not your backyard. I'll rip you apart if I hear another word coming out of your mouths."

Sienna was incredibly intimidating when she got angry. Years in the cutthroat business world had shaped her into an intimidating presence, someone who could dismantle entitled people like Savannah and Thiago with ease. Her words silenced them instantly, her commanding presence leaving them flustered,

Bruce affectionately held Sienna's hand, though his eyes darkened as they fixed on Thiago and Savannah. His tone was ice cold as he warned, "My girlfriend's temper is short, so you'd better take her advice and stay quiet."

Even Frankie, with his thug-like appearance, eyed them with disdain. "We're not interested in your clothing or makeup companies. Next time you try showing off, make sure it's worth our time. Aren't you embarrassed flaunting such a mediocre background?" Thiago and Savannah's faces turned pale with embarrassment as their hands trembled with anger. As silver-spooned kids, everyone always treated them with the utmost respect. This was the first time, they were humbled and spoken to so harshly. 10:02 Tue, Dec 31

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Taken aback by the group's reaction, the duo could only sit in stunned silence.

In the next moment, Yvette slowly opened her eyes and took off her hat. Her gaze settled on the coat draped over her before shifting to Jeremiah, who had awoken at the same time with a relaxed look.

Yvette overheard every word of Savannah and Thiago's conversation. If Sienna hadn't stepped in earlier, Yvette would have lost her temper.

As soon as Yvette woke up, Sienna, Bruce, Chris, and Frankie fell silent. A ticked-off Yvette who had just risen from her slumber was not to be messed with.

Noticing Yvette's attention, Thiago tried to flash her what he thought was a charming smile while Savannah, emboldened by Jeremiah's presence, blushed and offered him a shy, coy smile.

Casually, Yvette stood up from her seat and walked to the middle aisle. Her hands slid casually into her pockets, her steady posture unshaken by the bus' bumps and jolts. Her features were delicate, yet they carried an air of coldness. Yvette addressed Savannah calmly, "You're really loud, you know that?"

Suddenly, tears started streaming down Savannah's pitiful face. She cowered before Yvette with a terrified look, painting Yvette out to be a bully.

Sniffling, she said, "Miss, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be so loud. We were just talking, and maybe we got carried away. I didn't mean to disturb you and your friends. Please, forgive me.

After she spoke, Savannah gave Yvette a deep bow. Upon lifting her head, the corners of her eyes were red and puffy. Anyone who didn't know better would think that she had been terribly wronged.

Seeing Savannah's impressive performance, Sienna immediately realized that she was a manipulative wench trying to play the victim card against Yvette.

Sienna rolled up her sleeves as she recalled Yvette's advice to deal with the likes of Savannah straightforwardly.

'With a scheming bitch like her, if you give her an inch, she'll take a mile. Based on the cunning look in her eyes, she has her sights set on Mr. Chavez,' Sienna mused.

Just as Sienna was ready to confront Savannah, Bruce gently held her back. "Relax, Yvette's got this. You don't need to step in," he whispered.

Sienna briefly pondered over Bruce's advice. 'He's right,' she decided while sitting back down. 'If I get physical, the most I'd do is leave scratches on her face. However, it would be entertaining to watch Yvette teach her a lesson.

After apologizing, Savannah looked past Yvette to Jeremiah, who had just stood up. A sense of satisfaction bubbled within her as she gazed at him. 'How wonderful would it be if this perfect man became my boyfriend?' she gushed inwardly. Savannah was dead set on getting her hands on him. Throughout her life, any guy she fancied ended up with her. It didn't matter whether they had girlfriends or not. 'He won't be an exception!' she thought with arrogance.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, seeing through Savannah's act. 'My life has been dull lately; I should spice things up,' she thought

in amusement.

At this, she smirked. "Is that it? Why can't you Ybaullans learn how to apologize properly?"

This time, Yvette spoke in Clusian, which Savannah and Thiago understood. Coming from wealthy families, knowing multiple languages, including Clusian, was a given. The duo were momentarily stunned, as if surprised that Yvette and her group were Clusians. Immediately, Savannah's face turned red as she understood what Yvette meant. Meanwhile, Jeremiah stood nearby with a stormy look on his face.

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Jeremiah tilted his head slightly, his eyes flickering to Yvette before he reached out to take her hand. Despite the rough calluses on his palm, he held Yvette lovingly. Her hand, smaller and smooth in comparison, seemed almost fragile within his. Their clasped hands made Savannah turn green with envy.

"Miss, I don't understand what you mean," Savannah replied, her voice trembling as she tried to maintain her composure. "I've already apologized to you. According to you Clusians, isn't it improper to be so aggressive?"

Jeremiah saw through her clueless facade with ease. "The people of Ybaulla never seem to learn from their history of aggression. But we Clusians-we never forget. If you want to apologize, do it properly. Kneel when you say it." SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 636[1,201 words]

Chapter 636

Jeremiah's words tore away any pretense of dignity from Savannah and her group. The history of Ybaulla's invasion of Clusia was well known around the world, yet the Ybaullan government had always denied it. Now, Jeremiah had laid it bare for everyone to see. Savannah and her group looked visibly uncomfortable, their faces clouded with frustration. Savannah never expected the man she was interested in to treat her so coldly, even demanding that she kneel and apologize. It was utterly outrageous. Used to getting whatever she wanted from men, Savannah now found herself even more determined to win over Jeremiah.

She appeared upset, but in her mind, she thought, 'Men are all the same. They act all perfect in front of their girlfriends, but who knows what they're really up to behind their backs.'

Savannah refused to believe a guy like him would stay loyal to just one woman. 'No man is loyal unless he's dead, she thought.

The silence stretched on until it was broken by Thiago's cold, measured voice. He shot a defiant look at Jeremiah, his red hair practically screaming arrogance. "How could you say that to her?" Thiago snapped.

His sharp gaze shifted to Yvette. Without him realizing it, his voice softened, yet still holding an unspoken challenge. "And to this lovely lady, war is one of the ways the world progresses. How can you blame us for what our ancestors did?"

He continued with great conviction, "We had nothing to do with what happened. I hope you'll stop picking on Savannah. After all, she's just a girl. Asking her to kneel and apologize goes too far. Don't you think it's insulting?"

Seeing that Thiago had stood up for her, Savannah seized the moment. She played the victim to the hilt, tears streaming down her face as she sobbed uncontrollably.

Her voice trembling, she implored, "Sir, Miss, I've already apologized. Please don't hold this against me. It's really not a big deal. Thiago meant well, Miss. I hope you can forgive him."

Yvette narrowed her eyes and watched Savannah, the corners of her mouth lifting into a faint smirk. She said nothing, just kept watching.

Under her gaze, Savannah's anxiety grew, and a creeping sense of unease began to settle over her. The bus jolted, and she struggled to keep her balance, her body swaying with every bump.

When Thiago spoke, he immediately drew the attention of Chris Bruce, Frankie, and even Sienna, who had just rolled up her sleeves. Simultaneously, their gazes locked onto the Ybaullans.

Sienna quietly rolled her sleeves back down. 'What is going on today? First, a pretentious bitch shows up, and now, we're stuck dealing with an idiot.'

She wondered, 'What kind of weirdo would claim that war is a means of societal progress? To utter such repulsive words.... It's hardly surprising, coming from a Ybaullan.'

Chris and Frankie stood up, staring menacingly at Thiago and his group. Chris uttered in a low voice, "How about we turn this into a fatal crash?"

Although Frankie usually liked to joke around, his face was now serious and grim. He looked at Thiago and his group, his eyes barely concealing a murderous aura. "Before the fatal crush I'll make sure this fool gets what's coming to him." Thiago thought his words had left everyone speechless and felt smug. But the next moment, Jeremiah stepped forward swiftly and slammed Thiago's head into the ground.

Jeremiah's gaze was so intense that no one dared meet his eyes. His movements left Savannah and her group frozen in shock. "What are you doing? Stop

it!"

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Chapter 636

Yvette and the others remained calm and unbothered.

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Jeremiah's terrifying presence loomed over Thiago. He spoke slowly, each word deliberate and charged with fury. "Let me explain why we hold you accountable. It's because of the countless crimes your country committed on our land, in Clusia."

He continued, "On December 23, 1937, the Newcove Massacre happened. Over 300 thousand of our fellow Clusians were slaughtered. Your bioweapons division, the 731 Bacteria Warfare Unit, carried out bacteria experiments on living Clusian- using them as test subjects for gas bombs and bacteria warfare."

He said incredulously, "The gas bombs they unleashed killed over 200 thousand innocent people. And let's not forget the Lumonburg Massacre, the Mount Pollerton Murder, the Zedfield Murder, and the issue of enslaved women-these are just a few of the many atrocities."

At this point, Jeremiah's voice was trembling with disbelief. "And now, you dare to tell me that war is a tool for human progress?"

As a Clusian military officer, Jeremiah was ingrained with a sense of duty to protect Clusia from the moment he was born into the Chavez family.

His grandfather, Jase, had fought valiantly on the front lines. His father, Clifford, had devoted his life to fortifying Clusia's diplomatic ties and securing its standing on the world stage, never permitting himself the luxury of rest.

Across three generations, the Chavez family had devoted their youth and their lives to Clusia. For them, patriotism was a core value, passed down from one generation to the next. The crimes Ybaulla had committed against Clusia were unforgivable and could never be erased.

Thiago, who had intended to continue his defiant words, was abruptly silenced. Even Savannah and her group were now trembling with fear.

Before Thiago could respond, Jeremiah viciously slammed his head back into the ground, the impact instantly drawing blood. Without hesitation, he followed with a brutal kick to Thiago's abdomen.

Thiago curled up in pain, clutching his stomach and staring at Jeremiah in disbelief. "This is Ybaulla. How dare this Clusian man attack me here?" he thought.

While most of the people remained unaware, Yvette, Bruce, and their group realized that Jeremiah had unleashed his ancient combat power with that kick. Thiago would likely become sexually dysfunctional. It was possible he would be paralyzed and bedridden for the rest of his life.

Yvette took two steps forward and stood beside Jeremiah, tilting her head slightly to glance at him. Then, she looked down at Thiago with a cold gaze. Yvette's presence alone was enough to send a wave of fear and dread through him.

Her eyes were cold and unreadable as she asked, "Do you know what Ybaulla's 731 Bacteria Warfare Unit did in Clusia?"

Terrified, Thiago instinctively scooted back, trying to ward off Jeremiah, afraid he might strike him again. "W-What?" he stammered.

Just the mention of the 731 Bacteria Warfare Unit was enough to make Bruce, Chris, Frankie, and Sienna's faces grow even more somber. The loss of so many Clusian lives during the resistance weighed heavily on them. Women, children, and the elderly-these vulnerable groups all endured suffering in ways far more harrowing than most could ever imagine.

The haunting photographs from that time still lingered, each one a grim reminder of the atrocities that were committed. And there were the women, still alive, who were waiting for an apology from Ybaulla that would never come. Unless. Among the events that shocked the world the most were the crimes committed by the Ybaullans were Newcove Massacre and the bacteria experiment conducted by the 731 Bacteria Warfare Unit,

Yvette's eyes were cold, and a dangerous aura radiated from her. The entire bus felt suffocating, and no one, not even Savannah and the others, dared to say a single word.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 637[1,137 words]

Chapter 637

"Under the guise of researching disease prevention and water purification, Ybaulla actually conducted horrific experiments using live subjects from Clusia, Keprarian, and allied war forces, Yvette said, her green eyes glinting coldly, sharp as shards of ice. Her voice was steady, devoid of emotion, but the chilling words she spoke felt like daggers. "Dissection subjects were kept conscious while their organs were removed without anesthesia. They were left as nothing more than empty shells, their organs turned into specimens."

She continued, her tone unwavering, "Clusian women were forced to mate with horses or dogs, infected with bacteria, and then dissected alive after the fetus formed to study its condition. Viruses were mixed into their food, leading to systematic infections." Her voice didn't falter as she went on, "Humans were confined in glass chambers where air was extracted using pumps. The slow vacuum caused them to suffer headaches and blurred vision until their organs burst and their eyes exploded, their time of death meticulously recorded." As Yvette spoke, the expressions of everyone listening grew more unsettled. Savannah and her group looked utterly horrified, their faces pale and contorted in disbelief. A few appeared close to vomiting.

Thiago, however, forced himself to meet Yvette's unyielding gaze and sneered. "So what? This is war. Sacrifices are unavoidable, whether it's Ybaulla or any other country. If Clusia started a war, wouldn't your people conduct similar experiments?" Jeremiah, calm but resolute, turned to Thiago. His posture radiated military pride, tall and unyielding. His steady voice carried authority as he said, "No. My country is kind, strong, brave, and self-reliant. Clusia does not initiate invasions. We value peace over aggression." The conviction in his words stunned Thiago, Savannah, and the others into silence. 'Could there truly be a country that never sought to invade others and genuinely longed for peace?' they wondered.

Yvette's eyes

blazed with cold intensity as she added, "Ybaulla's crimes are innumerable. It's laughable to think they can bury the truth of their atrocities."

Thiago's defiance was palpable, but Jeremiah's words left him silent, his eyes burning with resentment. Savannah, sensing the tension, kept quiet as well, diminishing her presence. However, she wasn't ready to abandon her schemes; instead, she sat in the back row, silently plotting.

Five minutes later, the atmosphere on the bus was stifling. Moments ago, Savannah and her friends had been lively and chatty, but now their faces were pale, and no one dared speak.

After reprimanding Thiago, Yvette and Jeremiah exchanged brief glances, their disdain for Thiago and his group clear. Thiago squirmed, the spot where Jeremiah had kicked him throbbing in pain. 'Am I overreacting? It was just a kick, he mused.

But his humiliation burned hotter. 'Once I'm back at the spa resort, I'll make him pay for this, then get his girlfriend for myself. I'll ruin him,' he vowed silently. Meanwhile, the other Ybaullans were so frightened that they barely dared to breathe. When the bus arrived at the ski area, Thiago, Savannah, and the rest of their group hesitated to move. None of them dared to be the first to step off, and they just sat there stiffly.

After Yvette disembarked, Sienna approached Yvette, pointing discreetly at Savannah, who lingered in the last row of the

bus.

Sienna began, "Yvette, I have a bad feeling about her. The way she's eyeing Jeremiah-it's like a hungry wolf ready to pounce. Everything she said on the bus earlier was a ploy to get his attention."

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Chapter 637

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"I'll dig into her family background," she suggested. If they're tied to the company trying to collaborate with Vibe, I'll make sure they regret it. A company with an heir like her, wanting to work with us? Dream on." Savannah, furious at being pointed out, forced a polite smile as she watched Sienna. Her hands, clenched at her sides, trembled with suppressed rage. Her nails dug so deeply into her palms that they nearly broke the skin.

Yvette, unfazed, didn't even glance back. She paused momentarily, her hands casually tucked in her pockets. Her face betrayed no emotion, her eyes as cold as ever.

Tilting her head slightly toward Sienna, she said, "That's pretty good." Then, without elaborating, she strode into the hotel. Sienna blinked, puzzled.

'What did Yvette mean by that?' she pondered.

Bruce, noticing Sienna's confusion, approached. "What's wrong?" he asked evenly. At this, Sienna repeated Yvette's words.

Bruce chuckled softly as he patted Sienna's head. Balancing her bag in one hand and pushing a suitcase with the other, he explained as they walked, "That means Yvette finds it entertaining. Watching someone dig their own grave can be amusing, don't you think?" The realization hit Sienna, and she laughed, thinking, 'Of course Yvette's just enjoying the show.' Her earlier worries faded as amusement replaced them.

Usually, Jeremiah was the one dealing with love rivals, but this time, it was Yvette's turn. 'This is going to be fun to watch,' Sienna mused.

As they entered the hotel, Sienna glanced back at Savannah, still sitting in the bus. With a smug smirk, she mouthed silently, "You little trash." Then she followed Bruce inside, her mood light

Only after Jeremiah and Yvette had gone did Thiago and his group dare to step off the bus. Guilt and fear clung to them like shadows, and they scurried into their rooms like a band of thieves. After sitting in her room for a while, Savannah got up and made her way to Thiago's room. There, she found him shirtless, a doctor bandaging the bruises on his head.

Savannah replayed Jeremiah's cold, commanding demeanor in her mind, contrasting it with Thiago's pitiful grimaces as the doctor tended to his wounds.

The difference between the two men irritated her to no end. 'How could men be so different?' she wondered.

She waited silently as the doctor finished bandaging Thiago's head and packed up his supplies.

Once they were alone, Thiago's face twisted with fury. He spat out, "How dare he lay a hand on me? I'll make him regret

arrogant?" This is Ybaulla-how can a Clusian be so

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"I've already contacted the Steel Serpents," he added. "As soon as they get back to the hotel, they'll deal with him. I want him on his knees, begging for mercy and admitting his worthlessness

Savannah studied him as he ranted. After a moment's thought, she said, "Thiago, no. I've got my eyes on him. Let me handle him first. After that, you can do whatever you like with him. And you've had your eye on that girl, haven't you?" She suggested, "Let's stick to the plan. I'll take the guy, and you can focus on charming the girl. That way, we both win. How does that sound?"

Thiago felt a surge of warmth as he imagined Yvette's stunning face and alluring figure. But as quickly as the spark ignited, his sour expression returned. 'After what happened today, would she even be interested in me?' he pondered/

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 638[1,207 words]

Savannah could tell Thiago was unsure just by observing his expression. She didn't care about his pursuit of Yvette; her eyes were set on the handsome, elegant man she had seen earlier.

Savannah tried to fire up Thiago. "Thiago, listen up. Women are easy. Just make a move, sweet-talk them a bit, throw some money their way, and they're yours. Weren't they all like this in the past?"

She continued, "They'll pretend to be reserved at first, but as long as you're willing to spend money on them, they'll follow you around obediently. It'll work this time. We're in this together, so what's the problem? Don't you trust me? Or are you chicken?" Savannah's last question was a direct hit. Knowing well about Thiago's hot temper, she had struck a nerve. Thiago, who was previously hesitant, was now fuming.

Thiago gnashed his teeth as he glared at Savannah, his voice low and menacing. "Fine, we'll do this your way. But I need your word that once you're done having fun with him, he's mine. I'll make him pay for crossing me."

Savannah nodded without hesitation, thinking, 'Anyway, once I have the guy and eventually get bored with him, I'll just hand him over to Thiago.'

Savannah said, "All right, let's do it. I'll get my fun with this guy, and he's yours. So, the usual plan, right? Did you bring the stuff?"

Thiago nodded, glancing at Savannah's eagerness and gritting his teeth. "I've got it on me, always. But those Clusians are tricky. If our usual tactics fail, we'll drug them, stir up some trouble to split them up, then handle them separately." "Savannah was surprised by Thiago's foresight.

She agreed that the people earlier weren't ordinary folks, which made things even more interesting. 'After all, a man with looks, charm, and status is worth the effort. Ordinary guys? Not in a million years,' she thought."

That guy had disrespected her, and now she was determined to have him. Savannah and Thiago were on the same page. They would use their usual trick of first drugging Jeremiah and Yvette, sleeping with them, and sowing discord so they both eventually parted ways. Savannah and Thiago were childhood friends and had broken up countless couples using this trick since high school. Regardless of how affectionate the couple was, they always ended up succumbing to Savannah and Thiago's charms.

After having their fun, Savannah and Thiago would dump them and look for the next target. They were confident that the plan would work this time.

It was afternoon at Hillscester's largest ski area. There were three ski tracks, ranging from high, medium, and low difficulty. More skiers chose the medium and high difficulty tracks, but most of them preferred medium difficulty one. The high difficulty track was for professionals and competitive skiers, while the low difficulty track was for people who didn't quite know how to ski.

The high difficulty track was less crowded compared to the other two ski tracks. Yvette, Jeremiah, and their group, who were there, were already in their ski suits and ready to hit the slopes.

Frankie glanced at the group. Smirking, he thought, 'Dear me. Ms. Zeller and Mr. Chavez are dressed in black, while Bruce and Sienna are dressed in blue. Couples outfits in this day and age?

Guess there's no room for singletons now. Frankie turned to Chris with a playful smirk on his face. "What's with the vibrant red ski suit? Can I interview you? What's on your mind?" he teased, clicking his tongue twice.

A grown man like Chris picked a bright red ski suit out of so many colors? You would think he was going on a date, not a ski

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10:02 Tue, Dec 31

Chapter 638

trip,' thought Frankie.

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Yvette, Jeremiah, Bruce, and Sienna who were at the front, all stopped and turned to look at Chris when they heard Frankie. The bright red ski suit on Chris was indeed eye-catching, to say the least. Chris shrugged, looking sheepish. "Hey, it was the only one left! It's not like I have other choices."

Frankie realized something was not right. 'Damn it. He forgot that he'd found nothing he liked after picking for ages, and just pointed at one the mannequin was wearing, he thought.

After realizing this, Frankie did a complete 180 on his attitude, trying to save face. "Hey, that red suit actually looks pretty good on you, Chris. You're gonna turn heads on the slopes with this ski suit on!"

The group was used to Frankie's outlandish lies, and they just ignored him. Chris, however, wasn't buying it. He stared at Frankie, clearly not impressed.

Just as the group was about to warm up and hit the slopes, Yvette glimpsed the snow tube, plopped down in it, crossed her legs, and settled in comfortably.

Jeremiah tugged on the snow tube rope with a knowing look on his face. He knew this was Yvette's plan all along-to slack off and enjoy a lazy day on the tube. She has no intention of skiing.

Frankie, Bruce, Sienna, and Chris were momentarily stunned and completely forgot about their warm-up exercises. The sight of Jeremiah pulling Yvette in a snow tube was unexpected and almost romantic, like a scene from a cheesy soap opera.

Yvette noticed they were all frozen. She raised an eyebrow with a small smile playing on her lips. "I just prefer to sit in the snow tube," she said slowly, her tone matter-of-fact.

Chris and the rest exchanged amused glances. Sure, that's the real reason,' they thought, knowing full well that Yvette was just lazy. They would be foolish to believe in what she said.

Jeremiah lowered his gaze and looked at Yvette, who was sitting in the snow tube. A small smile played on his lips. "Yeah, I prefer pulling the snow tube," he said, his expression otherwise unchanged.

Bruce and the group exchanged glances, rolling their eyes. They decided to forego warm-up exercises and just start skiing. If they didn't, they'd be privy to more public displays of affection from Jeremiah and Yvette. The group wanted to stay away from the couple.

One by one, everyone slid down the high difficulty ski track, leaving Jeremiah and Yvette alone at the top. Yvette rested her chin on her hand and glanced at Jeremiah, giving him a signal that he could start pulling the snow tube.

Jeremiah smirked with a playful glint in his blue eyes. "All right then, hold on tight," he said and started pulling the snow tube.

Yvette nodded obediently. "Let's go, Jerry!"

Jeremiah chuckled, surprised by Yvette's playful side. It was rare to see her so childlike. "So, are you an empress, or a princess?" he asked.

Yvette shook her head, her gaze

serious as she met his. "I'm a queen," she said, her tone clear and firm.

Jeremiah nodded, his blue eyes filled with affectionate amusement. "As you wish, Your Majesty," he teased in a low, respectful

jone.

Jeremiah maneuvered the snow tube, avoiding the crowd, and keeping to the edge of the high difficulty track. The other skiers watched the pair with a mix of speechlessness and disdain on their faces.

What are those two rookies doing on the high difficulty ski track They can barely ski, and yet they're diting off more than they can chew. They'd be better off sticking to the low difficulty track and playing in the snow, the other skiers thought.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 639[1,122 words]

Chapter 639 ¥86%

As Bruce, Sienna, and the others glided across the slopes, the sight of Jeremiah pulling a snow tube with Yvette in it made them instinctively speed up. The saccharine sweetness radiating from the

couple was almost blinding. When Savannah reached the high-difficulty ski track, her gaze locked onto Jeremiah tugging the snow tube with Yvette perched on it.

Jealousy burned within Savannah as she sneered internally, 'Why is she even here if she can't ski? She's embarrassing!

She had the urge to shove Yvette aside and claim the spot beside Jeremiah. Her darkened eyes traced their retreating figures, frustration mounting.

After all, it took her over an hour to scour every level of the ski track to find them.

Swaddled in layers of bulky ski gear and worn out from their search, Savannah and her entourage had little energy for skiing. But for Savannah, skiing had never been the point-getting closer and being alone with Jeremiah was. Her two companions, ever-loyal since their high school bullying days, shared a knowing glance. The one with her hair tied into a bun smirked disdainfully before speaking.

"Savannah, don't worry," she convinced. "How could he not have feelings for you? It's just that his girlfriend's here.

"When she's gone, he'll realize what he's missing. You're so much prettier and a hundred times sweeter. Honestly, you've got impeccable taste in men."

The girl's voice brimmed with admiration, but beneath it lay a trace of envy. Savannah soaked in the flattery and wore a smug expression as though Jeremiah were already hers.

"Well," Savannah began, "it's not like I would break up a couple. But if Jeremiah did make the first move... It'd be really hard to refuse."

She tried to look conflicted, but the smugness in her eyes betrayed her. The second girl also spoke in agreement.

"It's not your fault, Savannah. Men like Jeremiah have the right to choose. You're clearly better. Don't feel bad about it," she consoled.

Savannah regarded the two girls with satisfaction, smoothing her hair as she requested, "All right, I need a favor from you two. Do it well, and those designer bags you saw yesterday will be yours."

The girls' eyes sparkled with excitement. Their families were not nearly as affluent as Savannah's, and while they often made do with mid-tier luxury, the mention of a limited-edition bag sent their heads nodding eagerly. "Savannah, just say the word! We'll take care of it. You can count on us," they said enthusiastically.

Savannah smirked as she took in their greedy expressions. These two would jump at the chance to do anything for her as long as money was involved.

All she had to do was step in at the perfect moment, let them do the dirty work, and let her own charm and kindness steal the spotlight.

Having thought out her schemes, Savannah leaned in, whispering, "When you're skiing, can you knock that girl's snow tube over?"

The two girls nodded in unison, responding, "Got it, Savannah." They were well-versed in such antics, and the promise of exclusive designer bags only fueled their eagerness. Wasting no time, they rushed to the top of the slope, ready to put Savannah's plan into action immediately. Savannah trailed

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her gaze after them, a faint chuckle escaping her lips.

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'Money really is everything. With enough of it, there will always be people willing to do the dirty work for me while my hands stay clean,' she mused.

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Jeremiah had been pulling the snow tube back and forth, his energy seemingly endless. After the fifth or sixth trip, he finally paused and glanced back at Yvette nestled in the tube.

Her delicate brows and deep, soulful black eyes peeked out from beneath her hood. There was something both endearing and mesmerizing about her.

He cleared his throat and then asked, "Cold?"

Yvette shook her head lightly, answering, "Nope."

Jeremiah fought back a smile and replied, "Good. Then let's keep going."

Before Yvette could respond, Jeremiah's expression hardened as a glacial chill settled over him. Without a second glance, Yvette moved with fluid precision, springing out of the snow tube. Jeremiah and Yvette sidestepped in unison, moving away from the snow tube.

Once steady, they turned their attention uphill, where two figures were hurtling down at breakneck speed, their trajectories aimed directly at the tube.

The next moment, the figures swerved straight onto the snow tube, toppling it over.

Their momentum carried them forward, and with no way to stop, the two figures were launched into the air in a chaotic arc before landing face-first in snow, echoing out twin groans of pain.

To begin with, the track was quiet with few people around, but the sharp cries of pain drew attention. Heads turned in unison toward the pair now half-buried in the snow. 'What's going on today?' they wondered. From her hiding spot, Savannah had planned to cling onto Jeremiah after Yvette got knocked over, giving her a chance to be alone with him.

However, instead of flipping the snow tube as planned, her accomplices ended up sprawled in the snow.

Her face went rigid, and her thoughts churned. 'Absolutely useless! They couldn't even pull off such a simple trick. Now everything is ruined. What do I do next?'

Just as frustration boiled over, her gaze shifted to the two injured girls lying pitifully in the snow. Her eyes lit up as a new idea formed in her mind.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah and Yvette stood beside the overturned snow tube-expressionless, eyes darkened-as they stared at the fallen girls.

Jeremiah deduced, "It was deliberate. They adjusted their speed midway. They were aiming for your on purpose."

Yvette's perfectly arched brows lifted, gazing at the two howling girls. With a casual shift of her weight, she bent one leg. There was a cold look in her dark, piercing eyes as she kicked a clump of snow aside. With a nonchalant tone, she murmured, "Seems like I'm becoming quite the target." As she spoke, the helmets of the fallen women rolled off, revealing their familiar faces.

Yvette and Jeremiah merely glanced at them briefly before looking away, their expressions showing hardly any surprise.

The two girls lay motionless, afraid to move, thinking their legs had been shattered. Their minds raced, replaying the words Yvette and Jeremiah had spoken in the car, and a sense of dread gripped them. Tue, Dec 31

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They had intended to pull off a quick hit and run, staying anonymous, but now they were exposed. Now, they were utterly unsure of what to do next.

Yvette strolled toward them, her long legs moving effortlessly through the snow as she closed the distance. Her lips curved into a sly smile.

She addressed them calmly, "Need some help learning how to crash more effectively? Don't worry; I'll teach you free of charge. I'll keep teaching until you get it right. By the end, you'll be a pro at it."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 640[1,143 words]

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The two girls exchanged uneasy glances, both decided to deny any malintent. The one with her hair tied in a tight bun spoke first; her voice was dripping with false sweetness, a deliberately high-pitched voice that grated the ears. "Miss, we didn't mean it! Honestly, we had no idea anyone would be snow tubing on this high-difficulty track. It's not the right place for it, but we certainly didn't intend to hit your tube," she rambled.

But beneath her apology was a silent accusation, her face subtly suggesting that it was Yvette's fault for using a snow tube on an ice track like this.

In reality, Jeremiah had been pulling the tube along the edge, far from the main ski path, so their actions had not interfered with any skiers.

By now, a small group of bystanders had gathered, each nodding in agreement with the girl's explanation. They couldn't help but think, 'She's right. Who'd bring a snow tube on a high-difficulty track?'

A man from the crowd spoke up. "She's got a point. Snow tubing on a track like this is pretty odd. It was just a minor bump, no one was seriously hurt. Miss, why not let it slide?"

"Right," another voice added. "No harm done, and these girls are apologizing politely. Maybe you and your boyfriend shouldn't be so confrontational."

A third voice echoed, "Just let it go. This kind of thing happens on the slopes. It wasn't intentional, anyway."

The onlookers chimed in, siding with the two girls. The two women exchanged a smug glance, clearly pleased by the support.

Jeremiah and Yvette stood shoulder to shoulder. Yvette's dark eyes scanned the crowd, stopping at the man who had spoken first. Her face was an unreadable mask, but her voice, when she spoke, was sharper than the winter air. "Do you think you're a saint?" she asked with biting sarcasm.

The man, taken aback, responded defensively, "What do you mean by that?"

Jeremiah smirked, already sensing what was coming. Yvette's gaze locked onto the man, her stare cold. The man fidgeted under the weight of her eyes, his resolve faltering.

Yvette's calmly insulted, "Pity your heart doesn't match your saintly title."

A flicker of rage crossed the man's face, his jaw tightening as he clenched his teeth. Realizing he had pushed too far, he muttered, "How shameless!" Then, he slunk away.

The crowd, visibly unsettled by Yvette's calm intensity, grew quiet. Within moments, they dispersed, leaving the girls stunned as they could not believe their supporters had left so quickly.

Jeremiah gave the snow tube a lazy nudge with his foot, sending rolling toward the girls. It struck their already sore legs, and they both screamed in pain.

The bystanders, no longer curious, turned their attention elsewhere and resumed their skiing.

Jeremiah remained unfazed, his voice casual. "My bad, just an accident. It's a high-difficulty ice track. Stuff like that happens all the time."

He made sure the two got a taste of their own medicine, and now the girls' expressions soured, stunned by his actions.

"We've already told you, it wasn't intentional," the girl with the bun said. "And I'm sure you didn't mean to knock us with your snow tube. That would be terribly rude, wouldn't it?" 10:03 Tue, Dec 31

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Despite her words, her gaze remained flirtatious toward Jeremiah, the kind of look that spoke volumes. They did not really blame him for hurting them with the snow tube but simply thought he was defending his girlfriend. 'Anyway, it's all his girlfriend's fault,' they thought. 'A small bump is nothing, right? A man like him shouldn't be limited to just one woman anyway.'

The other woman looked equally lovestruck as she gazed at Jeremiah.

Jeremiah's gaze turned icily sharp as he said, "Oh, it was on purpose."

The two women were stunned, their faces turning an awkward shade of red, their mouths falling open in stunned silence. Yvette's gaze swept over them, her eyes gleaming with mischief and coldness as she observed their flustered reactions. She crouched and took hold of the girl's-the one with the bun-chin, forcing her to meet her eyes. The girl was too shocked to react to this sudden act.

She struggled to free herself, but Yvette's grip was ironclad. The girl's chin reddened from friction, and her lipstick was smeared, transferring onto Yvette's hand in a garish red streak.

The girl stammered in fear, "W-What are you doing? L-Let go of me!"

Yvette's grip tightened just slightly; her dark, piercing eyes half-lidded as a subtle sly smile curled at the corners of her lips.

Staring at the girl, Yvette said slowly, "Such petty tricks. Didn't I promise I'd show you the ropes? Why do you keep refusing to learn?"

The girl gritted her teeth, her voice faltering. "I-I don't get it! Stop accusing me!"

The other girl winced in pain, her leg throbbing, unable to move as she curled up in fear, trying to stay out of Yvette's line of sight. She was certain she would be next. Meanwhile, Jeremiah casually pulled out his phone, tapping out a quick text before standing behind Yvette with a fond smile.

Yvette lightly tapped against the girl's cheek as she said languidly "Don't get it? No problem, I'll show you."

The girl's eyes widened in shock as Yvette effortlessly scooped her up in a single motion and hurled her several feet away effortlessly despite the girl's weight.

Before the girl could even process what was happening, she was flung into the snow tube with a sickening crunch, the source of the crack unknown but clearly painful.

Unable to even scream, the pain paralyzed her, sweat beading down her forehead as she slumped in the snow tube, her body frozen in place like prey awaiting its end.

Yvette took a slow, deliberate step forward. For a moment, the girl behind her thought Yvette was leaving her be, but then Yvette stopped, her gaze turning back to the other girl, whose tension was palpable.

With a playful grin, she addressed the girl warmly, as if open to negotiation, uttering, "Do you want to move by yourself, or should I help you?"

The other girl trembled, knowing that Yvette was not about to let her off the hook. After a few seconds, she hesitantly shifted her injured leg, dragging herself toward the snow tube.

The girl with the bun looked like she might collapse from the pain, her face ashen and full of dread. The other girl finally managed to sit in the snow tube, looking disheveled

The snow tube fitted the two perfectly, hardly leaving any extra space.

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Just as the two of them huddled together for warmth, Frankie and Chris, having received Jeremiah's text, skied over from

nearby.

Watching the scene, they pondered, 'Wait a minute, aren't these the two we saw on the bus with that man and woman?' Frankie and Chris looked at Jeremiah and Yvette, standing there casually. Without even asking, they knew these two girls must have done something foolish to anger Yvette.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 641[1,105 words]

Chapter 641

Frankie stepped off his snowboard, casting a glance at the two disheveled women, Judy and Mirana, in the snow tube. With a curious smirk, he asked, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, what kind of trouble have these two gotten themselves into this time?" Jeremiah, his face impassive, responded in a firm, commanding one, "Take them to the starting point. Let them see what real excitement feels like."

The two women fell silent at his words, their eyes widening in fear as tears began to stream down their faces. Any trace of their earlier smugness had vanished, replaced by pure dread.

Chris and Frankie instantly caught on. The former gave Jeremiah a confident nod, his tone steady as he said, "Don't worry, Mr. Chavez. We'll make sure they get the full experience."

Frankie wasted no time. Grabbing the rope of the snow tube, he dashed a cheeky grin and leaned down toward the women. "Don't worry!" he quipped. "By the time we're done, you two are going to love skiing."

His words, far from reassuring, only made Judy and Mirana tremble harder, their terror written all over their faces.

Ten minutes later, a snow tube was careening wildly down the high-difficulty ski track. It zigzagged erratically, the screams of the two women inside piercing the cold air as it echoed across the entire ski area. For a full hour, their terror resonated before finally giving way to silence.

Frankie glanced at the two unconscious figures slumped in the snow tube, then casually grabbed the rope and dragged it back to where Jeremiah and Yvette stood waiting. He gestured toward them, stating blandly, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, looks like they've passed out." Yvette barely moved, her

flawless features devoid of emotion as she slowly opened her eyes. Without so much as a glance at the unconscious women, she murmured calmly, "Two minutes.

Jeremiah glanced at the sleek, limited-edition watch on his wrist. "Yeah, almost."

Frankie and Chris exchanged puzzled glances. 'Two minutes? Why was Yvette timing this?' they wondered. Just then, a woman's voice shouted from a distance, "Judy! Mirana! Where are you?" They turned to see a woman in a bright pink ski suit sprinting toward them. Frankie and Chris glanced back at Jeremiah and Yvette, but neither of their expressions shifted. Their calm, unreadable faces betrayed no hint of surprise at the woman's approach.

Savannah's worried demeanor flickered for a moment, eyes widening in surprise at the sight of Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others. But her expression shifted again when she saw the two unconscious figures in the snow tube. Her face paled, genuine shock replacing her feigned concern.

Savannah had been observing from a distance, but now that she was up close, the severity of Judy and Mirana's condition hit her. Their faces were ghostly pale, and they looked lifeless as if teetering on the edge of death.

A wave of panic washed over Savannah, but she quickly masked it. Covering her mouth in mock disbelief, she pointed a trembling finger at the snow tube. "H-How could you do this to them? What happened? This is cruel! How could you be so harsh on them?" Her tear-streaked face, full of emotion, made her look fragile, even pitiable.

Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly, a faint smile curling her lips. Her gaze held a cold glimmer, and the hint of ruthlessness at the corners of her mouth was unmistakable.

Her voice was calm yet cutting as she replied, "What did we do? You already know, don't you? Or didn't you get a close enough look?"

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Wed, Jan

Chapter 641

Savannah's face darkened, her eyes darting uneasily as her finger curled beneath her ski jacket. Yvette's sharp words left her shaken. 'Did Yvette realize I was watching?' she mused.

It seemed impossible. She had been careful, keeping her distance in the massive ski area, certain no one could pinpoint her

location.

A shadow of confusion crossed Savannah's eyes as she firmly referted, "Miss, you're really crossing a line. I know Clusians aren't particularly warm to Ybaullans, but you can't just accuse me like that. I just got here and found my friends like this because of you."

She spoke with a tearful wobble, her shaky stance making her look as though she might collapse at any moment.

Turning her pleading gaze to Jeremiah, Savannah softened her voice further. "Mr. Chavez, your girlfriend is in the wrong here. She hurt my friends. Please, help me get them to a hospital before it's too late, or there will be legal consequences. Frankie and Chris immediately understood what she was trying to do. Savannah's focus wasn't on justice-it was on Jeremiah. She was boldly vying for his attention, as though Yvette wouldn't notice.

If Savannah truly understood Jeremiah and Yvette's temperaments, she would've realized how risky her strategy was. Manipulation wasn't for the faint of heart, and Savannah lacked the skill to play such a dangerous game. Savannah kept her gaze fixed on Jeremiah, her eyes filled with a mix of affection and shyness.

Jeremiah, however, cocked his head slightly, his piercing gaze shifting to Yvette. She met his eyes with her own, dark and luminous, and the moment their gazes locked, a knowing smile spread across both their faces.

Jeremiah stepped forward, his commanding presence bearing down on Savannah like a weight. His voice was cold, sharp as ice. "Talk about legal liability with my girlfriend when there's actually a dead body."

He paid no attention to Savannah's faltering expression as he returned to Yvette's side. Taking her hand in his, he murmured, "Let's go." Yvette nodded gracefully, her serene demeanor unshaken.

As they walked past Savannah, Yvette paused briefly. Her gaze remained indifferent as she patted Savannah's shoulder lightly, the gesture as enigmatic as it was deliberate. "Your tactics are too basic. You should go home and read 'The Art of War,'" she said flatly. Frankie barely suppressed a laugh at Yvette's "life lesson." "The Art of War?" he thought. "There's no way that Ybaullan even knows what that is. This is hilarious!"

Chris' lips twitched in amusement. Glancing at Savannah, he seriously doubted she even knew what "The Art of War" was. Only Yvette could nonchalantly school a love rival on seduction tactics.

But no matter how much Savannah studied, Jeremiah's attention would remain firmly out of reach as he only had Yvette.

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Savannah blinked, genuine confusion crossing her face. 'What's The Art of War'? I've never heard of it before' she wondered.

Savannah watched reluctantly as Jeremiah prepared to leave. She couldn't understand how he could stay so indifferent, even after she had humbled herself so much.

Her desperation mounted as Jeremiah moved to walk past her. She quickly pinpointed his spot. Then, in a final, calculated move, she closed her eyes and let herself fall forward-straight into Jeremiah's arms.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 642[1,158 words]

Chapter 642

Savannah had already calculated the angle for her fall. As long as Jeremiah did not move and reached out to catch her, she could easily tumble right into his arms. She could not believe he was still indifferent after all the obvious signals she had given. The next second, she heard someone say, "Let me handle this." As she pretended to be weak with her eyes closed, she suddenly felt herself falling into a warm embrace.

Feeling the hand on her shoulder and the strong, steady heartbeat, Savannah blushed shyly and proudly. She thought, "There's no way any man could resist me. As I thought, just a little effort, and he's falling for it! Savannah greedily inhaled the cologne scent from the embrace and planned to keep pretending to be faint. That way, the man would definitely take her to the hospital, and everything else would naturally fall into place.

While Savannah was lost in her imagination, she had no idea that Frankie, who was holding her, looked completely disgusted. Staring at her dreamy face with closed eyes, he felt utterly repulsed.

Frankie had rushed over to stop Savannah from staging an accident. There was no way she was going to get close to Jeremiah, let alone fall into his arms. Frankie quickly let go, and the unsuspecting Savannah was thrown hard onto the floor. What began as a fake faint turned into a real one.

Dazed from the fall and seeing stars, Savannah knew she could not fake it anymore. She forced herself to open her eyes, only to see four expressionless faces staring back at her.

She could not understand why the man who caught her just threw her away again. 'But since he did catch me, he must be interested in me, she reckoned inwardly.

Frankie quickly took out some tissues from his pocket to clean his hands.

Looking utterly distressed, she glanced at Jeremiah, who stood there as if nothing had happened. In a soft voice, she said, "Sir, thank you for catching me earlier. I'm sorry. I'm always weak. Luckily, you caught me. I-"

Pausing deliberately, she cast a fake guilty look at Yvette. "Miss, please don't be upset with your boyfriend. It's all my fault."

Even Chris, who was very dense, frowned and thought, 'What exactly is she trying to do? Is she trying to sow discord between Mr. Chavez and Yvette? This tactic is really low.'

Jeremiah watched Savannah mutter to herself with no one responding. His breath was cold, and his blue eyes were filled with a chilling indifference. She was eager to see Yvette get upset

Savannah was sure it would provoke Yvette if Jeremiah wrapped an arm around her. Then, if she played the role of being understanding and considerate, things would go in her favor.

With such a stark contrast, she was sure Jeremiah would surely see her as the gentlest and most perfect match for him. However, to her disappointment, Yvette's elegant face showed no expression. She stood there indifferently.

Yvette looked down at Savannah, a faint, sinister smile playing at the corners of her lips. With a slow, deliberate tone, she said, "Frankie, she's thanking you."

Frankie looked up when his name was mentioned while drying his hands, giving Savannah a disdainful look. "Hey, you didn't even know whose arms you fell into. I'm telling you. Instead of wasting time here with us, why don't you go help your two good friends?" Savannah was stunned, trying to understand what Frankie meant. She looked at him in disbelief.

Frankie regretted catching her earlier, feeling he had sacrificed too much just to keep Jeremiah's reputation clean. He told Savannah, "Next time you fall, watch where you're going and avoid landing in people's arms."

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After a moment, Savannah looked at the people around her, especially the two with expressionless faces. Suddenly, she widened her eyes in disbelief, and her voice trembled as she asked, "Y-You caught me? So, it was you?" Frankie's expression did not change the slightest, and his tone dripped with disdain. "Yes, it was me. Did you really think Mr. Chavez would help you? Dream on. Apart from Yvette, Mr. Chavez wouldn't touch any other woman." He added, "Besides, can't you come up with a new tactic? Staging an accident is something Mr. Chavez encounters many times every year. Why do you scheming bitches always lack creativity?"

Upon learning that Frankie had caught her, not the man before her, Savannah felt her face flush with embarrassment. Her eyes turned red with frustration, and her body trembled with anger at Frankie's words, leaving her unable to speak. Frankie looked at her, seeing her acting all sensitive and dramatic. Without hesitation, he teased her, "Maybe you should listen to Yvette's advice and read *The Art of War* to improve your skills in playing the victim."

He continued, "Next time, choose your target more wisely, and don't go after someone like you did this time. Clusian men aren't that gullible. Try targeting your own country's men. They definitely fall for your tricks." Frankie's words left her speechless. Her fingers nearly dug into her skin.

Yvette glanced slyly at Jeremiah with a playful smile, casually saying, "Oh, that many?"

Jeremiah's blue eyes lifted slightly, and he chuckled softly. "It's useless unless it's you."

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Yvette lifted her chin slightly, her eyes narrowing as she looked at him, saying slowly, "You already have me. Why bother?"

Afleeting smile passed across Jeremiah's face as he focused intently on her, leaving no room for anyone else in his gaze. Their words reached others' ears, especially Savannah's, making her face sourer. The jealousy in Savannah's eyes almost engulfed her. Yvette glanced at Savannah with a subtle smirk on her lips, but she did not say a word. That look alone deeply insulted the latter. When Yvette and Jeremiah's group left, they did not spare her a single glance.

Watching them leave, Savannah turned to look at the two people passed out in the snow tube. Her gaze was fierce and spiteful. 'Useless fools! They can't even handle such a small task. What's the point of keeping them around? Might as well let them die this time,' she cursed inwardly.

Furiously, Savannah pulled out her phone from her pocket, found Thiago's number, and called him. Her tone was sharp and harsh when the call was connected. "I'm on the ski track. Send someone to pick me up right now."

After that, she glanced again at the snow tube before her. Her tone became even more impatient. "And make sure to call an ambulance. Those two fools passed out."

On the other end, Thiago hung up and immediately sent someone. After half an hour, they finally brought Savannah and the two unconscious women down from the ski track.

In the room, Thiago looked at the disheveled Savannah. "What happened to you? Didn't you say you'd find a chance to approach that man? What's going on now?" Sitting on the couch, Savannah was so furious at Thiago's words that she nearly crushed the cup in her hands.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 643[1,135 words]

Savannah's obsessive look frightened Thiago, bringing back memories of their childhood. Back when Savannah was only seven years old, she had pushed her family's housekeeper into the sea with a sweet smile on her face and watched calmly as the waves carried the housekeeper away. When the adults found out, she pretended to be scared. That day Thiago realized that Savannah had been a dangerous obsessive since childhood. If she fixated on a man, she would stop at nothing to get her way.

Thiago and Savannah were kindred spirits. They had been best friends growing up, partners in countless misdeeds.

Savannah said coldly, "That man doesn't know what's good for him. If he doesn't play nice, then we'll drug him. He's choosing the hard way. Oh, and after you've had your fun with that woman, hand her over to me.

"In return, I'll give that man to you. I'll make sure they both live a life worse than death.

Her eyes sparkled with a twisted excitement as she spoke.

Thiago nodded and said, "Don't worry. Even if we can't act here, the Steel Serpents members I hired will take care of it back at the hotel. Once they step in, it's over for those two.

"You can do whatever you want then. Don't be so upset, Savannah."

As a Ybaullan, Savannah knew exactly how powerful the Steel Serpents was-the most prominent gangster in the country. Their involvement reassured her and soothed her anger. She cast a satisfied glance at Thiago, recognizing his usefulness in leveraging such

connections.

Thiago, noticing her expression, leaned back on the couch and wrapped an arm around her waist. "Feeling lonely lately? Want to have some fun?" he teased playfully.

Savannah trailed her finger down his chest, blowing softly and responding in a sultry tone, "Let's see if you've been drained! dry by some other little temptress lately." The two fell into bed, indulging in their twisted camaraderie.

Later that evening, at a ski area bar, Yvette, Jeremiah, and their group entered, immediately drawing attention. Their combination of handsome men and beautiful women naturally became the center of focus. Most gazes lingered on Yvette and Jeremiah. After settling into a booth seating, they ordered two bottles of red wine, and Jeremiah got Yvette her usual orange juice. Even after the group had taken their seats, the bar's patrons could not help but steal glances in their direction.

Frankie, clad in a limited-edition streetwear outfit, surveyed the crowd and sighed. "I feel like I'll never find a girlfriend in the future."

Yvette, lounging lazily in her chair, propped her chin on one hand and glanced at Frankie. She raised a perfectly arched brow, fiddling with her phone as she drawled, "Thinking of finding a boyfriend?"

Frankie's head shot up, and he shook it furiously. He said, "Yvé, don't scare me. I've always liked women-beautiful women! No way would I ever like men."

Yvette nodded nonchalantly. "Oh, you like women. Got it." With that, she returned to her phone.

FastPulse Technologies game project had reached its final stage and was preparing for market release. Almost daily, Lucy contacted Yvette for key decisions,

Jeremiah glanced casually at Yvette's phone screen and caught the sender's name. His gaze deepened.

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Chapter 643

He thought, 'Lucy? Is that the Lucy who founded FastPulse Technologies, spent seven years developing cutting-edge gaming technologies, and turned it into one of the world's top gaming companies? Did Yvette know Lucy personally? Taking a sip of wine, Chris looked at Frankie and said, "Your future nonexistent girlfriend should thank you for this. At least you've learned to do some good by sparing her."

Bruce, his arm around Sienna, added in a low voice, "True. At last, you're doing something virtuous."

Sienna suppressed a laugh and teased, "Frankie, the single life is so bad. But why are you saying this now?"

Frankie rolled his eyes. 'She's lying through her teeth. If being single is as good as she said, why be in a relationship with Bruce? What a liar!'

He sighed, looking frustrated. "It's all Jeremiah and Bruce's fault. Jeremiah found Yve, Bruce found you. I swear, if I can't find someone better than Yve, I won't look for a girlfriend at all."

His sincerity earned skepticism from the group, especially Sienna, who gawked at him. 'Wow, aiming for someone better than Yve? You've got some lofty goals there. Not even in your dreams!' she thought.

She raised her glass and toasted him, "Frankie, I admire your courage. Looking forward to meeting your future girlfriend. Good luck!"

Frankie clinked glasses with her, then turned eagerly to Yvette, saying, "Yve, do you have any amazing female friends you can introduce to me? I'm starting to think blind dates might not be such a bad idea. Please help me out!" Yvette, having just sent off her last message to Lucy, was finally free of work. She looked up, a faint smile tugging at her lips. "I do."

Jeremiah, pouring her another glass of orange juice, raised a brow.

Frankie's eyes widened. He thought, 'Yve actually agreed to introduce her female friend? Oh God! Am I finally going to end my single days? A girl who could be friends with Yve must be someone special.

'If Yve is making the introduction, there's no way it could go wrong.

He rubbed his hands, leaving his wine in sheer excitement. "Really, Yve? What's her name? Where's she from? How old is she? And most importantly, does she like handsome guys like me?" he asked.

Bruce, Chris, and Sienna were unwilling to watch his shameless performance any longer, thinking it was utterly embarrassing.

Jeremiah tilted his head, looked at Yvette, and asked, "Do you really have someone suitable to introduce to him?"

Yvette, holding her phone, raised her delicate eyebrows and answered quite seriously, "Yes; 30 years old, a company general manager, and she likes handsome guys."

Judging by appearances, Frankie definitely fit her aesthetic preferences.

Hearing that, Frankie got even more excited. He said, "Yve, when can we set up a meeting? I have a feeling my destiny is approaching."

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Yvette responded, "Sure." After a pause, she lifted her eyes and asked Frankie seriously, "How good are you at gaming?" Aside from Jeremiah, who looked thoughtful as if he had figured something out, the others were completely baffled. 'What does matchmaking have to do with gaming skills?' they wondered.

Frankie's confidence shot through the roof. He replied, "Yve, let me tell you, back in the day, I was about to go pro. When it comes to gaming skills, I've never met anyone who could beat me."

Chapter 643-

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Although Frankie sounded-exaggerated, this time, Bruce and Chris did not argue with him, and even Jeremiah stayed silent. Objectively speaking, Frankie was indeed a gaming expert.

If he had joined the gaming industry back then, he would probably already have made a name for himself.

Yvette seemed to take a slight interest in his words and said leisurely, "We should play a game together sometime."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 644[1,177 words]

Chapter 644

Frankie agreed without hesitation. "No problem, Yve. Let's have match when we get the chance. Just don't lose, alright?"

His grin was as bright as a blooming flower.

cry when you

Usually, Yvette crushed them in every aspect, but this time, he could finally turn the tables and dominate her in gaming. Just the thought of it made him feel ecstatic.

Yvette half-closed her eyes, her gaze clear. She leaned back lazily glancing at Frankie with indifference. 'Lose? Now that's an interesting prospect,' she thought.

Bruce and the others remained silent. Yvette took the initiative to challenge someone to a game and the outcome was genuinely unpredictable. Although Frankie was a skilled gamer, Yvette's talents were no less formidable.

Everyone knew just how terrifyingly gifted she was, making this match highly anticipated. Jeremiah smirked, thinking that once Frankie finished the game, he would probably start questioning his life.

While they were chatting, Savannah and Thiago were silently observing them in a nearby booth seating. Seeing Yvette and the others chatting and laughing made Savannah's expression darken, especially when Jeremiah personally fed Yvette a piece of watermelon. Savannah's face turned even more grim.

Thiago reassured her, "Don't worry. I've bribed the attendant here. In just a moment, you'll see that man and woman drink the wine and juice laced with aphrodisiacs. Tonight, you'll get what you want."

Savannah turned her head and gave Thiago an elegant but warning look. She said, "You'd better not mess this up again, or you know my temper."

Thiago nodded confidently and replied, "Relax. Just get ready for that man to be delivered to your room."

Meanwhile, Yvette and her group were still chatting when a plain looking waiter approached with a tray. The waiter hesitated at the sight of their imposing demeanor but steeled himself when he remembered the money he had been promised-enough to keep him from working for years.

Gritting his teeth, he walked over and said, "Sir, Madam, here's the wine and freshly squeezed orange juice you ordered. Please enjoy."

He placed the drinks on the table and stepped back but did not leave, his hands trembling slightly, his eyes darting nervously to the group.

Chris glanced up at the waiter before lowering his gaze again. Frankie and Bruce also gave the waiter a casual glance, noting the cold sweat on his forehead and his tightly drawn expression. Their eyes shifted to the drinks on the table, flashing with suspicion. Frankie suddenly spoke, "Hey, remember

them again? I can't quite recall."

those fools who tried to plot against Jeremiah before? Chris, what happened to

Without lifting his head, Chris replied plainly,

hey died."

Sienna, clueless about the sudden topic shift, chimed in casually. "Anyone plotting against Jeremiah probably met a miserable end. And those who dared offend Yve? Their outcomes must've been even worse."

Bruce, with his arm draped over Yvette's shoulders, gave the nervous waiter a sidelong glance. He asked, "What do you think happens to someone who tries to mess with both Jeremiah and Yve at the same time?" Sienna laughed incredulously and replied, "That would ways to court death, why pick the most idiotic one?"

someone choosing the dumbest way to die. There are a hundred

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Chapter 644

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Their conversation, every word of it, reached the waiter's ears, is back was drenched in cold sweat, his legs trembling as he wiped his forehead with a shaking hand. He did not dare look at them again.

Yvette lounged in the booth seating, her chin resting on her hand. Her exquisite features were shrouded in shadow, her eyes tranquil like a deep pool. She casually picked up the orange juice and brought it to her lips.

The next second, Jeremiah, equally calm, picked up the wine, his gaze icy.

Bruce, Frankie, and Chris exchanged glances. If they could even tell the waiter was acting suspiciously, there was no way Jeremiah and Yvette would not have noticed.

Yvette, holding the juice near her lips, sniffed it briefly. The unfamiliar scent confirmed her suspicion within two seconds. A trace of amusement flickered in her eyes. It had been a long time since anyone dared to use such a low difficulty trick on her. Jeremiah had similarly glanced at the wine before noticing Yvette drink the juice. Without hesitation, he followed suit, downing the wine.

"Jeremiah, Yve," the rest called out. They could not believe Yvette and Jeremiah knew something was wrong with the drinks and still downed them like it was nothing. 'What kind of move was that?' they wondered.

The waiter, seeing the drinks consumed, finally relaxed. According to his instructions, all he needed was confirmation that they drank it, and his task was done. The money would soon be his.

He turned and looked back at the booth seating some distance away. Then, he fled the scene without looking back as if wolves were chasing him.

After the waiter left, Jeremiah turned to Chris and ordered, "Go. Keep an eye on him."

Chris nodded and immediately moved through the crowded dance floor, heading in the direction the waiter had gone.

Bruce and Frankie exchanged a knowing look. Jeremiah and Yvette clearly had a plan. 'Still, what was in those drinks?' they wondered.

Yvette raised her eyelids slightly, her cold gaze laced with nonchalance and a hint of playfulness. She smirked wickedly and said, "It's a potent aphrodisiac. Enough to arouse an elephant. They must think highly of us." Jeremiah turned to her, his face impassive. "Mm. I'm affected. There's no antidote. I'll have to trouble you," he said.

Frankie, mid-sip of wine, almost spat it out. 'Seriously? Since when did Jeremiah get this shameless?' he wondered.

Knowing full well there was something wrong with the wine, Jeremiah still drank it. Frankie was baffled. It turned out Jeremiah was waiting for this moment.

Bruce and Sienna's lips twitched. 'Jeremiah has completely thrown away his dignity; to say such shameless words is truly astonishing,' they thought.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, looking at Jeremiah with a faint smile, her beautiful brows and eyes exuding an extreme coldness. She said, "Open your mouth."

Jeremiah paused for a few seconds, glanced at Yvette's right hand, and reluctantly opened his mouth.

Yvette then placed the small pill she was holding into his mouth. It melted instantly, leaving a refreshing mint flavor-not unpleasant at all.

Bruce and the others only paused briefly before accepting that Yvette had the antidote. After all, she could do anything. Having an antidote for an aphrodisiac was no big deal; nothing was surprising about it. Frankie said anxiously, "Yve, hurry and take the medicine. This stuff isn't a joke-if you don't take the antidote soon, it could really harm your body."

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Chapter 644

Sienna finally understood what had happened. She looked at Yvette with a nervous expression and said, "Yve, Frankie is right. You should take the antidote quickly."

The three of them turned to look at Yvette.

Yvette raised her eyes to glance at them, her expression unchanged, her voice soft and slow. "There's only one pill."

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Upon hearing that, Frankie immediately jumped up from his seat, utterly panicked. He said, "Yve, one pill? That's not funny! If there's only one pill and you've given it to Jeremiah, what about you?"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 645[1,089 words]

Chapter 645

Sienna and Bruce's faces grew tense, but Jeremiah did not seem worried. His gaze lingered on Yvette for a few seconds, recalling the scene in Dungo Village where the venomous insects had cowered in fear. Jeremiah thought, 'Even the poisonous insect king obeyed her completely. How could a mere aphrodisiac affect her?'

Jeremiah whispered, "This aphrodisiac doesn't work on your body."

Yvette, her eyes half closed, nodded slightly and swung her legs. "Mm, most drugs do not affect my body. Simply put, I'm immune to all poisons," she explained calmly.

Frankie's jaw dropped in disbelief, wide enough to swallow an egg. He stammered, "I-Immune to all poisons?"

Frankie was plunged into deep doubt, wondering, 'Is the world still a world ruled by science? Can anyone truly be immune to all poisons?' he wondered.

He did not believe it, but the evidence was undeniable. Yvette had consumed a powerful aphrodisiac and remained completely unaffected, which proved everything. 'What kind of divine constitution does Yvete possess?' he thought. Bruce managed to stay composed, though the disbelief on his face betrayed his inner shock. He thought, 'Immune to all poisons? That's beyond human understanding.'

'Yve's body must be fundamentally different-perhaps it is innate. How else could someone achieve such immunity?'

Sienna, Yvette's biggest fan, was surprisingly the first to accept the situation. She firmly believed in the saying, "At the end of science lies mysticism; some things simply can't be explained scientifically."

Compared to the astonishment of the others, Jeremiah merely curved his lips. The world was never that simple to begin with; some matters were simply beyond the reach of ordinary people.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, tilting her head slightly to look at Jeremiah. Her stunning eyes gleamed mischievously. "Since someone has already set the stage, wouldn't it be a shame not to step up and honor their efforts?" she asked. From the playful look in her eyes, Jeremiah could tell Yvette was ready for some fun. A hint of helplessness crossed his sharply defined face as he resigned himself and stood up with a lowered gaze.

He bent down slightly and whispered, "Yvette, remember to come rescue me later."

Yvette tilted her head, her clear, bright eyes locking onto Jeremiah's. She lightly tapped her fingers, extending one to poke his shoulder, her expression nonchalant. "Ten million dollars per rescue. Are you sure you want help?" she asked. Jeremiah froze, feeling that Yvette was becoming more blatant with her extortion. He replied, "Fine. Add another 7 million dollars, but I don't think the poison in me has been fully cleared yet."

Yvette's gaze fixed on Jeremiah. She leaned back, crossed her legs in a boss-like posture, and curled her lips into a mischievous smile. "Keep dreaming," she said.

A glint of amusement flashed in Jeremiah's eyes as he stood up and walked toward the restroom.

Yvette also stood, turned to the trio, and said, "Do as you please." Then, she walked out, her lean figure exuding an air of nonchalance and defiance.

Frankie, Bruce, and Sienna exchanged knowing looks. From Jeremiah and Yvette's behavior, they knew trouble was brewing. They could already guess who had schemed against them during the trip. Some people just never learn. Meanwhile, Savannah and Thiago watched as Jeremiah headed toward the restroom, followed by Yvette leaving the room. Both had already consumed the drugged drinks, and the thought of soon having what they desired filled them with

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excitement.

Unable to contain her impatience, Savannah stood up and said Thiago, "Tell your men to be quick and discreet. Send them to their rooms immediately."

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Thiago, equally restless at the thought of soon having the cold and beautiful woman, nodded eagerly and said, "Don't worry. You head back to your room. They'll be delivered shortly." Savannah nodded, grabbed her purse, and headed out.

In the hotel corridor, Yvette walked leisurely with her hands in her pockets, her eyes radiating casual indifference.

She smirked when she heard footsteps coming from behind her. Suddenly, her vision blurred. She leaned against the hallway wall, feeling dizzy and weak as if she were about to faint any second.

Two men in hotel uniforms followed her, exchanged glances, and quickly approached. They reached out to support her as they saw Yvette about to collapse.

Just as their hands reached out, Yvette sidestepped, causing them to miss. She forced her eyes open, looking weak and uncomfortable. "What are you doing?" she asked softly.

The two men, unfazed, pointed to their uniforms. "Miss, we are the hotel attendants. You don't seem well. Can we escort you back to your room?" they replied. Yvette glanced at their name tags, the wariness on her face easing slightly. After a moment's hesitation, she nodded and said, "Fine. I'll be in your care."

The men, thrilled at her agreement, eagerly reached for her arms, hoping to take advantage of the situation.

Yvette stepped back and said coldly, "No need to support me. I don't like being touched. Just lead the way."

When they realized how cautious Yvette was, they didn't dare push any further for fear of not getting paid if things went wrong. They quickly took her to a room on the third floor, noticing that she was becoming dizzy.

In the elevator, Yvette stood in a corner. When the men weren't looking, she glanced at the illuminated "3" on the panel and smirked faintly, her eyes flashing with cold sharpness.

Meanwhile, in the men's restroom, Jeremiah collapsed against the wall, unconscious. His pursuers, seeing him faint, swiftly carried him to Room 504 on the fifth floor.

In the room, Savannah had already showered and changed into a revealing outfit. She reapplied her makeup and sprayed on an enticing perfume. When the men brought in the unconscious Jeremiah and placed him on the bed, her eyes gleamed with longing. She could barely contain herself.

Turning to the men, she commanded haughtily, "You guys wait outside. I'll call you if I need anything."

The men nodded, sneaking one last greedy glance at Savannah before leaving.

Outside, one of the men peeked through the closing door, muttering enviously, "Damn, that guy's going to have the time of his life. That woman screams wild. Spiking drinks, too-what a thrill."

The other man nodded in agreement. "Exactly! If it were me, I would have jumped her already. She must be incredible in bed. I have no idea why she needed to drug him, though. I guess we'll never understand the games rich people play," he said.

Back in Room 308, Thiago, now in a bathrobe, paced impatiently. He had been waiting for ages, his face filled with anticipation. When the doorbell finally rang, he rushed to open it.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 646[1,186 words]

Chapter

646

Thiago felt as if he had fallen into an icy abyss. His face instantly turned ghastly pale. "Y-You actually- How could you?" he stammered.

At the door, Yvette stood with an air of dominance and a devilish smirk, exuding an irreverent arrogance. Her sharp gaze fell on the stunned Thiago, who stood frozen inside the room. Her voice was as cold and detached as ever. "Hello there."

At her feet lay two men, beaten beyond recognition and unconscious, on either side of her. Thiago heard Yvette's voice and instinctively took two steps back, his body stiff with fear.

"Why isn't this woman unconscious? Why are the men I sent lying there instead? What has happened in such a short time?" he wondered.

The next second, Yvette delivered a kick, sending Thiago back into the room. She then effortlessly hoisted the two unconscious men at the door and flung them inside as well.

Thiago sprawled on the floor and clutched his chest in pain. He had already taken a hard blow from Jeremiah earlier, and now Yvette's kick made breathing even harder for him. His face twisted in agony.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, watching Thiago's stunned expression as he lay on the ground. She walked leisurely to the couch and sat down, calm and unbothered.

A sly curl played on her lips as her eyes glinted with icy sharpness. Her voice was slow and deliberate as she said, "What's the matter? Wondering why the drug didn't work on me?"

Thiago immediately realized that his entire scheme had been exposed upon hearing her words. His fiery red hair contrasted sharply with his pale, ghostly complexion, and his face was filled with disbelief and resentment.

"I saw you drink it with my own eyes! How could you not be affected? That aphrodisiac has no flaws-we've used it countless times before. What went wrong this time?" Thiago's voice quivered with frustration as he desperately sought an explanation. Yvette sat cross-legged on the couch, her expression impassive. Her delicate brows arched slightly as she smirked. "Oh, your drug is fine. The problem is-" she paused for a moment. "The target is me," she said, her tone casual and indifferent.

Then Yvette stood up and approached Thiago. Without hesitation, she planted her right foot firmly on his hand. Thiago struggled to free his hand, but no matter how much strength he mustered, it was pinned to the ground, immovable. Thiago's eyes widened incredulously as he exerted all his strength without success. 'How could Yvette be so strong?' he wondered.

Before he could dwell on it further, Yvette's expression turned blank, and she pressed harder.

A searing pain shot through Thiago's hand, sharp and excruciating. His anguished screams echoed throughout the room. In mere moments, his fingers were crushed.

Five minutes later, Thiago was sprawled on the floor like a broken dog, glaring venomously at Yvette. "You-do you know who's behind me? I'm with Steel Serpents, the largest gang in Ybaulla. You're dead for this!" he spat venomously.

Yvette casually raised her eyelids, exposing a sliver of her wrist. Her eyes held a trace of mocking indifference as she said, "Steel Serpents?"

Thiago thought she was finally afraid. "Yes, the Steel Serpents! Let me tell you, I'm good friends with Mr. Barnes, their faction leader," he sneered, summoning the little strength he had

He continued, "If I tell him, he'll kill you without hesitation. If you don't want to die, kneel down, apologize, and strip yourself clean. Maybe, if I'm in a good mood, I'll let you off this time."

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Thiago thought, I don't believe anyone is not afraid of Steel Serents!

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Yvette's gaze grew lazy. Her tone remained light, almost casual. She said, "I will wait for your good friend to avenge you. For now, enjoy yourself."

Beaten half to death, Thiago couldn't comprehend Yvette's intentions. He was confused, wondering, 'What's there to enjoy? Does this woman even understand who the Steel Serpents are? How dare she provokes them?' he pondered.

Yvette ignored him and walked over to the two unconscious men. Without hesitation, she kicked them both awake. Then she pulled two pills from her pocket and stuffed them into their mouths.

The groggy men, barely regaining consciousness, felt something slide down their throats before they could react. They tried to cough it up, but it was too late.

They stared at Yvette wide-eyed-the memories of what had happened earlier flooded back.

Just ten minutes ago, as the two men stepped out of the elevator and moved to seize Yvette, she swiftly countered with a powerful kick, sending them crashing into the corner.

What followed was a merciless, one-sided beating. No matter how much they had pleaded for mercy, her expression never changed. She was ruthless, like a demon.

Now fully awake, the two men cowered in the corner, trembling with fear and desperation. Their faces were pitiful as one of the men begged, "Miss, it wasn't personal! We were just paid to do it! Please, we're sorry. We won't do it again. Please spare us!" "Yes, Miss, we've never done anything like this before. It was a mistake. Please, we beg you-just this once, forgive us," the other man pleaded.

The two grown men sobbed and pleaded on their knees, completely discarding any sense of dignity.

Yvette glanced down at them, her lips curving into a sinister smile. "Now, drag him onto the bed," she ordered.

The two men exchanged panicked glances. They hesitated when they saw Thiago slumped on the floor, clearly tortured. Yvette raised an eyebrow and swept her cold gaze over them. With her hands in her pockets, she tilted her head and drawled lazily, "What's wrong? You don't want to?"

A shiver ran down their spines

as they felt her icy gaze. "Miss, we'll do it. We'll do it. What did you make us swallow earlier?"

one of them asked nervously.

Yvette nodded slightly, her legs casually crossed. "Something good. You'll like it," she replied.

The two men didn't dare haggle when they saw Yvette's expression. Without further ado, they scrambled to their feet and carefully lifted Thiago onto the bed.

Thiago struggled-in vain; all he could do was curse and try his best to free himself.

"Let me go! I paid you! How dare you betray me? I'm telling you let me go! I'm Thiago! Do you even know who I am? How dare

you treat me like this? I'll make sure you regret it!" he shouted.

The two men also felt uneasy. They did not want to do it, but when they saw Yvette's expressionless face, they hesitated inwardly. Their hands did not waver for a second, afraid that she would get angry and beat them up again. Yvette stood in the doorway. Her gaze was calm as she looked at Thiago tied up on the bed and the two men standing by the bedside. She smiled faintly and said to the three in a light and airy tone, "Enjoy your night." Then she turned, opened the door, and left Room 308.

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The three were stunned, not expecting Yvette to leave just like that. Especially Thiago. He was dumbfounded. He thought, 'Is Yvette too afraid of Steel Serpents to dare lay a hand on me? Then, Thiago roared, "Hurry up and untie me!"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 647[1,229 words]

Chapter 647

The two men were just about to untie Thiago when their vision blurred. Suddenly, the Thiago before them transformed into a stunningly beautiful woman, utterly naked and irresistibly alluring.

In an instant, the two men lost their minds and pounced on Thiago like maniacs. Screams of agony echoed, each one louder than the last until there was no sound left at all.

In Room 504, Savannah poured herself a glass of red wine at the bar counter. When she turned around, the previously unconscious Jeremiah, who was lying on the bed, suddenly opened his eyes.

By the time Savannah returned to the bed with her wine, Jeremiah had already gotten up and was sitting on the couch. The sight of him, expressionless and calm, caused Savannah to drop her wine glass in fright, shattering it on the floor. "You? H-How did you-" Savannah stammered, but she quickly regained her composure and switched her tone.

"You're awake. Sir, you passed out from drinking too much, and I happened to come across you. I brought you back to my room to rest," she explained.

She clasped her hands tightly and stared at Jeremiah, cursing Thiago in her mind, 'What on earth is in that drug? He looks perfectly fine. There's no sign of it working at all. Something must have gone wrong!

Jeremiah did not spare her a second glance. His voice was icy as frost, and his handsome face showed no hint of emotion. "You ran into me in the men's restroom? So you're a man."

Savannah froze, then realized the implication behind his words he accused her of intruding in the men's restroom. 'How could he say such a thing about me?' she thought. Tears welled up in Savannah's eyes, and she appeared to have endured a great injustice.

She said, "Sir, how can you say that about me? I really came across you by chance. I swear I have no ill intentions. Why must you speak so hurtfully? What have I done wrong?"

"Is it because I'm Ybaullan and you're Clusian? Please don't look at me with such prejudice."

Savannah gazed longingly at Jeremiah, captivated by his breathtakingly handsome face and magnetic presence. He was, without a doubt, the most attractive and extraordinary man she had ever seen. However, Jeremiah only glanced at her tear-streaked face with growing impatience. He lowered his eyes and checked his watch, wondering, 'Why hasn't Yvette shown up yet? Is she having too much fun?' Savannah regained confidence when she saw that he hadn't spoken but hadn't left either. 'He must be willing to give me a chance,' she thought.

She said timidly, "Sir, you must be feeling dizzy from the alcohol. Let me pour you a glass of water."

Without waiting for his response, she turned to the bar counter and brought him a glass of water, shyly handing it to him.

Jeremiah didn't even glance at her. Instead, he walked straight to the door. His next words, spoken in an even colder and harsher tone, pierced the air like frost. "Get lost!"

Savannah was shocked to see him standing by the door, completely ignoring her. Her face was filled with grief.

She said, "Sir, I know it's wrong to fall in love with you at first sight, but I can't control my feelings. I was deeply drawn to you when I saw you on the bus.

"Every move you made left a mark on my heart. I know you have a girlfriend, but I don't care.

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"I just want to be with you, even if it's only once. Please, don't turn me away. Look at me my figure, my appearance. I'm exceptional. I truly like you. Won't you stay with me?" Tears streamed down her face as she stared at Jeremiah with tearful, pleading eyes.

Yet Jeremiah did not spare her a glance. His icy, indifferent tone cut through her desperate confession, "Stay with you? Do you think you're worthy?"

Savannah's face contorted in humiliation. She clenched her teeth and deliberately let one shoulder of her robe slide down. In the next instant, she threw herself at Jeremiah.

"I don't believe that he will still reject me after I practically threw myself at him, Savannah thought.

Jeremiah looked at Savannah, his gaze becoming even frostier. Without hesitation, he kicked her hard in the stomach, sending her into the air.

Savannah had never expected him to react so violently. Stunned, she crashed to the floor with a loud thud.

"Argh!" she groaned. She looked disheveled and furious, glaring at Jeremiah. At that moment, all her pretense vanished.

She yelled, "Fine! As the Clusians say, 'If you don't drink the toast, you'll drink the punishment. I don't need to please you anymore. Tonight, I'll make you mine! You are now in Ybaulla. The power of the Leahy family is far beyond your reach!" It was the first time Savannah had been kicked by a man, and she fell hard to the ground. Despite the humiliation and pain, Savannah vowed to make him suffer for the insult.

Jeremiah's expression remained impassive, his eyes fixed on his watch.

Savannah noticed that Jeremiah still refused to look at her. Frustrated and seething, she yelled toward the door, "Someone! Get in here, now!"

Yet there was no response,

Jeremiah turned to look at the slightly loosened door handle and finally let a small, mocking smile tug at his lips. His previously emotionless eyes flickered with amusement. The door swung open. Savannah, lying on the floor, saw the door open and was about to rejoice.

"You-" The words caught in her throat, and her face turned even more terrified as she looked at the person standing in the doorway. Savannah's complexion instantly went pale.

Yvette was standing in the doorway, her hands in her pockets, next to a man who was unconscious outside.

Yvette glanced casually around the room before turning her gaze away. With her delicately arched eyebrows, her stunningly beautiful face carried a hint of arrogance, complemented by her icy cold gaze.

She strolled leisurely into the room, looking at Savannah disdainfully. In a low, icy voice, almost devoid of warmth, she spoke slowly, "Your men don't hold up well under a beating, huh

Jeremiah stepped forward and took Yvette's hand. With a hint of sorrow in his voice, he said, "My eyes have been contaminated."

When Yvette heard that, she tilted her head and raised an eyebrow. A smirk appeared on her face, accompanied by a trace of devilish charm.

Before Yvette could respond, Savannah, still lying on the ground, suddenly interjected. A malicious gleam shone in her eyes as she stared at them.

She said, "You're too late. Do you know what this man just did to me? He held me, kissed me, and called me 'baby.' He told 10:15 Wed, Jan

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me you're a shrew-completely unkind, always scolding him, and lacking any femininity.

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"He said he was tired of being with you and wanted to break up. le also said my body is more attractive to him. Hahaha!"

Savannah's gaze was fixed on them, especially on Yvette, as if she did not want to miss the slightest change in Yvette's expression.

Yvette lazily lifted her eyelids and raised an eyebrow, her eyes signaling for Savannah to continue.

Savannah clawed her nails into the floor in frustration. 'How could this woman remain so calm and expressionless even after all this? Did she even love this man?' she wondered. For a moment, Savannah was at a loss for words. All she could do was glare at Yvette with fiery eyes.

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Yvette leaned down slowly, her eyes locking onto Savannah's as she lifted her chin. Her features remained serene, but there was an unmistakable edge to her presence-defiant, yet tinged with a reckless confidence.

She held Savannah's gaze with unwavering intensity, her voice deliberate and measured as she spoke. "You? In looks, figure, or presence-how could you ever compare to me? Strength? Intelligence? What do you have that matches mine? Who would even believe you? Hmm?"

Jeremiah stood behind Yvette, his eyes lingering on her back. A smirk tugged at his lips as he watched her, thinking, Yvette's always so "humble" when it comes to putting others in their place.

Savannah was left speechless, her eyes bloodshot with anger as she turned away. Though she bristled with frustration, she couldn't deny the truth in Yvette's words. Deep down, she knew Yvette had outshone her in every possible way. Savannah knew she had lost this round. No matter how much it stung, she couldn't deny her disadvantage.

Yvette patted Savannah's cheek before straightening up. A mischievous smirk tugged at her lips as she looked down at her. "Seems like you enjoy chasing after other people's boyfriends. If you're that desperate, I'll even throw two your way today- help yourself." Savannah froze, looking at the two unconscious men in the corner. Her expression morphed into one of outrage and fear as she stammered, "H-How dare you! Do you even know who I am? If you let those filthy men near me, I'll make you regret it!" Savannah scrambled to her feet and lunged at Yvette, but before she could make contact, Yvette effortlessly kicked her back to the ground. Her gaze cold and unyielding, she spoke indifferently. "First, there's nothing in this world that intimidates me. Second, why would I care who you are?"

Jeremiah stepped forward, positioning himself beside Yvette. His striking blue eyes and chiseled features radiated a cold, aloof aura. With a demeanor that was both distant and emotionless, he had eyes only for Yvette. "Let's go."

Yvette nodded slightly, and the two walked out of the room together. Savannah and the two bodyguards Thiago had hired were left behind, and it was clear what happened next.

Savannah, initially defiant, eventually gave in, cooperating with the two men. Meanwhile, Thiago faced the same fate. The next morning, they each woke up in their respective disheveled rooms.

In a fit of fury, Savannah swiped everything off the bedside table. Covered in bruises and love bites, her hair messy, she looked every bit as miserable as she felt. Her phone buzzed, and she climbed out of bed to answer it, her voice hoarse. "Hello, Mother."

The furious voice of a middle-aged woman rang out. "Savannah, where are you? The company is in chaos! Did you make an enemy? Vibe just announced they're canceling our collaboration and the scheduled inspection because you've offended someone you shouldn't have. What on earth did you do?"

She then demanded, "Get back here right now. The board already knows, and we need to meet to give them an explanation!"

Savannah nearly dropped her phone, fighting to keep her composure. Her face drained of color, turning ashen. Unable to hold on any longer, she sank onto the couch, her body limp with despair.

'Who have I offended? It's pretty obvious. Who is that woman? How did she manage to get Vibe, all the way in Mysonna, to cancel their collaboration with us?' Savannah thought.

It dawned on her-she had crossed the wrong person. She sat motionless on the couch, staring into space.

On the fifth floor, Thiago was in a sorry state as well. His body was covered in wounds, blood staining the sheets in dark patches. His limbs sprawled across the bed, bare and exposed, while two men lay next to him, soundly asleep.

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Suddenly, Thiago's eyes snapped open. A sharp pain coursed through his body as he shifted. Horrendous memories from the previous night flooded his mind, and his eyes widened in fury. He roared, "I'll destroy you! I swear, I'll make you pay!" Meanwhile, Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others were already on the bus heading back to their hotel. The vehicle was empty, with only their group aboard, allowing them to chat and relax.

Back in their hotel, they unpacked their belongings before gathering again in the shared presidential suite. Sienna lounged on the couch, opening a bag of chips.

She commented, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez, you two are ruthless. I bet those two are still in that hotel at the ski area. When they wake up, they're going to lose it. This is fun."

Bruce sat down next to Sienna, gazing at her and squeezing her band. "Always gossiping."

Frankie took a sip of the freshly opened wine, gloating over Thiago's misfortune. "I've got to give it to Mr. Chavez and Yvette. I bet Thiago's drowning in misery right now after getting humiliated by two men like that?"

Chris chimed in, "Mr. Chavez, about the guy you asked me to follow-I've crippled his hands. He confessed that Thiago hired him to drug you, offering him 660 thousand dollars once the job was done."

Yvette and Jeremiah sat on the opposite couch. Yvette had her legs draped over the table, her chin resting on her hand as she scrolled through her phone. She hummed idly, her posture relaxed and her demeanor one of complete indifference to the ongoing conversation. Jeremiah narrowed his blue eyes, gazing at her. "Tired?"

Yvette yawned lazily, tilting her head to the side. "I'm hungry."

Jeremiah smiled. "All right, I'll order food. How about Clusian tonight?"

Yvette, nestled on the couch, thought for a while and nodded adorably. "Clusian food sounds good."

Frankie and the others watched as Jeremiah got up to order food. They were accustomed to him being so considerate and gentle with Yvette, but every now and then, his affection still managed to surprise them.

Jeremiah's attention to Yvette had grown all-encompassing. Every night, he carefully selected her clothes for the following day, arranging them neatly by the bed. When Yvette was nearby, it was as

if nothing else existed for him-his gaze fixed solely on her. Yvette noticed their eyes following Jeremiah. Raising an eyebrow she rested her chin on her hand and asked casually, "What's wrong?"

Frankie and the others quickly shifted their focus back to Yvette. Hesitating for a moment, Sienna finally spoke up, "Mr. Chavez is like the perfect boyfriend."

Frankie let out a dramatic sigh. "Yvette, I never would've believed Mr. Chavez could be this way in a relationship before you came along."

Yvette glanced at them nonchalantly, speaking with utter seriousness. "Because I'm worth it."

Her bold, shameless statement left everyone speechless.

Just then, a sudden knock echoed through the room. Chris, being the closest to the door, got up and answered it. Standing in the doorway was Sage, flanked by over 30 members of the Steel Serpents, all dressed in black-an imposing and formidable presence.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 649[1,177 words]

Chapter 649

Sage stood at the entrance in a sleek suit, looking completely different from the scruffy state he was in a few days ago. Smiling politely at Chris, he asked, "Hello, sir. Is Ms. Zeller here now?"

Chris glanced behind at Yvette, who sat calmly on the couch with her chin resting on her hand. He wondered, 'Did she know Mr. Young was coming?' Turning to Sage at the doorway, he replied, "Yes, she's here." Then he moved aside to let Sage in.

Sage told the man in black to wait by the door then strolled confidently into the presidential suite. When he saw Yvette on the couch, he was surprised as he never expected that she was a top veteran of Mysonna's elite special forces.

It was shocking that a woman could join Mysonna's special forces. This was a testament to her strength in a male-dominated world.

Sage's smile widened further at the sight of Yvette. "Hello, Ms. Zeller. I'm here on behalf of Mr. Barnes to deliver the check he promised two days ago. Please accept it."

Sage's humility when he spoke left Frankie and the others stunned since he was the second-in-command of the Steel Serpents' main faction. A respectful demeanor was normal since he asked Yvette for help with their injuries prior to this. However, the group couldn't fathom the reasons behind his act today. They exchanged glances, thinking that Sage likely had a hidden agenda.

Sage offered the check with both hands to show his sincerity. Yvette however, remained calm. Her cold gaze was steady and her legs casually crossed, showing no intention of getting up to accept the offering.

Sage watched as Chris stepped forward to take the check. Chris glanced at the amount and paused for a moment. He then looked up at Yvette. "Boss, it's 10 million dollars."

The amount was 3.3 million dollars more than they'd originally agreed upon, which was 6.7 million dollars. Bruce, Frankie, and Sienna who sat on the couch watching them, instantly sensed that something was off with Sage's visit today when they heard this. Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly, resting her beautiful hand on the couch. Her gaze remained calm, showing no surprise.

Sage was stunned by her reaction but still maintained his smile. He then sat down on the couch without hesitation and smiled at Yvette.

Yvette looked up with an air of cynicism as she raised her defined brows. Nonchalantly, she said, "There's 3.3 million dollars more."

Sage looked at Yvette, trying to gauge her reaction to seeing the extra sum. However, she remained impassive. After some deliberation, he spoke.

"Ms. Zeller, the 3.3 million dollars is a gesture of Mr. Barnes' sincerity. With your qualifications, you deserve more than an ordinary life after being discharged from the military," said Sage

As Sage spoke, he closely observed Yvette's face. Her expression showed no changes whatsoever, and he couldn't discern anything at all.

Sage then said, "If you're interested, Mr. Barnes' doors are always open for you. We're hungry for talent and are very eager to acquire talent like yours. Joining our faction means this 6.3 million dollars is just the beginning."

"Naturally, I understand it's a small amount for you, But if you can assist Mr. Barnes in securing the Steel Serpent's former business in the higher-ups meeting in five days, money won't be an issue," he added.

After he finished speaking, Sage suddenly felt the itch on his body flaring up again. He tried his best to hide it, pretending nothing was wrong.

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On the surface, his body seemed fine, but the itching was unbearable. No matter how the doctors examined him, they found no issues with his health. Yet lately, his body itched intensely at the same time each day, making him want to writhe in discomfort. Frankie, and his friends grew increasingly puzzled by Sage's words. The idea of Yvette being discharged from the military made

no sense. Her age alone ruled out such a possibility, leaving everyone wondering what he could possibly mean.

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, looking at Sage with a half-smile as his expression froze momentarily. The reason for his unbearable itch was something only she fully understood.

Yvette smirked and lowered her gaze as she sat like a big shot. In response to Sage's hopeful expression, she casually replied, "I'm not interested."

Sage knew that convincing Yvette wouldn't be that easy. However, he refused to give up. Instead, he smiled even more sincerely and presented another shocking proposal.

After discovering Yvette's identity, he and Callum had already planned to offer her a position in their faction before arriving for the meet.

"Ms. Zeller, with your impressive Mysonna Special Forces background and achievements, are you truly ready to retire and be a civilian? Please consider my offer carefully. If you join us, Mr. Barnes will ensure you're well-treated and make you third-in-command," said Sage.

Frankie nearly crushed the glass in his hand, thinking, 'Damn it, what's going on? In just two days, Sage and Callum are already eager to recruit Yvette. If she agrees, won't that make her the third in command of the Steel Serpents' faction?'

Bruce and Chris were just as shocked. Becoming the third-in-command of the Steel Serpents' top faction meant wielding power in Ybaulla's underworld.

They wondered what Callum and Sage had uncovered about Yvette to make them so eager to offer such extraordinary terms) to recruit her.

The three men remained silent, waiting to hear what else Sage would say.

Only Sienna didn't fully grasp the situation, but there was a hint of curiosity in her expression. To her, it seemed like Yvette might be joining a gang now.

Just thinking about it gave Sienna a thrill. She couldn't help but sigh, wondering, 'Why has no one ever asked me to be second-in-command of a gang or something?'

Yvette looked up as her fingers tapped rhythmically on the couch. With a coolness in her gaze, she radiated her unique mix of confidence and nonchalance.

Yvette finally seemed to show some interest. Through half-lidded eyes, she casually asked, "You want me to attend the Steel Serpents' higher-ups meeting in five days?"

Seeing that Yvette had responded, Sage knew there was hope. All the effort he'd put into convincing Callum to make her an offer this big hadn't been in vain. He knew no one would refuse such a deal.

Sage adjusted his suit. "Yes. In five days, the Steel Serpents' higher-ups meeting will be attended by all the highest-ranking members, including our president. This meeting is exclusively for the elite members only and regular members don't even qualify." "But if you agree to join us and help

Mr. Barnes, both of us will make sure you're brought in. All we need is for you to take action at the crucial moment," said Sage.

Sage had nothing more to say. What needed to be done was obvious. Sage and Callum planned to use Yvette to eliminate all their enemies at the upcoming meeting.

They were so determined because the information they'd gathered were nothing short of astonishing.

They were so determined because the information they'd gathered about Yvette was outstanding. Her strength and abilities were nothing short of astonishing.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 650[1,208 words]

Chapter 650

After Sage finished speaking, he sat upright with a stern expression. He fixed his gaze on Yvette while waiting for her response.

Bruce and the others also looked at Yvette, feeling as though everything was within her grasp. They wondered if it was merely their imagination.

Yvette leaned back, sinking into the couch with an indifferent expression. Her gaze landed on Sage, and the corner of her mouth curved into a faint, ambiguous smile.

She slowly leaned forward and looked at Sage with a hint of mischief in her eyes, saying, "Fine, I'll join Steel Serpents. Give me 70 million dollars, and in five days, I promise the attendees of that meeting won't live to see the sunrise."

Sage was overjoyed when Yvette accepted his invitation. It was a bargain, worth every penny, to spend 70 million dollars to secure Kaiden's faction and eliminate Jasper.

Sage did not have time to think about the meaning of Yvette's words and nodded immediately. His demeanor was respectful and friendly, and he said, "Ms. Zeller, you're truly a straight shooter. Mr. Barnes and I have great confidence in your abilities. With you involved, our success is guaranteed. I can give you the 70 million dollars right now."

Without hesitation, Sage took out a checkbook from his pocket, quickly wrote a check for 70 million dollars, and placed it on the table before saying, "Ms. Zeller, as long as you successfully help Mr. Barnes eliminate his rival this time, you will always have a spot in Steel Serpents. These are Mr. Barnes' words for you."

Wette rested her face on her hand, her eyes half-closed, and her legs casually crossed. Her demeanor was bold and arrogant, showing no reaction to Sage's remarks.

Sage opened the black suitcase he had brought, pulled out a neatly organized file, and placed it on the table before Yvette. In a low voice, he said, "Ms. Zeller, these are the detailed files of all the higher-ups in Steel Serpents. Please take a look so you have all the necessary information to proceed and avoid any mistakes."

Bruce, Chris, and Frankie exchanged glances, their expressions serious with a hint of surprise. They couldn't understand what had gotten into Callum.

They thought, 'Not only does he trust Yvette that much, but he also carelessly handed over the data of Steel Serpent's higher-ups. With those documents, Steel Serpent has no secrets from her. It's quite frightening.

Yvette nodded slightly, her demeanor remaining as cold as ever.

Sage had already considered Yvette one of his own and found her indifferent attitude perfectly normal. Only capable people had a temper, while those who flattered others were often incapable. Sage would have been worried if Yvette had been easily swayed by money.

The next moment, Sage smiled as he took out a white invitation card from his suit and handed it to her. "Ms. Zeller, since you've agreed to join our faction, please accept this invitation. The newcomer welcome party will be held the day after tomorrow at the location specified on this card. We look forward to your joining us," he said.

Yvette held the invitation between her fingers and raised an eyebrow. "I'll be there on time," she said nonchalantly.

Sage's grin widened at Yvette's response. He had planned to sit on the couch and chat with her for a while, but the next moment, he heard her cold voice ask, "Do you need anything else?"

Sage's smile froze instantly. He hesitated, unsure whether to keep smiling, as her words made it clear he should leave.

No matter how thick-skinned Sage was, he couldn't pretend he hadn't heard. Since Yvette was clearly asking him to leave, he knew he couldn't stay. He got up from the couch, trying to maintain his poise.

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He forced a smile and said, "Ms. Zeller, I have some matters to attend to at the faction, so I'll take my leave. I'll come to pick you up personally the day after tomorrow."

Yvette remained seated on the couch and showed no intention of seeing him off. She casually gestured with her hand and then lowered her gaze, focusing on her phone as she opened Tetris.

When Sage noticed that, his mouth twitched slightly. He was still there, but Yvette had completely ignored him.

After Sage left, he encountered Jeremiah in the hallway, returning from ordering food, Jeremiah froze in his tracks, his tall, imposing figure exuding an overwhelming presence. His piercing blue eyes radiated a cold intensity.

Jeremiah's mere presence radiated a commanding energy that weighed heavily on Sage and the members of Steel Serpents. Sage couldn't help but feel a shiver run through him. He forced a polite smile at Jeremiah before brushing past him. Jeremiah paused for a moment before making his way inside.

When Jeremiah opened the door, he saw Bruce, Chris, Frankie, and Sienna sitting in a row in the room. Their eyes were all fixed on Yvette, who was casually playing with her phone on the couch.

As the door opened, the four of them turned to look in that direction. Jeremiah asked, "Has Sage from Steel Serpents been

here?"

The four of them nodded in unison. Chris said, "Mr. Chavez, Sage came by to give Yvette a check for 3 million dollars that he promised two days ago. However, this time, he added another 7 million dollars, making it 10 million dollars. Bruce looked at Jeremiah and continued, "Callum and Sage gave Yvette another check for 70 million dollars, Mr. Chavez. As Jeremiah approached, his eyes were drawn to the two checks lying on the table.

Frankie jumped to his feet, his voice loud and filled with excitement. "Mr. Chavez, you won't believe what happened when Sage was here earlier! Seriously, Callum and Sage actually want Yvette to join Steel Serpents. Do they even know who she is?"

After a pause, he added, "I've seen people court death, but I've never seen anyone seek it so eagerly. Yvette joining Steel Serpents? Not only that, but they offered her the position of third in command in the faction. On top of that, Sage has invited her to the higher-ups' meeting in five days. This is like asking for disaster!"

Yvette raised an eyebrow. Her fair, graceful fingers casually rested on the armrest. She smirked and asked slowly, "Asking for disaster?"

Frankie immediately explained, "No, Yvette. You have to believe me. It's a sincere compliment. I mean it."

Yvette's lips curled into a faint smile. Her expression was indifferent as she slowly responded, "Oh."

Sienna spoke with a calm expression, "What's so strange about Yvette joining Steel Serpents?"

Jeremiah's gaze darkened, and he smiled slightly. He quickly realized that Yvette had already accepted Sage's invitation and understood her intentions. He said calmly, "Are you planning to stir things up in Ybaulla's underworld?"

Yvette's hand, playing with her phone, paused for a moment. She glanced up, raising an eyebrow with a mischievous gleam in her eyes, and said, "Yes, dull days need something fun to spice things up."

Jeremiah sat down next to Yvette, looking composed. "Have you been planning this for a while?" he asked.

Yvette turned slightly, glancing at him with a lazy smile. "Yes," she replied.

Frankie gulped and said inwardly, 'Yvette, your words are such a humblebrag. If Sage, who just left, heard that you considered the mighty Steel Serpents-Ybaulla's largest gang-to be nothing more than a source of amusement, he would be completely enraged.