

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 651[1,203 words]

Chapter 651

Frankie could already picture the scene five days later. He couldn't help but think, "This is insane. Is Yvette planning to wipe out all the Steel Serpents' higher-ups by herself?"

Bruce asked, "Yvette, when did you come up with this plan?"

Everyone turned to Yvette. 'Exaclty. When had all this started?' they thought.

Jeremiah tilted his head with a faint smirk. "Since the very first time she met Callum and Sage, perhaps?"

Yvette put away her phone and moved into a more comfortable position, slightly lifting her eyes. Sunlight spilled through the window, illuminating her strikingly beautiful face and glowing complexion. In an unhurried tone, she said, "Yes, from our first meeting." Her reply brought a moment of silence to the presidential suite. Among them, only Jeremiah looked unsurprised.

From the start, when Yvette discovered why Callum and Sage were being hunted, she had likely already begun crafting this plan. Step by step, everything unfolded just as she had anticipated.

Today, Sage's invitation to join the Steel Serpents gave her a direct path to their higher-ups, perfectly aligning with her strategy.

If Yvette had lived in ancient times, she would undoubtedly have been conferred a title of nobility. Her intelligence and strategic thinking were extraordinary.

Bruce was the first, after Jeremiah, to fully understand the situation. Chris and Sienna followed, with Frankie lagging far behind. 'So everything from the beginning had been orchestrated by Yvette,' they thought.

The only mystery now was how Yvette gained such absolute trust from Callum and Sage.

Bruce looked at Yvette and asked, "Yvette, may I ask why Callum and Sage seem so certain of your abilities?"

He then continued, "They don't question your background, handed you detailed information on the Steel Serpents' higher-ups, and even gave you such a critical role. If they wanted to recruit you, they should've done a thorough investigation. None of this makes sense." This was the same confusion Frankie, Chris, and Sienna shared.

They thought, 'Even though most of the competition was just Yvette's background and profile, and all information about her online was restricted, isn't it a bit too hasty for these two Ybaullans to easily trust a Clusian like her? It doesn't make much sense.'

Frankie suddenly slammed the table and said, "It just came to me! Do you guys recall what Sage said earlier about Yvette being from Mysonna's special forces?"

Naturally, Chris and the others hadn't forgotten. This matter felt even more suspicious now. Only Jeremiah remained impassive, looking as if he already knew.

For Callum and Sage to trust Yvette this much, it must've taken a flawless resume-one too perfect to doubt. Yvette's hacking skills were no joke.

What seemed impossible for others was effortless for her. Yvette could control precisely what Sage and the others discovered.

The group felt as though their minds were wrapped in layers of unanswered questions. Their gazes turned to Yvette, who was sitting on the couch with her chin resting on one hand, calmly observing their guessing game. 1/3

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Yvette didn't reply immediately. Instead, she tilted her head slightly to look at Jeremiah. The faint smile on his lips told her he'd already figured it out.

Turning back to the group, Yvette lifted her chin slightly and raised her eyebrow. "What they discover about me is entirely up to me-whether I choose to let them know anything, and if so, what they can find."

Jeremiah spoke calmly, "A flawless resume. One convincing enough to make Callum and Sage trust your identity completely."

Bruce, Chris, and Frankie came to a realization, and their gazes toward Yvette filled with admiration, thinking that Yvette's plan was absolutely flawless.

Thus, all the information about Yvette that Callum and Sage had painstakingly gathered was completely false. If the truth ever came to light, those two would probably want to bury themselves out of sheer embarrassment.

Chris frowned. "Yvette, even if most of the details could be fabricated, it's easy to verify information from a national-level website like Mysonna's special forces. Callum and Sage must've checked. How did they not find anything suspicious?"

It was a fair question. 'For Callum and Sage to be so certain about Yvette's alleged special forces background, they must've investigated it thoroughly. How could they have been fooled so easily? Unless... he wondered. Frankie, catching on, stared at Yvette in disbelief. "Yvette, don't tell me you served in Mysonna's special forces?" Yvette rested her chin on her hand, her half-closed eyes radiating laziness. Her voice was cool and unhurried. "No." Hearing her denial, Frankie, Chris, and the others let out a breath of relief. At least this time, Yvette didn't completely turn their world upside down.

A moment later, Yvette glanced at the group with a calm expression. A hint of a playful smile tugged at the corner of her lips. "Oh, I was a guest instructor for Mysonna's special forces for six months."

As soon as she said that, the room fell into stunned silence once again.

It was widely known that Mysonna's special forces were the most powerful military unit in today's society. Every member was carefully selected for their strengths, making them the military's most formidable asset. Each year, Mysonna selected top soldiers from the special forces to participate in the World Military Competition, showcasing their military prowess to the world.

Jeremiah's expression shifted. A hint of surprise appeared in his gaze as he stared at her profile. To become an instructor for special forces in Mysonna, how strong must Yvette's military abilities be?' he wondered. After a brief silence, Sienna timidly raised her hand and asked, "Just out of curiosity, what exactly are Mysonna's special forces?"

Bruce, sitting up straight, replied solemnly, "Mysonna's Special Forces is the world's most elite military unit. They bring together the best-fighters, strategists, and tech experts from across Mysonna."

Chris didn't know how to describe his current feelings. It felt like being struck by twenty bolts of lightning. This was just too shocking.

Chris cautiously asked, "Yvette, how old were you when you became a guest instructor for Mysonna's special forces?" Yvette casually swung her legs, her mischievous eyes glinting as she answered with a lazy smile, "Fifteen. On my birthday." Yvette didn't join Mysonna's special forces voluntarily. It was Cyrus who practically pestered her to come on board, hoping to keep her close. However, within just three days of her joining, the rest of the special forces soldiers were at their wit's end. They couldn't beat her in combat, couldn't outsmart her in strategy, and were thoroughly outclassed in tech competitions.

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Eventually, Yvette got bored and decided to leave.

At that time, the special forces commander called every day, insisting Cyrus send her away. During the six months Yvette was there, all the soldiers could do was get beaten down.

Grumbling was heard throughout the camp, and no matter who was asked, everyone had complaints about Yvette.

If she stayed, the entire special forces unit would have been doorned that year. In the end, with no other choice, Cyrus personally persuaded Yvette to leave.

It was easy to bring someone in, but getting rid of them was another story. To convince Yvette to go, Cyrus had to part with the ownership of a prime plot of land in the city center-a hefty price to pay.

In the room, there was a distinct shift as everyone's breathing seemed to soften.

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After a moment, Frankie couldn't hold it in any longer. "Oh, come on!" he exclaimed, snapping everyone out of their daze. He jumped up and dropped to his knees before Yvette.

He then started to ramble dramatically. "Dear heavens, look at me. I'm Yvette's most loyal follower. Can't you make me a little like her? I'm not asking for much, just a third of her is enough! "Good heavens, this isn't fair. She's already incredible. Can't you just spare some talent for me?" Frankie clasped his hands. together as he spoke. His face was full of solemn devotion. Bruce and Sienna turned their heads away. The corners of their mouths twitched as they chose to ignore him entirely. What is this guy even doing?' they thought.

Chris was tempted to give Frankie a good kick, sending him back to his hometown once and for all.

Meanwhile, Jeremiah shot a deep, contemplative glance at Frankie, who was still frantically "praying" for help. For the first time, Jeremiah found himself considering whether he should send Frankie to Afria and never bring him back. The golden sunlight streamed through the window, casting a soft glow over Yvette's green eyes and her lashes. Her brown hair draped lazily over her shoulders as she stared at Frankie for a few seconds through half-lidded eyes. Then, she spoke in a calm tone, "Frankie."

Frankie instantly sprang to his feet, his face lighting up. "Yvette, did you just call me?"

Yvette's voice was soft as she said, "I don't believe in fate or destiny. I only believe in myself."

Frankie paused for a moment, then seemed to understand, nodding confidently. "Yvette, I get it now. Asking the heavens is pointless, right? Got it, I understand."

Bruce, Sienna, Chris, and the others all thought Frankie had finally stopped with his "prayers." But just a second later, he sat back down on the couch and stared at Yvette.

When they saw this, they knew he was about to pull another stunt.

With a mischievous grin, Frankie said, "Yvette, have you ever considered taking on a last student? I'm smart, brave, kind, strong, and most importantly, good-looking." He even adjusted his collar as he spoke.

At this point, Bruce, Chris, and Sienna had completely given up on trying to help Frankie. 'Maybe we should just send him to the psychiatric hospital,' they thought.

Jeremiah turned to Yvette. "If you want him gone, I can take care of it."

Yvette propped her chin up on her hand and smirked as she nodded. That simple gesture made Frankie nearly leap out of

his seat.

"I knew it, Yvette! You have an eye for talent. Out of everyone, only you can see my potential and excellence. Don't worry. With your guidance, I'll keep winning the jackpot—wait, no, I mean I'll work hard and definitely won't let you down!" Frankie said confidently. Bruce and the others felt their eyes twitch. 'So, hitting the lottery was his real priority, huh?' they wondered.

Yvette lifted her gaze, stood up, and gave Frankie a meaningful smile. "I have high standards for looks when I take on students, so I won't be accepting you."

Jeremiah stood up too. A faint smirk played on his lips. "Let's go eat," he said, then walked out of the presidential suite with

Yvette.

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Frankie pointed at himself, his face falling as he stared at the others in disbelief. "What did Yvette mean by that? What does she mean by high standards for looks' and not accepting me?"

Chris' expression remained neutral. He replied calmly, "Don't you have any self-awareness?"

Sienna tried to hold back a laugh as she looked at the confused Frankie. She wasn't sure if she was comforting him or making things worse. "Frankie, Yvette definitely has standards for looks. Just look at Mr. Chavez for reference. Frankie was left speechless.

Bruce straightened his cuffs, walked over, and casually draped an arm around Sienna's waist.

He glanced at Frankie and said seriously, "Next time you brag about yourself in front of Yvette, try to be more realistic. Stop making things up. Even if you're okay saying it, we can't stand hearing it."

With that, the three of them headed downstairs, leaving Frankie reeling from the constant blows. 'Am I not good-looking?' he wondered.

Frankie pulled out his phone, opened the front camera, and inspected his reflection closely. Took perfectly fine, right? Yvette and the others just can't appreciate it. My face is the current trend among pretty boys!' he thought. Satisfied with the angle, Frankie snapped a photo and sent it to the "Happy Family" group chat. He wrote: [Sending a picture of this handsome guy to brighten your day. Hope you all like it!]

Eagle King replied: [What trash got in here?]

Samantha: [A beautiful day starts with bad eyesight.]

Andrew: [Who's more handsome than me?]

Flying Fish: [Maybe we can save a spot for you as the tragic supporting lead in some melodramatic soap opera.]

Rodney: [Not even half as handsome as me.]

Kash: [Confidence is fine, but don't be shameless. Keep it to yourself. I didn't see anything.]

Charles: [Looks pretty average.]

After dinner, everyone headed back to their rooms. As soon as Yvette entered hers, she got a call from Howard in Betrico.

She glanced at Jeremiah, signaling him to shower first. He nodded and headed to the bathroom. Yvette walked out onto the balcony with her phone, as Howard's voice came through, sounding unusually serious.

"Ms. Zeller, something's come up with Sunrise Group. It's quite a handful," said Howard.

Yvette stared out at the distant lights. Her face bathed in the hazy moonlight, radiating an otherworldly beauty, as if untouched by the mundane. Her green eyes were deep and distant, and her expression remained calm. In her usual calm voice, she asked, "What happened?"

Howard had rarely troubled Yvette while managing Sunrise Group over the years, so she immediately sensed something serious or tricky was at play. Otherwise, he wouldn't have called at this hour.

After a brief pause and a heavy sigh, Howard said, "Sunrise Group has dozens of cargo ships, carrying thousands of tons of goods. They were hijacked near Gulf of Araquiel, and our crew was taken by Spaunia pirates. Their fate is uncertain." "The situation is critical. We've already reported it to the authorities and are awaiting further instructions. Piracy in that region has become all too common, with the Spaunia pirates growing bolder due to their advantageous location," Howard added. 10:16 Wed, Jan 14 GF.

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"The cargo is secondary, money can be earned again. The real concern is the lives of hundreds of crew members. If something happens to them, their families will be devastated. How can they bear such a loss?" Howard said.

Since learning of the incident the previous night, Howard had been unable to sleep, tirelessly coordinating with various departments to expedite a rescue. However, interagency coordination was never simple.

At his wit's end, Howard reached out to Yvette. Subconsciously, he believed there was no problem she couldn't solve, given her background as a top killer.

Yvette, sensing the fatigue in his voice, lowered her gaze for a moment before lifting her cold eyes. "Howard, I'm in Ybaulla handling something. I'll be heading to Gulf of Araquiel in five days. Send me the ship's route and the details of the crew."

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Howard was shocked by Yvette's words and almost dropped his phone in surprise. He quickly voiced, "Boss, that's won't work. You can't go alone, it's courting death. Those Spaunia pirates have been going rampant for years!" He further explained, "Their numbers keep growing. They're a bunch of savages who are fearless, well-armed, organized, and disciplined. It's incredibly dangerous. We need to wait for the government's orders."

He paused, then continued, "Within a week at most, the government will send people to rescue the crew and the ship. Sunrise Group can afford it no matter how much the government requires."

He sighed, "So, please, listen to me. Don't take the risk because Sunrise Group would mean nothing without you, and I wouldn't know what to do."

Howard spoke his mind all at once, fearing he couldn't stop Yvette. He'd rather face the Spaunia pirates alone than let her go by herself.

Yvette's eyes turned cold. Impassively, she said, "Howard, I know these Spaunia pirates better than you do. Don't worry. Based on their modus operandi, they'll quickly split up the goods they seize, and they won't harm the captives." She elaborated, "They'll use the captives as hostages to negotiate with the international navy that comes to rescue them. In five days, I'm going to the Gulf of Araquiel, and that's settled."

Howard knew Yvette made up her mind based on what she said, and she wouldn't change her mind after she had decided. Howard started to regret it. If he knew Yvette would want to go to Gulf of Araquiel personally, he wouldn't have mentioned

1. it.

Howard held the phone in silence for a long time and sighed once more. Now, instead of the powerful and influential figure he was in the business world, he was an elderly person worried about a youngster. Listening to Howard's sighs, Yvette rubbed her temples and squinted slightly. She spoke slowly, "Howard, make sure to rest well and take care of yourself." Then, Yvette hung up the phone.

Yvette turned and saw Jeremiah, who walked out of the bathroom half-naked. Water droplets shimmered on his well-built physique and firm abs. Yvette raised her eyebrows, and her eyes revealed no emotion.

At that moment, Jeremiah's phone on the table began to ring. Yvette glanced at it as Jeremiah took a few steps forward to pick it up. The caller ID said "Father".

With a slightly deeper gaze, Jeremiah answered the call while heading toward Yvette, who was on the balcony. "Hey, Dad." On the other end, Clifford started by asking, "Is your wife with you? How have you both been lately?" Jeremiah nodded and gently squeezed Yvette's hand. "Yes, we're together, and we're doing great."

Clifford paused, then his voice turned more serious. "Cancel your vacation. You need to head back to Betrico immediately. Recently, a cargo ship from Sunrise Group was hijacked by the Spaunia pirates near Gulf of Araquiel."

He continued, "Both ship and crew are under the pirates' control now, and you need to return and manage the situation. The headquarters decided that you'll be fully in charge of this rescue mission."

Back in Betrico, as soon as Clifford finished his sentence, Aurora pinched him on the waist. He gritted his teeth, remaining silent, and mouthed, "Stop it," to Aurora beside him.

Aurora turned away angrily. Clifford continued to ask, "Can you be back in Betrico by tomorrow?"

In the presidential suite, Jeremiah looked at Yvette and confidently replied, "I will be at the First Military District in Betrico

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by 10 am. tomorrow."

Clifford didn't say much on the phone. He acknowledged Jeremiah, and they both hung up.

At the Chavez residence, Aurora frowned, giving Clifford a displeased look. "Can't the military find someone other than Jeremiah to do the job? He's finally on vacation, trying to bond with Yvette and relax. After only a few days off, he's called back to duty." She asked, "What will you do if this disrupts Yvette's relationship with him?"

Clifford sighed while looking at Aurora, who was being temperamental. He understood that it was rare for Jeremiah to rest, but the nation and the people's interests always came first.

Clifford reached out to hug Aurora, his expression grave. "From the moment Jeremiah chose to become a soldier, he took on the responsibility to serve his country and its people. When the nation calls, he has to respond. That's his duty."

Clifford sighed. "I know you never wanted him to join the army, but the men in the Chavez family have their paths set from birth. Besides, do you really think Yvette would be upset over something minor? She's no ordinary woman."

Aurora knew Clifford was right, but she still felt sad. Jeremiah was a tough man who never complained no matter how hard or exhausting the training was or despite how many injuries he had. He earned every military honor through sheer determination. For the past ten years, he barely had any rest. Just when he finally got married and had a few days off, Jeremiah was called back for a mission.

Aurora said proudly,

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Yvette isn't ordinary at all. She's incomparable."

Clifford's lips twitched as he thought, 'My status at home has fallen further after Yvette joined the family. But can it fall any lower than it already has?'

Clifford coughed lightly and glanced at Aurora. "All right, all right! Everyone knows you're in a good mood whenever someone praises Yvette. Folks in Betrico are all saying you're obsessed with her." Aurora snorted smugly. "Hmph. I've

got Yvette, an outstanding daughter-in-law, and I want the whole world to know! What's the problem? I want everyone in Betrico to know that I have Yvette's back. Yeah, I'm obsessed with her. They're just jealous!" Clifford chuckled and said, "All right, I know you're obsessed with her. Jeremiah's coming home tomorrow. Aren't you going to cook something special for him?"

Aurora's eyes lit up as she grabbed her phone and sent a text to Yvette. Within seconds, she got a reply.

Just a moment ago, Aurora was full of excitement, but it instantly vanished. She looked at Clifford. "I've got no time to cook anything. Tomorrow, I'm going to learn how to make some new desserts with Cara so that Yvette can try some." Clifford's eye twitched slightly as he thought about how pathetic he and his son were. However, he felt more at ease, thinking he was doing better than Jeremiah, who didn't have a hot meal to return to. This seemed to balance things out. In the presidential suite in Ybaulla, after Jeremiah hung up the phone, Yvette's phone chimed as she received a few texts. After glancing down to reply, she squinted her eyes and said to Jeremiah, "It's Mrs. Chavez." Jeremiah's gaze

fell on the contact name Yvette saved for Aurora: [Most Beautiful Woman, Forever 18, Aurora the Cutie]

There was a subtle hint of emotion on his face. This contact name was definitely something only his mother could think of, and certainly not Yvette.

Yvette's eyes followed his gaze to her black phone.

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Chapter 654

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Yvette put away her phone as Jeremiah looked into her eyes. "I'm flying back to Betrico with Emmett tonight. Frankie, Bruce, and Chris will stay here. If any issues arise, they'll handle it. This

mission might take a while." Jeremiah looked reluctantly at Yvette standing in front of him. Yvette had heard what Clifford had said on the other end of the phone so she just raised her eyebrows and smiled while looking straight into Jeremiah's eyes. "Got it." Jeremiah pulled Yvette into his arms and ran his hand through her soft hair. He gazed at her soulfully and sighed. "I have to go now."

Yvette leaned against his chest, while a lazy smile formed as she lowered her gaze. 'Seeing him so reluctant now, his expression should be quite the sight when we meet in five days in the Gulf of Araquel, mused Yvette. Yvette looked up and whispered, "Let me give you a gift before you leave."

Jeremiah paused, smirking slightly. "A gift for me?"

Yvette stepped back from Jeremiah's embrace, pointed to herself, and said, "It's me. How about it?"

The next moment, Jeremiah leaned in closer, his gaze intensifying as he gazed at Yvette's aloof yet captivating face, murmuring, "I like this gift."

Yvette looked intently at Jeremiah but he couldn't handle such a look from her, so he covered her eyes and carried her to the bed.

At one in the morning, Jeremiah got out of bed, dressed quietly, took one last look at the sleeping Yvette, kissed her forehead, and then left the room. Emmett was all set, waiting at the door.

As soon as Jeremiah shut the door, Yvette slowly opened her eyes, feeling the warmth lingering on her forehead before slowly closing them again.

In the hotel corridor, Emmett walked beside him, reporting, "Mr. Chavez, everything at the airport is ready. We've secured the fastest private jet and will reach the First Military District by tomorrow morning."

"Mr. Mitchell has already organized the accompanying team for this mission. The detailed staff deployment and plans are up to you once you reach there," added Emmett.

Jeremiah gave a slight nod, his expression serious. "Let's go."

Jeremiah and Emmett went to the airport and boarded a private jet back to Betrico.

The next morning, when Yvette woke up, she got a text from Jeremiah saying he had arrived safely in Betrico. Just as she was looking at her phone, the doorbell rang.

Yvette opened the door to see an attendant with a breakfast cart. Hello, Miss. This is the special Clusian breakfast ordered by your boyfriend," the attendant informed smilingly.

The attendant was momentarily mesmerized by Yvette's beauty. Seeing Yvette nod, he quickly pushed the cart into the room, set everything up nicely, and said, "Enjoy your meal." Then, he left the presidential suite.

Outside the room, the attendant patted his chest in relief. It made sense that someone who could reserve an entire floor of the presidential suite would have such a domineering presence Yvette was unlike any guest he had ever met.

In the suite, Yvette sat and glanced at the table filled with Clusian food. There were pierogies, churros, orange juice, and spring rolls-all her favorite breakfast. She couldn't help but smile.

Just as she was about to start eating, the doorbell rang again. Yvette went to open the door again.

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At the door stood Frankie, looking slightly anxious, followed by a serious-looking Bruce, Chris, Sienna, and a sleepy-looking Alice.

Yvette raised her eyebrows and narrowed her eyes before going into the room and sitting down at the dining table.

Frankie followed her in, blurting, "Emmett and Mr. Chavez have left, Yvette. They left a note saying Mr. Chavez had to go to the Gulf of Araquiel for a mission. What could be so urgent that he needed to leave immediately with Emmett in the middle of the night?" Yvette unhurriedly sat down at the table, grabbing a churro with one hand while fiddling with her phone in the other. She raised an eyebrow, her expression calm as she said, "Sit down and eat first."

Alice quickly sat on the nearest chair upon hearing this. She obediently picked up a spoon to start eating her oatmeal. Sienna also sat down and picked up a piece of toast.

Seeing Yvette's calm demeanor, Frankie, Chris, and Bruce all followed suit and sat down.

After Yvette took the last sip of her orange juice, she looked at the group and informed calmly, "He received a call from Betrico yesterday asking him to go on a mission to the Gulf of Araquiel."

Bruce put down his fork and nodded. "Yvette, the area near the Gulf of Aden is full of Spaunia pirates. Is Mr. Chavez's mission related to them?"

As soon as Bruce saw the message, he guessed that Jeremiah's mission involved the Spaunia pirates.

Yvette nodded slightly and said casually, "Yeah, a cargo ship and its crew under Sunrise Group were hijacked by Spaunia pirates while passing through the Gulf of Araquiel."

Chris explained, "Yvette, Spaunia pirates are a complex group. Since 1991, Spaunia has been in constant turmoil, with rampant pirate activities along its coast. The International Maritime Bureau ranks it as one of the world's most dangerous sea areas." "Mr. Chavez went there four years ago, wiped out a group of more than a hundred Spaunia pirates, and rescued seventy-eight Clusian crew members held hostage," continued Chris. This time, Mr. Chavez's vacation was canceled, and was sent on a mission to the Gulf of Araquiel, likely because of his experience and knowledge of

Spaunia pirates," he added. Yvette lifted her gaze and raised an eyebrow. Her beautiful face showed little emotion as she asked slowly, "You're saying he went on a mission to the Gulf of Araquel four years ago?"

Frankie responded, "Yeah, Yvette. You wouldn't believe what happened that time. Mr. Chavez got a last-minute assignment to go to the Gulf of Araquel to deal with Spaunia pirates."

He paused before adding, "But, those pirates are bold and tricky, using their geographic location to their advantage. They're hard to catch. They even had hostages, and if it weren't for Mr. Chavez leading the team himself, I doubt the mission would've been successful." Yvette suddenly smiled and glanced at everyone indifferently, a shadow passing over her eyes. 'Four years ago?' she mused.

Bruce recalled a major international incident that happened around the same time four years ago near the Gulf of Araquel which caused quite a commotion.

He cut in, "Yvette, Frankie's words remind me of something that happened four years ago while Mr. Chavez was in Spaunia at that time. Hundreds of Spaunia pirates were wiped out overnight, and more than a thousand women were rescued."

He paused before continuing, "But no one knows who did it. No matter how many times they were questioned, the rescued women all claimed they didn't know. Eventually, the international authorities had no choice but to leave it unresolved." 10:16 Wed, Jah

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Sienna quickly put down her spoon and blurted, "Yvette, I know about this too. It was all over international news and made the front page for three whole days. Anyone who followed international news that year knew a

"I wondered who would do such a good deed and remain anonymous. That's truly impressive the exclaimed

Yvette narrowed her eyes, her calm gaze deep and cold as she said casually, "Maybe this person just happened to pass by and rescue them on a whim? Maybe it wasn't a big deal to them"

Bruce, Frankie, and the others looked at each other, then at Yvette again.

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Chapter 655

Bruce said tactfully, "Yvette, you're possibly the only one who thinks that way."

Chris nodded. "Yvette, rescuing people on a whim is probably only something you would do. I doubt anyone else could pull it off."

Frankie clicked his tongue and mused, 'Yvette's thinking is preposterous. How could that be possible? Those are Spaunia pirates we're talking about-a ruthless group who kill without remorse and are organized, disciplined, and heavily armed.

'How could anyone have such incredible skill to take on a whole crew of Spaunia pirates, hundreds of them, without any preparation? It's completely impossible even to imagine!"

Smiling cheekily, Frankie chimed in, "Yvette, stop joking. What you said is impossible. If it turns out to be true, I won't shower for the rest of my life!"

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, crossed her legs, and narrowed her eyes. She casually glanced at Frankie and cautioned, "I hope you remember what you said today."

Frankie paused, not taking it seriously at all, and shrugged it off."Of course, Yvette, I always keep my word. You're definitely wrong this time!"

Sienna firmly stood on Yvette's side and couldn't help but cut in, "It's not impossible. What if the person who rescued them was just as unique as Yvette? Anything's possible, right?" The rest of the group didn't take it seriously either. The odds of such a guess being true were practically impossible-it was too far-fetched.

Watching Yvette fiddle with her phone, Bruce informed her, "Yvette, Sage is picking you up for the newcomer welcome

go with you." party tomorrow. I think the party is just a cover. Chris and I should

Yvette slowly put away her phone, her eyes looking clear and cool as she calmly replied, "That's not necessary. I'll take Frankie with me. You two stay at the hotel." Yvette's gaze then fell on Alice, who was quietly having her oatmeal. "Take care of Alice," she ordered.

Bruce and Chris also looked at Alice while Alice put down her spoon and nodded.

Alice replied obediently, "Yvette, I'll be good. I'll stay in the room with Sienna and won't

go

out."

Alice's compliant demeanor was heart-wrenching, and Sienna couldn't help but pat her hand. Bruce and Chris frowned. Bruce said, "Yvette, if you're worried about Alice, Chris can stay. I'll go with

you." Yvette, with an indifferent expression, glanced at Frankie sitting across from her and answered, "Just Frankie is good enough."

Suddenly hearing his name, Frankie was enveloped in happiness. He immediately stood up to exhibit his eagerness. "Yvette, don't worry. As long as I'm around, I'll do my best to protect you. I won't let anything happen to you," he declared. Yvette narrowed her eyes, a playful smile tugging at her lips. She raised her brows and responded lazily, "No need for that. If anything happens, you can escape first."

Frankie shook his head. "Yvette, that's not possible. How can I escape first?"

Yvette paused and rubbed her temples, a hint of helplessness flashing through her eyes. She went over to the couch, stretched out her legs, propped her chin on her hand, and continued playing her Tetris game, without any intention of explaining further. 10:16 Wed, Jan

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e other three's faces. Bruce instructed clearly, "When she says

Frankie turned his head and saw the same expression on run first, it means don't get in the way or hold her back, got it?"

Chris looked at Frankie. "Which something happ understood?"

the first thing you need to do is run so Yvette doesn't have to save you,

Frankie sulkily whined, "Yvette! You're underestimating me. You really don't know what I'm capable of."

Sienna chimed in, "Frankie, you've got skills, but remember, if things go south, you should make a run for it."

Frankie, who was just feeling proud hearing Sienna's first-half comment was devastated when she dropped the second-half comment. He started sulking again.

For the entire day, Yvette stayed in and didn't leave her room. No one knew what she was doing. She didn't even come out for lunch. It wasn't until the next day when Sage came to pick her up that she finally appeared.

Sage went all out this time, arriving with over a dozen Lincoln stretch limousines and making a grand entrance. The hotel staff were stunned by the scene.

As Yvette noticed the crowd gathering, she adjusted her baseball cap slightly, wearing an all-black stylish outfit with only her elegantly outlined profile visible. Her cold eyes held no emotion as she saw Frankie sitting in the car behind her.

In the car, Sage occasionally glanced at Yvette, noticing her indifferent expression. After some hesitation, he finally spoke up. "Ms. Zeller, the faction members at the newcomer welcome party are looking forward to your arrival. If there's anything you find unsatisfactory, please bear with us."

Sage attempted to hide his sly nature by speaking Clusian in a verbose manner, but it wasn't enough to completely conceal it. He was the only one under the impression he had fooled Yvette.

Yvette smirked, giving Sage a look that was as if both amused and disdainful as she hummed in reply.

Her dismissive reply and attitude made it quite difficult for Sage to keep his smile. Yvette's cold demeanor left him quite displeased. After all, Sage was the second-in-command, and having been scorned by Yvette several times, he couldn't help but hold resentment. But right now, they still needed to make use of Yvette to eliminate Jasper and the others, so despite his dissatisfaction, Sage had to hold back and maintain a happy expression.

Yvette glanced at Sage and then lowered her eyes, her face showing expressionless. Anyone who saw Sage's stiff smile would have a churned stomach.

Sage was clueless about how his unattractive face was causing Yvette physical discomfort. He kept up his "friendly" persona, even if his face hurt from keeping up the smile.

A large convoy of over a dozen cars drove for a full hour before arriving at the reception venue. Along the route, anyone who saw the Lincoln stretch limousine's license plates made sure to make way for them.

In Ybaulla, only the Steel Serpents would have the nerve to be so flashy and own such unique license plates.

Even the traffic police didn't dare approach and could only wait by the side until the Lincoln stretch limousines drove by before continuing to manage the traffic. That was the influence Steel Serpents had in Ybaulla. The party was in one of the hotels owned by Callum. He had reserved the entire place today, not allowing any outsiders. Only the faction members were allowed to attend.

The hotel was specially decorated with bright lights and vibrant colors. They even incorporated a lot of Clusian styles, clearly showing the effort they had put in.

As Frankie and Yvette arrived with Sage, everyone stood up, stepped aside, and greeted Sage in unison/"Welcome, Mr.

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Young." The overwhelming noise echoed throughout the hotel.

After the greetings, all eyes turned to Yvette. There was admiration, scrutiny, doubt, and disbelief.

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Sage subtly glanced at Yvette to see her reaction but noticed that her gaze was steady. A deeper shadow flickered in his gaze as he mused, 'Yvette's indeed calm and composed. Sage led Yvette and Frankie to the party, got them settled, and then went upstairs to find Callum.

Leaving Yvette alone at the party was a deliberate act by Sage and Callum. Given the situation's gravity, they wanted to assess Yvette's abilities before making their final decision.

Yvette lounged on the couch in the corner of the party, with Frankie by her side. She casually glanced at the center of the party, then took out her phone, and calmly continued playing Tetris.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 656[1,213 words]

Chapter 656

Frankie was dressed in a black suit today, giving off a cool vibe when silent. But once he started talking, his true nature was revealed. He chuckled, "Callum has definitely gone all out on this party he organized to welcome you. Most of his faction members are here." He paused before adding, "Look at the glint in their eyes. Those are definitely not friendly ones. But then again, they're probably somewhat dissatisfied with your arrival."

Yvette rested her chin on her hand, eyes half-closed, as she continued fiddling with her phone: She replied absentmindedly, "Does it matter?"

Frankie was at a loss for words. Everyone was giving Yvette such intense looks like they were ready to eat her alive. But there she was, completely unfazed, playing Tetris like it was no big deal 'Seriously, who else could stay this calm under pressure like that?' he wondered.

On the second floor, Sage opened one of the doors to find Callum sitting in the center of the room, savoring his coffee. Beside him was a delicate woman dressed in a brightly colored baullan outfit.

Sage walked in and nodded respectfully at Callum. "Mr. Barnes, she is downstairs. She only brought one guy who was also with her previously. I've arranged for the next part of the plan. As long as she proves herself today, we can take her to the higher-ups meeting in three days."

"Once she gets the job done and takes out those few people for us, we'll blame it all on her. I'm sure Mr. Iverson won't have any objections, and by then you'll be Mr. Iverson's most trusted subordinate," he added.

The reason Callum and Sage were so eager to recruit Yvette wasn't just because of her skills, but also because they wanted someone influential yet with no strong connections to take the fall. Yvette seemed like the perfect choice for their plan.

Callum nodded gravely, his narrow eyes fixed intently on Sage. "You need to ensure that you test her out fully, or our plan will fall at the last hurdle."

Mr. Sage assured him, "Don't worry, Mr. Barnes, I've already arranged for someone to test her."

As the two of them were talking, the woman beside them became increasingly nervous, her hands shook until she accidentally spilled the coffee. Callum's expression instantly turned icy and displeased, his gaze gloomy and menacing.

Sage pretended not to notice, lowering his head to sip his coffee thinking, "This woman isn't fit for this. Yet Mr. Barnes seems to want to keep her around. Look at her reaction despite just overhearing a few sentences; her attitude really pales in comparison to Yvette." Savannah panicked when she saw Callum's eerie gaze. Her movements became more clumsy but her voice remained overly sweet and pretentious as she cooed, "Mr. Barnes, my hand is still sore from yesterday. You're just so virile. I didn't do it on purpose!" Sage sneered and thought, 'Is she an idiot? How could she just say things like this with no regard to the situation? Does she think she is dealing with a small-time punk?'

Sure enough, the next moment, Callum's angry voice boomed through the room, "Get out!"

Savannah froze, trembling as she looked at Callum, then quickly bowed her head, hurriedly getting up to leave. Once outside, her expression changed instantly.

'If it weren't for Yvette, Vibe wouldn't have declined the partnership offer. And I wouldn't have to swallow my pride and beg Thiago to introduce me to Callum so that I can give the board an explanation and protect my mother's position as the chairwoman,' she thought. A former dignified heiress, Savannah was now in dire straits, becoming Callum's plaything, with no hope of having a

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Chapter 656

respectable relationship with him. Now, she could only be a disgraceful mistress.

Moreover, Callum had some strange kinks-they'd only been together for two days, and her body was already covered in bruises, not a single part unscathed.

For Savannah, everything wrong in her life could be traced back to Yvette. She had destroyed everything for Savannah Consumed with resentment, Savannah stood fuming at the door

Thinking about the conversation between Callum and Sage, Savannah only knew they had invited an exceptionally important person to assist them, but she didn't know who this person was that required such a huge reception to welcome them. Savannah's eyes gleamed as she glanced around cautiously, then headed downstairs.

On the first floor, Frankie was so bored that he started yawning. If he sat any longer, he'd probably fall asleep. After excusing himself, he went out to the balcony for some fresh air.

Yvette was left alone on the couch, expressionlessly fiddling with her phone. Although she sensed the scrutinizing gazes all around her, no one dared to approach her, aware of her special status.

When Savannah came downstairs, she immediately noticed Yvette sitting alone on the couch. She was shocked but her expression quickly turned spiteful.

'What is she doing at this party? Why is she here? The women at this event are all mistresses brought by Steel Serpents' faction/members. So, is she one of the Steel Serpents' mistresses too?' wondered Savannah.

Clenching her teeth, Savannah glared intensely at Yvette from afar and thought 'If she's only a mistress, there's no way she could have messed up Vibe's deal with the company. But I can't think of anyone else except her that I have upset recently.

"The small potatoes that I harassed previously shouldn't have affected the deal with Vibe. For the life of her, Savannah couldn't figure out who she offended to end up in such a mess. Nonetheless, she wasn't going to let Yvette get away with it. 'I'm Callum's mistress, and no one ranks higher than Callum here so who cares which faction member brought her here? I'm going to trample her, humiliate her, and make sure she scurries back where she came from!

'If that heartless and powerful man finds out she is someone else's mistress, he'll go crazy. Nobody messes with me and gets away with it!' thought Savannah ruthlessly.

She strutted over to Yvette, grabbing a glass of red wine from a waiter as she passed by. As she reached the couch she realized Yvette hadn't even looked up at her. Savannah's desire to tear apart Yvette's serene demeanor only intensified.

'Hmph! You're a mistress of a Steel Serpents' member, so stop your pretentious facade!' fumed Savannah inwardly.

The people around watched as Savannah walked over, shifting their gaze toward the two women, puzzled by what was happening.

Yvette sensed a threatening vibe full of hostility coming her way long before Savannah stood in front of her. It wasn't until Savannah had stood there for some time that Yvette finally, slowly lifted her head.

Her beautiful face was calm and indifferent. Her steady eyes showed no warmth, and her face was expressionless, giving off a cold aura. Yvette merely raised an eyebrow, showing no surprise whatsoever when she saw Savannah standing there. Yvette completely disregarded her.

Savannah gritted her teeth, glaring at Yvette's perfect and flawless face, thinking about how she might soon destroy it with her own hands. Yvette's dismissive attitude only made her feel more humiliated.

Her face contorted with hatred as she raised her wine glass and stared at Yvette relaxing on the couch. "Are you surprised and shocked to see me here? Didn't expect to see me here, did you?" she sneered.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 657[1,147 words]

Chapter 657 Yvette

arroaned back on the couch and crossed her legs casually, looking cool and domineering. She noticed Savannah's

arrogant expression and smirked mischievously, sounding aloo as she mocked, "Seems like you had quite a night."

Tent that two vile trash put her through that Just those words alone made Savannah's blood boil. She remembered the night. She felt utterly disgusted and defiled, stubbornly refusing to admit to herself that she had later begun to cooperate with them. Savannah's eyes widened as she glared at Yvette and raged venously, "Stop being so full of yourself. You evil bitch! You used those two assholes against me. I wonder what that man ever sees in you!"

Savannah shifted all the blame onto Yvette, twisting the facts completely, without mentioning that she and Thiago had initially planned to drug and ruin Yvette's life.

Yvette looked at Savannah, whose eyes were blazing with anger. She casually smirked, her expression calm. "Sorry, but he loves my cruel side. What can I say?"

Yvette's words made Savannah so angry that her hand trembled while she held the wine glass.

Savannah seethed, "I'm sure he doesn't know you're selling yourself here, does he? This is Steel Serpents' private party. Your presence here has just proved you're someone's mistress. Well, Steel Serpents' faction leader, Callum's woman."

She waited for that word to sink in, before continuing. "With just one word, I can make you suffer a tragic death. I'm going to show you the difference between our statuses today! I want you to see what your arrogance costs you today!" Yvette heard these words, narrowed her eyes, and glanced nonchalantly at Savannah before scoffing, "Callum's woman?" Savannah knew perfectly well where she stood; she was merely Callum's plaything, a disgraceful mistress. "But who cares about that? At least this role gives me power and status. Who gave Yvette, another man's mistress, the right to look down on me?" she fumed inwardly.

She gritted her teeth, glancing venomously at the wine glass in her hand. But before she could make a move, Yvette made move first. She stood up and instantly appeared in front of Savannah, giving her a wicked, chilling smile.

Savannah was startled. The red wine she intended to throw at Yvette ended up spilling all over herself, ruining her vibrant Ybaullan outfit.

Savannah stared malevolently at her ruined outfit, looking as if she could claw someone's heart out. She lunged at Yvette, aiming her nails to claw at her face.

While everyone was baffled by how a few words led to this situation, Yvette had already kicked Savannah several feet away. making her cough up blood.

Savannah looked crazed as she ordered the people around her. The her up! I want her dead. I want her to suffer so much, she wishes she was dead. Move it!"

Savannah screamed her orders repeatedly, but not a single person moved. Everyone just stood by, watching without any intention of intervening. After yelling for a while, Savannah finally realized no one was following her orders. She pointed falteringly at Yvette. But, Yvette just stood there casually, hands in her pockets. Her beauty under the lights was otherworldly, her eyes as cold as ice, with a slight smirk on her lips.

Seeing the indifferent expressions around her, Savannah shouted angrily, "Are you guys blind? I'm Mr. Barnes' woman. I order you to kill this Clusian woman now, or you'll face Mr. Barnes' wrath!"

The faction members frowned at Savannah's words, exchanging uncertain glances with each other, Eventually, a burly man

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stepped forward. Looking at the deranged Savannah, he said, "Ms. Leahy, we don't dare to touch this lady."

After saying that, the man stepped back. Before Yvette arrived, Sage had repeatedly instructed everyone that this party was prepared specifically for her and under no circumstances should anyone upset her.

Anyone who dared provoke her would face severe consequences according to the faction's rules. So, no matter what Savannah said, no one dared to make a move.

Mr. Callum's disgraceful mistress or the honored guests he had gone to great lengths to invite-it was obvious who was more important. Everyone, except for Savannah, understood this

Savannah couldn't believe her eyes. She turned to look at Yvette handing there and then glanced around at the others.

"Have you all lost your minds? Why are you so afraid of this Chan woman? She's just a mistress who is not fit to be acknowledged in public. Get rid of her now! Kill her! Aren't you guys from the Steel Serpents? Why would you be scared of some woman from Clusia?" she screeched.

Savannah's words didn't lead to any action from those present. Instead, they all looked at her like she was a fool.

Yvette stepped forward unhurriedly, casting a scornful glance at Savannah, who was clutching her stomach. Yvette raised her eyebrows and asked coldly, "Who told you I was a mistress?"

Savannah gritted her teeth and sneered, "If you're not a mistress, how could you possibly attend this event? Stop pretending. How did you manage to fool everyone here?"

Yvette smirked devilishly as she stepped on Savannah's chest. Looking coldly down at her with eyes filled with contempt, she scoffed, "Do you think everyone is like you, taking pride in being a mistress? Having dignity is something essential-why do you seem to lack it?" Savannah was left speechless by Yvette's words. She stared intently at Yvette's face, still not understanding why so many people were hesitant to oppose Yvette.

How did I lose to Yvette yet again? Even though I'm Callum's woman, why am I the one suffering from humiliation?" wondered Savannah in a daze.

At that moment, a deep male voice boomed from the second-floor. "What's going on here?"

Upon hearing his voice, everyone except Yvette lowered their heads respectfully.

Savannah was so frightened that her whole body was trembling like a leaf. She immediately stood up into the proper subservient posture, not daring to lift her head.

Yvette squinted slightly, watching Callum and Sage approach. Her face was expressionless and she had no intention of explaining herself.

The tests arranged by Callum and Sage hadn't started yet as they'd just finished discussing that matter. Seeing the commotion before them, they immediately realized something unexpected had occurred.

Callum and Sage, dressed impeccably in suits, walked up to Yvette.

Callum's eyes were filled with sheer disdain at the sight of Savannah, covered in blood and wine stains, her hair messy, looking nothing like a lady. His expression was cold and sinister as his sharp gaze cut Savannah like a knife. However, when his gaze shifted to Yvette, it was completely different.

"Ms. Zeller, what happened here?" probed Sage.

Hearing this, Yvette turned around and casually sat back on the couch, crossing her legs. Her posture was both commanding and relaxed. She rested her face on her hand with no intention of speaking-

Chapter 657

Sage, familiar with her temper, glanced at Callum, signaling with a look. Then Sage ruthlessly slapped Savannah, who was cowering

Within seconds, Savannah's face quickly swelled up.

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 658[1,181 words]

Chapter 658

the slap,

Savannah, dizzy from clutched her face in disbelief and looked at Sage. Seeing Sage's vicious glare, Savannah was

so frightened that she didn't dare say a word, biting her lips righdy.

After delivering the slap, Sage immediately turned to look at Yvette, who was sitting on the couch. Then, she walked over to Callum's side.

"Ms. Zeller, is it this woman who upset you? She's just someone Str. Barnes amuses himself with. If you say the word, you don't even have to do anything. We'll take care of her for you. How about it? Sage proposed.

Callum's expression darkened slightly. Savannah was quite skilled in bed, and they had only been together for a few days. was still fresh for him. But after some thought, Yvette was the mist important person now

Women were never something he lacked, so he stood there without saying a word. The others kneeling on the ground knew this outcome was inevitable. Savannah had brought this upon herself by offending Callum and Sage's guest. Hearing Sage's words, Savannah appeared stunned, as if she'd been struck by lightning. She stammered, "S-She... Sage, she's one of the faction member's... mistress, you-

Before she could finish, Callum interrupted, turning to Savannah with a cold and disdainful look. "Shut up! Who told you that Ms. Zeller is some mistress? Do you think she's a lowly object like you?" He added, "Ms. Zeller is a distinguished guest I invited. You've offended her, and whatever she decides to do with you, it's up to her. If you want to survive, it depends on Ms. Zeller's decision Otherwise..." Callum's words still offered a way out for Savannah. Sage frowned upon hearing this, disapproving. 'Playing these mind games in front of Yvette to save Savannah? Mr. Barnes tactic is

smart at all." Callum's ruthless words left Savannah so humiliated that she couldn't even lift her head. Her hands clenched the ground tightly, and her previous arrogance dissipated. Her body went limp. The next second, she suddenly gathered strength and crawled over to Yvette. Kneeling, Savannah banged her head on the ground repeatedly until blood began to flow from her forehead

As she continued hitting her head, she pleaded, "Ms. Zeller, I was wrong, really wrong. I shouldn't have provoked you, disrespected you, or acted rudely. It's all my fault.

"It's all my fault. Please, spare me this time. I won't dare do it again. You're kind-hearted, surely you won't hold this against

me."

Savannah was so groveling because she knew that if Yvette didn't spare her today, Sage and the others would definitely kill

her.

As she begged for forgiveness, her eyes were filled with humiliation and hatred. When she looked up, they were filled with fear and regret.

Callum, Sage, and everyone else turned their gaze toward Yvette. She sat casually on the couch, a faint smile on her lips and with her legs crossed.

The face under the cap was both beautiful and striking, dressed in all black with a menacing aura. In front of hundreds of people, she was emotionless, casually observing the scene.

She said calmly, "You're not the first person to beg for mercy from me, and you certainly won't be the last."

Bridger and Sage exchanged a glance, their expressions darkening. They remained silent. If they said anything now, it would only upset Yvette,

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Chapter 658

Savannah froze for a moment, attempting to reach out and grab Yvette's pants. But halfway through, she was frightened into retracting her hand by Yvette's cold, emotionless gaze. She looked pitiful as if she were being persecuted, utterly helpless. Just then, Frankie, who had been out on the balcony, returned. On seeing the scene in front of him and noticing Savannah, he blurted out, "How is it you again, woman?"

Everyone shifted their gaze to Frankie as he walked over to Yvette, asking. "Yvette, how is this woman here again? She's so persistent. Did she come looking for trouble again?" "Yvette crossed her legs casually, nodding slightly.

She raised an eyebrow, her expression cold and indifferent, without even bothering to glance at Savannah."

In a slow drawl, she instructed, "Send her home."

Lying on the ground, Savannah couldn't help but feel delighted upon hearing this. It seemed like Yvette decided to spare her, and all the acting and begging hadn't been in vain. The next moment, Frankie nodded without hesitation, his expression unchanged. He walked toward Savannah. When he reached her, he lowered his head, his gaze unwavering. Savannah said, "1-

She only uttered a single word before her eyes instantly widened, and then her body collapsed to the ground. A small red spot appeared on her forehead, and blood began flowing out, staining the ground instantly.

Frankie retracted the silencer and returned to Yvette's side. Noticing the expressions of the people around him, he deliberately waved the gun in his hand, exuding arrogance.

Sage frowned, confirming that those around Yvette weren't ordinary people. Callum glanced at Savannah's body lying in a pool of blood. Waving his hand, someone immediately dragged the body away, and the floor was quickly cleaned up. Steel Serpents' were professionals when it came to destroying evidence of crime completely. Within five minutes, the entire

without a trace of a crime scene. place was

cleaned up

Yvette remained seated on the sofa the whole time, with her legs crossed, her dark eyes enigmatic. Her delicate profile appeared cold.

Sage spoke first. "Ms. Zeller, I hope this little incident hasn't affected your mood. Today's party was specifically prepared to welcome you. Please don't let someone like her spoil your mood

With a solemn expression, Callum said, "Hey, Ms. Zeller, please, the party has wonderful performances arranged. Please enjoy them with us."

Yvette slowly stood up, smiling faintly. She said nonchalantly, "Sure."

Frankie's lips twitched. 'Wonderful performances? Was he referring to some spectacle from the underworld? What an

eyesore.

After Yvette, Frankie, Callum, and Sage sat down, a group of men wearing Ybaullan-outfits lined up on stage. Just when Frankie thought it was some bizarre, unconventional dance....

A few more men brought in a spinning wheel and placed it in the center. The leader, a man in a Ybaullan outfit, glanced at Yvette sitting in the front row. Pulling a black cloth from his pocket, he blindfolded himself, before taking out two silver daggers from his outfit. Yvette raised her brows with a mischievous smile. Crossing her legs, she watched the man on stage.

Sage monitored Yvette's expression closely. With a serious expression, he said in a deep voice, "Ms. Zeller, this is an event we

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only hold to welcome impozant figures into our group.

There are three rounds in total, and the first round is marksmanship, which is shooting while blindfolded. The man on stage is the best marksman in our faction, with an accuracy of up to 90%

Such accuracy rate was already exceptionally high, considering was blindfolded shooting, not a standard shooting competition.

Sage's smugness sounded completely absurd to Frankie. 9027 For stationary targets? What's there to brag about

Besides Jeremiah and Yvette, even he could manage that easily. Having the nerve to brag about a 90% accuracy rate? He doubted whether Steel Serpents strength was supported by sheer numbers. Callum asked tentatively, "Ms. Zeller, I wonder if you're interested in this?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 659[1,220 words]

SEND GIFT

Chapter 659

Callum was not sure if Yvette would respond to his question. If he did not take the bait, he could do nothing. Still, the meeting was in five days, and he needed to prepare a backup plan regardless, Yvette looked up slightly, her beautiful green eyes were half-narrowed, making her gaze unreadable. Her expression was undifferent and frivolous.

She tilted her head, raising her perfectly arched eyebrow. Oh, not interested, she said.

Callum was at a loss for words. Why does Yvette never play by the rules? he wondered.

Since Yvette had made her stance clear, what else could Callum do? He exchanged a glance with Sage, silently signaling him.

Sage was silent for a while before asking. "Ms. Zeller, while this event may not pique your interest, would you consider stepping on stage for a quick demonstration?"

"It's just for the people in our faction to witness your skills firsthand," Sage spoke sincerely. His expression was genuine, and his tone was relaxed, with no pressure at all

Yvette crossed her legs and showed no visible reaction. She turned to glance at Sage. Her lips curved into a smile for a split second before nodding.

Sure. But I'm a very lazy person. And well, I happen to love money the most," she said.

Wette stopped her words there. There was no need for further explanation. Both Callum and Sage understood what she meant. Their expressions faltered. Was Yvette obsessed with money? Frankie stared at Yvette, who said she liked money in such a serious way. His eyes twitched a little.

Since when did Yvette care about money? She prefers making others hand it over, Frankie thought, already picturing two soon-to-be victims walking right into her trap.

After a moment, Callum managed an awkward smile, and Sage looked equally uncomfortable.

"All right. Ms. Zeller has a point. So, let's do this-three rounds of competition, with 660 thousand dollars on the line for each match. Does this work for you, Ms. Zeller?" Callum said.. Yvette inclined her head slightly, shadows falling over her green eyes. "That works," she said in a low, deep voice.

Seeing the deal was set, Callum and Sage quickly signaled to the man leading the event on stage. Catching their signal, the man straightened up and muttered something under his breath

With all eyes on him, the man hurled a dagger. It landed just offcenter, barely missing the bullseye. Without pause, he threw another, which landed on the left, missing by less than an inch. A round of applause and cheers erupted from the crowd.

The man on stage removed the black blindfold, his face beaming with smugness. He stared at Yvette defiantly, his eyes full of provocation.

In the front row, Yvette stood up. Her all-black outfit amplified her cold demeanor. Her striking beauty captured everyone's attention as she walked toward the stage.

The man unconsciously took a step back. Realizing his reaction, he turned flustered and annoyed but did not dare speak up. He sullenly stepped aside to make way for Yvette. Immediately, someone handed her a new black blindfold Yvette took her time tying the black blindfold over her eyes. Seeing this, the two men holding the target immediately

quicken their pace, moving much faster than before.

Offstage, Callum and Sage watched Yvette intently, their eyes narrowing as they noticed her relaxed, indifferent demeanor.

Yvette stood on stage. She made a mischievous smirk, tugging at the corners of her mouth, hidden by the black blindfold.

In the next second, a dagger flew from Yvette's hand, hitting the bullseye dead center. Before the stunned audience could react, another dagger followed-knocking the first aside and embedding itself deeply in the bullseye.

As the audience was frozen in shock, Yvette, still blindfolded, casually grabbed two more daggers from the tray. She threw both simultaneously. Instead of hitting the target, the daggers landed precisely at the feet of the two men moving the targets. A wave of gasps rose from the audience. Frankie sat in his chair with a look.

smug

These people are so clueless. Trying to test Yvette's skills with this stunt? Laughable. It's like ants trying to challenge an elephant, completely overestimating themselves and bound to it, he thought. Yvette removed the black blindfold and tossed it on the floor. She glanced at Callum and Sage below.

In the silence, Callum turned his head slightly, his gaze unreadable as he glanced at Sage.

Sage stood up with excitement in his eyes as he clapped. He said, "Ms. Zeller, you have impressive skills! I declare you the winner of this round."

Callum pulled out a check worth 660 thousand dollars he had just signed and placed it on Frankie's table. Frankie took it without hesitation. After all, why refuse Yvette's money?

Yvette stayed on the stage, showing no intention of stepping down. She arched her perfectly shaped eyebrows. Her voice was as cold as ever, devoid of warmth. A sinister red gleam flickered in her eyes. "What's the next round? Let's start now," she urged.

Seeing this, Sage did not waste any time. He signaled to Sean and whispered. "Your turn. Go."

Sean leaned down slightly before walking onto the stage. He said "Hey, Ms. Zeller, let's test our shooting skills this round. Whoever pierces the most wooden boards will win. My personal record is 17.7 inches. Yvette's expression remained unchanged at the record. She casually bent her knees, raised an eyebrow, and her dark, green eyes narrowed slightly.

17.7 inches? That's what passes for a record these days? she wondered.

Sean's pride was evident as he mentioned his personal record, a hint of arrogance in his eyes. After all, this skill secured his position as Callum and Sage's right-hand man. He was confident Yvette couldn't beat him. After his proclamation, Sean grabbed a handgun from the tray. While he spoke, several thick wooden boards were set up opposite him."

Sean pretended to be relaxed as he fired, though he put all his strength into his grip. The bullet flew straight, piercing the wooden boards.

Sean looked at the pierced boards, feeling quite pleased with himself.

A lackey stepped forward to count, then announced to the audience, "Twenty wooden boards, 18.1 inches. A new record!"

Another round of applause erupted from the audience. Callum and Sage exchanged satisfied glances with Sean. This result was quite good.

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Chapter 659

Sean gave a slight nod toward Yvette and

Id, "Ms. Zeller, it's your turn.

Yvette picked up the handgun from the tray, weighed it in her hand, and smiled slightly.

"M2000 handgun? Designed in 1991 as a successor to the M1911A, the M2000 has a unique barrel-revolving locking mechanism, where the barrel and slide lock together, Yvette thought.

They move backward as one unit, reducing recoil and improving shooting accuracy, similar to the American M16 rifle's design, she recalled.

The handgun is 7.5 inches long, weighs 1.8 pounds when unloaded, has a range of 55 yards, and has a 15-round magazine capacity. It's a decent handgun. He's quite knowledgeable, Yvette mused.

Yvette picked up the M2000 handgun, her eyes downcast, her expression calm, and her gaze cold. She gently pulled the trigger, sending a bullet at high speed, piercing all the wooden boards. The bullet cut through dozens of wooden boards in one shot.

Earlier. Sean had pierced only twenty layers. Now, without checking, it was clear that Yvette's bullet had pierced more than double that amount.

The entire room fell silent again. Everyone was stunned by Yvette's impressive skill and stood up to look at the stage.

SEND GIFT

**Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez
- Secrets Of MrS 660[2,280 words]**

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Chapter

66o

Callum and Sage glanced at each other in the audience. Excitement filled their eyes. They knew that a Mysonna special forces veteran must be incredibly skilled, but they had not expected Yvette to be that powerful.

As long as Yvette passed the final test, they could confidently take her to the Steel Serpents' higher-ups meeting in a few

days.

Frankie looked at those who widened their eyes in shock and rolled his own, thinking, "What a bunch of ignorant people! Yvette probably didn't even use a third of her strength at such a level, yet they are shocked. They would have gone wild if she had shown her full power!"

Sage led the applause, and soon the audience erupted into cheers

On stage, the man holding the wooden board announced to the crowd in a trembling voice, "The result is 354 inches, and the board is completely shattered. That's double Mr. Labelle's score.

Yvette casually set her pistol down on a tray and said indifferently, "Next"

Sage glanced at Callum and then called out loudly to Yvette, "Ms. Zeller, the final test is close combat, and the only weapon you can use is the Ybaullan sword. If you win this match, we'll call it a day."

In other words, that would mark the end of their test.

Yvette nodded casually with her hands in her pockets. A hint of malicious intent flashed across her eyes as she scoffed. inwardly, Ybaullan sword, huh?

Frankie suddenly stood and looked at Sage and Callum. "Hold on," he said in a deep voice, extending his hand. Sage and Callum frowned, unsure of the meaning behind his gesture.

Yvette stood on the stage, smiling mischievously.

Frankie rolled his eyes when he saw Callum and Sage did not react. "You promised 660 thousand dollars for a game. Are you backing out now?" he said.

Callum and Sage's mouths twitched as they heard that. As expected from Yvette's henchman, he never forgets the money. they thought

Sage shook his head and replied politely, "Of course not."

Callum sat down and wrote a check for 660 thousand dollars. After a slight hesitation, he amount. Sage picked up one check and placed it on Frankie's table. wrote

another check for the same

Frankie picked it up and glanced at the other check on Callum's table. He casually remarked. "Give me that one now. It will save us both some trouble later. You may not mind the hassle, but I certainly do

His confident demeanor made Callum and Sage grit their teeth in frustration, but they could do nothing-

After speaking, Frankie sat back down, crossed his legs, and searched for the Happy Family group. He sent a voice message saying, "Let me share my current mood. Yvette is up there beating up those Ybaullan losers while I'm sitting here collecting money. How fantastic!"

Whenever there was news about Yvette, the group was quick to respond. Jeremiah was next, followed by the rest.

Bruce: [Seriously, what's going on now? Did Callum and Sage pull some trick at the party to test Yvette?

Chris: [Come on, be serious. Don't bring Yvette into this.]

1/3

Chapter 660

Samantha: (Wait, what happened again? Weren't you guys vacationing in Hillscester, Yhaulla? How did Yvette thrash someone again? I'm confused.)

Andrew, (When can I experience something like that? I'm so jealous]

Eagle King: [Boss thrashed someone in Ybaulla? Which shameless punk dared to mess with her? I'll tear them into pieces!]

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Rodney was rendered speechless.

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Eagle King: [So that's it, huh? Too bad I missed the excitement.]

Samantha: (Come on, Yvette, crush those Ybaullans!]

Andrew: [I agreed with you, Samantha!]

The group chat was buzzing with excitement, yet no one seemed worried about Yvette's safety. Frankie kept glancing at his phone and then back at the stage.

A man weighing over 200 pounds stood across from Yvette, his large stature making him look like a mountain-quite intimidating. Yvette regarded him indifferently. The man snorted at her attitude and picked up a sword, raising it aggressively. Yvette had no intention of using a sword, so she did not even glance at it.

The man, who weighed over 200 pounds, lunged at Yvette with his sword, aiming directly for her midsection. Yvette tapped her toes on the ground and leaped into the air. While in the air she extended her right leg to kick the man in the chest.

It seemed like a light kick, but it sent the man, who weighed over 200 pounds, flying off the stage. He fell directly on Callum, who was enjoying his coffee.

Callum's expression changed drastically as he attempted to dodge. Unfortunately, just as he stood up, the man weighing over 200 pounds fell heavily on top of him.

Two groans of pain rang out, and everyone's eyes widened in shock at the sight of Callum and the man, who weighed over 200 pounds. Sage and the others saw that and rushed over to help carry the man. Callum felt as if his chest crumbled under the weight. As he was helped up, he gloomily looked at Yvette standing on the stage and asked, "Ms. Zeller, was that intentional?"

Yvette shrugged. A mischievous smile played on her lips as she spoke, "Would you believe me if I said no?"

"How arrogant!" Callum bellowed inwardly. There was no way he would believe her words.

Just as Callum was about to lose his temper, Sage quickly stepped forward and said, "How could Ms. Zeller have done that on purpose! Accidents are bound to happen during competitions, Mr. Barnes."

No one had ever treated Callum like that before. However, Sage's words reminded him that he couldn't afford to lose his composure now. If Yvette decided not to help him, all his efforts over the past few days would be in vain. So, he chose to remain silent. Chapter 660

Frankie sent the photos he had taken to the group chat and looked at Callum and Sage. Yvette is so impressive! Callum was forced to suffer in silence on his own turf. Aww! That's really satisfying! he exclaimed inwardly. Silence fell over the scene, creating an awkward atmosphere.

After a while, Sage attempted to smooth things over, saying, "Ms Zeller, your performance today was amazing. Mr. Barnes and I will personally come to pick you

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Chapter 66o

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Callum hesitated but eventually nodded. His face remained twisted in a deep scowl.

Yvette looked at Callum and Sage coldly, asking, "Can I leave now?"

Sage quickly nodded and replied, "Of course. You can leave whenever you want, Ms. Zeller?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow and jumped off the platform. She walked out without saying a word, leaving Sage smiling awkwardly behind her. Frankie quickly followed her but turned back halfway.

SEND GIFT

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SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 661[1,180 words]

Chapter 661

Frankie strode over to Callum and Sage, grabbed the freshly sighed 660-thousand dollar check from the table, and turned to leave. With 2 million dollars effortlessly secured, he walked away, leaving Callum, Sage, and Steel Serpents staring after him in stunned disbelief. After Frankie and Yvette had left the hotel, Callum's expression darkened. He turned to Sage and said coldly. "Once the police are done, get rid of Yvette."

Sage nodded, acutely aware of the simmering fury within Callum. He answered seriously. "Understood. She won't see another day after completing her mission."

Meanwhile, in the car, Frankie couldn't hide his excitement as he drove. "Yvette, it's been just a few days, and we've already made over 66 million dollars! Life doesn't get better than this with you in charge! Ha!"

Yvette rested her face on her hand, gazing out the window. Her delicate profile was shrouded in shadow, and her eyes carried an unfeeling indifference. She said calmly, "Donate all the money to foundations supporting enslaved women in our country."

Frankie froze for a moment before nodding. His carefree demeanor vanished, replaced by a somber expression. The damage inflicted by Ybaulla's invasion could never be erased, and Clusia must never forget them

While photos and documents preserved the history of Ybaulla's past atrocities, the surviving elderly, scarred by cruelty and then in their seventies, were living proof of that dark era.

The scars on the bodies of the surviving elderly women were living proof of Ybaulla's brutality, marking a painful chapter in history. The suffering they had experienced in their youth was beyond what most could ever comprehend. Frankie proposed, "Yvette, how about we divide the money? Half goes to local charities, and I'll reach out to some contacts to make sure the rest goes directly to the surviving elderly women. What do you think?"

Yvette looked up at Frankie, who was driving, understanding his reasons for going to such lengths to personally deliver the money to the elderly, "Fine. Handle it however you see fit," she said. Just then, her phone rang. Yvette glanced at the screen and raised an eyebrow. She mused. When did Jeremiah change his contact name? It then read: [Most Handsome Husband in the Universe, Yvette's Husband Forever, Jeremiah the Cutie.] Yvette answered the call, and Jeremiah immediately asked, "Did you see my contact name?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, tempted to lie. After a brief pause, she pinched the bridge of her nose and replied, "I saw it."

In Betrico's First Military District, Jeremiah held the phone, a smile gleaming in his eyes. He hadn't slept for nearly 30 hours, but hearing Yvette's voice swept away his exhaustion

Standing by the window, Jeremiah glanced at the soldiers training on the distant field and asked, "What do you think of the

name?"

Unhurriedly, Yvette replied, "I think you're... shameless."

Jeremiah smirked, expecting the response. His voice dropped with playful affection. "With you, I don't need shame."

In the car, Yvette gripped her phone, and her gaze met Frankie's. Startled, he quickly looked away and focused on driving. Yvette responded, "When was the last time you rested?" Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose after hearing approaching footsteps. He turned to see Emmett enter the room. Gesturing to him, Jeremiah replied in a deep voice, "I just woke up"

When Emmett heard that, he knew that Jeremiah was lying to Yvette. He thought, 'Since arriving in Betrico, Mr. Chavez has

been in meetings nonstop at the First Military District and has slept in almost 50 hours. Yet, Mr. Chavez claimed he just woke up!

Yvette chose not to confront Jeremiah. She stayed silent, and her gaze darkened Jeremiah, upon sensing her silence, spoke again. "There's something I need to handle here, so I have to go Tomorrow, I'm heading to Gulf of Araquiel. Wait for me to return

Yvette stone was indifferent. "Oh. I don't feel like waiting." Jereindah chuckled and was unbothered. They exchanged a few more words before hanging up.

After the call had ended, Emmett stepped forward. "Mr. Chavez, the operational plans have been issued, and the personnel for the mission are ready. Sunrise Group has provided the latest ship, and they will join us on this mission." Jeremiah nodded, sitting at his desk to resume work. Emmett frowned, and a trace of concern flickered across his face. "Mr. Chavez, you've been awake for nearly 50 hours. Maybe you should rest for a while?"

Jeremiah looked up, and his eyes were slightly bloodshot. He replied, "No need," Emmett, familiar with Jeremiah's stubborn nature, knew that there was no changing his mind once he had made a decision.

Emmett continued, "Mr. Chavez, Yvette is currently handling Steel Serpents in Ybaulla. Should we mobilize our people to help her?"

Jeremiah set his pen down, and at the mention of Yvette, his expression softened. "No need. Yvette won't take on anything she's not confident in. Contact Bruce to send a private jet. Make sure she leaves Ybaulla once she's finished." Emmett nodded. "Understood, Mr. Chavez. I'll make sure everything is ready before we depart." As he pushed open the door to leave, he glanced back at Jeremiah, who was already engrossed in his work again

Jeremiah's urgency to head to Gulf of Araquiel, working relentlessly without rest, probably came down to one thing. He wanted to finish his mission as quickly as possible so that he could return to see Yvette.

In the car, after hanging up, Yvette felt a wave of imitation. The atmosphere around her grew tense. She mused. 'He's being rather disobedient, isn't he? He's even learned to lie. And staying up all night? Fine. I'll grant his wishes.' The tension in the car was thick, and Frankie, feeling it, wished he could vanish. He wondered, 'Did they have a fight?

Three days later, in the presidential suite, Yvette dressed casually in black pants, a black shirt, and canvas sneakers. She then casually grabbed a baseball cap and put it on

On the couch sat Bruce, Frankie, Chris, and Sienna, along with Alice, who was munching on a lollipop. Unlike their usual laid-back demeanor, none of them looked relaxed. They all knew Yvette was about to meet Steel Serpents' higher-ups alone.

As the largest gang in Ybaulla, Steel Serpents were a force to be reckoned with. The fact that Yvette insisted on going solo only added to their unease.

Bruce stood up, recalling that Jeremiah had already arranged a private jet for her return. "Yvette, are you sure you don't want the three of us to come with you?"

Chris, with a serious expression, added, "Yvette, leave Frankie behind. Bruce and I won't slow you down."

Frankie mumbled, "They're right, Yvette. I don't have to go, but you should let Bruce and Chris come with you."

Yvette turned around, exuding a commanding presence. With a raised eyebrow, she looked at the group and said calmly, "No need. I can handle this small matter myself." Bruce and the others collectively twitched their eyes at her humblebrag. Frankie scratched his head and muttered, "Yvette, what exactly counts as a big deal to you?" Yvette turned away without a backward glance and murmured, "Food"

10

Jan

Chapter 661

At the hotel entrance, Sage and Callum were far more discreet dis

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 662[1,112 words]

Chapter 662

In the car, Callum turned to Sage. "If Yvette succeeds, we must let her leave Yhaulla alive."

Sage's muscular frame was highlighted by a form-fitting black sit. "Don't worry. Mr. Iverson won't be attending the higher-ups meeting today."

He continued. "As long as we handle this properly and leave no evidence behind, he won't be able to do anything. Besides, there won't be anyone left for him to command."

This was precisely Callum's plan-who wouldn't want to ascend the ladder after being stuck in the same place for so long? Only at the top could one truly be free from restraints.

At the hotel entrance, Sage approached Yvette as soon as she emerged, several men in black following closely behind him. He grinned. "Ms. Zeller, this way, please. Mr. Barnes is waiting for you in the car."

Yvette, dressed in all black and radiating an intimidating presence, cast a sharp glance at Callum. He sat in the backseat of the first car, deliberately turning his head away. She raised an eyebrow, thinking, "Putting on an act in front of me, huh?"

Yvette strode toward the second car, opened the door, and smoothly slid into the backseat, leaving Sage standing there awkwardly. She has no manners at all! he thought.

Sage issued a few quick orders to the men in black before climbing into the backseat

From the first car, Callum watched her ignore him, heading straight for the second car. His face darkened as he fumed. growling at Sage, "She keeps pushing her luck. Once this is over, I'll make her pay!"

re our guys know to show her no mercy when the time comes."

Sage reassured. "Mr. Barnes, don't worry. I'll make sure

The car headed north for nearly an hour and a half, the vibrant city skyline gradually fading into quiet, tree-lined streets. It finally stopped before a building that showcased distinct Ybaullan-style architecture. Sage and Callum stepped out of the car, followed closely by Yvette.

Around forty to fifty men in sleek black suits lined the entrance, their eyes sharp and unyielding, radiating an air of intimidation.

Sage leaned in, saying to Yvette, "This is where the Steel Serpents are holding their higher-ups' meeting. Over 300 members from various factions are here, with Jasper's group at the forefront. Your target is Jasper, and Mr. Barnes wants everyone eliminated-no exceptions."

Yvette adjusted her cap, a sly grin tugging at the corners of her lips. Her green eyes narrowed, a cold glint flickering within them. "As you wish."

Sage felt relieved to hear her reassurance.

Callum, Sage, and Yvette, flanked by around twenty of their men passed through the gates and were escorted by an attendant into the inner hall. Before they even got close, the unmistakable sound of a heated argument could be heard.

Callum and Sage were used to the commotion. They were all too familiar with these higher-ups meetings" that were nothing more than power plays-a relentless cycle of disputes that would happen every year.

Sage opened his mouth to explain but hesitated when he caught sight of Yvette's bored, uninterested expression. He swallowed the words.

Yvette, hands casually tucked in her pockets, strolled ahead as though she were on a leisurely sightseeing tour. She looked even more relaxed than Callum and Sage.

As soon as Callum and Sage entered the hall, those who were arguing stopped right away, turning around to greet them.

10:08 Thu Jan 2

Chapter 662

"Mr. Barnes is here! Greetings. Mr. Barnest

79%

Only a man in his early forties, with a stern expression and neatly combed hair, sat motionless in a chair. He held a cup of coffee while seven or eight men in black stood behind him.

The crowd tactfully parted as Callum entered. As the leaders of the two most powerful factions, both Callum and Jasper commanded respect.

The other six faction leaders were present, their eyes shifting between Callum and Jasper. It was clear to everyone that the upcoming negotiations for next year's market share would be fierce.

They thought, 'It's clear, Mr. Iverson has been favoring Mr. Atkins lately, sidelining Mr. Barnes' interests. But how long will Mr. Barnes let Mr. Atkins push him around?

Callum settled into his seat across from Jasper. Sage stood by his side, while Yvette, with her cap pulled low, positioned herself casually beside Callum, her expression indifferent.

Neither Callum nor Jasper spoke. The other faction leaders, sensing the tension, quietly took their seats, waiting for the meeting to begin.

After a moment, Jasper finally broke the silence. His sharp gaze flicked from Callum to Yvette, and his expression turned cold. He assumed that Yvette was Callum's lover.

Irritated. Jasper snapped, "Mr. Barnes, this is a Steel Serpents higher-ups meeting. And you brought a Clusian woman? Don't you think that's a breach of protocol? If Mr. Iverson hears about this, you'll be in deep trouble." To Callum, Jasper was attempting to use Waylon's name to intimidate him.

Glowering at Jasper, he responded with a sneer, "Ms. Zeller isn't the type of woman you're insinuating. She's my lifesaver, and her presence makes me feel safe. After all, who knows when the next assassination attempt will come?" Jasper's hand stilled, the coffee cup momentarily frozen in mid-air as his expression darkened. The female assassin heden after Callum returned with the harsh message that had shattered any pretense of civility between them. The mask of diplomacy was all but gone. Jasper's hostility was blatant, and Callum's cold response made it clear he was just as ready to drop the act, shattering the fragile peace that was barely held together.

The leaders of other factions lowered their heads, remaining silent.

Jasper wasn't fazed by Yvette's presence. With a mocking smirk, he said, "Mr. Barnes, a mere assassination is nothing to us, members of the Steel Serpents. Letting a Clusian woman be your bodyguard is a disgrace to our organization." Jasper's taunts intensified Callum's anger.

The tension in the room was thick. Callum and Jasper glared at each other, and their bodyguards' backs were poised and ready for a fight.

Yvette stood behind Callum with her hands in her pockets, watching their confrontation with a wicked smile playing on her lips, her eyes gleaming.

Meanwhile, Sage, dressed sharply, interjected, "Mr. Atkins, we're here to discuss next year's shares, not argue. Mr. Iverson won't be pleased if he finds out about this. Who Mr. Barnes has as a bodyguard doesn't concern you. Let's get started with the meeting since everyone's here"

Sage, holding a high rank within the Steel Serpents, was one of the few with the authority to speak directly to Waylon. When he intervened, Jasper hesitated and reluctantly let the matter drop, showing Sage respect.

Finally, the tension in the room eased.

Chapter 662

Sage continued, "Mr. Atkins, fellow leaders, if anyone has ideas about next year's market share and territories, now's the time

to discuss them."

COMMENT

Chapter 663

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 663[1,230 words]

Chapter

663

The other six faction leaders exchanged glances.

They knew that they could not ask for a bigger piece of the pie. With Jasper and Callum were around. Therefore, the amount allocated to the smaller factions was limited each year, and with only that much to go around, there was no point in arguing. They knew who were the protagonists of the higher-ups meeting this time, with the others present merely playing secondary roles.

Following Kaiden's death, the real question was who would succeed him. The individual who took over his faction would rise to become the second most powerful figure within the Steel Serpents, only beneath Waylon himself.

After Sage finished speaking, he stepped aside, and silence settled over the room. Yvette, her gaze lowered, tapped her toes lightly against the floor. She was getting impatient and contemplated ending things quickly.

A few minutes later, one of the faction leaders, his large chest tattoo peeking out from beneath his half-buttoned floral shirt, stood up. "Mr. Barnes, our faction is satisfied with the status quo for next year, and we have no intention of asking for more." With that, the other five faction leaders quickly chimed in. One by one, they echoed his sentiment, expressing their desire to retain their current territories and maintain the same financial arrangements as before.

In the end, only Callum and Jasper remained, locked in a silent standoff.

Callum set his coffee cup down, his voice icy. "With Kaiden gone how do you propose we divide his business, Mr. Atkins?" Jasper thought about it before replying, "I'll take sixty percent of Kaiden's business, and you can have the remaining forty." In response, Callum slammed his hand onto the table, shooting to his feet and roaring furiously, "That's preposterous! How the hell do you justify taking sixty percent of Kaiden's business, leaving me with only forty? You must be out of your mind if you think I'll accept that." Callum's reaction did not come as a surprise to Jasper. Unfazed, he smiled at Callum and Sage before he nonchalantly spoke. "This was also Mr. Iverson's decision. Mr. Barnes, do you intend to defy his wishes?"

Immediately, Callum froze while Sage's face turned grim. "How could Mr. Iverson blatantly support Jasper in seizing the market share?" they thought.

Looking at the stunned expression on Callum's face Jasper was filled with smug. Callum knew he could not back down in front of all these higher-ups. If he did, he would lose his status among the Steel Serpents and allow others to walk over him. He took a deep breath to calm himself down. "Mr. Iverson stated that whoever catches Kaiden's killer would get a sixty percent share. Were you the one who caught him? If you did, why don't we know?" Jasper frowned. "No, I did not."

Callum snorted. "If so, what makes you think you deserve the sixty percent?"

At that moment, a recently promoted member of Jasper's faction standing behind him, shouted, "If Mr. Iverson believes our leader deserves the larger share, then it's his to claim. Who the hell are you to question him?"

The room fell deathly silent in an instant, and the other faction leaders exchanged uneasy glances. The audacity of Jasper's subordinate to speak to Callum like that seemed like nothing short of a death wish.

While Jasper did not comment, he shot his subordinate an approving look. Meanwhile, Callum was so furious that he was about to draw his

gun.

However, before he could say or do anything, a figure flashed past everyone's eyes and stopped right beside Jasper's Chapter 663

subordinate. The next moment, the subordinate felt a cold dagger pressed against his neck,

Frightened he held his breath as the dagger glided across his neck. A few seconds later, drops of blood began to trickle down his neck and onto the table, staining the coffee cups red. Then, he collapsed onto the ground with his eyes still wide open. The sudden turn of events left everyone stummmed.

Yvette calmly sheathed her dagger, using a tissue to wipe the blood from the blade. With a fluid, almost mesmerizing motion, she tossed the soiled tissue onto the man's lifeless body ter gaze swept over the crowd as she smiled wickedly. Jasper instantly stiffened, and his men quickly drew their guns, abning them at Yvette. In response, Callum gestured to his men behind him, who also pulled out their guns, pointing them at Jasper and his men.

Jasper shot Yvette a glare, his eyes burning with murderous inter. He was clearly shaken, realizing he had grossly underestimated the power of this Clusian woman.

Gritting his teeth. Jasper hissed. "Mr. Barnes, what is the meaning of this? Are you going to let your subordinate kill mine without giving me an explanation?"

Callum's lips curled into a malicious grin. With Yvette already having made her move, he saw no reasort to maintain his façade. "Mr. Atkins, you can hardly blame me for this. After all, it was your subordinate who crossed the line first-he deserved to die." Sage was the only one who felt something was off. He mused, 'Yvette made a move just like that? Something feels wrong, but I can't put my finger on it.

The leaders of the other factions could sense the brewing storm. Uneasy and on edge, they silently contemplated leaving. Yvette raised her eyebrows and calmly glanced at the other faction leaders who were trying to leave. Her voice was indifferent as she remarked, "Mr. Barnes, if I recall correctly, you wanted everyone eliminated-no exceptions. Isn't that right?"

Everyone immediately grasped the implication of Yvette's words. Sage shouted in shock, "Shut up, Yvettel What the hell are you talking about?"

All eyes turned to Yvette, who remained utterly composed.

With her hands stuffed into her pockets and a faint, roguish grin playing on her lips, she responded innocently, "Oh? Did I misunderstand? I thought you said you wanted everyone here dead. Was that not what you meant?"

It was clear to everyone what Yvette's words implied. She was brought here by Callum, after all, and it was likely she had killed the man on his orders. However, no one expected Callum to be so ambitious that he aimed to eliminate them all. Jasper yelled, "Mr. Barnes, what are you planning to do? You want to kill us? You must be crazy! Mr. Iverson will never let you get away with this."

Yvette's words sent Callum to a dead end. His original plan had been for Yvette to quietly assassinate Jasper and the faction leaders. However, he hadn't anticipated Yvette brazenly exposing his intentions in front of everyone, forcing his hand. Backed into a corner, Callum gritted his teeth. 'Yvette, I've paid you 70 million for this job. Now, I want you to eliminate every single one of them."

As soon as Callum uttered those words, everyone panicked. Only Jasper and Callum had the right to bring their men here. and the other faction leaders were left defenseless like sitting ducks.

Upon hearing Callum's order, Yvette did the unexpected. She leisurely sat down, rested her chin on her hand, crossed her legs, and smiled with amusement, looking at the two groups on the brink of a fight.

Callum, Jasper, and everyone present were confused, wondering What is she doing?

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Enraged, Callum roared. "Yegite, what are you doing? I want you to eliminate all of them!"

In the meantime, Sage frowned. He couldn't shake the feeling that the situation was already spiraling out of his control.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 664[1,157 words]

Chapter 664

Wette leaned back in the chair, casually shrugging her shoulders Her flawless side profile, framed by her elegantly tied-back hair, exuded an effortless grace. Despite the tension between both parties, she remained calm. "I did promise you I wouldn't let anyone leave here alive.

Callum shouted furiously, "Then why aren't you taking action? Did you trick me?"

"Ms. Zeller, we're all part of the underworld. You must stand by your word, Sage said, his tone sharp. "You took Mr. Barnes money, yet now you want to break your promise?"

Jasper remained silent, his expression unreadable. Yvette's earlier actions had proven her competence. If she reneged on the deal, it would only benchit him.

Yvette swung her foot as she raised an eyebrow, her gaze shifting between Sage and Callum with intensity. She repeated her words deliberately, "No one is leaving this place alive today?

A gunshot shattered the tense silence before Callum and Sage could even process her words. Neither knew who fired first, but the instant the shot rang out, it ignited a chaotic exchange of gunfire between Jasper's and Callum's men. Callum and Sage quickly took cover behind their men,

drawing their guns. Jasper, too, drew his weapon and fired at the two men. In an instant, both sides were locked in a brutal shootout

Within minutes, the scene turned grim, with casualties piling up on both sides. Meanwhile, Yvette, having stepped aside, spotted a figure attempting to flee. Without hesitation, she raised her gun and fired at the person's forehead, taking him

down.

Amid the chaos of gunfire, Sage and Callum fired and ducked for cover, catching sight of Yvette nearby. Sage shouted over the noise, "Ms. Zeller, please-step in, we can't hold them off much longer!"

At the sound of Sage's voice, Yvette tilted her head slightly, her gaze unreadable. Without a glance back, she fired a single precise shot, taking down another man attempting to ambush her.

As the battle raged on, something unexpected occurred: the weapons slipped from their hands, clattering to the floor. One by one, they collapsed, until only Callum, Sage, and Jasper remained standing-though not for long, as they too soon crumpled to the ground. Everyone was conscious and aware, able to speak, yet their bodies were completely frozen, as though paralyzed. Just moments before, the hall had been alive with the deafening roar of gunfire, but now it was eerily silent.

The air was thick with the metallic scent of blood. Yvette was the only one still standing, her hands casually tucked into her pockets as she walked toward Callum, Sage, and Jasper. With a slight smirk on her face, she looked down at them with clear disdain. Callum and Sage couldn't even find the strength to move a finger and a growing sense of dread filled their hearts.

Callum was the first to speak, his voice trembling. You... How is this possible?"

Sage asked in disbelief, "Ms. Zeller, what... is the meaning of this You poisoned us

Jasper shot Yvette a cold glare, thinking. They have clearly been outwitted by this Clusian woman. These idiots have foolishly led the wolf into our den.

Yvette narrowed her gaze, twirling the gun in her hand as she stood tall. Pulling out a chair, she sat down and said nonchalantly, "Yes, I did."

Her blunt confession shattered the last vestige of hope that Callum and Sage had clung to. They finally understood how foolish they had been, 10:08 Thu, Jan 2 G

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Sage questioned angrily, "Why? I strongly recommended you, a Mr. Barnes even extended a generous offer. What have we done to deserve this betrayal? Are all Clusians this deceitful

Jasper sneered. "You idiots have been tricked! How foolish can you be to trust a Clusian woman?

Meanwhile, Yvette casually twirled the gun in her hand, its dark barrel gleamingly in the dim light. After a few

shots, only Callum, Sage, and Jasper were left alive.

The remaining survivors were all shot dead. Bodies lay scattered across the hall, and the walls were riddled with countless bullet holes.

Yvette tucked her gun away, raising an eyebrow in subtle amusement, as if the dozen lives she had just claimed meant nothing. She turned her gaze to the three people, her voice slow and deliberate. "Why should I keep my promise to Ybaullans, hum?" The trio's faces twisted with fury at her words, and Sage bellowed. "You despicable woman!"

Yvette raised her chin and blinked, her gaze defiant. "Thank you for the compliment."

Consumed by rage and regret, Sage coughed up a mouthful of blood. He cursed himself for ever bringing such a demon into their midst.

Jasper, however, remained composed, clinging to the hope that he could still negotiate with Yvette. "Ms. Zeller, right? I don't believe you have any personal grudge against the Steel Serpents

He paused and continued, "This must be about either revenge or money. Name your price, let us go, and we'll forget this ever happened. With your skills, we wouldn't be able to touch you anyway."

Jasper's words were a deliberate tactic, buying time as he searched for a way out. In the dire situation, he had no choice but to submit, though his mind raced with other plans

But Yvette saw through his ruse with ease. She raised an eyebrow then fired a shot straight at Jasper's wrist. He gritted his teeth, silently enduring the searing pain, his quiet toughness revealing his resolve.

Yvette's lips curled into a slight smirk as she took aim again, firing another shot-this time at his other wrist. The pain was too much for Jasper to bear, and he couldn't help shrieking.

As Callum and Sage watched the scene unfold, their fear intensified. They thought, 'She's downright insane!' Jasper asked through gritted teeth, "What exactly do you want? Did you come for revenge instead of money?" Yvette smiled, her eyes gleaming with a chilling glint as she drawled, "Aren't you curious who killed Kaiden?"

The abrupt shift in topic threw the three men off balance. However, Callum quickly recovered, his tone icy. "What do you mean by that?"

Sage's face fell as he stared at Yvette's side profile, finally understanding why he found her so familiar when he first saw her.

His eyes widened with disbelief as he asked, "You're the woman who represented Clusia in the competition a few months ago, aren't you?"

The footage from that time had mysteriously vanished from the internet, and most of the shots only captured her side profile or back, so Sage had never considered that possibility.

Jasper and Callum's eyes widened as they turned to see Sage's devastated, shell-shocked expression. In that moment, they

both knew it was true.

Yvette remained indifferent. "Yes, and I'm also the one who wipe out Kaiden's entire family."

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"Though technically it's fereqiah who killed them, it doesn't make much difference,' she thought.

The trio were flabbergasted, especially Callum and Sage. Never had they imagined that the very enemy the Steel Serpents had relentlessly pursued was standing before them-and, even ore shockingly, that she had gained their trust and been brought into a meeting of their higher-ups.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 665[1,201 words]

Chapter

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Sage and Calluns were furious, their eyes almost bulging Jasper was on the brink of losing consciousness from severe blood

1. it. Sage looked at Yvette with a sinister gaze, still lows niter the tendons in his hands were cut, yet he stubbornly cured holding a bit of hope.

Yvette sat in the chair, a smile on her lips. Her cold words were harsh to Sage, Callum, and Jasper, who still clung to hope. Waiting for someone outside to come in?"

The three of them caught out like that and did not respond. Yvetje did not get upset but chuckled, eyeing them slowly. With all gunfire, not a single person has come in. Are you hoping someone will save you? Should I call you stupid or very stupid?"

These three had been dominant in the underworld for years, never having suffered such an insult. They wanted to get up, but no matter how much they struggled, they could not even lift a finger. All they could do was glare fiercely at Yvette.

Sage's voice was low. "How could you possibly have taken out nearly a hundred people outside yourself? You have an accomplice, don't you? Who is it? Someone can't sneak in behind us without being noticed. Everyone goes through strict searches: how did you manage it? And how were you able to poison so many of us?"

Callum and Jasper also wondered how Yvette managed to poison them. "Was it the coffee?" they thought, but they could not figure it out. The whole situation felt eerie.

Yvette stood up from her chair and took a few steps forward, looking down at the three from above. Her gaze was cold, her face showing no emotion.

"First," she said coolly, "this isn't poison. It's a little gadget I recently developed. It makes a person's entire body stiff for eight hours, is colorless, tasteless, and airborne."

At that moment, Callum, Sage, and Jasper looked pale. Sage seemed like a defeated rooster, gritting his teeth, his eyes bloodshot.

With a raised eyebrow

Yvette continued, "And who told you my accomplice is a person?"

Immediately after she said this, Callum shouted, "Yvette, we fell for your trick because we were careless, and even now, you still insult us? If your accomplice isn't human, is it a ghost?"

Jasper struggled to speak, realizing he would be doomed soon, his eyes full of hatred. Sage stiffly turned his head, his eyes wide as he glared at Yvette. "Stop trying to fool us! Who is your accomplice? Who?"

Yvette slowly extended her right hand. The next moment, the poisonous insect king flew in from outside, its wings stained with fresh blood, making its small eyes look even more sinister.

The poisonous insect king landed on Yvette's hand, circling a couple of times, and gave a little shake as if trying to please her. It seemed like it was trying to take credit for a well-done job, then stood up straight. It stared at the three people on the ground with its tiny eyes, flapping its wings frantically.

Callum, Sage, and Jasper watched in shock, speechless. It was their first time seeing such an intelligent insect, and they could even detect a hint of disdain in its eyes. 'How is this possible?' they wondered.

The three could not believe what they were seeing. The shock was so intense it felt like their worldviews had shattered. Yvette raised an eyebrow, pointing at the domineering poisonous insect king while looking at the horrified trio.

With a wicked smile at the corner of her mouth, she spoke leisurely, "Let me introduce my partner." The poisonous insect king in her palm seemed to understand her words, flapping its wings twice more as if in agreement.

One human and one insect stood amidst the corpses, creating a scene too shocking for the three to handle.

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Callum, seeming almost insane, suddenly started yelling and thiting at Yvette. "You're a ghost! You're not hurman at all, right" You're a ghost from hell!"

Sage's face looked tense. He realized that saying anything more was useless.

Jasper resented Callum and Sage even more. He would not have ended up like this if it were not for those fools. Everything was too late now.

Yvette's impatience became more apparent. Casually, she pulled out a silver gun and shot Callum's forehead, silencing him forever, and then she ained the weapon at Sage.

Sage's face was twisted with malice. "Yvette, I curse you. Even as a ghost, I won't forgive you. I'll haunt you every day so you never find peace."

Sage knew that the people in Clusia believed in spirits, so even before his death, he wanted to disturb Yvette's peace of mind. Unfortunately for him, he was not the first to curse her.

Yvette looked at Sage with a disdainful smile, each word laced with mockery. "TI kill anyone standing in my way. Why should I fear ghosts?"

With a loud bang, the sound of a gunshot echoed, and Sage fell to the ground, his eyes wide open in death. Only Jasper was left, and he was barely conscious.

Jasper never imagined that he would meet his end at the hands of a Clusian woman-a bitter irony, Yvette fired again, swiftly ending his life

AS Yvette calmly walked out of the manor, a blaze shot up into the sky behind her, with explosions echoing in the night. The entire Ybaullan-style manor was swallowed by flames, illuminating the night.

A huge mushroom-shaped smoke rose into the sky, the intense fire casting a red glow on Yvette's checks. She turned and looked back with calmness. A faint smile appeared on her lips as she glanced at the ever-rising flames and the Ybaullan manor being consumed by the fire.

After leaving the manor, Yvette headed straight to the airport. Bruce, Sienna, Chris, Alice, and Frankie were already waiting. Despite their composed faces, they could not help but feel a bit anxious.

They trusted Yvette's skills but feared any unforeseen complications. They quickly approached her and greeted her as soon as she appeared at the lounge.

"Yvette, you're back!"

"Yvette, you're finally back!"

"Yvette!" Alice rushed forward and hugged Yvette, snuggling up to her like a little sister. Yvette patted her head, sensing her

uncase.

In a soft voice, Yvette reassured Alice, "I'm fine." Watching them, he raised an eyebrow and said calmly, "Bruce, take Sienna and Alice back to Mysonna. Chris and Frankie, come with me to Gulf of Araquiel."

The decision left them momentarily stunned. Bruce asked, "Yvette, is everything with Steel Serpents sorted out?"

Yvette nodded slightly. "Yes."

Everyone knew the scene must have been brutal, and it went without saying who the loser was. When Yvette took action, there was no chance of escape. Such a significant incident involving Steel Serpents was bound to cause a stir in the underworld. Yvette quietly handled another big task. Chris frowned. "Yvette, does Mr. Chavez know about your trip to Gulf of Araquiel? This matter-

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Yvette squinted her eyes slightly. Her tone was very calm. "He'll dd out when it's time for him to know"

Chris nodded. "Okay, Yvette, you're in charge here. Frankie and I will follow you."

Frankie also chimed in. "Yvette, don't worry, I won't tell Mr. Chavez. I get it. Hehe." Yvette and Jeremiah share a playful back-and-forth, and he understood that. As soon as he spoke up, the previous tension dissipated,

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 666[1,194 words]

Chapter 666

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While most people were still asleep the following day, Yvette set out with Chris and Frankie, steering the new ship towards

Gulf of Araquiel. They split into two groups, with Bruce escorting Scott and Alice back to Mysonna

Chris and Frankie watched on the ship as Yvette expertly steered the boat through the sea. They were at a loss for words to describe their feelings at that moment. Planes, ships, cars; seriously, is there any vehicle Yvette can't handle?' they mused. When Chris and Frankie first saw the interior, they could only describe the ship with two words-shiny and awesome.

Frankie swallowed nervously, sitting in the co-pilot's seat on the ship. Despite that, he was like a decoration-a bystander enjoying the ride with zero effort on his part.

He said, "Yvette, seriously, is there anything you can't operate? This isn't just a new kind of ship. It's like a floating five-star

hotel

Yvette was wearing black sunglasses and a casual black shirt. Her long, straight legs were wrapped in black pants, and her hair was casually tied up with a hairband. Her gaze was fixed on the vast ocean ahead as she skillfully worked the controls. Her voice was cold as she said, "Things you don't know can be learned. There's nothing difficult. This ship is a gift from a friend

Frankie ratted twice and thought, "Why have I never met such a generous and wealthy friend who'd gift a ship worth over 30 million dollars? Looking at his group of friends, it was clear his choice of friends could have been better.

Chris walked into the cockpit with a glass of orange juice and handed it to Yvette. "Yvette, here's some fresh-squeezed orange juice.

Yvette took a sip, set it aside, and said calmly, Thanks."

The ship was charted and should sail straight for the waters near Gulf of Araquiel unless it encountered reefs or severe

storms

Chris said, "Yvette, we're expected to reach the waters near Gulf of Araquiel, close to Spaunia, in seven hours. Mr. Chavez and Emmett will get there three hours ahead of us."

Frankie was quite curious about the Spaunia pirates. The gang had been openly committing crimes for years, and the international community had been trying to crack down on them with little success.

Frankie turned to Yvette and asked, "Yvette, how much do you know about the Spaunia pirates?"

Yvette took off her sunglasses, sat in the driver's seat, and spoke relaxedly with a mischievous sparkle in her half-closed eyes. and a raised brow. "Spaunia is located on the easternmost tip of Iendor, right next to Erihal, and has the longest coastline in Alendor." She continued, "Although it has a population of about 15 million this small country is chaotic, with almost continuous civil wars. Since 2000, the group has rapidly expanded, using their strategic geographic location as their biggest advantage."

Chris nodded. "Yvette is right. The Spaunia pirates are still active largely due to their geographic location, which is a natural

barrier.

Yvette lifted her eyelids lazily and said casually, "These people mainly operate around Gulf of Araquel. It has two major ports that connect Monkbear Sea and Abysmal Ocean to Livertrie Ocean-a crucial transit point?"

She added, "Gulf of Araquel is the entrance to Senneheim Canal which handles ten percent of the world's shipping traffic. Thousands of ships pass through each year, each one a tempting target for those in Spaunia. They're like easy prey. If they don't seize them, who will?"

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Frankie had just taken sip of water and nearly spit it out when e heard the description. 'Easy prey waiting to be caught Wette always has some comedic talent when choosing her word he thought.

Chris gave Frankie a disapproving glance before stepping a few eps away.

Frankie's mind was filled with countless questions. He asked again, "Yvette, from what you say, these Spaunia pirates seem quite organized and disciplined"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, resting her delicate, tanned hand on her face, her gaze darkened.

She stated, "Not only that, but their equipment has become top-notch in recent years. They have a solid structure, strict management, cutting-edge gear, and are well-trained. Their tactics are cunning and effective, and they're ruthless. "Most started as child soldiers, so they lost compassion long ago in as little as 15 minutes, these Spaunia pirates can quickly hijack a ship and take hostages."

As Yvette spoke, Frankie and Chris realized for the first time that Spaunia pirates were quite different from the rumors. Rescuing hostages from the gang would not be easy. However, it might become a simple task with Yvette and Jeremiah involved. Frankie remarked. "Yvette, you're like a walking encyclopedia! How do you fit so much information in your head?"

Chris nodded in agreement. Frankie was not the only one curious, and he also wondered why there was such a big difference between people.

Yvete glanced at the two of them, turned her head towards the vast ocean, and casually put her sunglasses back on. Her profile appeared sharp and cold as she spoke slowly, "I just have to see it once to remember. It's quite easy." Frankie and Chris were speechless.

At the same time, another ship was heading towards Gulf of Araguicl.

The mission was classified and did not involve the national navy Jeremiah led it with soldiers from the First Military District, and Sunrise Group fully funded it.

On the ship, Emmett walked in with his laptop and saw a female soldier standing next to Jeremiah. He frowned slightly.

Yelena Lynch was also selected for this mission. He felt she was always trying to get close to Jeremiah, which was not a good sign. However, perhaps he was overthinking it.

Emmett said, "Reporting, General,"

Jeremiah turned his head. On the table were maps of the waters Bear Gulf of Araquiel and Spaunia.

Emmett was greeted with a smile from Yelena, who said, "Hello, Deputy Commander, Mr. Chavez." Emmett gave a slight nod, his face without expression.

Yelena's face froze but she quickly returned to her smiling demeanor, masking the fleeting frace of malice.

Jeremiah did not even look at Yelena, waving his hand without saying a word.

Yelena was quite understanding and said, "Mr. Jeremiah Chavez, I'll let you get back to work. I'll report on the logistics preparations when you have time." She immediately turned and left without saying another word. Emmett watched until Yelena's figure disappeared, then placed his laptop on the table.

Jeremiah's gaze darkened as he looked at the various headlines on the web. Wearing his uniform, he stood tall and commanding, with a sharp and noble face, exuding a heroic spirit.

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10:03 Thu dam 2 Chapter 66

The web was buzzing with news about all the higher-ups of Ybala's underworld who died at a club just the day before Headlines were popping up everywhere.

[Massive shake-up in Ybaulla's underworld. Who is behind the assination of over a hundred Steel Serpents members, leaving their bosses dead in horrific ways?]

[The leader of Steel Serpents issues a kill order, vowing to find die attacker.]

[The higher-ups of Steel Serpents are wiped out in one day, shocking criminal organizations worldwide.]

Jeremiah was speechless.

Emmett said solemnly, "Mr. Chavez, this was Yvette's doing. The whole underworld is shocked. I heard the leader of Steel Serpents was so upset by the news that he had a breakdown and is still in the hospital" SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 667[1,193 words]

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Emmett couldn't help but sigh. Yvette really doesn't mess around. The Steel Serpents' history spans centuries. Yet, Yvette single-handedly took down right of their leaders in one day, effectively annihilating the ancient group, he thought.

The loss of their higher-ups was a fatal blow to the Steel Serpent. Naturally, other Ybuallan groups were now scrambling for a piece of the pie, seeking the opportunity to attack the now-powerless group. Yhaulla's underworld was going to be chaotic in the coming years. Although Yvette's move was ruthless, ironically, she never intended to deal with them to begin with. Instead, they were the ones who came looking for trouble and got their just desserts.

Looking up, Emmett noticed a brief flicker of amusement in Jeremiah's gaze. Have I fallen into a romance novel? That's impossible, it must have been my imagination, he pondered.

pas

Jeremiah scanned the room for a couple of minutes before he closed his laptop. His gaze was deep as he smirked and gruffly

training on the island?"

asked. "Are the Wolfpack stil.!!

The mention of the Wolfpack caused Emmett to jolt in surprise, but he quickly regained his senses.

Emmette nodded. "Yes, Mr. Chavez. All 108 members of the Wolfpack are training on the secret island. Per your instructions, they won't handle any international assignments this year until they've finished training and are ready to be redeployed" With their mystery, strength, and impeccable track record, the Wolfpack possessed a legendary reputation that was

ed internationally. They were an internationally feared mercenary group with a godlike existence.

Jeremiah looked at the laptop as he remained deep in thought for a few moments. "Inform them that in four months, I will find them a new instructor. They'll be free to leave seclusion after passing the new instructor's assessment." Immediately, Emmett knew Jeremiah's intentions. Undoubtedly, the new instructor is going to be Yvette. There's nobody else, he thought. "Understood. I'll inform the Wolfpack right away," Emmett replied. Jeremiah waved his hand, dismissing Emmett

At the door, Emmett quickly took out his phone and sent the signal using encryption exclusive to the Wolfpack.

Emmett knew that Jeremiah intended for Yvette to discover his secret in four months. Besides being Clusia's Major General, Jeremiah was also the secret leader of the Wolfpack mercenary mop-the one and only King of Darkness. "The difference between his identities is like day and night. How will Yvette react when she finds out? I can't even begin to imagine the look on her face, Emmett mused.

Back in the room, Jeremiah took out his phone and unlocked it. The wallpaper depicted a picture of Yvette sleeping peacefully, her serene expression a contrast against her usually icy demeanor. Lovingly, he gazed at the picture. After Emmett's departure, Yelena emerged from a corner. Her gaze never wavered from Emmett's retreating figure. He's going to throw a wrench in my plans later on, she thought.

Looking away, Yelena's stare fell on the door. Infatuation glinted in her eyes. "I've gone through so much to get closer to Mr. Chavez. Eventually, he will notice my abilities and charm!" she exclaimed inwardly.

Yelena stood before Jeremiah's door for a full five minutes before reluctantly leaving. This time, she had a look of determination painted on her face.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ship, Yvette left the helm and walked to the deck. Mischief gleamed in her eyes as she watched the red dots on her phone get closer. "Looks like there's another group of long-lost 'friends', she thought.

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Her gaze downturned, she rested a defined hand on the railing. The turquoise ocean was shrouded in mist as its calm, blue waves merged with the color of the skyline. The billowing salty breeze left Yvette feeling refreshed and energized. As the ship approached the Gulf of Araquel, Emmett exited the control room. Coincidentally, he bumped into Yelena, who'd changed into civilian clothing

Since this operation was covert, everyone had to be dressed like civilians until all hostages were safely rescued. To ensure personal safety, it was forbidden to reveal their identities.

Emmett merely gave her a cursory glance before walking away. However, Yelena called after him. "Mr. Chavez, I fear you might have some misunderstandings about me. Is there something I've done to upset you? If so, please let me know." "This is the first time I've been selected to work closely with Mr. Jeremiah Chavez. Moreover, we might work together in the future too. Therefore, we should communicate openly with each other, don't you think?" Yelena continued humbly. Yelena's confidence stemmed from her background. She was the third-generation descendant of powerful fighters and revolutionaries. Her grandfather was born of the same generation as Jase Chavez. Therefore, Yelena was almost on par with Samantha herself. Emmett was silent for a few seconds before turning around to face a sincere Yelena. "Ms. Lynch, you're too humble. I have no issues with you," he said curtly.

With that, Emmett spun on his heel and left Yelena behind, giving her no face. Deep down, Yelena knew exactly why Emmett harbored a grudge against her.

Rumors about Jeremiah's highly regarded girlfriend had been circulating in Betrico for quite some time. So what if he has a girlfriend? I'm Yelena Lynch, and there is nothing I can't obtain once I set my mind to it, Yelena thought.

Besides, I'm the one accompanying Mr. Chavez on missions. What can his girlfriend do except run some minor businesses? She's hardly noteworthy! Yelena sneered inwardly.

When Emmett pushed the door open, he saw Jeremiah napping on the couch. He quickly changed his mind and was about to leave quietly when Jeremiah suddenly opened his eyes on full alert.

"If something's the matter, come in and inform me about it," Jeremiah instructed.

I should've come in a bit later and avoided disrupting Mr. Chavez's rest, Emmett lamented. Reluctantly, he entered the room. "Mr. Chavez, do you want to rest for a little longer? I can turn later.

Jeremiah removed the military jacket covering him and put it back on. As he sat upright, his spotless army boots shone under the lights. Rubbing his eyes, Jeremiah said evenly. "No need, just tell me what's the matter"

Emmett handed over the files. "Mr. Chavez, here are the reports about the Spaunia pirates from the past few years. In recent years, Bruno's gang of pirates has become notorious. They were the ones who hijacked Sunrise Group's cargo ship and crew."

"They specialize in using rocket launchers and advanced equipment like GPS and satellite communication. They've extended their attacks hundreds of miles past the Spaunia coast and into international waters. Therefore, many fishing boats and cargo ships have fallen victim to their attacks, he continued.

As Jeremiah went through the documents, his attention was drawn toward Bruno's picture, who looked to be in his early thirties. To become a leader at such a young age... He must be ruthless, Jeremiah mused.

Is there any further information about Bruno?" Jeremiah inquired.

Emmett shook his head. "This is all we've found for now. Bruno was kidnapped by warlords in Purdina at 12 years old to become a child soldier. He quickly gained a reputation for being fierce and ruthless" "Eventually, he gained independence and formed a gang, expanding his control to what it is today," Enimett explained.

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Chapter 668

Emmett could not help but sigh at how tough the world had become. He wondered if gang bosses needed to start grooming their successors from childhood now.

Unlike Rodney, who was born an heir and became King of Golden Triangle with Yvette's support, Bruno was self-made. From joining a pirate crew at 12 to becoming the chief of Spaura pirates at 21, Bruno was a force to be reckoned with. Jeremiah closed the dossier calmly and ordered, "Direct the ship to the nearest waters to Bruno's position" Upon hearing that. Emmett nodded. This rescue mission was urgent, and it seemed Jeremiah planned to strike straight at the heart. Jeremiah checked his phone and found no new messages. His brows furrowed as his fingers tapped idly on the armrest. Three hours had passed since he had sent a message to Yvette.

"Why hasn't she responded? Have I done something wrong? Jeremiah wondered. His gaze darkened as he broke the silence abruptly. "Is the communication signal down? Jeremiah's sudden question startled Emmett, who reflexively shook his head. "No, Mr. Chavez I checked earlier, and the signal is full. I even contacted Chris this morning. Everything's ne Baffled, Emmett thought, 'Mr. Chavez knows the ship uses the latest satellite communications. How could there suddenly be no signal?

Jeremiah's gaze lingered on the phone before he slowly picked up his cup. "Oh. You're dismissed."

Emmett sensed Jeremiah's mood was off and decided that retreating was the best strategy, Once outside, it hit him- Jeremiah had reached out to Yvette, and she had not responded.

Ten large fishing boats were surrounding a medium-sized cargo ship in the Gulf of Araquiel. Inside the cargo hold of the ship sat a rugged man nearing his thirties. He wore a turban, a black cloak, and sturdy boots.

The man took bites of meat and sips of wine while surrounded by beautiful women. Nearby, a few men sat, frequently raising their glasses, and the sound of laughter echoed in the cabin.

Just then, a man pushed open the door and entered, kneeling in the center of the room. He reported in the local dialect. "Chief Mersey, the Clusian hostages we captured a few days ago are locked in the dungeon. They've been quiet and haven't, resisted."

Bruno, the man addressed, looked up. Despite his rugged look, his features were not unpleasant, and his clean attire sharply contrasted the stereotypical image of a filthy, unkempt pirate in the movies. He took a hearty swig of wine, his eyes cold and fierce. Someone below broke the silence. "Chief, the Clusian are not to be trifled with. If we kill these hostages, we risk provoking them. Their 'humanitarian principles are terrifying"

At the man's words, the room quickly buzzed with agreement. "Exactly! Deputy Chief is right-dealing with these Clusian is too risky."

"Keeping them here will only bring trouble."

"Yes, that's right"

They had plundered countless vessels from various nations operating as pirates near the Gulf of Araquel for decades. Yet, they typically avoided Clusian vessels because it simply was not worth the trouble.

Negotiations were challenging, ransoms rarely materialized, and the risks often outweighed the rewards. But this time, a mistake had been made. The pirates had already boarded a Clusian ship before realizing their error. Chapter 668

According to their code, they could not return empty-handed. Left with to choice, they detained the Clusian crew and seized the cargo, planning to deal with them later,

Bruno's brow furrowed as the voices around him clashed like restless waves. Gradually, his expression darkened, and he commanded, "Silence!"

The single word carried such authority that the room fell eerily quiet, everyone holding their breath. It was a stark reminder of the fearsome weight Bruno's presence commanded.

Bruno toyed with the glass in his hand as he gazed at the man kneeling before him. "Keep a close watch on those Clusian. Well deal with them in three days"

The man was about to leave after receiving the order when another man wearing a gray hat entered. Like the first, he knelt on the ground and respectfully bowed to Bruno. "Chief, we've detected a ship approaching. It'll enter our waters in 30 minutes. Should we prepare for it?" the man in the gray hat reported.

Bruno inquired, "Which country is it from?"

The man in the gray hat nodded. "It's another Clusian ship, Chiel A low hum of murmurs filled the room moment Bruno's icy gaze swept across the gathered men, the whispers died like extinguished flames. again. but the

Bruno was not eager for trouble, especially now. He waved his hand dismissively. "Let it pass. We're not raiding them."

The man in the gray hat clenched his teeth, then ventured hesitantly, "Chief, we've confirmed there's a significant amount of gold aboard that ship. Letting it go would be a waste."

Upon hearing that, Bruno fell silent. After a long pause, he nodded lightly. "Get ready." The room erupted in a flurry of motion as the promise of gold stirred the pirates like sharks scenting blood.

For Bruno, a seasoned pirate by trade, the sight of such an immense treasure passing before his eyes without seizing it was simply unthinkable.

At Bruno's command, the surrounding fishing boats and cargo ships sprang to life. Armed with sophisticated gear, the pirates prepared to strike big once more.

Half an hour later, Jeremiah's ship entered the waters under Bruno's control. Before long, their vessel was deliberately rammed in a calculated move.

Onboard the ship, dressed in civilian clothes, Jeremiah pulled out a specially prepared radio. He commanded coldly, "This mission must succeed; failure is not an option. The hostages' safety is our top priority. From this moment forward, you are nothing but ordinary crew members.

"Do not expose your true identities. When Bruno's men board, offer minimal resistance and feign capture. Our goal is to infiltrate their ranks and locate the hostages. Follow the plan, no deviations."

The message was received simultaneously by the dozens of operatives aboard. Without hesitation, they smashed their radios and instantly changed their expressions. With hunched shoulder, they blended seamlessly into the guise of a typical ship's

crew.

In the cockpit, Yelena's gaze sparkled with admiration as she watched Jeremiah command the scene. Nearby, Emmett frowned in confusion. It was unlike Jeremiah to allow Yelena to stay by his side at such a critical moment. Something about it felt off. Emmett frowned, stepped forward to position himself to block Yelena's line of sight, and said gravely, "General, they're here."

Yelena quickly masked the flicker of disdain in her eyes as she thought. This guy, Emmett, sure gets on

my nerves. If only

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he could perish on this mission, that would be for the best!

In reality, Yelena was aware of why Jeremiah had brought her along. It was because her father had personally sought out Jeremiah at the First Military District before their departure, bring him to ensure her survival.

Years ago, Jase owed his life to Yelena's grandfather-a debt of gratitude that Jeremiah intended to repay. Yelena resolved to keep this truth buried, a secret never to be shared. She thought innett's suspicion might even prove advantageous.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 669[1,200 words]

Chapter 669

Yelena seemed hesitant as she asked cautiously, "Mr. Chavez, what should I say about my identity if the pirates interrogate us? Can I pretend to be your fiancée! That way, it won't raise suspicion and might make things easier for us."

Hearing Yelena's words, Emmett frowned deeply as he thought, Pretending to be a couple! No way. If Yvette found out. she'd probably slap you into oblivion. Knowing Yvette, it wouldn't just be you-even Mr. Chavez might not survive her wrath Even when Jeremiah was dressed in tattered sailor's clothing, his radiant aura remained untarnishable, exuding elegance from within. His face betrayed no emotion as he steadied the ship, his deep gaze lingering on Yelena for mere seconds before pulling away. Then came Jeremiah's words, sharp and unyielding, shattering Yelena's fleeting delight like glass. He said, "No. You'll pose the ship's cleaner"

Upon hearing that, Emmett barely managed to stifle a laugh. He turned his back slightly to maintain composure and thought. Truly, Mr. Chavez is as sharp-tongued as ever

Yelena, for all her flaws, did have a certain charm to her appearance. While she couldn't hold a candle to Yvette, she was quite striking. Yet, in Jeremiah's eyes, Yelena's aristocratic elegance was reduced to that of a cleaning lady. His words were sharp as they were

cruel.

still

When Yelena heard that, her smile froze, and her expression shifted through a cascade of emotions. After a moment of silence, she regained composure like nothing had happened. "All right, Mr. Chavez. I understand. I'll play my role well and won't drag the military down," she said solemnly.

Yelena's lack of argument was surprising though it meant little to Jeremiah. To him, ensuring her safe return to Betrico was enough to repay the Chavez family's debt of gratitude.

Emmett, however, found himself reassessing Yelena. Compared to the other women who had previously tried to ingratiate themselves with Jeremiah, Yelena seemed far more adept.

Ten minutes later, the ship was struck repeatedly. From the control room, Jeremiah watched on the monitors as his men outside were captured one by one.

Jeremiah turned and gave Emmett a subtle glance. Catching the cue, Emmett immediately began to panic, shouting and flailing to draw the pirates attention. As expected, a large group of them stormed into the room moments later. Bruno personally led the team this time, clearly uneasy. The timing was too coincidental. After they had hijacked a Clusian ship, another one appeared. It felt like a trap, so Bruno decided to come himself, ready for any surprises.

As Bruno entered the wheelhouse, his gaze landed on three figures-Jeremiah and Emmett, dressed like fishermen, and Yelena in plain clothes, looking visibly panicked.

"Get down," a pirate ordered.

"Down, now," another one chimed in

"Hurry up, a third pirate joined in.

The pirates, accustomed to raiding international ships, spoke bits of various languages. They had been honed through Bruno's insistence on education. Each year, he hired instructors to teach the pirates foreign tongues and customs, cultivating a high-caliber crew, Jeremiah's hands trembled faintly at his sides, though he forced a calm expression, while Emmett shrank timidly, his demeanor one of fearful compliance. On the other hand, Yelena, half-acting and half-genuinely scared, cowered to the side.

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Bruno scrutinized the three captives for a few seconds before deciding they posed no threat. He immediately, his pirates stepped forward to cuff the unarmed Jeremiah, Emmett, and Yelena 879%

ved his hand, and

Then, Bruno moved to Yelena, pinching her chin and examining her for a moment before he scoffed, "How ugly. Why are there no better-looking women from Clusia?"

Yelena's eyes flickered with anger as she wanted nothing more than to kill Bruno for insulting her appearance. She fumed. inwardly. How dare a mere pirate like him criticize my looks?"

After a glance, Bruno lost interest. He released Yelena and walked over to Jeremiah and Emmett, focusing on Jeremiah and studying him thoroughly. Bruno's gaze changed several times as he tried to make sense of things. Bruno wondered, This man... Although he's just a crew member, he has an unexpectedly handsome face. Why is he so good-looking?

Jeremiah narrowed his eyes slightly, meeting Bruno's gaze with a blank look. Bruno's voice was deep and commanding as he ordered. "Take them back to Spaunia but separate them from the previous group. Also, keep these two men apart from this Woman.

Yelena hadn't expected to be separated from Jeremiah so soon. Reluctantly, she stole a glance at him. Bruno caught the subtle longing in her gaze and shot another glance at Jeremiah, thinking, 'So they're a couple.

The pirates quickly rounded up the three-along with the others and took them aboard the fishing boat, heading toward the nearest Spaunia dock, which was their base. Once aboard his ship, Bruno hadn't even set sail before a distant alarm blared. Beep Beep! Beep!

The sound was a signal from the pirates, announcing that another ship was approaching. Bruno's brows furrowed deeply as he thought, 'What's going on? Is everyone waiting for me to raid their ships?"

Bruno quickly returned to his ship, and just as he boarded, he saw a large vessel slowly approaching from the distance.

On

the new ship, Yvette lowered her binoculars and raised an eyebrow with a casual elegance. The wind tousled her hair as she stood on the deck, but her beauty remained impeccable and divine. There was no sign of tension as Yvette nonchalantly remarked, "Up ahead. We've arrived"

Frankie and Chris struggled to keep their eyes open against the fierce wind. Meanwhile, Yvette seemed unfazed, though her hair was slightly tousled. Frankie couldn't help but feel a pang of frustration, thinking, 'Great wind, you are biased: Chris squinted into the distance, nodding thoughtfully. "Yvette, do you really think that ship ahead is the target of Mr. Chavez's mission? How are you so sure? What if we're wrong

It wasn't hard to understand Chris' concern. There were dozens, if not more, pirate gangs in the waters near the Gulf of Araquiel. How could they be certain that the ship ahead was the one responsible for kidnapping Clusian crew members? On the other hand, Frankie had no doubts at all. He knew one thing-Yvette had a golden touch, like a child of destiny. Whenever she said something, it was always right. Even if others doubted her, they would only end up eating their words,

With a slight tilt of her head and a mischievous smirk playing on her lips, Yvette spoke, her voice calm and confident "Sunrise Group's ship disappeared in this area. No one else would be here. Spaunia pirates have their own territories, and this is Bruno's domain." At Yvette's words, both Chris and Frankie were enlightened. Pirates were now even dividing their territories like any other criminal gang.

As the ship loomed closer, Chris' expression grew solemn. He asked, "Yvette, they'll board our ship if they get any closer. Should we confront them head-on? I'll grab the guns and weapons."

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Frankie chimed in. "Chris and I will grab our weapons, Yvette. Let's teach these pirates a lesson today"

Yvette lifted her gaze, studying the ship as it closed in. A wicked smile curled at the corner of her lips as her eyes lingered on the imposing figure of the leader standing on the deck. "There's no need," she said casually. SEND

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of Mrs 670[1,198 words]

Chapter 670

Yvette bent down to open a weapons crate, revealing neatly arranged heavy machine guns and the latest sniper rifles. There was only one crate here, and several more were stacked in the ship's cargo hold. Nonchalantly, Yvette picked up a sniper rifle, effortlessly chambered a round, and aimed at the skull-and-crossbones flag waving on the ship across the water.

While Chris and Frankie were baffled, Yvette squeezed the trigger. In an instant, the bullet pierced the flagpole. The enormous flag tumbled to the deck under their gazes, creating chaos among the pirate crew. "You've got to be kidding me... Is Yvette about to go on a rampage again? Chris wondered. He immediately tensed up, his gaze fixed on the mass of pirates on the ship. It looked like they were in for a bloody battle. On the pirate ship, chaos erupted as the flag fell. Bruno and his subordinates were furious. The act was a blatant provocation. His crew shouted in retaliation "Chief, let's kill them! They dared to challenge us!" "Chief, we can't let this slide. Our reputation's on the line," a pirate fumed.

"Please give us your command, Chief. Let's attack them," another pirate chimed in.

"Attack," the voices roared. The pirates aboard the ship looked vicious, seeming ready to devour anyone in their path.

The Spauria pirates, who hadn't faced such open defiance in years, were furious, each one itching to tear apart the people on the opposite ship to quench their rage.

Bruno furrowed his brows and waved his hand, signaling his men to quiet down. He lifted the binoculars hanging from his neck and glanced at the enemy ship.

After one quick look, Bruno's hand trembled as he held the binoculars. He feared he might have mistaken it, so he double-checked. His eyes nearly popped out of his head once he confirmed it was Yvette.

The next second, Bruno's face distorted in terror, and he shouted "Get out of here, now! Quick, retreat!"

Bruno thought, 'Oh, God. Why is this scary lady back? I might as well die now if the same nightmare from four years ago were to repeat

Yvette was the greatest nightmare of Bruno's pirating career. Now, all he wanted was to flee back to his hideout. He would never step out again if she refused to leave.

Bruno's crew were bewildered as they saw him suddenly acting this way. Someone, gathering their courage, stepped forward and said, "Chief, why should we run? They're provoking us. If we don't act, other pirates will laugh at us"

"Yeah, Chief. We can't retreat. This is our territory," another person chimed in.

"That's right, Chief. We can't leave," a third person said.

Bruno slapped the man who had spoken across the face, then spar viciously on the group.

"Fools, do you know who they are? We're no match for them, not even all the pirates around the Gulf of Aquiel combined could take them on. Turn the ship around now. Or else, people will be gathering for your memorial a year from now. We're all done for. Bruno raged.

Bruno's words stunned the pirates, who immediately lowered their heads in silence. The crew, sensing the gravity of the situation, quickly turned the ship around.

Meanwhile, Yvonne stood with a casual stance on the opposite vessel as she watched Bruno's crew. She turned, glanced at the large megaphone in Frankie's hands, and tilted her chin.

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Frankie quickly handed over the megaphone as he thought. She has already destroyed their flag, and now she wants to rub it in?' He was genuinely worried that Yvette's sharp tongue would stir up the pirates' fighting spirit.

On the other hand, Chris remained silent next to Yvette. At this point, he was going to follow whatever she wanted to do. Yvette stood casually on the deck while holding the loudspeaker. She had one hand in her pocket, exuding an effortless confidence.

With a subtle lift of her finely sculpted brows, Yvette flashed a rebellious, devil-may-care grin. Her voice rang out clearly "Keep running, and you'll lose your legs. Frankie, standing nearby, couldn't help but gasp. He couldn't believe how bold Yvette was.

Yvette's voice boomed through the loudspeaker, clear enough for Bruno and the pirates on the other ship to hear perfectly. The pirates, who had just gotten calm, erupted in fury again.

Bruno froze the moment he heard those words, a cold sweat sliding down his forehead. Panic gripped his heart. There was no escape now. Resigned, he dejectedly ordered his subordinates to turn the ship around and head for Yvette's vessel. Bruno's actions left his subordinates dumbfounded. 'What is going on?' they wondered. 'First, we were fleeing, and now, we are heading back.

However, one thing was clear-a woman was calling the shots on the opposing ship. Their confusion deepened. Why is Chief so terrified of a woman? the crew questioned inwardly. It was incomprehensible.

Two minutes later, Bruno's ship came alongside Yvette's. He knew he wouldn't escape unscathed. However, if there was any chance to soften the blow, it lay in his attitude.

Bruno felt it would be better to meet his fate head-on than to be dragged into it, thinking. That lady might show some mercy. He brought a few of his most trusted men, leaped onto the yacht, and boarded Yvette's ship.

Chris and Frankie stood on either side of Yvette, watching the pirates willingly board their ship. Their lips twitched as a peculiar thought flashed through their minds. They thought, 'Could it be... Yvette knows Spaunia pirates too!

As Chris and Frankie looked at the pirate leader's ingratiating smile, the two exchanged glances. Another day of madness has begun.

Frankie discreetly pulled out his phone. At the top of his chats was the Happy Family group chat. He quickly typed: [Pass it on Yvette knows aliens.]

Samantha asked: [Aliens? From which planet? Another one of Yvette's lackeys?]

Flying Fish asked: [Is the alien handsome? Does he have 18-pack abs?]

Andrew replied: (Ask Yvette to find out if they'll take me on a tour of their planet]

Charles simply replied: [Oh.]

Meanwhile, Rodney texted: [Yvette knows aliens? She's incredible]

Kash typed: [Defeat the aliens. Rescue Yvette, Charge!]

Frankie looked at the flurry of messages in the chat. He felt a twitch in the corner of his eye as he wondered, "What the heck? When did this group turn into a bunch of comedians?"

When Frankie looked up again, Bruno had already approached Yvette. And then, he did something that stunned everyone,

Pulling over a chair, Bruno trotted up to Yvette like an eager puppy. He placed the chair before her and even wiped it with his hand. His over-the-top servility was so cringe-worthy it was hard to watch

Even Bruno's own men were dumbstruck. Chris and Frankie were no exception. 'Is the intel wrong? Is this guy a head pirate

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or just a hospitality attendang at some fancy restaurant! His smile is textbook-perfect, they wondered.

One thing was clear now. This pirate was another acquaintance of Yvette's Frankie and Chris were plagued with burning questions as they thought. How small is this world? Does Yvette network of connections stretch from Spaunia to Mysonna? Bruno, trembling as he looked at Yvette's impassive face, felt his heart pound in terror. He thought, Does this lady realize that her aura alone could scare someone to death when she doesn't smile?

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