

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 671[1,232 words]

hapter 671

Bruno stood in front of Yvette, his posture perfect, like a soldier awaiting orders. Across from him, Yvette reclined in her chair with her legs crossed

If there was a chance to sit, she'd take it-Bruno knew that Yvette had always seized the opportunity to take it easy, though he wouldn't dare say that to her face.

She narrowed her eyes, her gaze calm yet piercing, like an ice-cold lake in winter. A faint smirk played at the corner of her lips as she raised an eyebrow, sending Bruno's nerves into overdrive.

Though he had prepared himself mentally to explain, that smug almost mocking smile was enough to unsettle even the bravest of men. His voice cracked. "Please... give me a chance to explain. Yvette swung one foot idly, her expression unreadable. "Two minutes, she replied.

Bruno swallowed hard, knowing those two minutes could seal his fate. He launched into his defense at breakneck speed.

He said, "I didn't realize it was you earlier! If I had, I never would've turned my ship around! These past four years, I haven't eaten or slept properly, always praying you'd come back to Spain. "If I'd known it was you. I would've rolled out the red carpet! Please, believe me. If I'm lying, may I never marry in this lifetime! You're the person I admire most, Yvette. That's the truth!"

His words tumbled out in one desperate breath. He raised his hand as though swearing an oath, forcing sincerity into every syllable.

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breath. He was certain no pirate could feel more frustrated than he did at that After speaking, Bruno let out a In any case, since he wasn't planning on marrying anymore, the oath didn't mean much to him-he might as well swear it. Behind him, the crew lowered their heads in collective shame. They couldn't bring themselves to acknowledge that the man before them was their pirate chief.

Bruno's words were a masterclass in audacity-everyone knew he had seen Yvette earlier and had deliberately turned away. Yet there he was, lying so smoothly it was almost impressive.

Frankie and Chris, watching from the sidelines, exchanged incredulous glances. What they had expected to be a deadly confrontation had instead turned into an unexpected comedy show.

Frankie couldn't help but wonder, 'How did Bruno even become the head pirate? I'm actually impressed he could say something like that'

Leaning in, Frankie whispered to Chris, "Did you see that? He's even better at buttering people up than I am."

A wave of anxiety washed over Frankie. He couldn't let anyone around Yvette outshine him when it came to flattering people. He thought, Trying to steal my spot? That is not going to happen. Bruno glanced up at Yvette cautiously, like a man on trial. Yvette's gaze was fixed on him, making every second feel like an

eternity.

Then, she stood, walked over, and gave him a light pat on the shoulder. Her voice was casual. "Since you're so eager to see me, I'll stay a few more days this time."

Bruno felt his stomach sink. He was torn between wanting to laugh and wanting to cry, but all he could do was stiffly nod. Through clenched teeth, he forced out, "That's... so... wonderful. Yvette didn't expose Bruno, though. She smiled faintly as she studied him, but her tone shifted abruptly, turning cold. "Do

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you know why I'm here

The change in her tone froze Bruno in his tracks. Instinctively, he straightened, his expression turning serious. "I swear-I don't know," he said quickly.

"For the past four years, I've followed your rules to the letter. I've been running my pirate business ethically. When I raid ships, I don't harm women, children, or the elderly

I've done everything you told me to. If I've done something wrong, I honestly have no idea what it is!"

There was genuine frustration in his voice. Yvette's rules, imposed after her departure years ago, had turned Bruno's pirate life upside down. Where he once ruled the seas with freedom, he then tiptoed through endless restrictions. If that kept up, he might have to give up piracy altogether and open a bakery instead,

A burly, rugged man wearing such a pitiful expression was downright uncomfortable to watch. Chris and Frankie couldn't bear to look at him any longer. One of them thought, Why does everyone that Yvette knows seem a little off?

Yvette showed no emotion. With her hands casually tucked into her pockets, she said coolly, "Wipe that look off your face." Bruno straightened up immediately, erasing his pitiful expression and

replacing it with a neutral one as if flipping a switch. Chris stepped forward, his tone serious. "Did you hijack several Clusian cargo ships last week?"

At the sudden question, Bruno's posture shifted, his pirate chief authority returning. "Yeah," he replied without hesitation. He then turned to Yvette, frowning. "Are those ships connected to you?"

Yvette's expression remained neutral, her voice calm. "Yes. Both the people and the cargo. You have one day to release them.

Bruno nodded quickly. "Okay, I'll get them released immediately. If I'd known they were yours, I wouldn't have touched them. Don't worry-the crew is all confined together. I guarantee no one's been harmed." Behind him, his three closest crew members paled. The haul from those ships was enough to sustain their operations for half a year, and right then, they had to let it all go just because Yvette had said so. One of them thought bitterly, 'Isn't this a bit too reckless and arbitrary?

But they knew Bruno well-once he made a decision, it was final. All they could do was glare at Yvette, their dissatisfaction clear. Unfortunately for them, she didn't so much as glance their way. Bruno thought for a moment before adding, "Yvette, from now on, I won't touch Clusian ships in my territory."

As expected, Yvette's expression softened slightly. Bruno relaxed, relieved that he'd said the right thing. His life was safe for now. Good thing I'm quick on my feet, he thought, breathing a High of relief. Meanwhile, his crew members grew even more distressed. Yvette stepped back, her voice steady as she said, "I won't let you lose everything over this."

Those words left Bruno elated. A promise from Yvette was worth far more than the Clusian cargo-it could be a lifesaver in

crisis. E

Frankie stepped forward, shifting the conversation. "Did you run into any Clusian ships today?"

Bruno hesitated for a moment, then nodded reluctantly. docks and locked up as we speak

ah Wi-just hijacked one. It's probably being brought to t

Frankie and Chris exchanged knowing glances. They likely understood why Jeremiah's ship, led by him, had been captured so quickly. Jeremiah had probably planned to infiltrate the pirates, free the hostages, and dismantle their operation. Chapter 671

If he and Emmett found out that the hostages they worked so hard to save could be released with just a casual word from Yvette to Brume, they'd be stumped.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, her face unreadable. She thought, Jeremiah's using himself as bait?

His voice tinged with desperation, Bruno asked cautiously, "Yvette... should I letting go of what they had just seized felt like a knife to the hear

lease all of them tomorrow? The idea of

The breeze stirred Yvette's brown hair as she stood with her hands still tucked into her pockets, a playful smile tugging at her lips. She said. "No need. The ones you captured today-keep them for now." Frankie and Chris froze, baffled. They wondered, "What's going on? Why doesn't she want Mr. Chavez released?"

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Chris and Frankie had doubts but dared not ask. They could only silently pray for Jeremiah, hoping Yvette would go easy on

him.

Bruno nodded eagerly and replied, "Sure, Yvette. Just do as you wish. It's your call whether to imprison or release them. So.... Shall we head back? How about you and your friends stay at my place for a few days?" he asked cautiously, showing an overwhelming will to

survive.

Yvette nodded slightly, giving him a casual look. She agreed nonchalantly, "Okay."

Bruno signaled to his men behind him and cheerfully instructed "Let's prepare for the return trip!"

Frankie and Chris exchanged glances, thinking helplessly, Thanks to Yvette, we're now becoming guests at the pirates base

On the way back, Bruno never stopped talking to Yvette, as if he were reporting to a boss. Frankie and Chris looked at the chattering Bruno with disdain, both feeling slightly overwhelmed, thinking. This pirate is truly a chatterbox. Meanwhile, throughout the journey, Yvette occasionally nodded in response to Bruno's words.

Back in Spania, they saw Bruno's subordinates waiting by the roadside with a fleet of luxury cars after getting off at the dock. Once Yvette and the others got into the cars, they headed east for about an hour until they reached Bruno's base.

With a wide grin, Bruno personally opened the car door for Yvette, leaving the pirates waiting at the base entrance stunned. In their eyes, Bruno had always been unruly and never treated anyone with such submissive courtesy,

Yvette got out of the car, her long legs and exquisite profile catching the light. Her expression was cold and distant, exuding an aura that kept others at bay.

The pirates were even more stunned when they saw Yvette's face clearly, exclaiming inwardly, A beautiful Aplothian woman? Bruno turned to look at the stunned pirates and gave them a sharp glare.

They immediately lowered their heads, greeting him respectfully one after another. "Chief"

Bruno led Yvette, Frankie, and Chris into the base, and along the way, every pirate they encountered knelt to greet Bruno and bowed reverently, even the children.

Frankie and Chris followed behind Yvette, frowning at the wide age range of the pirates. Some were just teenagers, while the oldest seemed to be over 60.

Frankie was puzzled. In his view, pirates were supposed to be strong and vigorous. He understood having teenagers who could be trained from a young age, but having men over 60 seemed unusual.

He whispered to Chris, "Hey, isn't it strange that Bruno has such old pirates in his crew?"

Chris glanced at Yvette and Bruno, walking ahead, and replied in a low voice, "No idea."

Bruno suddenly turned around and smiled. "Bros, you must be surprised that my pirate crew consists not only of strong men but also of elders and children, right?"

Since Chris and Frankie were Yvette's men, Bruno was very friendly toward them. It was o their conversation.

obvious that Bruno had overheard

Chris and Frankie paused and looked at Bruno, who was smiling, in surprise. Their conversation had been quiet, so Bruno shouldn't have been able to hear them from such a distance.

Yvette stopped, turned around, and looked at the two. Raising an eyebrow, with hands in her pockets, she said leisurely, "Bruno's hearing is teu times that of a normal person. He can hear every word you say within several feet."

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Chapter 672

Chris and Frankie suddenly realized they had let their guard down too easily.

Since Bruno had already heard and the topic wasn't anything private, Frankie, being outgoing, was quite interested in knowing the reason. Hence, he asked, "Bro, then tell us, why are there such old pirates in your crew? Aren't they less capable at that age?" Bruno glanced at Yvette before explaining. "My pirate crew hires these old pirates as instructors. They pass on their experience and train our newcomers.

"Their vast knowledge significantly improves our ability to handle unexpected situations at sea. Since we hired them, my crew hasn't had any accidents at sea for three years."

Bruno paused, his eyes gleaming with pride, and added, "By the way, this was Yvette's advice four years ago."

Four years ago, Yvette told him that the key to becoming a good leader was employing the right people," So, he reformed the crew, establishing numerous rules to regulate the pirates' behavior.

The results were impressive. Among Spaunia's pirate groups, his crew had become second to none.

Chris and Frankie stood in place. After knowing it was Yvette's idea, they thought it all made sense, as she always had a knack for pulling off the most surprising feats.

After arranging for Yvette, Frankie, and Chris to stay in a large mansion, Bruno gave them a few instructions and then left, leaving the three of them alone in it..

Frankie sat on the couch, looking at the carefully prepared fruit on the table and the lavish decorations. The decor reflected Bruno's typical flashy taste, resembling the gaudy aesthetic of a nouveau riche, with walls nearly painted gold, glittering everywhere.

Frankie cautiously asked, "Yvette, when do you plan to release Mr. Chavez?"

Chris immediately looked up at Yvette, who was sitting on the couch, playing with her phone and resting her chin in her hand.

Yvette briefly glanced up, her cold eyes half-squinting with a hint of a smile. She replied casually, "Depends on my mood,"

Frankie and Chris went silent. Feeling pity for Jeremiah, they thought helplessly, 'Poor Mr. Chavez. Dating Yvette always comes with risks.

In the evening, Bruno changed into his everyday attire, looking much more refined. He personally came to invite Yvette, Frankie, and Chris to dinner.

By afternoon, the entire pirate crew knew one thing-the woman Bruno brought back that day was not to be messed with. She had to be treated with the utmost respect and complete obedience, with no room for mistakes.

Therefore, when Yvette, Frankie, and Chris reappeared, all the pirates' attitudes had changed. The burly men all wore smiles, some genuine and others not quite reaching their eyes, giving them an eerie appearance.

In the hall, there was a long table in the center and six smaller tables on each side, where Bruno's closest confidants were seated.

As Bruno led Yvette, Frankie, and Chris in. 12 men quickly stood up, placed their left hands over their chests, and bowed respectfully. "Good day, Chief, Ms. Zeller, they greeted in unison

After seating Yvette at the main seat, Bruno waved his hand, signaling everyone else to sit down. All the pirates obediently took their seats, their faces filled with respect.

Bruno had personally arranged several activities in the afternoon for the dinner party. He was confident it would please and satisfy Yvette.

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Chapter 673

Bruno said to Yvette, I've arranged a few activities in the second half of the party that you'll definitely enjoy, Yvette."

Chris and Frankie took the seats closest to Yvette. They sensed that something was off when they heard Bruno's words and saw his strange expression,

Before they could think much about it, Bruno had raised his glass. The Spaunia pirates weren't fond of red wine and preferred their locally made grape wine instead. Thus, everyone's glasses were filled with grape wine.

Chris and Frankie had always remembered Jeremiah's words-to never let Yvette have even a bit of alcohol under any circumstances. Upon seeing Yvette pick up her glass, they both shouted in unison, "No, Yvette! You can't drink!"

Yvette's hand that was holding the glass froze in mid-air. The next second, she finished the drink in one gulp. At that moment, Frankie and Chris felt like it was the end of the world, with only one thing on their mind. 'We're doomed... Yvette drank alcohol... they thought. Bruno noticed their expressions and cleared his throat, assuring them, "Don't worry. Yvette's glass isn't filled with wine. It's pomegranate juice specially made for her, so she can drink it without worry."

Frankie and Chris, momentarily stunned, exclaimed inwardly, Holy shit! You should have mentioned it earlier! We were almost scared to death!

Bruno would never confess to them that, once, Yvette had drunk some low-alcohol grape wine, got drunk after just one glass, and mercilessly attacked him.

He had gone to confront Yvette afterward, covered in bruises. Alas, she only replied to him that she had forgotten about what had happened. That incident was so embarrassing that he thought his reputation would be ruined if word got out. Yvette gazed at Chris and Frankie with a half-smile. The crowd didn't think much of it and continued eating and drinking.

Halfway through, with his naturally outgoing personality, Frankie had already gotten close to Bruno and played games with him, completely getting into the vibe.

He was worried about Jeremiah. Taking advantage of the fact that Bruno was tipsy, he asked, "Bro, where are the people you caught today? Is there a guy among them who's not dressed very well but looks absolutely stunning?"

At the main table, Yvette narrowed her eyes lazily upon hearing that. Chris gave Frankie a look, acknowledging that the latter was somewhat useful.

Bruno stayed silent for a few seconds. He remembered the man he had seen in the cockpit earlier and thought he was probably the most handsome man on the ship.

He pondered before saying, "Now that you mention it, I do remember one. We caught him today in the cockpit. Even though he was dressed like the other crew members, he was indeed very handsome. Oh, and there was another good-looking guy with him." Frankie and Chris exchanged glances. They were sure that the very handsome guy Bruno was talking about was Jeremiah and the other good-looking guy was Emmett.

Frankie snuck a glance at Yvette. Upon seeing that she had no particular reaction, he tried to press further, but Bruno's next words nearly scared him out of his wits before he could.

"By the way, there was an average-looking Clusian lady next to that guy. They seemed like a couple, and the lady's eyes were filled with love when she looked at him. You Clusians call it getting all sappy," said Bruno.

He was telling it like a joke, not noticing that the atmosphere between them had changed. Frankie and Chris just sat there helplessly, not even daring to look at Yvette.

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At that moment, Frankte de ply regretted saying something he guldn't have and apologized inwardly in sorry, Mr. Chavez, Yvette is about to explode in anger now.

Every word Bruno said was putting Mr. Chavez in a tough spot. Why did Mr. Chavez bring a woman soldier on this mission? And she looked at him lovingly and being all sappy? What's going on

Bruno noticed that Chris and Frankie had stopped talking and saw the tension on their faces. He finally realized he might have said the wrong thing. "What's the matter?"

Only then did Frankie and Chris look up, glancing at Yvette, who was sitting at the main table. Bruno's gaze followed theirs and landed on Yvette.

Yvette's expression remained as calm as ever. Her eyes were cold and her smile was frivolous, exuding a rebellious charm. She indifferently looked at the group before turning to Bruno, instructing. "Bring those two guys and the lady over." It took Bruno a moment to react, and he quickly shouted to his men, "Did you hear that? Hurry up and bring over the guy we caught in the cockpit today, along with the other guy and the lady with him."

The pirates went upon receiving the instruction, leaving the hall completely silent.

Bruno asked, "Yvette, that couple looks really sweet. Are they friends of yours?"

Frankie immediately slammed the table and stood up with a grim expression. "Shut up! How can you tell if they were sweet! Are you crazy? Saying the wrong thing can be deadly, bro. You can't say whatever you're not sure of. Understand?" He blinked rapidly as he spoke, almost causing his eyes to cramp

After seeing Frankie's strong reaction and frantic blinking. Bruno explained earnestly. "Bro, why are you so agitated? I'm speaking the truth. That lady's eyes were full of love when she looked at that guy. I'm sure about that."

Chris said firmly, "That's absolutely impossible. You must have made a mistake."

Bruno shook his head confidently. "I'm right, really."

While Frankie and Chris were still thinking about how to warn Jeremiah to escape, Yvette suddenly let out a chuckle. Although it wasn't loud, it sent a chill down everyone's spine. Bruno also seemed to sense that something was wrong and turned to look at Yvette. Just then, chaotic footsteps sounded from the door, and a few pirates entered with three people.

The moment Jeremiah, Emmett, and Yelena walked into the hall, all eyes were on them. Jeremiah was still wearing his worn crew uniform. His tall figure and sharp features made him look impeccable.

Emmett and Yelena stood on either side of him.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette, who was seated at the main table. His eyes were calm and deep.

Emmett, struggling to hold back his shock, whispered inwardly. Can anyone tell me why Yvette is sitting at the main table in this pirate base after just a week of being out of sight? And Frankie and Chris are having a drink on the side?" Yelena didn't know anyone there, so she pretended to be tough yet scared and took the opportunity to move closer to Jeremiah.

Yvette noticed Yelena's small trick and narrowed her eyes, which were cold with a roguish twinkle in them. She curled her lips into a smile and toyed with the cup in her hand. The next second, the

cup flew out and landed at Yelena's feet. Yelena was caught completely off guard. She took a step back in shock and widened her eyes at Yvette.

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Chapter 674-

Yelena didn't know Yvette's identity, but when she saw a Clusian woman seated at the head of the table, she recognized her significant position among the pirates,

Anger simmered beneath the surface, but Yelena held back, unwilling to jeopardize Jeremiah's plan. She swallowed her frustration, trying to keep her composure. Still, she couldn't entirely hide her disdain for Yvette. To Yelena Clusian woman in Spauria mingling with pirates seemed like nothing more than a beauty who had sold herself, using her looks to manipulate these vile men and flaunt their power. She glanced at Jeremiah, fear and pity clear in her eyes. But Jeremiah didn't look her way. Instead, he deliberately stepped closer to Emmett, increasing the distance between himself and Yelena, who had been leaning in his direction just moments before. His gaze was fixed on Yvette, who was seated at the head of the table. She exuded a commanding presence, but her expression remained unreadable. Jeremiah wondered, Is Yvette upset? Why hasn't she responded to my calls or texts? She must be angry. Jeremiah wasn't concerned about why Yvette was with Bruno and his crew. What gnawed at him was the look on her face- the quiet fury simmering beneath her calm exterior. He frowned, thinking. It's hard to calm her down when she's angry.... When Jeremiah, Emmett, and Yelena entered the ballroom earlier, Frankie and Chris immediately stood. Emmett noticed the tense silence between Jeremiah and Yvette, Jeremiah was staring at her, but Yvette made no effort to acknowledge him. Emmett's mind raced. Something felt off. It seemed there was an intensity in Yvette's gaze that made him uneasy.

He glanced at Yelena, then wondered, 'Could this be about her? No, Yvette wouldn't get jealous over something like this.... Would she?'

What Emmett didn't realize was that Bruno's careless remarks earlier had already set things on a path to disaster.

As he tried to piece it all together, he noticed Frankie and Chris subtly blinking at him, as if signaling something. Emmett frowned, wondering. What are they hinting at? Am I missing something?"

The room fell into an uneasy silence, thick with tension, like the calm before a storm. Bruno glanced at Yvette's unreadable face and thought better of speaking. He sank into his chair without a word. Yvette exuded undeniable authority. Seated with one leg crossed she radiated a cold, commanding presence that silenced.

the room.

Her calm gaze swept over the space, and with a mocking smile, she tilted her head and raised an eyebrow. She said to Yelena, "And who are you to him?"

The "him" needed no further clarification. Even the pirates, not usually quick to catch on to subtleties, immediately understood who she was referring to.

Frankie, Chris, and Emmett froze, a sense of dread sinking in. One of them thought, "This is bad...

Emmett was sure Yvette's anger was due to Yelena, but he still held onto hope. Maybe all Jeremiah had to do was explain

Yvette likely didn't know Yelena was included for passing the standard procedure and had no personal ties to Jeremiah. Once Jeremiah clarified things, she'd calm down.

But Frankie and Chris, who knew more of the details, weren't as hopeful. One of them thought. This could get out of hand..."

Jeremiah heard the cold finality in Yvette's voice and met her emotionless gaze. "She hasn't even looked at me since I walked in, he thought, his frown deepening.

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Chapter 074

Meanwhile, Yelena, stilling to her pride, held tight to her sense of superiority. As the third-generation heir to a powerful political family from Clusia, she felt entitled to look down on others- especially a woman associating with pirates, She told herself her current humiliation was just a sacrifice for Jeremiah's plan. When Yvette asked, something flickered in Yelena's eyes. She straightened, choosing her words carefully and masking any aggression with feigned innocence.

1... I'm one of Captain Chavez's people," she said, her tone sweet carrying an unspoken meaning.

Jeremiah's expression darkened as he frowned. "She's-"

"Shut up. Yvette's interruption was calm, but her words sliced through the tension like a blade Jeremiah froze, the impact landing squarely on his chest.

For the first time, he fully understood the depth of her anger. Saying anything else now would only make things worse.

A quiet sadness settled over him. Emmett, Chris, and Frankie didn't dare move, let alone breathe.

The tension thickened by Yvette's chilling smile. This cold, mocking side of Yvette was unfamiliar to them, and they all feared this would end badly.

Yelena had truly thrown Jeremiah under the bus. The three of them, who had grown up together, shared the same thought -they just wanted to stop Yelena before she said anything more

Yelena glared at Yvette, seething with fury. She thought, 'How dare she speak to Mr. Chavez like that? Who does she think she is, interrupting him?

Caught in the crossfire, Bruno glanced nervously between Yvette and Jeremiah. The tension was thick, and the brewing conflict felt dangerous. Silence seemed the safest choice. He signaled to the other pirates to stay low and avoid getting caught in the storm. Seated at the head of the table, Yvette exuded a cool calm. Her posture might have seemed casual, but her presence was anything but calm. She spoke in a steady, commanding tone. "Please have these three take their seats."

Frankie and Chris exchanged uneasy glances. Yvette's tone when she said "please" made it clear it wasn't a request. Feeling the pressure, Emmett thought, 'Yvette's anger isn't just simple anymore. What happened? How did she end up with these pirates? The pirates quickly stepped aside, clearing a path. Jeremiah stood motionless in the center, his blue eyes fixed on Yvette, his gaze steady and unflinching.

Yvette lifted her chin slightly and met his gaze. After a long pause, Jeremiah was the first to move. He stepped toward the open space, silently thinking. 'Forget it. If Yvette's happy, that's all that matters.

Emmett followed close behind. Yelena, uncertain of what was unfolding, clung to one certainty-staying close to Jeremiah meant staying safe.

Her gaze landed on the seat next to Jeremiah, and her eyes lit up. But before she could move, a figure slipped into the spot, claiming the seat without hesitation.

Yelena clenched her teeth and shot a sharp glare at Emmett. She thought, 'Does he have no sense at all? Is he doing this just to spite me?'

With no other option left, she settled on the other side, with Emmett now acting as a barrier between her and Jeremiah. Frankie and Chris thought, 'Mr. Chavez was being a bit too accommodating Yvette's gaze briefly flicked over Jeremiah, Emmett, and Yelena before she tilted her head slightly and said to Bruno, "Let the event begin."

Bruno perked up instantly at the mention of the event. "Yvette, I promise-it's going to be spectacular. You're going to love Chapter 674

Yvette didn't respond, merely swirling her glass with indifference Taking her silence as approval, Bruno clapped his hands.

The large double doors at the back of the hallroom swung open capturing everyone's attention. A line of performers marched in with practiced precision, standing in formation.

The tension in the air lifted, replaced by a buzz of shock, curiosity, and excitement. The pirates quickly began whistling and cheering

Ten men stepped into view, lining up perfectly. Each one was tall, muscular, and strikingly unique, with different ethnicities, hair colors, and eye colors that showed they came from all over the world. SEND GIFT

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Chapter

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The ten tall, strong men wore only loose pants, leaving their upper bodies completely bare. Each man's physique was clearly the result of regular training, featuring eight-pack abs and strong biceps.

Frankie and Chris could barely watch as they wondered if Jeremiah owed Bruno something in their past life to have deserved that. 'How could he have the nerve to organize such an event for Yvonne! It's too much they thought In his seat, Jeremiah emanated a chilling aura. His cold eyes were devoid of warmth as a tense atmosphere quickly filled the entire place, making it impossible to ignore his powerful presence.

Yvette was the only one unaffected by Jeremiah's intimidating atmosphere. Sitting at the main seat, she watched the ten

below with amusement.

strong

Meanwhile, Yelena was momentarily taken aback by Jeremiah's sudden cold demeanor and wondered what had happened to him. On the other hand, Emmett quietly lowered his head and jacked up his cup, thinking. This is hell!

Then, Bruno loudly said, "Yvette, I've prepared these male dancers just for you. They're all the best from Spaunia Bar. They specialize in both striptease and pole dancing. You can have them perform whichever you like, or even both if you want." Yelena's face briefly showed disdain upon hearing that. "These dirty pirates are vulgar indeed. Also, this woman is going to watch these men striptease and pole dance? How disgusting, she thought.

Frankie, Chris, and Emmett looked at the outfits of the ten male dancers and thought, 'Holy crap. Striptease? Will it be appropriate to look if these shirtless guys start taking off more?

Then again, Bruno's address for Yvette already showed how close they were. As soon as Bruno finished speaking, Jeremiah's fists tightened instantly. There seemed to be a storm in his eyes, sending chills down one's spine.

Yvette swung her leg slightly as she looked quite seriously at the ten male dancers below the stage. The longer Yvette's gaze lingered, the sharper Jeremiah's eyes got

Finally, Yvette smiled and said, "Pole dancing." Bruno immediately clapped twice, and someone brought up the pole for the dance.

The ten male dancers quickly started warming up. They were about to take the stage when Jeremiah's stern voice interrupted, "That's enough."

Bruno's face instantly fell. The other pirates also glared at Jeremiah. After all, when did a prisoner get to call the shots there? The next moment, Jeremiah stood up from his seat. He exuded a noble elegance and forwent his previous disguise. He went all out, standing tall with deep-set eyes and a strong jawline. His expression was cold and distant, but his presence was overwhelming.

Bruno and the pirates stared at Jeremiah, who looked completely different from when he was captured, and wondered what was happening.

Jeremiah walked up to the stage just like that. Bruno tried to stop him, but Frankie pulled Bruno back and whispered something in his ear.

Bruno's expression changed a few times as Frankie spoke. By the time Frankie stopped talking, Bruno had unknowingly taken a few steps back as he looked at Jeremiah and Yvette in shock.

"This woman is in a relationship? Is it the end of the world? Should I start stockpiling supplies? Yes. The end must be coming thought Bruno.

By the time Bruno had returned to his senses, Jeremiah was already standing across from Yvette. Bruno quickly signaled to everyone below to get out immediately.

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One by one, the puzzlett crewed began to disperse. Meanwhile, Venia was bewildered in her seat. What's Mr. Chuvez up to? Why is he walking up to that woman? And what are these pirates doing? What's happening? she wondered.

At that moment, only Yelena was left in the dark. However, upoooking at Yvette's stunning face, Yelena suddenly had a bad feeling. She tried to move forward, but Emmett blocked her path with a blank expression and said. "Get out. Yelena's face turned grimm. She clenched her teeth and thought, can't let Jeremiah be alone with that mysterious woman. My instincts are telling me that something would happen.

Yelena glanced at Emmett, knowing she couldn't get past him, Refusing to give up, she called out to Jeremiah, "Jeremiah." However, Jeremiah didn't even look back.

Yelena stood awkwardly for a while, feeling helpless. Thus, she comped her feet and followed the crowd out of the room with a cold face. The last to leave were Emmett, Bruno, Frankie, and Chris. Once the four had left, Jeremiah and Yvette were alone. Jeremiah supported himself on the back of the couch and leaned forward. His shadow shrouded Yvette. Then, he looked down at the expressionless Yvette with a hint of aggression in his eyes. As their eyes locked, Yvette smirked.

Suddenly, Yvette punched Jeremiah's shoulder without hesitation, followed by a kick. However, Jeremiah was quicker, catching her ankle in a firm grip.

Jeremiah's hand felt slightly cold on Yvette's ankle, sending a tiny tingle onto her. Jeremiah lowered his head and asked in a deep voice, "Why are you upset? I can explain about Yelena."

Yvette raised her exquisite eyebrows and narrowed her eyes. She replied unforgivingly, "Oh? Why explain if there's nothing between the two of you?"

Jeremiah rubbed his temples, slightly exasperated by how Yvette had picked at his words. Helplessly, he said, "Just hear me

out,

Yvette's gaze was distant, and she said calmly. "What is there to say? Is there anything worth discussing?"

Jeremiah paused and said, "Yelena was selected from a competition in the First Military District for this mission to Gulf of Araquiel. I promised her father I'd ensure she safely reached Betrico. That's all there is."

Yvette lifted her eyelids, half-squinting as she reached out and tapped Jeremiah's stiff chest. She tilted her head with a sligh smirk and replied with a hint of mischief, "What if I said I want to kill her?" Jeremiah's eyes narrowed. Moments later, he sighed and said, "Then, I'll do it. When do you want her gone?*

Yvette stared into Jeremiah's eyes and tapped her fingers twice. Then, she pulled his collar toward her and said softly, "You let the dancers go. What should I do now if I want to watch some pole dancing?" Jeremiah choked. His gaze darkened as he replied, "You want to watch? I'll dance for you."

At the door, Bruno promptly ordered the release and proper arrangement of the captives that day once he learned that Jeremiah was Yvette's boyfriend.

Bruno then glanced at Yelena and thought, 'So, this woman is Yvette's love rival? I must say that she's very brave to be Yvette's love rival. She might not even know how she'd end up dead in the end.

Next, Bruno instructed his men to find temporary lodging for Yelena and left. Yelena was left alone as she looked back at th door and wondered, Mr. Chavez must know that woman. What is their relationship?"

In the dungeon, the military officers from Clusia who were ready to escape and perform a rescue were confused when the pirates brought them out and offered them accommodation and tons of food. They didn't dare to move and only relaxed when Emmett showed up. 09:47 Fri, Jan 3

Chapter 673

In the living roo

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 676[1,197 words]

Chapter 676

Emmett we got as upright. His hand shook slightly before he looked agcand cand in a serious enice. Should

Franke calmly said, "No"

Chen also said "No"

Frankie and Chris spoke in union, then collectively avoided Enner's gaze. This wasnt a joke. No one would dare to face Yvette when she was like that Jeremiah could fend for himself.

Sending their distant blessings to Jeremiah, they hoped Yvette would show some mercy and spare him. If not, they hoped. Jeremiah's body would at least be left intact so they could bury in whole. Emmett looked down and coughed lightly. "Well, I was just asking. I didn't really plan on going"

Frankie's and Chris lips twitched before they looked at Emmer

Meanwhile, at the ballroom, Jeremiah walked up to a steel pole, opped, and turned to Yvette, who wat sitting in the main seat, lounging with her legs crossed.

Long, detmed fingers rested on his collar button. Jeremiah's Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed. Gaze deep, his neat eyebrows hid the intense look in his eyes.

The next moment, the first button came undone with a slight tug of Jeremiah's fingers. His loose pants couldn't hide his long legs, and with that first button undone, a sliver of his collarbone was exposed.

Under the bright chandelier, Jeremiah enticed the onlookers just by standing there, looking like a magnificent painting.

Yvene propped her chin on her hand, her gaze as calm as ever, and raised an eyebrow. With a wild charm, she slowly picked up her glass and said, "Continue."

Jeremiah paused for a second before undoing the second button, revealing his muscular chest.

Next, the third, the fourth, and finally, all the buttons were undone. Jeremiah's eight-pack abs, strong arms, and nicely sculpted muscles were exposed.

Further unveiled was Jeremiah's broad and solid back, with each muscle looking as if they were sculpted perfectly. Jeremiah's blue eyes swirled with emotions as he stood there shirtless. Raising his gaze, his voice low and magnetic, Jeremiah seductively asked, "Do you want me to continue?"

Yvette played with the glass in her hand, the red pomegranate juice dripped onto the floor. With an air of mischief and defiance, she raised an eyebrow, with a playful look in her eyes

With a cheeky grin, Yvette stood up and approached Jeremiah. When she reached him, she reached out and pulled at his

black belt.

Yvette's eyes sparkled, yet her voice was intensely sharp as she tilted her head back slightly and asked, "Did you miss me?" Jeremiah's breath hitched as he looked at Yvette's intense green eyes and captivating face. He reached out and pulled her into an embrace, his warm breath brushing against her ear.

"Every day, every hour, every minute, every second," whispered Jeremiah.

Yvette listened to Jeremiah's strong and steady heartbeat against his chest and smiled. She definitely trusted Jeremiah. However, Bruno's words really annoyed her.

09:47 Fri, Jan 3 CBF.

Chapter 670

Leisurely. Yvette said, Jeremiah, do that again, and you'll stay upon that pole forever

Jeremiah froze. Yvette wouldn't get mad for no reason. There was only one possibility. Bruno must've said something to her. Very well.

In a room at the mansion, Bruno suddenly sneezed. He thought Damn, what's going on? Someone must be talking shit about me.

The next morning, Bruno released all the Sunrise Group's crew and returned their ship along with all the goods he'd stolen. Bruno even sent pirates to escort the crew out of Gulf of Araque, ensuring that they wouldn't be attacked by other pirates.

In the living room. Yvette sat on the couch, took out her phone, and dialed Howard's number.

Yvette briefly explained the situation and asked Howard to get ready to pick the crew up at the port.

After hanging up, Yvette rested her chin on her hand while the other hand idly played with the phone. The TV was broadcasting local news.

In Spaunia, armed conflicts happened frequently, as the government was unable to maintain control.

Gangs or pirates paid high taxes to the government yearly to silence them, maintaining a facade of peace. Here, being poor

was a crime.

Jeremiah was in the kitchen making breakfast, Yvette wasn't used to the local breakfast, so Jeremiah would wake up early to make something she'd enjoy.

Meanwhile, in Sunrise Group's office in Betrico, after Howard hung up the phone, he sat in the chair unmoving for a while, with a peculiar and somewhat shocked expression.

Liam stood next to him, wondering who had called. The last time Howard acted like this was because of Yvette.

This time... Liam frowned. He wondered if it was Yvette again. The company's ship ran into trouble in Gulf of Araquiel recently, and Howard was already overwhelmed. Liam wondered if something had happened to Yvette, too.

As Liam was lost in his thought, Howard suddenly stood up.

Howard instructed, "Go get Public Relations Department ready. Our hijacked ship in Gulf of Araquiel will arrive at Juset Port in three days.

"Make sure to arrange the subsequent work and have the company's counselors prepared to assist the crew. Also, inform the relevant national authorities."

Liam was completely taken aback. Howard skipped breakfast that morning and urgently called for a meeting to prepare

the worst.

Yet, everything was sorted out by afternoon. Liam wondered who made that call

for

Understanding the urgency, Liam nodded and solemnly said, "Got it, Boss. I'll do it right away." Then, he turned and left the

office.

Howard looked out from the 22nd floor, watching the busy streets of Betrico, Yvette went to Spaunia, and the difficult situation was solved quickly.

"Beside being the top killer, what other identities does Ms. Zeller have? wondered Howard.

To even have Spaunia pirates as friends... Howard sighed. He'd spent most of his life working hard to build his company, so

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Chapter 070

it was no wonder Veltr wasn't interested in taking over.

Howard decided he couldn't stop now. He had to keep working hard to expand Sunrise Group.

Meanwhile, in Spainia, Bruno arrived with Chris, Frankie, and funnett.

As the four men entered the living room, they saw Yvette curled up on the couch, head lowered, focused on her phone

Frankie glanced around before casually plopping down on the couch.

Grinning

- mischievously, Frankie asked, "Yvette, what did you do Mr. Chavez? You know, we need to see him alive or at

least his body!"

Chris lips twitched before he asked, "Yvette, is Mr. Chavez all right?"

Emmett cautiously spoke. "Yvette, I swear, it was really Yelena stirring up trouble. During the entire mission, Mr. Chavez hardly spoke to her unless necessary, aside from giving her a task

As the culprit behind this mess, Bruno felt a bit guilty.

Looking cautiously at Yvette, Bruno said, "Yvette, if you've dealt with your ex-boyfriend, what about his body? I'll get someone to handle it immediately and bury it far away, so you won't be bothered by it." Bruno's words earned him sharp looks from Emmett, Chris, and Frankie.

They thought Bruno was there to mess with Jeremiah. To dare say the word 'ex-boyfriend,' Bruno was clearly unaware of Jeremiah's wicked nature.

Yvette stopped playing with her phone for a moment, lifting her gaze. As she glanced up, a frivolous smile appeared on her unblemished face.

Her gaze drifted over the four men before settling on Jeremiah, who had just emerged from the kitchen. "Oh, you can ask him yourselves," said Yvette. The four of them turned in unison, following Yvette's gaze.

o

SEND GIFT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 677[1,199 words]

Chapter 677

Jeremiah stood there with a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice in his hand.

Looking at the four men with a faint gaze and expressionless face. Jeremiah said, "Let's have breakfast"

Except for Bruno, Emmett and the other two exchanged knowing glances before stepping back in unison, expression awkward.

Simultaneously, each three said, "I've already eaten, Mr. Chavez Yeals, I've already had mine too, Mr. Chavez," and "I'm not hungry, Mr. Chavez."

Emmen, Frankie, and Chris were very aware that they could never eat the breakfast Jeremiah prepared.

Only Bruno nodded, his rugged face bright as he walked over happily. "Haha! Then, I won't be polite. I haven't had breakfast yet."

When Bruno noticed two neatly plated breakfasts on the table, he couldn't help but think, "This young lady... I didn't expect her boyfriend to know how to cook."

Emmett and the other two watched as Bruno casually sat down at the table, eyes twitching.

The three wondered if Bruno never stopped to think why there were two plates of breakfast already on the table so early.

Yvette leisurely stood up from the couch before strolling over to the dining table. She then glanced at Bruno, who was, sitting opposite her.

Lowering her eyes slightly, Yvette then curled up her lips into an amused yet sharp smile.

Casually, Yvette said to Bruno, "Breakfasts shouldn't be wasted."

Bruno was momentarily stunned before immediately nodding and with a gruff voice, said, "Don't worry, Yvette. I'll eat it all, We, pirates, have principles. We never waste anything Jeremiah pushed another glass of orange juice in front of Bruno, smiling warmly.

Emmett, Frankie, and Chris sat on the couch, observing Bruno's earnest look. They thought, 'Poor guy! It's so obvious that Mr. Chavez and Yvette are teaming up to mess with him... Jeremiah and Yvette leisurely began enjoying their breakfast. Seeing this, Bruno picked up a sandwich from the plate and took a big bite.

Instantly, Bruno's face twisted in agony. "What's this taste? It's a mix of bitter, spicy, and sweet all at once, complained Bruno inwardly.

With a pained expression, Bruno took a sip of his orange juice. As soon as it hit his tongue, he spat it out to the side. The spiciness made his face turn red, and he felt like he was on fire. Jeremiah and Yvette acted as if nothing had happened and continued to enjoy their breakfast

On the couch, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie exchanged glances. As they thought, Jeremiah wasn't going to let Bruno go easily.

Bruno rushed to the kitchen and drank a big glass of water to recover before returning to the dining table..

Bruno would be an idiot if he didn't understand what was going on right now.

Jeremiah looked at Bruno with a deep gaze, sipped his coffee, and said, "Sorry, I added the wrong seasoning. But at least I didn't say the wrong thing, don't you think?" 1/3

Chapter 077

Bruno glanced at Wetterfest, Now he felt like he couldn't complain even if he wanted to

Accidentally using the wrong seasoning? Does he even believe own words? grumbled Bruno Inwardly.

It was really a mistake, then Jeremiah and Yvette's breakfast would be the same. Yet, only Bruno's was affected. It was definitely payback.

But Jeremiah was Yvette's boyfriend. If Bruno tried anything, he probably get beaten to death.

Bruno thought. Forget it... Sometimes one has to step back for one's own safety.

Yvette glanced at Bruno indifferently, as if she had already guessed what he was thinking. She then smirked carelessly.

With great difficulty, Bruno nodded. Against his true feelings, he said, "Yeah, we didn't do it on purpose. Bro, let's just move

on

Yvette's boyfriend wasn't a pushover. Jeremiah sure could play ty..

Jeremiah smiled slightly, lowered his gaze, and calmly asked, "Oh, did something happen?"

Bruno was left speechless, thinking. These two really deserved to be together, so cunning

Sitting there all alone, looking pitiful, Bruno watched as Jeremia and Yvette slowly finished their breakfast.

The other three on the couch looked at Bruno gloatingly, thinking he totally had it coming.

If it weren't for Bruno knowing Yvette, Jeremiah would probably have him dealt with for his nonsensical remarks yesterday.

It didn't matter if Spaunia was Bruno's turf. Jeremiah would hurt him to the end of the world.

Bruno definitely couldn't complain about Jeremiah's special breakfast today.

Just as Bruno watched Yvette finish her last sip of orange juice, a noisy sound along with a woman's sharp voice came from the front door.

At the door, Yelena had navigated her way here from memory and was now arguing with the two pirates guarding the door.

Yelena didn't expect the guards here to know some Clusian, making communication effortless.

Yelena wanted to enter the mansion to find Jeremiah. She hadn't slept all night, her mind filled with images of Jeremiah and Yvette.

Repeatedly, Yelena reassured herself that Jeremiah wouldn't be seduced by Yvette.

Yelena tidied herself up and headed over early in the morning but was stopped at the door.

No matter what Yelena said, the two tall and imposing pirates wouldn't let her in.

With a dark expression, Yelena glared at the pirates and shouted, "I'm telling you, we're on the same side! I have urgent business to report. Why won't you let me in?"

At this moment, Yelena dropped the gentle, soft-spoken demeanor she had with Jeremiah and was looking like a downright shrew.

Yelena forgot that this wasn't Clusia, but Spaunia, a ruthless place

Without Yvette, Bruno's true nature was just that of a ruthless pirate leader, who'd murder and plunder without hesitation.

The pirates here wouldn't allow Yelena to act so brazenly and shout arrogantly.

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Chapter 077

Two pirates stared fiercely at Yelena and frowned before Ignori her.

Yelena's expression darkened. Just as she was about to speak, she was interrupted by a few people who walked out.

"What are you doing here?" Jeremiah's voice was cold, his gaze devoid of any warmth.

Next to Jeremiah, Yvette was standing lazily and casually. Behind her, Bruno, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie walked out of the living room in a line.

Hearing Jeremiah's voice. Yelena froze and immediately changed her expression.

When she looked at Jeremiah, Yelena's eyes brightened. But when her gaze landed on Yvette, a hint of shock appeared in Yelena's expression.

"How is this possible? How could Mr. Chavez let a stranger stand beside him, especially one who mingled with pirates? It's simply unbelievable! thought Yelena.

Yelena wondered why Jeremiah was with Bruno and what was actually going on. Everything had been strange since last night.

Returning to her senses, Yelena looked at Jeremiah with a serious expression and said, "Mr. Chavez... I don't think yours and Emmett's identities are suitable for being with these people."

Yelena barely hid the disdain in her eyes, and everyone there could see it. Bruno scoffed coldly, expression malicious and dangerous.

Bruno walked down the stairs and stood in front of Yelena before saying, "Who do you think you are, saying such things Let me tell you, if it weren't for Yvette being here, I'd kill the people you bring here, no matter how many. "Identity? In Spaunia, I, Bruno, am the law, I don't care who you are. If I hear that kind of talk again, I'll snap your neck, crush your bones, and feed your ashes to the dogs."

Yelena flushed bright red, feeling deeply insulted.

Taking advantage of Bruno turning around, Yelena took two steps forward, attempting to sneak an attack on him.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 678[1,782 words]

Chapter 678 Chapter 678

Yelena's fist froze mid-swing, halting abruptly in mid-air. She stared at the silver handgun in Yvette's hand in shock.

The silver handgun in Yvette's hand was fully loaded. She remained expressionless as she tilted her head slightly, her inscrutable gaze sending chills down Yelena's spine.

"Move another inch, and I'll send you to the afterlife. She aimed the gun at Yelena's heart. Yelena gritted her teeth and lowered her hand, her expression grim.

She had lost her composure earlier. Before figuring out what was going on, she shouldn't have acted recklessly.

Taking a deep breath, she lifted her head to look at Jeremiah, Yvette, and the others.

Her expression changed as she spoke softly. "Mr. Chaves, you should know everyone's waiting for your orders for the mission. You... shouldn't have stayed with his lady for the whole night. If word gets out, it will affect your reputation." Yelena spoke with unwavering righteousness, her eyes brimming with disappointment. In that moment, she seemed the very embodiment of justice itself.

Frankie couldn't help sneering, his voice dripping with mockery. "Are you out of your mind? By this morning, the crew and cargo of Sunrise Group were already released and had left the Gulf of Araquiel."

He continued, "Mr. Chavez's mission is complete, yet here you are accusing him without knowing the facts. Perhaps you should spend less time pointing fingers and more time clearing your head."

Yelena was shocked, blurting out in disbelief, "How is that even possible? The crew of Sunrise Group has been rescued? How could the head pirate let them go so easily?"

Jeremiah and Yvette stood side by side, their faces expressionless, their cold gazes unwavering.

Bruno stared at Yelena, who stood at the bottom of the steps. "Why can't I release them? Listen closely—if Yvette gives the word, I can even give up on being a pirate, let alone release a few ships and their crew," Yelena was left speechless and could only look at Jeremiah. Seeing that he had no intention to argue, remaining unfazed, she realized they were telling the truth.

Her gaze then shifted to Yvette, lingering on her. "So the hostages we went to great lengths to rescue were all released with just a simple word from this woman? The mission's completed just like that? "We'd become laughingstocks if word gets out. But that's just how it is. I have no choice but to accept it!"

Jeremiah stepped forward, his gaze locking onto the stunned Yelena with cold detachment. "The mission is complete. You and the others will return to Betrico tomorrow and run 30 miles every day, carrying weight." Emmett, Chris, and Frankie couldn't help clicking their tongues in shock upon hearing that. "Wow, Mr. Chavez is ruthless... For a female soldier, 30 miles a day is enough to wear her out, they thought."

Yelena tensed, her nails digging into her palms. She couldn't bring herself to lift her head, aware that today had become the most humiliating day of her life.

Why would Mr. Chavez treat me like this?" she thought, holding back her tears and turning to leave without a word. Before Yelena could walk far, Yvette spoke up. Her tone was so cold that, despite the bright sun overhead, Yelena felt like she had been plunged into an ice cellar. "If you set your sights on my man again, I won't mind sending you to your grave."

Emmett, Frankie, Chris, and Bruno all lowered their heads, thinking. Wow, Yvette's so assertive. We're forced to watch yet another public display of affection

Chapter 678

Yelena knew Yvette's words were directed squarely at her. She mised, "This woman is beyond shameless. Mr. Chavez has a girlfriend-what right does she have to say something like that? Struggling to contain her exasperation, Yelene walked ahead and was soon out of sight.

Jeremiah tightened his grip on Yvette's hand, his chiseled features sharpening as his deep, magnetic voice rumbled. "Your

inan?"

Yvette holstered her gun and slipped her hands into her pockets, tilting her head with a look of mild annoyance in her sharp eyes. "How annoying.

Without another word, she turned and walked into the living room, sinking back onto the couch as she resumed scrolling through her phone.

Jeremiah watched Yvette walk away, smiling. He knew exactly why she was annoyed-too many women were eyeing him

Entering the living room after her, he rubbed his temples and sat next to her, picking up the fruit knife from the table to peel an apple.

Yvette shot him a casual glance and continued scrolling through her phone.

Emmett and the others were left exchanging glances, thinking, We don't know what the future holds for Yvette and Mr. Chavez, but one thing is for sure-it'll be rife with love rivals.

'But Mr. Chavez will probably be more annoyed, for those who like Yvette are scarier. Who knows what kind of strange love rival will Mr. Chavez encounter in the future?"

guts

Bruno observed the couple in the living room and said, "I used to think no man would ever have the given her temper. But who would have thought there'd be someone bold enough to be her boyfriend?" to like Yvette,

Putting aside the fact that Jeremiah had tricked him into eating that terrible breakfast this morning, Bruno couldn't help but admire the man's nerve. Dating Yvette took guts, and Jeremiah certainly had them.

Meanwhile, Yelena returned to her room, fuming. She grabbed the ornament from the table and smashed it on the floor, venting her anger.

It took her a full half-hour to stop smashing things, leaving the floor a chaotic mess. She panted heavily, her eyes bloodshot with frustration.

Why did Yvette-someone who appeared out of nowhere-manage to catch Jeremiah's attention? What's the point of all my efforts, the surgeries I went through to look prettier, if Mr. Chavez won't even give me a second glance? she thought.

After a while, an idea popped into her mind, and her eyes lit up. She immediately sat down at her vanity, applying makeup and changing into a new outfit.

Then, she left the room and made her way back to the area around Yvette's mansion. By six in the evening, she saw Yvette emerge alone, heading toward the nearby fountain.

Yelena, who had been waiting patiently for some time, knew her moment had come when she saw Yvette step out alone.

She followed Yvette, keeping her distance until they were far enough from any guards,

Yvette suddenly stopped, hands tucked into her pockets. Without even glancing over her shoulder, she said. "You've been following me for a while. Come out."

Yelena was caught off guard. She hadn't expected Yvette to notice her, especially given her top-tier tracking skills honed through military training. How could I have been spotted so easily?" she thought. Yelena didn't have time to think; there was no point in hiding anymore once she'd been caught. She stepped out from

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Chapter 678

behind the pillar, no longer as confrontational as she had been at morning "How did you notice me?

Wette turned to face her, her expression unreadable. She raised an eyebrow and narrowed her eyes slightly. "If you have something to say, say it. Otherwise, I rave"

Yelena knew she had little standing or right to say what was on her mind, so she remained silent for a moment. In the end, she stuck to the plan and mentioned the rumored fiancée of Jen

Yelena's body froze mid swing, halting abruptly in mid air. She used the silver handgun in Yvette's hand in a thork

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 679[1,148 words]

Chapter 679

Yelena held up both her hands in a submissive gesture, saying, m sorry, Ms. Zeller. I was out of line earlier, but I hope you won't hold it against me. I have no bad intentions, trust me."

Yvette narrowed her eyes, looking at Yelena with interest while ying nonchalantly, "Go on."

Her demeanor irked Yelena. Though irritated, she could only pretend to be unfazed, maintaining an amicable smile.

She said, "Ms. Zeller, you probably don't know who Mr. Chavez eally is. He's a major general in Clusia and is from a prestigious family. As a fellow Clusian, you should know how influential he is. At his current age, his future is full of possibilities." Pausing, she added, "As you know, Mr. Chavez can't truly be in love with you. I'll admit, you're very beautiful, but to him, you're nothing more than a fleeting novelty. He won't stay with you forever in Spaunia, let alone grant you any official status"

"I just don't want to see you abandoned in the end. I hope you can walk away from this before it's too late. Yelena acted like she genuinely cared about Yvette and hoped she wouldn't get herself hurt. Yvette didn't so much as glance at Yelena, a frivolous, almost cynical glint in her eyes. With a nonchalant tone, she replied, "I enjoy casual flings. Who says I care about titles?"

Yelena was momentarily stunned. To her, Yvette's brazen claim of not wanting status was utterly shameless. She couldn't fathom any woman willingly rejecting such an opportunity-especially when it involved someone like Jeremiah. The idea was simply inconceivable. Seeing Yvette's stubbornness, Yelena steeld herself before finally bringing up Jeremiah's fiancée. Adopting a sincere tone, she said, "Let me be honest with you. Mr. Chavez has a legitimate fiancée. She's the mastermind behind the luxury brand "Vibe, and their relationship is strong.

"Everyone in Betrico's social circles knows how close these two are, especially Mr. Chavez's mother." Yelena deliberately paused to let it sink in before adding, "His mother, Aurora Chavez, adores her future daughter-in-law.

She went on, "She's even said that if Mr. Chavez doesn't marry that girl, he might as well stay single for the rest of his life. Everyone in our circle knows that no one can dethrone his fiancée, and I doubt that you can change that, Ms. Zeller.

"Mrs. Chavez will never accept you, so you'd better keep your distance from him. If this goes any further, you'll only end up hurt." Yelena carefully gauged Yvette's reaction as she spoke and finally caught a subtle shift in Yvette's gaze when Jeremiah's fiancée was mentioned.

She was pretending all along. Now that she knows Mr. Chavez is engaged, she'll have no choice but to let go of her delusional fantasies, Yelena thought to herself.

In truth, Yelena felt upset bringing up Aurora, Jeremiah's mother, too. Just a few months ago, news had spread across Betrico's high society that Aurora had received hundreds of haute couture gowns from Vibe, creating a significant buzz, in the fashion world. It wasn't long before everyone found out that Jeremiah's girlfriend was, in fact, the legendary mastermind behind Vibe.

In Yelena's view, all the lavish gifts and pampering of Aurora were nothing more than calculated moves by Jeremiah's girlfriend to win her favor. She wondered what kind of spell Aurora was under to be so fervently protective of her.

On one occasion, a wealthy socialite gossiped about Jeremiah's girlfriend, only for Aurora to retaliate by abruptly terminating a business collaboration with the woman's husband. Ultimately, the socialite was forced to issue a public apology. Yelena thought. If Mr. Chavez ever decides to marry someone else, there's no way Mrs. Chavez would stand in his way. After

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09:48 Fri, Jan 3 GB

Chapter 679

all, who prioritizes a future-daughter-in-law over their own son

With my family background and close ties to the Chavez family once I find the perfect opportunity to unseat Mr. Chavez's wife, Mrs. Chavez won't oppose the powerful alliance our families would create.

Yvette arched an eyebrow, a wicked glint flickering across her expression before a sudden smile curved her lips. Her gaze shifted to Yelena, filled with sharp curiosity. Then, in a voice dripping with indifference, she drawled, "Have you ever met Jeremiah's fiancée?" Although Yelena had never met her, she gritted her teeth and needed to make her words sound convincing.

She said, "Of course, I have! We're good friends, She's an incredible, capable woman-starting a fashion empire like Vibe at such a young age. I just don't want to see my friend get hurt."

She added, "If you end things with Mr. Chavez, I promise I'll keep this secret forever. I won't breathe a word to anyone, not soul. But Ms. Zeller, you really shouldn't get involved with a man who's already engaged, no matter the circumstances." Yvette stood there, one eyebrow raised, exuding a blend of devilish charm and arrogance. Her face remained impassive, save for a faint smile that played on her lips. Her gaze locked onto Yelena. "Since when did she have a 'good friend' like you?" Yelena assumed Yvette was simply being stubborn, unwilling to acknowledge her role as the mistress. Patiently, she continued, "Why are you fussing over such trivialities? Let me be blunt-associating with these pirates will never make you a worthy match for Mr. Chavez."

Pausing, she added, "You're relying on your looks now, but when time inevitably takes that away, how will you hold onto Mr. Chavez's heart? And let's be real-a respected Clusian major general being involved with someone who fraternizes with pirates? His reputation would be ruined"

Yelena expected that after all her efforts to highlight the gap between Yvette and Jeremiah, Yvette would finally grasp the impossibility of it all. She anticipated anger or disappointment from Yvette. Instead, she was met with an unsettling calmness, a faint smile playing on Yvette's lips.

Does she even understand a word of what I just said? How shameless! How is she still so calm? Yelena seethed inwardly, her frustration mounting. Her gaze turned cold.

Yvette took a deliberate step forward, closing the distance to the fountain. She turned, her eyes locking onto Yelena with an intense, unwavering gaze. Her voice, crisp and steady, rang out. I've encountered many fools, but you're truly one of the worst.

Yelena was momentarily stunned, but the shock quickly gave way to fury. Her face flushed with rage, and the veneer of kindness and gentleness she had carefully maintained shattered. In an instant, she raised her voice at Yvette.

Yelena spat, "You left me no choice but to be harsh! People like Mr. Chavez and I are in a league far beyond yours. Do you really think helping us with a mission suddenly makes you our equal?"

She let out a scornful laugh. "Stop dreaming. Let me make it clear-you're just looking for a way out, hoping to snag a good man so you can escape this place and live a better life. But it's never going to happen."

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COMMENT

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 680[2,170 words]

hapter 680

Yvette's gaze was icy, filled with a mixture of defiance and arrogance. She narrowed her eyes slightly at the furious Yelena with an indifferent expression. Coldly, she said, "Do your parents even know how clueless you are?" Yelena's face flushed even redder upon hearing Yvette's words, and a fierce glint flashed in her eyes. With no one around, she was determined to teach Yvette-who had dated to seduce Jeremiah-a harsh lesson today. Her intentions were clear as day to Yvette with a single glance. Vette lowered her gaze and smiled coldly, her eyes filled with contempt. As expected. Yelena hinged forward the next moment her fist aimed directly at Yvette's forehead. Just as Yelena thought her punch would knock Yvette down, the tables turned unexpectedly. Yvette stood her ground and effortlessly raised a hand to block Yelena's punch.

With a swift kick to Yelena's waist, Yvette sent her flying into the fountain like a discarded rag doll, accompanied by a resounding slap.

Water splashed everywhere as Yelena struggled to stand in the fountain. Her soaked clothes revealed everything underneath.

The wind blew gently, and the world seemed to pause for a moment. Yelena trembled, frozen in place. She stared wide-eyed at Yvette, who stood there with her hands in her pockets. Yvette's face was devoid of expression.

"Y-You know combat skills? Are you an ancient combat artist? Yelena stammered in shock. She had never imagined that Yvette was one of the rare ancient combat artists. Fear began to creep into her heart, for she knew well what they were capable of. No wonder Mr. Chavez is captivated by this woman," she thought.

Yvette stood at the edge of the fountain, lifting her eyelids lazily. Her exquisite features betrayed no emotion, and she had no intention of answering Yelena's questions.

Instead, Yvette bent down, picked up a nearby hose, and turned on the valve. The next moment, a powerful jet of water sprayed from the nozzle. A sly smile played on Yvette's lips as she aimed the hose at Yelena.

She said in a mocking tone, "No need to thank me. I'm giving you a free brainwash today."

Before Yelena could react, the high-pressure water hit her squarely, knocking her back into the fountain. She refused to surrender and glared at Yvette fiercely instead.

Repeated attempts to stand were met with the same result, leaving her drenched, exhausted, and utterly humiliated. Her face was as pale as chalk.

When Yvette finally turned off the water and dropped the hose, helena was disheveled. She trembled as she muttered, "You vile woman! If Mr. Chavez knew what kind of person you truly are, he would regret ever meeting your

Yvette stood with her hands in her pockets, exuding a strong presence with a hint of ruthlessness in her eyes. The intensity of her demeanor made Yelena swallow the words she was about to speak.

Yvette remained composed, her commanding presence causing Yelena to falter mid-sentence. Yvette pulled a handkerchief from her pocket and carefully wiped her hands. Yelena immediately recognized it as Jeremiah's handkerchief.

The embroidered dragon pattern on the handkerchief was a custom design exclusive to the Chavez family.

Yelena was soaked to the skin and clenched her teeth. The sight of the handkerchief felt like a heavy blow. How could this happen overnight? Mr. Chavez even gave this woman his handkerchief. What exactly happened between them last night?" she pondered. Yelena did not dare let her thoughts go any further. Her head throbbed painfully as she stared at the handkerchief,

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Chapter 68o

consumed by intense jealousy. Her eyes were bloodshot.

Yvette glanced at her briefly before casually tossing the handkerchief to the floor. Her cold gaze lingered for a moment before she turned and walked away. As she did, she crossed path with Jeremiah and his entourage, which included Emmett, Chris, and Frankie, who had just arrived. Yelena's expression changed immediately when she saw them, becoming pitiful and tearful. She wrapped her arms around herself and crawled out of the fountain in a miserable state, putting on a show of vulnerability.

The whole scene unfolded right in front of Jeremiah, Emmett, and the two others. They walked straight up to Yvette.

Jeremiah noticed the impatience etched between Yvette's lids as eyes shifted to the soaked Yelena, who was like a drowned rat. He instantly furrowed his brows, and his gaze turned cold. Jeremiah's gaze swept over Yelena briefly before settling on Yvette. He reached out, gently clasping her hand. Then, he said calmly yet firmly, "Are you tired? Next time, let me handle it."

Yvette raised her eyebrows slightly and said in an indifferent, lazy tone, "Get her out of here. If you don't, I'll kill her right

now.

Jeremiah nodded and replied without hesitation, "All right? A single glance at Emmett was enough to convey his order.

Yelena was completely stunned as things did not go as she had expected. She wondered, 'Why didn't Mr. Chavez give me a chance to talk?

'It shouldn't be like this. How could they be so indifferent after all I've endured? Why doesn't anyone ask what happened? Why doesn't anyone stand up for me?"

Emmett walked over to the dazed Yelena and pulled her soaked figure up. In a low voice, he said, "Come with me."

Frankie and Chris stared at Yelena in shock, their bodies tense. They thought, 'Does she think she can sow discord between Mr. Chavez and Yve? How clueless would someone have to be to try such a thing?

'Even without speaking, Mr. Chavez and Yvette always know each other's thoughts and plans. No one in the world can come between them now. Yet, some always insist on courting trouble only to suffer the consequences. Serves them right.

As Emmett dragged her away, Yelena broke free, yelling desperately, "Mr. Chavez, my family helped yours! You promised my father you'd protect me! You're a major general in Clusia-how can you let this woman treat me like this? She's a monster!

"She threw me into the fountain and sprayed me with water. How can you turn a blind eye to her cruelty? How could you be bewitched by her? You even have a fiancée!

"Do you think your fiancée

hapter 68o

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"She threw me into the fountain and sprayed me with water. How can you turn a blind eye to her cruelty? How could you be bewitched by her? You even have a fiancée!

"Do you think your fiancée would still want you if she knew what you did with that woman in Spaunia? How would you face her?"

Yelena was on the verge of madness, fuming inwardly, 'I can't possibly accept that Jeremiah, the man I've adored since childhood, would treat me like this-letting another woman trample on my dignity and insult my character. 'I, Yelena, a gifted and superior to ordinary people since birth-how could I have fallen into this state now?

SEND GIFT

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 681[1,123 words]

Chapter 681

After Yelena had finished yelling, she felt much better. She wanted to see if Yvette truly did not care about Jeremiah having a fance, just as she had claimed

When Yelena looked up agam, she saw the strange expressions the faces of the people around her, including Emmett, who was standing next to her. However, she no longer cared. She said to herself. If I can't have Jeremiah, then no other woman should, either Frankie and Chris were at a loss for words. What nonsense is she talking about? Isn't Yvette Mr. Chavez's fiancéer they thought.

Jeremiah stood tall in his black shirt and suit pants, exuding an air of restrained allure. He looked earnestly at Yvette and asked. "Will you ever leave me?"

With a charming smile, Yvette raised her eyebrows. With her hands in her pockets, she embodied calm confidence. She slowly replied, "Yes, you should find your fiancée. With that, Yvette turned and walked away from the fountain

Jeremiah didn't rush to follow her. Instead, he faced Yelena, his demeanor toward her starkly contrasting how he had treated Yvette. His gaze became cold and piercing, radiating a chilling, suffocating presence.

Like a god of death from the underworld, he radiated an icy, murderous intent.

In a cold tone, he said, "Haven't we repaid the debt my family owes your grandfather for saving lives on the battlefield all these years? Yelena, don't be so greedy. This is the last time I ensure your safe return to Betrico.

"With this, the Chavez family has settled the score. Convey my words to your father-if your family pushes any further, you know the consequences."

Jeremiah did not bother to say another word to Yelena or even give her another look. He turned and walked away, followed by Frankie and Chris.

Yelena slumped to the ground in tears, utterly devastated. Her family had always prided itself on being Jase's life-saving benefactors. That connection had shielded them from political scrutiny and given them many privileges. Now, however, Jeremiah's words marked the end of it. The Chavez family would no longer support the Lynch family. To her, it was a devastating blow

By the fountain, only Emmett and the disheveled Yelena remained. Emmett frowned at her self-pity.

If it hadn't been for Jeremiah's orders, he wouldn't have bothered with her. A soldier without discipline-how had she even passed the selection process? Probably, her family had pulled strings to get her assigned to this mission, he thought. know who that woman really is-the one you say

o you

Emmett asked in a low voice. "Do

is seducing Mr. Chavez?"

Yelena scoffed, "Who else? A woman trying to climb the social ladder, someone who associates with pirates. Emmett, are you going to stand by and watch her deceive Mr. Chavez?"

Emmett scoffed inwardly, 'She remained oblivious to the reality of her situation. How pathetic.

Without hesitation, Emmett stated, "She's Yvette, the rightful fiancée of Mr. Chavez."

Yelena stared blankly, unable to comprehend. Her body went limp and collapsed to the ground. Her face turned deathly pale and lacked any vitality.

"Are you saying she's Mr. Chavez's fiancée? The legendary Yvette? Mr. Chavez's fiancée? That's impossible! How could the owner of a fashion company know pirates? Emmett, stop making up stories!" she yelled.

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Chapter 681

Emmett watched the hysterical Yelena with impatience. He crouched down and quickly struck her in the neck, knocking her unconscious. Emmett found it difficult to describe her foolishness as he looked at the unconscious Yelena. Pirates' So what? What's so unusual about Yvette knowing them The president of Mysouna, the ruler of the Golden Triangle, Braydon, Carl, and Bryan-they are all prominent figures and have connections to Yvette. Women are so troublesome, but Alice is the cutest, Emmett thought, resigning himself to the task of carrying the unconscious Yelena over his shoulder.

When Jeremiah entered the mansion's living room, he found Yvette curled up on the couch, munching on fresh fruit that Bruno had just brought in. She seemed to be having a great time watching a local dating show on TV. Jeremiah approached and took a seat next to Yvette. He smiled, his eyes reflecting an unreadable emotion that indicated he was in a good mood.

Yvette noticed his joy and glanced at him indifferently before turning her attention back to the television. Is he trying to show off like a peacock?" she wondered.

Jeremiah gazed at her delicate profile and said, "Why didn't you kill Yelena earlier?"

Yvette's hand paused mid-air with the apple, then took a careless bite before saying, "No time for that."

Jeremiah smirked, saying inwardly, "What a flimsy excuse. Has she ever needed time to kill anyone?" He crossed his legs and stared at Yvette with a faint smile.

He said, "It's because Grandpa, isn't it? You don't want the Chavez family to break their promise or make things difficult for Grandpa because of the debt the Chavez family owes the Lynch family."

Yvette clearly cared for the Chavez family but was too stubborn to admit it. Otherwise, given her temperament, Yelena wouldn't have survived to see him, let alone get a chance to talk to him. Jeremiah was confident in his reasoning. After finishing the last bite of her apple, Yvette tilted her head slightly, raised her chin, and said, "Jeremiah, overthinking is a sickness. You need treatment. Jeremiah paused for a moment before replying, "You are all the treatment I need."

Yvette tilted her head as she studied Jeremiah intently. "Hopeless case. You'd better start planning your funeral now," she remarked dryly.

Jeremiah thought, Yvette always knows how to leave people speechless.

At the door, Frankie and Chris peeked inside, watching Yvette and Jeremiah from behind it.

Frankie grinned and whispered, "Tsk, ts! Look at how Yvette and Mr. Chavez flirt-You're sick, get treated. 'Incurable? Better plan your funeral. So intense."

Chris glanced at Frankie's mischievous expression. After some thought, he delivered a swift kick, and a loud, painful scream echoed through the entire pirate base. "Damn it, Chris! I'm not letting this slide!" Frankie cursed

Yvette and Jeremiah had already noticed Frankie and Chris at the door as they sat on the couch. After yelling, Frankie came in, rubbing his butt with a look of grievance on his face.

Chris followed, looking both embarrassed and awkward. He had not meant to kick in the wrong spot-Frankie had turned suddenly, and he couldn't pull back his kick in time. It was purely an accident.

Frankie sulked as he shuffled into the living room and said, "Mr. Chavez, it's over. My happiness for the rest of my life is gone. I'm going to be a eunuch.

Frankie turned to Chris and raised his fist. He snarled, "Chris, I will haunt you even after / die!"

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Chapter 681

Chris quickly explained, "Mr, Chavez, Yvette, I swear it was unintentional! I didn't expect him to turn so suddenly. I know I was wrong, okay?"

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 682[1,149 words]

Chapter 682

Frankie's eyes darted mischievously as he let out an exaggerated wail. I don't care, Christ Fm telling you, if my life is ruined because of this you're the guilty onet

Yvette, lounging lazily on the couch, rested her chin in her hand and silently watched Frankie's poor acting. She thought,

This is more entertaining than the dating shone

There was an unmistakable, knowing glint in Jeremiah's eyes as he sat with his legs crossed.

He thought, Frankie is up to his usual tricks again, targeting Cler. He's been like this since they were kids. Chris is the only one he can fool, while Emmett and Bruce won't fall for his tricks. Jeremiah rubbed his temple and said, "State your terms. But if you keep wailing, I'll throw you out"

Frankie fell silent immediately upon hearing that. He made a face and turned to Chris, who stood silently to the side. He said, "Look, given the unforgivable mistake you made this time, how about this you share half your secret stash with me? "And don't even try to hide it; I've seen the figures in your bank account. I'm not greedy-just half will do

Chris clenched his teeth, glaring at the shameless Frankie-always obsessed with money, like a walking piggy bank, ready to trick him at every opportunity.

After a brief silence, Chris nodded and said, "Fine. Half. But Frankie, don't come crying to me when you're buried under that pile of money."

Frankie, having achieved his goal, suddenly straightened up, looking as lively as ever. With a grin, he said, "You don't get it. My ultimate dream is to sleep on a bed of money."

Emmett came in from outside as the group chatted, now wearing fresh clothes. After carrying Yelena earlier, his mysophobia had kicked in, causing him to throw his previous outfit directly into the trash.

He reported, "Mr. Chavez, Yvette, I have sent Yelena off. The First Military District personnel are also on board, and the arrangements in Betrico have been confirmed"

Jeremiah nodded in acknowledgment.

When Emmett turned to look at Frankie and Chris, he noticed something odd about their expressions. What's with those faces? Did they have a fight? he wondered.

Yvette, still lounging, lazily remarked, "Frankie got his balls crushed, and he's extorting Chris' secret stash."

That one sentence summed everything up, and Frankie's expression froze.

Chris' mouth twitched as he thought, Could Yvette's phrasing be any more precise?"

Jeremiah turned to Yvette, who sat obediently and quietly on the couch. He rubbed his temple, his lips curling into a helpless smile. 'She's always full of surprises-it's impossible not to get used to it, he mused. Emmett raised his water glass, froze mid-sip, and put it down with a slight shake of his hand. 'Gosh, what did she mean by 'crushed his balls? he wondered.

Emmett looked at Frankie's indescribable area and asked seriously, "Both crushed?"

Frankie blushed and clenched his teeth before saying, "Emmett, they are not crushed."

"All right, all right. If nothing's crushed, then what are you so upset about?" Emmett replied with a dismissive wave.

1/3

Chapter 682

Frankie, too angry to argue, turned tail and fled. 'Oh my goodness! Yvette is a professional slanderer. I can't even fight back he thought.

After Frankie stormed off, Emmett turned to Chris and asked, "Did that guy trick you again?"

It was no secret in the group that Frankie always managed to fool Chris.

Chris nodded and said, "Yeah, just a bit of cash. That's all he cares about anyway, so let him enjoy himself."

Chris had a straightforward philosophy about money: as long as he had enough to spend, that was all that mattered-after all, he could never spend it all in his lifetime. In their group, Frankie was the only one obsessed with money-it was just part of his nature. The next moment, Bruno burst in from outside, dressed in an oversized T-shirt and baggy shorts. While his outfit was somewhat comparable to Eagle King's style, it lost points for its plain black, white, and gray tone color.

When Bruno saw everyone in the living room, he said, "Yvette, Jeremiah, Emmett, Chris, you're all here! How about we go to a diner tonight? It's lively here in Spaunia in the evenings, especially tonight's festival. People from all over the world are here. "There must be some Clusian cuisine since you Clusians are so good at business!"

Bruno glanced around the living room and asked, "Wait, where's my buddy, Frankie?"

Over the past two days, Frankie's personality had helped him get along with Bruno, turning them into best friends

Emmett scrutinized Bruno, thinking to himself, Is this guy really a member of the Spaunia pirates? Does he even know) what diner is?"

When Bruno noticed the scrutiny, he chuckled and explained. "Emmett, don't overthink it. I'm a local, but piracy isn't as glamorous as it seems. Every year, during the slow season for passing ships, I travel the world to enjoy life.

"After all, what's the point of making so much money if you don't enjoy it? Yvette is right-piracy is just a job. I don't want any children to follow in my footsteps. I'll retire once I've built up my crew and reached a certain age." Emmett and Chris were stunned. Bruno's unexpectedly open-minded perspective and surprising lack of guardedness caught them off guard-he even revealed his plans for the future.

It was clear the trust was due to Yvette. Men like Bruno did not speak so openly without a reason. It was just another testament to how extraordinary Yvette was.

Bruno's gaze landed on Yvette, who was lounging on the couch. He mused. Without her, I would have been nothing more than a petty pirate. Our meeting four years ago changed my life and my worldview.

Without her, I would never have gained the power I now wield, at best, I would remain the leader of a small band of pirates

When Yvette noticed Bruno's pensive look, she stood up with a calm expression. She raised an eyebrow and said casually, "Let's go. Didn't you say there was a festival tonight?"

The group split into two cars-Yvette, Jeremiah, and Emmett in one, while Frankie, Chris, and Bruno in the other. As usual, Bruno brought no bodyguards. His trust in Yvette allowed him to relax completely.

With Yvette around, Bruno felt completely at ease. Who will dare to provoke me now? That would be pure recklessness, he said to himself.

In the car, Emmett drove silently while Yvette and Jeremiah sat in the back. Yvette played idly with her phone. Jeremiah adjusted her seat for maximum comfort, gently holding her close

Emmett glanced at them through the rearview mirror and silently pressed the window switch to raise the partition. Another

Chapter 682

day, another dose of public display of affection, he thought, feeling suffocated.

Meanwhile in the other car. Frankie was staring at the transfer from Chris, double-checking the zeros. He looked like a walking treasure hunter.

Bruno glanced over casually. Holy crap! So many zeros. I'm broke compared to just rob the World Bank!"

im, he thought. He joked. "Bro, did you

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 683[1,247 words]

Chapter 683

Frankie glanced smugly at Chris and said, "Brune, let me tell yr something I don't have many talents, but when it comes to tricking people, I've got loads of experience-been honing it since I was young. If you want to learn, I can teach you, but..." Chris, sitting in the front row, twitched at the corner of his mouth. Here we go again-this guy's about to scam someone, he said to himself.

Bruno nodded and said, "Bro, with skills like that, I'll stick with you."

Frankie feigned a mysterious air. He said, "Come on-we're like family. But this craft of mine isn't shared for free. If you want to learn, we've got to settle accounts properly-3.3 million dollars, and I'll make sure you master it perfectly."

Bruno shifted uncomfortably in his seat and looked at Frankie, shaking his head. "Bro, I finally get how you scam people- you target anyone you meet!" he exclaimed. Frankie rubbed his nose, realizing that his secret had been exposed.

Chris casually added. This guy's only ever managed to scam me Tried it on Emmett and Bruce, but they strung him up and drained every cent from his bank account." Bruno looked at Frankie with a

"you actually did something that stupid?" expression, making Frankie completely withdraw into himself again.

The car rolled into the liveliest district in Spaunia, a bustling area filled with people from all over the world. Noise and chatter filled the air.

As Yvette and Jeremiah stepped out of the car with the group, they immediately drew attention. No matter where they went, the pair was always the center of attention. When Bruno appeared, some onlookers instantly recognized him. Spaunia wasn't a big place, and his fierce reputation surpassed even that of the president.

"Oh, my gosh-is that the pirate chief, Bruno? What brings him here?"

"Dear lord, it's him! Why aren't his militia around? This place is about to get chaotic."

"So many people want Bruno dead, and he's walking around without bodyguards? What a brave man."

"Bruno and the man next to him are so handsome."

"That woman is gorgeous, too. Are all Aplothian women this stunning?"

The group

ignored the murmurs around them as Bruno led Yvette, Jeremiah, and the others to the entrance of a bar.

The bar had a decrepit sign and skull decorations that looked eerily like real human skulls, maxing out the creepy atmosphere.

Yvette and Jeremiah gave the entrance a disinterested glance, their cold expressions unfazed by the skulls. Emmett remarked. "All of these skulls are real."

Bruno nodded and said, "Emmett has sharp eyes. The bar owner was once a pirate. After his wife was killed by enemies, he slaughtered that pirate's entire family, dried their skulls, and hung them here as decorations. But don't worry-the owner has a good temper. Frankie clicked his tongue and said, "Bro, you call that a good temper? How can you even say that with a straight face?" Bruno glanced at Yvette, who was standing nearby, leaning lazily with an air of nonchalance. He explained. Compared to

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Chapter 683

Jan

Yvette, the owner really does have a good temper

Yvette raised her eyelids slightly, her cold gaze meeting his. Her delicate face looked even more chilling under the dim light of the bar's entrance. Her smile was wicked as she asked slowly. Compared to me?"

Jeremiah smirked faintly, his eyes gleaming. To him, Yvette's temper wasn't had at all.

Bruno immediately felt like he was walking on thin ice. With a miserable expression, he quickly changed the subject. Yvette, I didn't mean it that way! I was wrong!"

Yvette's smile was playful yet dangerous, her eyes glinting mischievously. She strode into the bar, pushing open the door without hesitation.

Chris, Emmett, and the others followed her in. Frankie lingered behind, patting Bruno on the shoulder with a sympathetic look. He said. "Bro, you've got guts. I'll give you that. Seriously, daring to say Yvette's got a temper right to her face." Bruno forced a bitter smile. 'I don't know why my mouth has no filter, Think it's too late for me to pack up and flee now?" he thought.

Inside the bar, a bearded man was quietly playing the piano on round stage. There were no intense dance tracks, no wild crowds, and no dizzying lights.

The atmosphere was completely different from other bars. It was a tranquil scene. Everyone sat quietly, immersed in the performance.

The group found a booth seating while Bruno went to the bar to order drinks.

Frankie sipped his drink and remarked, "This place is a total contradiction. Outside, it looks like a horror movie, but inside, it's refined and elegant. The owner must be an interesting person

Yvette lounged on the couch, legs crossed, her right arm draped casually along the backrest. She held a glass, which she brought to her nose for a sniff. Her brows furrowed slightly as her gaze fell on the custom cocktails. She said slowly, "Change mine." Everyone replied in unison, "No."

Their loud responses drew the attention of nearby patrons.

Jeremiah smoothed out the creases in his black shirt, his eyes flashing with faint amusement. He said gently as if coaxing child, "Just one sip?"

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Yvette's eyes lit up, and a pure, harmless smile spread across her face as she nodded obediently. "One sip is fine," she replied. Emmett, Frankie, Chris, and Bruno exchanged glances. Jeremiah really spoils Yvette with no limits, they thought. But the bigger problem loomed: if Yvette drank, someone was bound to suffer.

Jeremiah brought his glass to Yvette's lips. She leaned down to take a sip, but just as she wanted another, the glass was already back in Jeremiah's hand. Yvette glared at him, her delicate brows raised in annoyance.

Unfazed, Jeremiah finished the cocktail and placed the glass on the table.

Seconds later, Yvette tilted her head slightly, her cold gaze softening as a mischievous warmth flickered in her eyes. She tapped the floor lightly with her toes, her expression unreadable

Watching her closely, Jeremiah rubbed his temples. 'She's drunk again, he thought.

While Frankie and the others were deep in conversation, Yvette suddenly stood up. As they turned to look, she was already heading toward the stage.

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Chapter 688

Einment said. Jeremiah, Yvette's drunk again. What's she up to?

Jeremiah replied. "Not sure."

Frankie quickly stood up and said, Jeremiah, we need to stop h

Before he could act. Bruno pressed him back into his seat and s now, one of us will be the target later? Right now, with all these

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Chapter 683

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Chapter 683

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Before he could act, Bruno pressed him back into his seat and said, "Bro, have you considered that if Yvette doesn't vent now, one of us will be the target later? Right now, with all these people here, we're safe." Frankie clammed up immediately, looking at Bruno. He said, "Bro, you're heartless."

Bruno replied, "Wait until you've been beaten by a drunk Yvette She hits acupoints-I nearly didn't survive."

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 684[1,187 words]

Chapter 684

Yvette strode onto the stage nonchalantly and stunned everyone in the bar with her sudden appearance. Bewildered, the bearded pianist immediately stopped playing. He was likely wondering why someone had just appeared out of nowhere. Striding to the center of the stage, Yvette stood there casually. Squinting, she scanned the room with a smirk. Under the lights, her exquisite face showed a cool yet frivolous defiance.

Everyone was captivated by Yvette until she spoke, leaving them in shock with her words. "Hey, guys and girls-how's it going? I'm back!" she announced.

Jeremiah sat on the couch below the stage, his eyebrows twitching slightly as he watched Yvette greet everyone on stage. He sighed silently, thinking. Oh well, as long as she's happy...

The announcement caused both Emmett and Bruno to almost drop their drinks. They thought, 'Oh, no-that familiar yet terrifying feeling is back.'

Frankie and Chris had only heard about how different Yvette was when she got drunk, but they had never seen it themselves. They were shocked to hear her words. They thought, No way... Is this really the usually composed Yvette? Has she been possessed?' The other people in the bar enthusiastically cheered. With a slightly hazy gaze, Yvette waved at the crowd, her presence commanding. Her eyes drifted over to where Jeremiah and the others were sitting, and her gaze conveniently slid over the former

Wette's mind was clear about one thing-the people there were from all over the world, and she needed a few translators, Otherwise, she'd exhaust herself. Hence, it was time to enlist some help.

Standing straight, Yvette lifted her eyelids and raised her eyebrows. Unhurriedly, she called out to Emmett and a few others. "Uprian No. 1. Aboriginal No. 2, Sylvonican No. 3, and Granatanglan No. 4, come here."

Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Bruno were confused. Wondering about the meaning of the numbers, they all turned to Jeremiah for answers.

Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose with his slender fingers and said calmly, "You four, get up there." After a pause, he added. Translate for her,

The four men were puzzled. They wondered, What's going on? Isn't Yvette supposed to get into physical fights when she's drunk instead of verbally sparring?

Emmett was the first to stand, followed by Bruno. They both knew that if they didn't get on stage, the outcome could be even worse. Frankie and Chris also got up.

None of them had ever imagined that they would end up as translators at Spaunia Bar. They stepped onto the stage and lined up, awaiting Yvette's next command. The audience below was puzzled by the sudden appearance of the four men Yvette looked at the four of them with satisfaction. Her gaze was meaningful as she raised her eyebrows and walked up to them with a friendly smile. Sincerely, she said, "The four of you have potential. If you do well, I won't treat you badly." The four men's lips twitched as they thought, "When Yvette's drunk, she certainly makes big promises"

After speaking, Yvette turned to face the audience. Her eyes were clear, and her expression was calm. She showed no signs of being drunk as she casually asked the crowd, "Do you know why a spider that fell from the ceiling only has seven legs?" Jeremiah curled his lips with a hint of a smile in his eyes. He wondered, 'Is Yvette about to tell a corny joke?

After Yvette had finished speaking, she tilted her head and looked at Frankie and the other three. Under everyone's curious gazes, the four of them braced themselves and translated what she had said into several languages. 1/3

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Chapter 684

It was definitely one of the post awkward moments in their live Indeed, what was the situation? There they were, translating corny jokes at a bar. It was unbelievable.

The people in the bar glanced at each other and began whispering. Two minutes passed by, and no one stepped up to answer. They all turned their attention to Yvette.

Yvette rolled her eyes, clearly unimpressed. She thought, 'How in these people be so clueless?"

Slowly. Yvette said. "Because the spider has covered its chest with a leg as it said, "That scared me, that scared me!"

When Emmett and the others finished translating, they completely gave up on being embarrassed. After all, nobody knew anyone there-they stopped caring.

The crowd fell silent for a moment after hearing the punchline. A flicker of amusement sparkled in Jeremiah's blue eyes as he began clapping. Following his lead, the bar burst into applause.

When he saw everyone applauding, Frankie mumbled, "Do these foreigners even know what a lame joke is?"

Chris murmured, "Do you think they would be clapping if they actually understood?"

Emmett and Bruno nodded. Chris was right-only someone like a tipsy Yvette could get away with fooling foreigners with a lame joke.

Waving her hand, Yvette raised an eyebrow. With a slight smile on her lips, she then asked, "How does someone who hurt the back of their head sleep?"

The audience below started shouting all at once. Someone suggested that the person would sleep on their side, while another said that they should sleep on their stomach. Someone else said that the solution must not be a simple one. Yvette did not leave them in suspense for long and casually revealed, "They sleep with their eyes closed."

Behind her, Emmett and his friends were at a loss for words. They thought, "Wow. Yvette has just switched from telling silly jokes to brain teasers.

Next, Yvette asked, "What's the main reason for divorce? The answer-marriage. She continued, "If what you're born with comes from your parents, then what's acquired later? The answer is the future-because it's always after the present!" Yvette asked, "What does an elephant's left ear look like? The answer is... its right ear!"

For the next half-hour, Yvette shared dozens of quick brain teasers on the stage. The crowd of foreigners listened with interest, nodding and clapping occasionally, creating a lively atmosphere. Even the pianist listened with great interest. However, it was a real struggle for Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Bruno. They were racking their brains to translate, nearly depleting their vocabulary. It wasn't until Yvette had finished the last brain teaser that they finally got a break. Jeremiah's gaze remained on Yvette the entire time. He did not look away for even a moment.

Just as Frankie, Emmett, and the others thought that they were finally free, Yvette turned around and walked over. She looked them over as if she were meeting them for the first time. Then, she nodded seriously.

Then, Yvette went over to the piano and sat down leisurely. She picked up the microphone and slowly said, "Hey, everyone want to see a fantastic show? I promise it'll be amazing! You won't be disappointed. Just 10 American dollars per person don't pass the opportunity! It's only 10 American dollars!"

Frankie, Chris, Emmett, and Bruno stiffly turned their heads to look at Yvette. Her knack for trickery was truly remarkable. They couldn't help but be impressed that she had managed to find a way to charge people even in a situation like that,

They thought to themselves, It's over. Yvette's image is completely ruined. Can she ever recover from this!"

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 685[1,162 words]

Of

Chapter

685

When Yvette's gaze fell on Jeremiah, his body briefly tensed up and he sighed in resignation. He picked up a small basket from the table and began collecting fees, one table at a time, golf from left to right.

His tall, striking figure stood out remarkably in the crowd. He had a regal air that clashed with the pocket change in his hands.

On stage. Emmett, Chris, and Frankie stared at Jeremiah in disbelief. They wondered if he lost all his principles after meeting Yvette.

They thought, Love-struck men are scary, but men without principles are even worse:

Yvette nodded in satisfaction at Jeremiah's sensible behavior.

Before Emmett and the others could fully process their pity for Jeremiah and recover from their shock, what Yvette said the next moment completely floored them.

With a mischievous smile on her lips, Yvette declared, "Today, my buddies will perform the 'Four Little Swans for everyone. Let's give them a round of applause."

Meanwhile, Jeremiah had just finished collecting the money and was about to walk back when he heard those words. He paused momentarily then casually walked to the couch and sat down.

The room erupted in cheers and applause, and everyone focused on the stage. But, this time, Yvette wasn't the center of attention. It was Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Bruno.

With all eyes on them, Emmett and the rest stood with their hands stiff. Chris took a deep breath and said, "Who are the four little swans?" His voice was calm, but his twitching face betrayed his nerves. With a grim expression, Frankie pointed a finger and said incredulously, "One, two, three, four. If my guess is right, that's the four of us."

A look of panic appeared on Emmett's face for the first time, and he didn't even want to speak at all.

Bruno remained silent, glancing around furtively. The other three looked at him.

"Don't look at me," he said. "We'll have to do as she says. Yvette's like a nuclear don't dance, you'll end up suffering more.

weapon

when she's drunk. Trust me, if you

'I'll cover my head with a cloth. In any case, I've got to keep a decent reputation for my future in Spaunia. I won't look good if this gets out, so please bear with me."

Frankie grumbled, "No offense, Bro, but you've reached your all-time low. Are you sure you can still make it in the pirate business? Maybe it's time to consider a career change."

Bruno sighed. He thought, "What pirate lives as pitifully as me? Oh, never mind. My life's more important. Complaining won't help. The terror from four years ago is the last thing I want to face again.'

Emmett and the others wanted to object; but, when they turned around, they saw Yvette sitting at the piano and gazing at them with penetrating eyes while wearing a faint, ambiguous smile. They instantly spun back around. They agreed with Bruno-it was better to just dance. If Yvette go angry and decided to beat them up, they might not make it out alive.

Bruno, now donning a hastily found simple mask backstage, reluctantly struck his pose and stood on tiptoe alongside the equally resigned Emmett, Frankie, and Chris. Chapter 683

Yvette sat at the piano, raising an eyebrow and tapping her toe on the floor. She announced through the microphone, Let's welcome the four lovely swans Everyone started cheering again. The applause was thunderous, instantly energizing the atmosphere.

Sitting on the couch, Jeremiah sighed, his defined features displaying a touch of helplessness.

On stage, the four beautiful "white swans" just wanted to disappear from embarrassment.

Yvette gently placed her hands on the piano keys; and, the next moment, a beautiful melody immediately captured everyone's attention.

The notes from the piano flowed like a spring, gently cascading The sound was heavenly.

Yvette's fingers moved expertly, producing music that resembled a butterfly poised to soar. In that instant, all the lights in the bar converged on her.

It felt as though all words in the world were insignificant at that moment. Jeremiah's gaze passed through the crowd and locked onto Yvette.

With his long legs crossed, he exuded a relaxed and lazy charm; his gaze was intense and his brows slightly furrowed. Meanwhile the crowd in the bar listened, entranced.

Emmett, Frankie, and Chris moved their arms and legs and executed a familiar yet unfamiliar routine on stage. Frankie, however, stood out for his lively expression and the energy he put into his movements.

He thought, Well, Yvette will definitely reward me if I dance well. Since I'm already doing this, I might as well forget my pride and do well. Maybe I can ask her for a tip later'

The four's awkward dance, complemented by Yvette's angelic melody, was both harmonious and somewhat amusing. Their facial expressions were especially entertaining. Finally, after fifteen minutes, Yvette stopped playing, and the music came to an abrupt stop. Immediately, Emmett, Chris, Frankie, and Abadi stopped dancing- Dancing was truly more exhausting than fighting. They thanked the skies for ending their ordeal.

Everyone in the bar stood up and applauded enthusiastically. None of them expected to hear such amazing piano music in such a place

The applause just kept going.

Frankie excitedly said to the others, "Who would've thought our dance would be such a hit?"

Emmett, Chris, and Bruno all rolled their eyes at Frankie in unison. They wondered if he knew the applause was for Yvette's spectacular show, not them. Yvette casually walked over to Emmett and the others, half-squinting her eyes as she looked toward the crowd below. Emmett and the rest instantly tensed up

They wondered what other plan she had in mind. If anything, she should just quickly end their misery.

Yvette tilted her head, her sharp features exuding coolness as she raised an eyebrow. "Next up is something even more exciting

She continued, "What do we sing during New Year's Eve in Clusia? A wonderfully meaningful song. Let's give it up for The Four Swans and their rendition of Auld Lang Syne!"

This time, Yvette did the translation herself, introducing the next performance in six different languages.

Chapter 681

Thunderous applause filled the room as everyone's eyes turned toward Emmett and the others. The crowd started chanting "The Four Swans" loudly in different languages like Dermonian grean, Frixyia, and Turlen. The crowd was electrified, and the bar's atmosphere hit another right, almost loud enough to blow the roof off. By then, nobody cared about what Emmett and the other three thought

Yvette handed the microphone to Emmett. With a smirk, she calmly instructed, "Sing"

That was all she said.

Emmett raised his stiff right hand to take the microphone, while Frankie and Chris turned their heads in unison. They could not bear to endure more humiliation.

Bruno raised his hand timidly. "Uh, Yvette, I can't sing. Can I back out?"

Yvette tilted her head subtly, her dark eyes locking onto Bruno, as though genuinely considering whether he knew how to sing or not.

After a few seconds, she slowly nodded and put her hands into her pockets. "Okay, you don't have to sing."

Bruno almost jumped up in excitement upon hearing this as he looked at the other three smugly.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 686[1,251 words]

Chapter 686

Bruno waved at Emmett and the others and was about to step of the stage when Yvette's calm voice rang out, "Did I say you could leave?" He immediately stopped and turned awkwardly with a sheepish smile. Frankie had a smug look on his face, finding the situation amusing. He thought, "There goes Bruno's hope of escaping."

Yvette raised her brows and let out a soft chuckle tinged with nonchalance and a mix of roguish and daring charm. She fixed her eyes on Bruno. "You should dance to the song."

Bruno's face instantly fell, but he forced a bright smile and nodded resolutely. "Alright, Yvette. I'll definitely give it my best."

Emmett and his friends could picture the ordeal Bruno had to endure four years ago. After all, Yvette had now pressured a pirate chief into becoming a dancer.

Yvette withdrew her gaze from Bruno, and then slowly walked down the stage. She sat quietly next to Jeremiah and lazily directed her gaze back to the stage.

Jeremiah placed the orange juice he had ordered earlier near Yvette's lips, and she took a brief look at him before drinking it. Jeremiah smiled and asked in a low voice. "Why didn't you ask me to dance as well?" Wette tilted her head as she tugged on Jeremiah's collar. She whispered, "Shh, you're handsome. You don't need to."

Jeremiah smelled the faint scent of alcohol mixed with Yvette's subtle milky fragrance, and his Adam's apple bobbed. He smirked, a wicked gleam in his eyes, and asked casually, "Who's the handsome man in your eyes?" Yvette arched an eyebrow, grinned, and patted her chest. She remarked nonchalantly, "I'm the super handsome one. Better keep it low-key, okay?"

Jeremiah couldn't help but laugh. His eyes were dark and intense as he looked at her. "No need to be low-key"

Yvette reached out and patted Jeremiah's shoulder. In a slightly husky voice, she said, "Be good. Listen to the music. With that, she focused her attention back on the quad on the stage. Jeremiah sighed softly. Well, at this moment, his charisma was no match for the four men on stage.

On stage, Emmett, Frankie, and Chris managed to talk themselves into performing. They had already danced the "Four Little Swans," so singing "Auld Lang Syne" couldn't possibly be worse. Steeling themselves, they picked up the microphones.

The applause was thunderous. Emmett began the first line with a serious expression. "Should old acquaintance be forgot, and never brought to mind?"

Chris was next. "Should old acquaintance be forgot, in the days of auld lang syne?"

Frankie continued, "For auld lang syne, my dear."

In the back, Bruno could only jump around wildly, turning the entire stage into a chaotic mess. It was a sight the rest found unbearable.

Each time they sang a line, they sighed, then moved the microphone away quickly. They hadn't expected their performance to be so well-received. The applause never stopped from the moment they started. Finally, the three of them finished singing "Auld Lang Syne." Bruno was sweating profusely from dancing; while Emmett, Frankie, and Chris swore to never listen to this song again on New Year's Eve. Below the stage, Yvette's face was propped up and her legs stretched out, dozing off in such a rustic setting, Jeremiah

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Chapter 686

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scooped her up into his emigace, gazing at the quiet and obedient woman before walking briskly out of the bar.

Seeing this, Emmett and the rest quickly followed suit. They wondered how boring their performance must have been for Yvette to fall asleep while watching it.

As Frankie reached the door, he suddenly remembered something and spoke to Chris. He went back to the couch where he had been sitting, picked up a small basket full of money from the table, and left. Only the people in the bar, who were still savoring the performance, remained.

When Frankie got in the car with the small basket, Chris and the others couldn't help but grimace when they saw the change. They thought, 'Seriously? He won't even pass up that money

Seeing the disdainful looks on Chris and his friends' faces, France protested, "Hey, this is our hard-earned money. It'll be a waste if I don't take it."

The two looked at Frankie, their expressions difficult to describe. It was true. This money was truly earned with great hardship.

Jeremiah gently placed the sleeping Yvette on the bed inside a room in the mansion. He was about to unbutton her shirt when her eyes snapped open, looking a bit dazed. She grabbed Jeremiah's wrist and slowly focused on him. Jeremiah knew it was just her reflexes, as she had not even sobered up yet.

Yvette's eyelashes fluttered. She said blankly, "You little thief, are you trying to mess with a fairy like me?"

Jeremiah resignedly let Yvette hold his wrist, raising his eyes to look into her eyes without a trace of distraction. He gently reassured her, "Oh, my dearest fairy, I didn't mean to be disrespectful."

Yvette scrutinized him for a while before slowly letting go of his hand. Then, she lay down.

She gazed at the crystal chandelier above, buttoned her clothes back up, and closed her eyes. Then, she straightened her legs and crossed her hands over her belly.

The next moment, she suddenly opened her eyes, pulled the blanket over herself, and muttered, "I can't catch a cold. She fell asleep afterwards, and her breathing steadied.

Jeremiah stood by the bed, watching Yvette. After a few minutes, he walked into the bathroom. 'I'm a fool if I ever let her drink again,' he thought.

Bruno, who was sore all over, was the first to wake up the next morning.

Once he finished his tasks, he made his way to the villa where Yvette and the others were staying, bringing along a hearty breakfast that he arranged.

He had just directed the servants to lay out the breakfast when Emmett, Frankie, and Chris came down one by one from the second floor. Their faces were visibly worse for wear, showing no vitality.

Bruno asked, "What's wrong with you guys? Didn't you get any sleep last night?"

Emmett sat down in the dining room, his face expressionless. He took a sip of coffee and finally felt a bit more awake. "When I closed my eyes yesterday, all that came to mind was 'The Four Swans.'" Frankie slumped weakly over the table and looked up, his dark circles even more pronounced. "I'm holding up, but every time I close my eyes, it feels like someone's singing 'Auld Lang Syne' next to

me." Bruno stroked his beard. "That's funny. I didn't sleep at all either. I kept feeling like Yvette was watching me from my bedside and urging me to get up and dance.

Chapter 686

The three paused briefly after speaking then turned to Chris, who was picking up a sandwich.

Chris took a bite of his food. "Don't look at me. I didn't have a nightmare. I just couldn't sleep."

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The four exchanged glances. Thinking about their performance in the bar last night gave them goosebumps immediately. Remembering how they acted, just looking at each other made them feel sick to their stomachs. The four of them ate breakfast in heavy silence. When they were almost done, Yvette and Jeremiah came downstairs dressed in matching black and white outfits.

Yvette, Mr. Chavez." "Yvette." "Mr. Chavez," they greeted.

Yvette sat down at the table, gave a small nod after looking at the four's faces, then picked up a sandwich to eat.

Jeremiah poured orange juice, pushed it towards Yvette, then spread strawberry jam on a slice of bread and placed it in front of her.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 687[1,389 words]

Chapter 687 9K 79%

Emmett, Bruno, Frankie, and Chris sat in a row, all eyes on Yvete as she casually ate her bread and drank her orange juice. They thought, Isn't Yvette acting a bit too calm? Something doesn't seem right.

Jeremiah took a sip of his coffee and looked down, suddenly taking pity on the four people before him. 'Honestly, those four are quite unfortunate, being messed with by Yvette like that! Frankie put down his cup and cautiously looked at Yvette. "So, Yette, anything you want to say about last night? How are you feeling now?" As soon as he asked, Frankie felt like hitting himself, thinking. Why am I being such a coward?" Yvette paused with a slice of bread in her hand. She looked up and squinted at Frankie, who was fidgeting nervously, her face expressionless. Then, she raised her brow, her long, straight legs extending under her jeans.

She said casually, "Last night? We went to the bar, listened to some piano music, then came back. Is there anything else I should mention?" Yvette gave Frankie a puzzled look, leaving him at a loss

for words. "Oh my... what's going on? What's Yvette talking about? The four of us were dancing and singing under her pressure, she's acting like she forgot everything.

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'She promised us rewards if we gave a good performance. Turns out it was all a lie. City people are full of tricks. I was just too naive to see through it, Frankie murmured inwardly.

Frankie stared blankly at the other three before turning to Jeremiah. Emmett's eye twitched slightly. He stayed quiet for a few moments before saying, "Yvette, 10 American dollars can get you a truly fantastic show." Bruno had long accepted his fate. He no longer wanted to make his own justice.

Jeremiah tilted his head and said solemnly, "Yeah, last night you had a sip of the cocktail."

Yvette tilted her head slightly, pausing in thought. She lowered her gaze and gripped the fork in her hand. The light reflected off its surface and cast an eerie shimmer across the faces of the four people sitting across from Yvette. Then, she raised her eyes slowly and said, "So, did I get drunk?"

Frankie nodded heavily. "Yvette, can you remember what you made us do after you got drunk?"

Yvette pressed her lips together and leaned back casually, her eyes calm and unreadable. She glanced at the four in front of her, raising an eyebrow as her strikingly elegant features caught the light.

Then, with a lazy tone, she parted her lips and said, "I'm the kind of person who behaves perfectly when I'm drunk. I just quietly go to sleep and would never force anyone to do something they don't want to do."

Chris nearly choked on the water he was drinking, struggling to swallow as he coughed. He thought, "Yvette really has a remarkably deep perception of herself."

Emmett, Frankie, and Bruno's eyes widened at Yvette's comment. They thought, 'How can Yvette say that without blushing? Doesn't she feel guilty at all?'

Jeremiah calmly lifted his coffee cup and took a quiet sip. His features were so perfectly defined that they seemed to be sculpted by an artist. A hint of amusement flickered in his eyes as he mused, 'Yvette could easily work the four of them up with just a few words. Jeremiah said in a deep voice. "Yes, you're a good drunk. I can vouch for that."

Across the table, Emmett, Frankie, Chris, and Bruno all stared at Jeremiah in disbelief and wondered, 'How could Mr. Chavez say something so obviously untrue with such a straight face? Nope... it looks like Mr. Chavez has completely lost his conscience:

Chapter 687

Yvette glanced at Jeremiah with a faint smirk tugging at her lips her eyes radiating a cool, nonchalant demeanor.

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Finally, Frankie stood up. He took a couple of deep breaths before turning to Yvette and Jeremiah. "Yvette, Mr. Chavez. I've got to go. Frankie was worried if he stayed any longer, he might actually start to sulk. 'Mr. Chavez and Yvette are getting too far

Emmett and Chris got up soon after. "Take your time eating, Yvette and Mr. Chavez. We're heading out for a morning workout.

Soon, Bruno was the only one left across the table. He stood up, his tone firm as he said, "Yvette, here's my advice-for everyone's sake, maybe try not to drink anymore in the future." Without waiting for a response, he turned and walked away. not once glancing back at Yvette.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her voice tinged with confusion as she spoke. "What do they mean by that?"

Meanwhile, Jeremiah calmly peeled an egg while replying casually, "Nothing. Just ignore them."

In the evening, Bruno and the other three sat on the couch, staring at the newspaper spread out on the table. Their expressions were truly something to behold.

The newspapers were plastered with eye-catching headlines: (The Latest Trend in Somalia: The Rise of the Four Swans Bar] and [The Four Swans? Discovering the Stories Behind the Quartet.]

A bar suddenly became the talk of the town yesterday, all thanks to a mysterious and stunning Aplothian woman and her "Four Swans"..)

The four of them, who had just composed themselves in the morning, were now looking at the newspaper headlines again with a range of expressions.

After a moment, Bruno let out a resigned sigh and said. "Guys, don't worry. I've already bought out all of today's newspapers. The photos are just blurry shots of us from the front and back. No one will recognize us."

Emmett and the other two were visibly pleased with Bruno's quick action. With how fast news spreads these days, even in Spaunia, one could never be too careful. Who knew when it might reach the wrong ears? Embarrassing stories like this needed to be nipped in the bud.

Just as the four were about to stash the newspapers out of sight, Yvette and Jeremiah walked in from outside. Before they could even put away the papers, Yvette was already standing beside them.

Yvette's eyes fell on the pile of newspapers, then on the uneasy expressions of the four. Without a word, she casually picked up one of the papers and gave it a quick glance. Her gaze lingered on the photo for a few seconds before she looked away. Then, she quietly sat down on the couch.

Jeremiah noticed Yvette's subtle action out of the corner of his eyes. He walked over and sat down next to her, his gaze intense.

Yvette raised her eyes and fixed a serious perform while I was drunk?"

gaze on Emmett and the other three. She asked, "Did you drag me on stage to

As soon as she said this, Emmett, Frankie, Chris, and Bruno, sitting on the couch, were utterly stunned "What did Yvette say?

Even Jeremiah who was sitting beside Yvette, rubbed his temples when he heard her. The question she asked..."

Frankie stood up shakily before sinking back onto the couch under Yvette's calm and piercing gaze.

Frankie mumbled, "Yvette, maybe you're giving us too much credit. Could it be that perform on stage and even named us The Four Swans?"

you were so drunk you

insisted that we

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He continued. "I mean, couldn't you have picked something cooler, like those other popular band names? But no, now we re stick being "The Four Swans."

Emmett and Chris both wanted to give Frankie a snack. They thought in unison. Is the group's name really the issue here? The real issue is Yvette's behavior when she's drunk. It was outrageous, inhuman, absolutely intolerable. Yvette's hand froze on the armrest of the couch as she slightly raised her chin. Her gaze swept over the four sitting across from her, and she stayed silent for a few seconds.

She lifted her gaze and asked, "Was it really me who forced you all to perform on stage?"

Emmett, Frankie, Chris, and even the always-quiet Bruno all nodded. Yvette really couldn't remember doing these things,

After a moment, Yvette's lips curled into a sly smile. She asked again with a seemingly sincere expression, drawing out the end of her sentence. "How about I compensate you a little for all the trouble?"

Across from her. Emmett, Bruno, and Chris were even more alarmed after hearing this. They thought in unison, 'No way. We would never dare accept money from Yvette-not in a million years.'

On the contrary, Frankie's eyes lit up instantly upon hearing this

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 688[1,364 words]

Chapter 688

Frankie nodded bashfully and said to Yvette, "Yvette, li doesn't have to be too much. How about just 7 million dollars? Given our relationship, I'd feel bad asking for more. 7 million dollars is fine. Check or transfer, whatever's easier for you, Yvette" Frankie's eyes up with excitement. He thought, 'Finally, I can get money from Yvette. This is definitely the most glorious moment of my life, something I can proudly brag about for years to come.'

Yvette sat on the couch with her legs crossed. She lifted her gaze a faint smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Then, she pursed her lips and let her expression settle into calm neutrality before lazily saying, "7 million dollars? Alright then." Emmett, Bruno, and Chris were all stunned when Yvette so readily agreed to give Frankie 7 million dollars. They wondered, "What's going on? Is Yvette really going to give out 7 million so easily? It seems a bit too out of her character to do so

Hearing this, Frankie was practically bouncing with joy. Beside him, Jeremiah raised an eyebrow as a gleam flashed in his eyes. Does Frankie really think he can trick Yvette into giving him money?

Without hesitation, Yvette pulled out her phone and swiftly transferred 7 million dollars to Frankie's account. She didn't need any approvals because her bank account had the highest authority. She could transfer 30 million dollars just like that, so 7 million dollars was barely worth mentioning.

In less than a minute, Frankie's phone buzzed with a notification confirming the 7 million transfer. Seeing the message, brought him an overwhelming sense of relief and satisfaction. This, without a doubt, was the pinnacle of his life.

Emmett, Bruno, and Chris struggled to process the fact that Yvette had sent the money to Frankie. Bruno said wistfully, Alas! If I'd known, I'd have asked for 7 million dollars as compensation too."

Chris and Emmett didn't say anything. They had the feeling that things weren't as simple as they seemed. "Does Frankie really think he can get away with Yvette's money?"

Yvette slightly narrowed her eyes and raised an eyebrow, a mischievous glint gracing her delicate and pretty features. She fiddled with her phone while glancing at Frankie, who was beaming with joy, and leisurely said, "Happy?"

Without thinking, Frankie replied, "Yeah, I'm super happy." Just as he was reveling in the joy brought by the 7 million dollars, his phone started buzzing non-stop with text notifications.

[Your account has been debited 7 million dollars.] [Your account has been debited 10 million dollars] [Your account has been debited 30 million dollars.]

The barrage of notifications left Frankie completely stunned. 'What the heck? What's happening? What's wrong with my account? Hacked? No way. I save my money in a Sumanthova bank. It has the world's best security system. How could it get hacked so easily?' Chris chimed in, "What's wrong? Did Yvette's 7 million make you so happy that you're spacing out?"

Emmett and Bruno also turned their attention to Frankie, noticing his unusual expression. "What is with his expression? Is he crying or are those tears of joy?"

Frankie suddenly snapped his head up and turned to Yvette, who was resting her chin on her hand while idly fiddling with her phone. He thought, 'Damn! Who else but Yvette would dare to transfer that much money from my account?'

Frankie swallowed hard, forcing a fawning smile as he looked at Yvette. "Yvette, can I return the 7 million dollars, please?" As his phone buzzed with endless notifications, his heart ached as if it was bleeding.

Yvette crossed her legs and looked up. She squinted slightly as she flicked her hair. Raising an eyebrow, she spoke nonchalantly, "I suppose I should give you 7 million dollars as compensation."

Jeremiah smirked knowingly. He had already guessed that Frankie's account had been hacked. Emmett took Frankie's phone

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and saw the texts flooding the screen within a minute, silently rating the staggering amounts debited from the account He was sure it was Yvette's doing.

Indeed. Yvette had paid Frankie 7 million dollars, but in return, the billions in Frankie's account had almost completely vanished.

Bruno and Chris did exactly as Emmett had. They leaned over to glance at Frankie's phone before quietly putting it down. They couldn't help but feel a mix of relief and dread. They knew it was never easy to get money out of Yvette. Sure enough, she had been lying in wait for just the right moment to strike.

Frankie was nearly on his knees. If Yvette transferred even little more, his secret stash-the savings he'd been carefully building for years-would be completely wiped out.

He pleaded, "Yvette, look, I don't need any compensation at all. Last night, I went on stage because I wanted to perform. I have a strong desire to perform! Things like 'Four Little Swans' and 'Auld Lang Syne' are my favorite performances. I had a great night. No loss at all! The 7 million dollars? That was just a joke, Yvette. Please, don't take it seriously."

Frankie's tone was filled with genuine sincerity. He eagerly looked at Yvette, got up to brew her a cup of coffee, and handed it to her with both hands. His actions were so smooth that Bruno couldn't help but feel like clapping.

"Yvette, have some coffee. You've been holding your phone for so long, your hand must be sore." Frankie smiled ingratiatingly.

Finally, Yvette lifted her eyelids, a faint smile playing on her lips. She set her phone down, and almost instantly, the relentless notification sounds from Frankie's phone came to an abrupt stop.

Yvette picked up the warm coffee that Frankie had just poured and sipped it slowly. She said, "Oh? Since you had a great night yesterday, I'll take a fee as a token gesture. After all, without me, would you have even made it on stage? And without performing, could you have felt this happy? We're good friends, so I'll charge you only 30 million dollars."

Yvette's expression seemed to say, "See? Our relationship is so great, I even gave you a discount."

Jeremiah turned his head to look at her, his blue eyes deep and unreadable, a fleeting smile playing across his face. Yvette tilted her head slightly, meeting his gaze with a casual glance. Her eyes held a rebellious arrogance, and a smirk tugged at the corner of her lips. He was stunned. He stared at Yvette, his eyes filled with a mix of disbelief and accusation as he mused, "Yvette is Frankie was utterly just too... shameless! How could she even say something like that? Who is she trying to fool?"

Not only did Frankie fail to get 7 million dollars from Yvette, but he also ended up losing 30 million dollars. 'Does this make any sense? Is there no justice left? Isn't there anyone who will stand up for what's right anymore?' Frankie thought,

Frankie's gaze first landed on Emmett, hoping to get some support from him. In response, Emmett massaged his temples with a blank expression. He knew too well that going against Yvette would never end well. He thought with a twinge of guilt, 'Sometimes you just had to turn a blind eye to your friend's suffering.'

Emmett said in a deep voice, "Yvette's completely right. You really should spend that 30 million dollars."

Frankie stumbled back two steps, staring at Emmett in disbelief, 'Traitor,' he thought

Unwilling to give up, Frankie turned his gaze to Chris, Chris stood up and nodded seriously.
"Yvette's spot on

Chris, perhaps feeling a twinge of guilt, avoided Frankie's gaze and let out a soft, awkward cough. Frankie was about to turn to Bruno, But after a brief moment of thought, he gave up the idea altogether.

"Even Bruno, who had once been a fearsome head pirate, had been reduced to performing as a dancer under Yvette's command. Expecting him to speak up is a lost cause.

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And Mr. Chavez? Ever since he met Yvette, his entire world has revolved around her. There's no way he'll help me, Frankie thought bitterly.

Frankie hung his head in defeat and muttered, "Alright, Yvette, million dollars."

Only heaven knew how much it hurt him to say those words. He never dare to cross Yvette again for the rest of his life.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 689[1,256 words]

Chapter 689

Yene looked at the downeast Frankie, lowered her gaze, and irked Yawning, she got up slowly and raised an eyebrow

In her usual cool tone, she looked at the others and said, 'Suit yourselves, before heading upstairs. Her figure was slender and carefree Jeremiah stood up and followed her upstairs casual

Once Yvette and Jeremiah went upstairs, only Frankie, Chris, and the rest were left in the living room. A minute later. Frankie's phone rang again.

He checked and saw that out of the over 100 million dollars he transferred out, over 135 million dollars were returned. leaving exactly 30 million dollars, not a penny more or less.

Looking despaired, Frankie said. "Yvette might as well just rob met How long do you think it'll take me to swindle 30 million dollars out of Chris?"

Chris looked at Frankie, who was grimacing, and his lips twitched. He wondered if he should just finish this guy off. Bruno looked at Chris sympathetically. Getting swindled by Frankie was really pitiful,

In the afternoon, a red invitation was directly handed to Bruno. He was playing a shooting game with Emmett and Chris when one of his close aides walked in with the invitation and respectfully said, "Chief, this is from West District. They hope you'll honor them with your presence."

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Bruno took off his headphones, set down the gun, and picked up the invitation. Glancing at the name on it, he hesitated a bit before opening the envelope. After reading it, he tossed it on the table without saying anything, a menacing aura suddenly surrounded him. Emmett and Chris fired their last shots and then turned around. Looking at Bruno's demeanor, both exchanged glances. thinking. What happened? Wasn't he fine just a moment ago? How did his mood plummet so suddenly?

Emmett and Chris put down their guns and walked over. As they reached Bruno, they noticed the red envelope on the table. At a glance, it was clearly a wedding invitation.

Bruno lifted his head and looked at the two of them, sarcastically pointing at the invitation, and said, "How ironic. My first love was marrying my rival, and she even sent me an invitation. Won't she fear I'd show up and just shoot those filthy cheaters?"

Hearing this, Emmett and Chris immediately knew something was off. Given how they had interacted with Bruno over the past few days, they knew he didn't seem like the type who couldn't move on.

His strong reaction to mentioning his ex-girlfriend indicated that their breakup wasn't amicable.

Chris looked at the invitation and said to Bruno, "If you don't want to go, then don't. Just burn it and be done with it Emmett remained silent. But seeing Bruno's expression, it seemed that his feelings for his first love weren't ordinary Bruno spat disdainfully. "Four years ago, that woman cheated on me with my rival and spilled a lot of my secrets, almost getting me killed. If it weren't for the years of feelings and the fact that she once carried my child, I would've killed her long ago." Emmett recalled the information they had gathered earlier and said seriously. "Your rival is Orlando, right?"

Bruno was taken aback, not expecting Emmett to know about his enemy. But then again, it made sense. After all, when they first came to negotiate with him for the rescue, they must've investigated him. Bruno didn't hesitate and said directly. "Yes, it's him, that jerk. If he knew Yvette was here, he wouldn't dare send this invitation. He wouldn't even have the guts to do it, coward." Chapter 689

Emmett and Chris didn't expect that this situation also involved vette. Chris asked, "Orlando knows Yvette

Bruno was silent for a few seconds before nodding. "Yes. Do you remember the rescue of a hundred women in Spania four years ago! It made headlines worldwide for half a month." Emmett and Chris exchanged glances. That incident was highly sensational back then, and of course, they knew about it.

Someone had single-handedly confronted Spainia pirates and rescued over a hundred women, yet never left their name, sparking many speculations among people.

Chris frowned and asked. "What does this have to do with Yvette and your enemy?"

Bruno lit a cigarette and took a puff. Amidst the swirling smoke, memories from four years ago started flooding back to him. He said. "My first girlfriend and I were together for five years. I don't know what Orlando promised her, but she betrayed. During a hijacking, we fell into Orlando's trap. My men and I almost lost our lives. That's when I met Yvette. Perhaps she took a liking to me and casually saved my life."

At this point, Bruno couldn't help but feel grateful, thinking that fate hadn't abandoned him by letting him meet Yvette.

It was during that encounter with Yvette that he was given a new lease of life, allowing him to reach his current position and gain the influence he has today.

Emmett and Chris weren't shocked by this. Their expressions remained calm. Randomly saving someone she found likable was exactly something Yvette would do.

Bruno took a deep drag of his cigarette, exhaling rings of smoke, adding, "After Yvette saved me, I went into a slump for a few days because of that woman. Then Yvette dragged me out of bed, and shoved me into a sink, almost drowning me. She told me that if I kept moping around, she might as well finish me off right away. That snapped me back to reality instantly. I realized I couldn't let a woman ruin everything I had worked so hard to achieve."

Emmett and Chris didn't expect that Bruno was actually a romantic at heart.

Bruno gave a self-deprecating laugh. At that moment, he understood that love was just absolute nonsense.

He continued, "When Yvette was spending time in Somalia, she came across Orlando's uncle, Bobby Fabri, who was the most powerful figure among us pirates.

"This man used the women he captured as sex slaves, tortured them, and even harvested their organs to sell on the black market. Countless women died at his hands.

"At that time, he had over 200 women still alive, enduring horrific lives every day. Bobby was ruthless. While most of us were simply after ransom money, he enjoyed torturing and killing the women he captured. He was a total psychopath.

Emmett's gaze deepened as he connected the dots with what Bruno said earlier. His mind instantly became clear.

In a low voice, he looked at Bruno and said, "Are you saying that the person behind the sensational Spaunia women's rescue case four years ago, who never left a name, was Yvette?"

Emmett phrased it as a question, yet his tone was certain. This was exactly Yvette's style. She could effortlessly execute incredible feats while appearing indifferent. There was no one else like her, and he truly admired her.

Chris was momentarily stunned when he heard this, then quickly turned to look at Bruno in shock.

Bruno nodded without hesitation and casually stubbed out his cigarette. "Yes, you guessed right. It was Yvette. Hobby brought this upon himself. He met Yvette in a café and was driven by lust, planning to harm her. But in one night, Yvette 09:30 FTI, Jan 3 GB

Chapter 689

wiped out hundreds of his men.

"Eventually, she handed him over to the women he had been imprisoning, and they stomped him to death, causing his intestines to spill out. But he got what he deserved."

Besides enslaving women from various countries and trafficking organs, Bobby was also involved in drug dealing and colluded with the government to commit countless heinous acts

Meeting such a gruesome end was no more than what he deserved.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 690[1,251 words]

Chapter 690 78%

Emmett glanced at the red invitation card on the table and mused, "No wonder Bruno looks sullen. This ex-girlfriend almost got him killed"

Chris frowned. "I don't think this wedding invitation was sent with good intentions. It's better not to attend it."

Bruno was momentarily silent before he shook his head. His expression was serious as he protested, "No way! Everyone knows that sly dog Orlando had invited me to his wedding. If I don't attend it, wouldn't my reputation get tarnished? Does he think I'm scared of him?" Bruno's expression was ruthless as he lit a cigarette.

Emmett suggested, "Why don't you talk to Yvette about this and see what she thinks?"

Bruno paused momentarily and looked at Emmell before he picked up the invitation on the table and replied, "Alright. I'll discuss this with Yvette and see what she says. I'll do whatever she advises." After saying that, he hurried out. Emmett and Chris exchanged glances and followed him.

In the living room. Yvette had just turned on the TV, planning to continue watching the blind date show from this morning. She was about to open a bag of chips when Bruno rushed in from outside. "Yvette! Glad you're not in your room. I need your advice," he blurted. He looked around the living room and questioned. "Is Mr. Chavez not here?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, glanced upstairs, and drawled, "He's on the phone." Then she glanced at Bruno again. Her voice was characteristically languid as she asked, "Do you need something?" Bruno nodded seriously, as Emmett and Chris entered the living room. "Hey, Yvette!" they greeted.

Yvette nodded, figuring that they must have been together before coming over. She raised an eyebrow and ordered succinctly, "Start talking

Bruno put the invitation card on the table. Yvette set down the chips and picked the card up, her gaze indifferent as she went through the details.

She narrowed her eyes and her expression turned cold and distant as she probed in an indifferent voice, "Your first love that betrayed you is getting married?"

Bruno nodded, leaned over, and took a sip of water from his glass before answering, "Yeah. It's the woman who betrayed me four years ago. She's getting married, but that's not the point. Look at the groom's name!"

Yvette's exquisite face was expressionless as her hands rested on the couch's armrest, and she asked, "Who's Orlando?"

Bruno sighed helplessly. He looked at Yvette's expression and thought, 'It seems Yvette has forgotten. She wiped out Orlando's entire family, yet now she can't even remember his name.'

Emmett and Chris' eyebrows twitched as they looked in puzzlement at Yvette. I guess for Yvette, someone like Orlando probably doesn't even register on her radar, thought Emmett.

Bruno piped up, "Yvette, Orlando is the nephew of Bobby, the pirate you killed four years ago. Back then, he escaped by hiding in the cellar and was the only survivor in his family.

After that, he used his connections in the government to recruit soldiers and build his force. This jerk is just like Bobby, but times have changed. He doesn't dare to sell women openly now; instead, he makes money by trafficking drugs," continued Bruno. 09:51 Fri, Jan 3 CBF1

Chapter too.

Hearing his explanations, Vogtie finally remembered Bobby when she killed four years ago.

Yvette raised her eyebrows before leaning back on the couch and crossing her legs. She glanced at Bruno and smirked. "Your first girlfriend really has a thing for your enemies, doesn't she?"

Bruno couldn't help but laugh awkwardly at that comment. Yvette just went right for the jugular again. Her sharp tongue has only gotten more acerbic over the past four years.

But that's not the key point here, right? I guess us common folks can't really keep up with her train of thoughts, sighed Bruno inwardly before replying, "Yvette, do you think I should Orlando's definitely up to no good. Can you give me some advice? Chris and Emmett, who were sitting nearby, also looked over to Yvette.

Yvette calmly picked up the open bag of chips from the table and started eating slowly, not in a hurry to reply to Bruno. She seemed quite focused on the blind date show on TV.

Bruno fidgeted impatiently, pulling at his ears but not daring to say anything more. He could only sit there quietly, waiting- He couldn't understand why Yvette was so absorbed in these blind date shows featuring middle-aged people.

Hence, Bruno, Emmett, and Chris, three grown men sat on the couch, accompanying Yvette as she watched the blind date show for a good half hour until the show went for a commercial break,

Only then did Yvette put down her chips and looked over. She rested her chin on her hand and drawled, "Since he's someone who slipped through and escaped, why not just get rid of him?"

Yvette's expression was as calm as still water as if she were talking about something completely insignificant.

Bruno immediately understood what she meant. It was a typical Yvette solution. A phrase Yvette said four years ago still echoes in his mind. "Enemies are like weeds, if you don't pull them out by roots, they'll be a never-ending problem for you! Yvette's ruthlessness was deeply embedded in her; she never gave her enemies a way out.

Emmett and Chris had already guessed this much. After being with Yvette for so long, they had come to understand her a

bit.

Bruno nodded seriously. "Alright, Yvette. I get it. Tomorrow I'll gather my crew and ensure Orlando's taken care of at the wedding. Don't worry."

Yvette crossed her legs and smirked slyly, her demeanor both wicked and flamboyant. Then her expression changed to indifference as she narrowed her deep-set eyes and said nonchalantly. "No need for so much hassle. I'll come with you."

Bruno stood up abruptly, his eyes wide in surprise, and stammered. "Y-Yvette, are you saying you want to come with me?" Yvette gave a lazy, half-shut gaze and asked casually, "What? Don't you trust me?"

Bruno shook his head frantically. "Yvette, of I trust you! I'm just so excited. If you're coming with me, why would I need anyone else? I'll just sit back and enjoy the show from behind your

As soon as Bruno finished speaking, he clamped his mouth shut his expression turning awkward. He had accidentally voiced his thoughts.

Emmett pinched the bridge of his nose, thinking, Bruno is wearing an expression that says he's getting an easy win all over

his face.

Yvette lifted her gaze slightly, her eyes like deep pools as she smirked. "Enjoy the show? You're dreaming big, aren't you?"

Bruno quickly tried to flatter her, "Yvette, you have to understand that me saying that shamelessly just shows how formidable you are. Maybe the question should be why are you so powerful?" DYST HIL JAN 3

Chapter 090

Chris and Emmett couldn't bear to watch any longer, 'Oh boy, here comes another bootlicker, thought Chris.

Yvette raised an eyebrow, lifted her deep gaze, and glanced at Bruno. "So it's my fault now?" she teased.

Bruno nodded quickly before switching the topic. "Yvette, I'll go prepare your weapons right away," he offered.

After saying that, he cheerfully said goodbye to Emmett and Chris and left the living room. If he stayed any longer, he feared Yvette might just kick him out.

Emmett who was still seated in the living room asked, "Yvette, aren't we going to involve Mr. Chavez in this situation?"

Sometimes, Emmett really envied the relationship between Jeremiah and Yvette. Whenever Yvette wanted to do something, Jeremiah would always unhesitatingly support and believe in her Yvette never questioned Jeremiah's actions. They trusted each other completely and had full confidence in each other's

skills.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 691[1,238 words]

Chapter 691

Yvette lifted her chin and said nonchalantly, "No. Jeremiah doesn't need to get involved in this.

Emmett nodded. He wasn't worried about the day after tomorrow's wedding. When Orlando sent the invitation, he probably never imagined Yvette would be here, ready to confront him. Sometimes, for some people, when it rained, it poured,

And besides, everyone knew how incredibly strong Yvette was; if she said there was no need for Jeremiah to be involved, it meant she had everything under control.

Jeremiah came downstairs from the second floor right after Yvette had said that. His expression was grave and his gaze gloomy, as his body was enveloped in a tense air. But when he saw Yvette curled up on the couch, his icy demeanor completely vanished. Jeremiah walked over and said, "Something happened in Betrico I need to head back but Emmett and the others will stay and return to Mysonna with you."

Upon hearing this, Yvette squinted before adjusting her position and leisurely leaning back into the couch. She stared at Jeremiah for several seconds before saying, "Alright. When are you leaving?"

Jeremiah lowered his gaze, looked at his watch, and replied in a deep voice, "I need to leave now."

Emmett and Chris were shocked. 'Why is Mr. Chavez leaving so hastily? Something big must have happened in Betrico, or Mr. Chavez wouldn't be rushing back immediately, they wondered as they stood silently at the side.

There was no way Yvette didn't have similar thoughts as Emmett and Chris but she just gazed into Jeremiah's eyes with her deep, half-closed eyes. "Okay. Got it," she chirped, her expression serene.

Jeremiah signaled Emmett and Chris with a look, prompting them to leave the living room and give them some privacy. Taking Yvette's hand gently, he whispered, "I'll come back to Mysonna after I handle things in Betrico." Yvette nodded casually. "Okay. Go ahead. Aren't you in a rush?"

Jeremiah glanced at his watch. Realizing he was late, he whispered, "Wait for me," before leaving.

Sitting on the couch, Yvette watched Jeremiah's broad back as he walked away. Smiling, she thought in amusement, "This is interesting. It seems like Jeremiah is keeping secrets from me."

At the entrance, Emmett had the car ready. Seeing Jeremiah coming out, Emmett said, "Mr. Chavez, I'll drive you to the airport."

Years of familiarity made any explanations unnecessary; just from Jeremiah's earlier words, Emmett was aware something urgent had come up in Betrico.

While driving, Emmett asked, "Mr. Chavez, what happened in Betrico?"

Jeremiah's gaze turned cold, his deep eyes shining with a dangerous glint. "The higher-ups want me back in Betrico. Yelena reported that Yvette collaborated with Spaunia pirates and intentionally harmed her." Emmett was left speechless by this, thinking, 'Yelena really has some nerve. I can't

believe she even tried to turn the situation around after returning to Betrico. This mission wouldn't have gone so smoothly if it weren't for Yvette! 'Intentional harm? It was clearly her manipulating things and sowing discord between Mr. Chavez and Yvette that got her reprimanded. I can't believe she has the audacity to report it to the higher-ups.'

Emmett frowned. "Mr. Chavez, is Yelena an idiot, or has the the Lynch family lost it?"

Jeremiah's deep-set eyes were as icy as he growled, "Since they want to stir things up, I'll grant their wish then."

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Chapter 691

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Emmett remained silent, musing while he drove, "The Lynch family has brought doom upon themselves by slandering Yvette and challenging Jeremiah's bottom line. Plus, both Mr. Jase Chavez and Mrs. Chavez, adore Yvette. Emmett knew that once Jeremiah returned to Betrico, the Lynch family's political future was effectively over. After dropping Jeremiah off at the airport, Emmett drove back to Bruno's base.

As soon as he parked the car, Frankie appeared out of nowhere like a ghost and declared, "Emmett, I'm officially letting you know that Yvette wants to get a hold of you. If you don't give in tow, then 1-1 might need to thrash you!" Frankie's words lacked any confidence so Emmett turned around and kicked him right in the calf, growling, "Get lost!" before he walked into the mansion.

Frankie was fuming, hobbling in with his injured leg. 'Why do I always end up getting hurt?' he grumbled inwardly.

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As soon as Emmett entered the living room, he saw Yvette playing with a small silver handgun. The detailed engravings on it were clearly handcrafted, and it looked quite pricey. Emmett walked over, lowered his head and said, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez has already left."

Yvette casually put the gun on the table, crossed her legs, and gave Emmett a subtle, almost mocking smile. She just stared at him silently.

In this quiet atmosphere, Frankie limped into the living room. He was about to complain when he saw Yvette and Emmett's expressions and immediately decided to keep quiet.

"Things didn't look good... Did Emmett upset Yvette?' wondered Frankie as he quietly sat to the side, glancing between Emmett and Yvette.

After a while, Emmett looked up at Yvette's expressionless face and gave in to the pressure. 'I can't stand Yvette staring at me silently like this... he sighed inwardly.

He explained Jeremiah's reason for returning to Betrico. "Yvette, Mr. Chavez went back to Betrico because Yelena reported to the higher-ups..."

Yvette gave an eerie, cold chuckle. "Did she say I was colluding with Spaunia pirates?" Emmett's silence confirmed Yvette's guesses as Yvette continued coldly, "And that I hit her too?"

This time he nodded, looking grave. "Yvette, Yelena is accusing you of colluding with pirates and intentionally hurting her." He sighed inwardly, 'Yelena has a legitimate military rank, so if she insists Yvette attacked her, managing the situation won't be easy.

'If news of this gets out in Betrico, who knows what kind of rumors will circulate about Yvette?'

Before Yvette could say anything, Frankie slammed the table and shouted, "Is Yelena nuts? What does Yvette knowing pirates have to do with her? If she hadn't acted up, would Yvette have hit her?"

Yvette lowered her gaze, her deep-set eyes glinting coldly with maliciousness. It chilled people to the bone when she slowly smirked. "After everything here is taken care of the day after tomorrow, I'll head straight to Betrico."

Hearing this, Frankie started getting ready. 'I swear, once I'm back in Betrico, I'll team up with Yvette and pull out Yelena's hair for daring to slander her,' he muttered to himself.

Emmett paused before answering, "Yvette, Mr. Chavez has said he doesn't want you to be troubled over such petty things, I..." Honestly, Emmett hadn't planned on saying anything, but under Yvette's cold, steady gaze, he couldn't control his mouth and spilled everything. If Jeremiah found out about this, Emmett would likely be sent to Afria to continue working in the mines. Yvette probably had an idea why Emmett looked so worried:

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She gave a slight smile, leaned back, crossed her legs, and said coolly, "I miss Mrs. Chavez, so I'm taking a trip back to Betrico. Is there a problem?" 94%

Emmett's eyes lit up immediately. "No problem at all, Yvette! I'm sure Mrs. Chavez misses you too. I'll arrange for the trip back right away," he gushed.

Yvette nodded slightly, her delicate fingers resting on her knee as she ordered, "Go ahead."

Emmett nodded, then turned and left the living room. Frankie cheekily plopped on the couch and asked, "Yvette, since Yelena has slandered you, you must have come up with a great way to teach her a lesson, right?" Just thinking about Yvette's capability gave Frankie the chills.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 692[1,208 words]

Chapter 692

Yvette sat on the couch with her legs crossed, giving Frankie a silent, indifferent glance. Her face was calm and composed as she smirked slyly, her eyes glinting wickedly.

Intentional assault? I might as well follow through to make sure don't get blamed for something I didn't do, thought Yvette.

On the wedding day, Bruno spruced himself up and shaved off the beard he'd had for years. As he stood in the living room, his skin looked smooth and youthful, making him look at least ten years younger.

When Frankie walked in earlier and saw Bruno, he was taken aback. 'How did a bright young guy turn himself into a rugged man?' he wondered.

Emmett and Chris were momentarily stunned when they saw Bruno in a suit and tie, looking all polished up.

Their staring made Bruno uneasy, so he touched his face, still unused to not having a beard. "Um... Guys, do I look weird without a beard?" he asked.

Frankie replied, "Tsk! Bro, that beard was hiding your looks. Without it, you're almost as handsome as me."

Emmett and Chris exchanged silent glances, thinking, 'Frankie's shamelessness knows no bounds!'

Bruno chuckled, showing a surprising innocence for a pirate chief. Emmett and the rest could somewhat understand why Yvette had chosen to save him.

Emmett looked toward the second floor and sighed. "Yvette might not be in the best of moods today."

Frankie nodded in agreement, looking intrigued. "Yvette hasn't come downstairs or talked much these past few days. It's probably because of the issue in Betrico."

Chris slipped his hands into his pockets and added, "I think Yvette's upset because Mr. Chavez hid the fact that Yelena slandered her and left to take care of it alone. Once we're back in Betrico, I think Mr. Chavez might be in trouble with Yvette."

Emmett's eyebrows twitched as regret engulfed him for being unable to restrain himself and revealing everything. What if Yvette's really upset with Mr. Chavez? I'm dead meat... I'm in deep shit, aren't I?' he cursed inwardly.

Initially, Emmett and the others hadn't planned to go to the wedding with Yvette and Bruno. But since they decided to return to Betrico at the last minute, Yvette planned to head straight to the airport after the wedding. Hence, she had everyone following her to the wedding

venue.

Bruno had already heard about it and patted Emmett on the shoulder. "Bro, don't worry. Yvette won't get upset over something trivial like this," he consoled.

Emmett sighed. "You don't understand women in love."

Frankie quietly added from the side, "And you do? You've never even been in a relationship."

Emmett narrowed his eyes, thinking, 'If Mr. Chavez punishes me, I'll definitely kick Frankie's ass first.'

While they were talking, Yvette came down from the second floor. She wore a loose white T-shirt, jeans which accentuated her long legs, and her signature sneakers.

She completed her ensemble with a black baseball cap and a mask, leaving only her serene gaze visible. She had tied her hair up, with only some stray strands framing her temples.

Everyone immediately stood at attention and greeted, "Yvette."

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Yvette gave a slight nod and quickly made her way down to the first floor.

3

Bruno piped up, "Yvette, the car is ready, and all the weapons are in it. The wedding starts in an hour and a half."

Pulling her cap down, she gazed at everyone coldly and said, "L's go."

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Frankie sat in the passenger seat and observed Yvette in the backseat, who closed her eyes to rest the moment she got in the car. But the moment he started talking, Emmett and the others felt like throwing him out of the car. Frankie asked, "Yvette, did Mr. Chavez contact you since he returned to Betrico?"

Before he could finish his question, he had already earned eye rolls from the other three. Frankie swore he was just curious about whether Jeremiah had contacted Yvette or not.

Yvette rested her head on her hand and slowly lifted her gaze. Her expression was blank, making it hard to tell if she was upset or happy; she just appeared calm. She raised an eyebrow, and her gaze was slightly obscured as she asked casually, "You really want to know?"

Bruno, who was driving, made a sudden sharp turn, almost throwing the unsuspecting Frankie out of his seat.

Once Frankie was settled back in, he noticed the other's expressions and realized that he was pushing his luck. He quickly waved his hands and said, "That's all right, Yvette. I'm not curious anymore."

Yvette looked away and watched lazily as the scenery flew past the window.

Bruno, driving with some apprehension, finally gathered the nerve to ask, "Hey, Yvette! What are you planning to do at the wedding later? Just to be safe, should we..."

Bruno had been careful not to bother Yvette for the past few days, but currently, he felt that he needed to understand her plan ahead of time to coordinate properly with her. 'What if something goes wrong? What if we end up dragging Yvette down with us?' wondered Bruno.

Yvette's eyes had a ruthless glint, but her expression showed no signs of emotion. She looked cold and evil, making the temperature inside the car drop instantly.

The wedding was in the largest church in Spaunia.

Orlando was an average-looking, somewhat chubby man with a sizeable mole next to his right lip. Standing beside him was the bride, with impressive height and good looks, making them a classic beauty-and-the-beast pair.

The wedding was attended by famous individuals from various industries in Spaunia and a few local government officials, all of whom had drug dealings with Orlando. The event was quite a spectacle.

Orlando asked the person next to him, "Hasn't Bruno arrived yet? It's unlike him to miss this."

When the bride heard Bruno's name, her body stiffened, and she looked noticeably uncomfortable before she started trembling.

The lackey beside Orlando gave an evil grin. "Chief, don't worry Bruno will definitely come. Our people are already lying in wait. As soon as he shows up, we'll take him out and then you'll be Spaunia's most powerful pirate chief." Orlando was thrilled to hear those words. Back then, he had been lucky to escape death, and from that day onward, he swore to make Bruno pay.

'If it weren't for Bruno colluding with that Clusian woman, my family wouldn't have been wiped out, leaving no one but me alive. Let's see how Bruno escapes from the trap I have set without the Clusian woman's help,' sneered Orlando inwardly. The wedding was already halfway through, but

Orlando still hadn't heard anything from his subordinates waiting in ambush outside. Upon thinking that Bruno wasn't going to show up, he became furious. 10:22

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With a frown on his face, he began to exchange rings with the bride when the church doors were suddenly flung open.

A familiar voice echoed through the hall. "Hey, Orlando! I'm her!".

Upon hearing the voice, Orlando immediately stopped what he was doing and tossed the ring aside. His expression froze when he looked toward the doorway and saw Bruno standing there.

'Five people? How could Bruno have come with just five people and without any preparations? Could it be that his subordinates are already waiting in ambush? Impossible!

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'What on earth are my subordinates doing? Bruno and his people are already at the church entrance, so why haven't I received any signal yet?) wondered Orlando.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 693[1,156 words]

Chapter 693

Bruno's sudden appearance caused the wedding to come to a standstill. Spaunia wasn't a large place, so almost everyone present was aware of the feud between Orlando and Bruno. Nobody dared to say anything.

Bruno first glanced at Yvette, who was wearing a baseball cap. His mouth twitched as he thought, 'No wonder Yvette didn't answer me when I asked her in the car what her plan was!

It seemed like she didn't intend to waste any words. As soon as she stepped out of the car, she effortlessly dealt with the ambushers. It was dealt within less than ten minutes, so Bruno didn't even have a chance to make a move.

With just one command from Yvette, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie worked together seamlessly, resulting in a one-sided slaughter. Right then, the lawn outside the church was covered with bodies.

Bruno was really amazed. Even Frankie, who usually seemed the least reliable, had outstanding skills and marksmanship.

Orlando looked gloomy. However, he might have instinctively sensed that something was wrong, so he toned down his usual arrogant attitude before addressing Bruno. "Oh, my-isn't this Bruno? I'm so glad you could attend my wedding with Ruth. I..." Bang! A gunshot echoed. Everyone was stunned in their seats, terrified by the sudden sound.

The next moment, people inside the church began screaming in panic, frantically trying to get up from their seats and run outside.

Amid the chaos, Orlando looked down with disbelief at the wound in his stomach, where blood was gushing out. He reached out to cover the wound, and within seconds, his hands were drenched in blood. Beside him, the bride had collapsed to the ground, her face pale as she let out a piercing scream.

Another gunshot rang out, followed by an extremely cold and arrogant voice that ordered, "Anyone who isn't involved in Orlando's business, get lost right now."

Upon hearing those words, everyone immediately turned to look at Yvette, who was holding a silver gun. The next second, as soon as everyone realized what she had said, they started running outside in a frenzy.

Yvette and Bruno strolled toward Orlando and Ruth, who were on the floor.

Just as everyone thought that they were safe and had narrowly escaped the danger, Emmett, Chris, and Frankie appeared in the open space outside the church.

They raised their rifles and decisively fired at the fleeing crowd. Wrenching screams rendered the air. Within minutes, all the guests who came for the wedding had met their tragic end.

The ground was strewn with bodies, and the air was filled with the sickening stench of blood.

Frankie put away his gun and said to Emmett and Chris, "If Bruno hadn't discovered that those attending the wedding were either involved in Orlando's drug business or assisting him with human trafficking, I might have hesitated at the thought of killing so many people." Emmett and Chris tossed their guns aside and looked at the bodies scattered across the ground. Their faces stayed calm, their eyes pensive.

Emmett said gravely, "After today, Yvette's intervention is going to disrupt the Spaunia pirates' dynamics again."

Chris looked at the closed church doors, wondering what was unfolding inside.

Frankie stepped forward and looked at the church as well. The doors were then tightly shut, revealing nothing. Crossing his arms, he remarked enviously, "Being friends with Yvette means hitting the jackpot without any effort." 10:22 Sat, Jan 4. GM.

He paused before sighing. "Bruno probably never imagined that Yvette's visit would not only rid him of his enemies but also fortify his influence in Spaunia. Well, this tells us clearly what the benefits are of having strong allies. Bruno's luck is truly remarkable." Emmett and Chris silently agreed with Frankie's remark. Anyone who had befriended Yvette must have done something great in their past life.

Inside the church, despite being shot in the stomach, Orlando desperately tried to crawl away, but it was of no use. Pretty soon, Yvette and Bruno were standing right in front of him.

Upon seeing the situation, Ruth immediately rushed toward Bruno, clinging to his feet. She began to plead, "Bruno, I'm sorry. I was forced into this! I didn't want to marry Orlando, but he forced me."

Ruth continued sobbing. "I know he was planning to assassinate you. All these years, I've only thought of you. In my heart, there's only you, I..."

Before she could finish speaking, an expressionless Bruno interrupted her. "Save the bullshit for the afterlife." Then, with a swift and decisive shot, he sent Ruth to meet her maker. Orlando was shocked to see Bruno kill her. "You actually killed her? Don't you screeched.

love her anymore? How can you kill her?" he

Bruno raised the gun in his hand and flashed a smile. He didn't even glance at Ruth lying in a pool of blood before sneering. "You talk too much."

Orlando knew that he wasn't going to make it out alive that day. His gaze fell on Yvette. With a baseball covering her face, only her eyes were visible, so he didn't recognize her.

cap

and mask

With a condescending look, he spat at Bruno. "Four years ago, you needed a Clusian woman to kill my uncle and family, and now, you're relying on a woman again to try to kill me. You're a weakling who depends on women your whole life."

Orlando thought that Bruno would be angry, but instead, Bruno just looked at him like he was an idiot and nodded shamelessly. "Yeah! Being able to rely on Yvette is my privilege. What? You got a problem with that?"

Bruno almost felt sorry for Orlando, thinking, 'How is it that this fool hasn't recognized Yvette yet?'

Orlando was completely stunned, wondering, 'Why is Bruno so shameless now?'

With her hands in her pocket, Yvette stood in front of Orlando and looked down at him as he panted like a dying dog. She slowly pulled off her black mask and baseball cap. The face of a stunning beauty, looking as aloof as an ice princess, was revealed. Orlando's eyes widened immediately as if he had received a terrible shock. He trembled all over.

It was the same face Orlando had seen four years ago. He had never dared to forget. That night, hiding in the cellar, he watched as Yvette, like an emotionless killing machine, singlehandedly slaughtered his whole family.

Bobby was thrown into the dungeon by Yvette, where he was trampled to death by the crowd, leaving no remains. She watched expressionlessly as the whole thing unfolded.

"This woman is the devil! Has she finally returned to Spaunia?' wondered Orlando in fear.

When Orlando saw Yvette, he was so terrified he could only stammer tremblingly, "W-Why are you here? Y-You are back... The devil is back!" The blood loss also made his mind increasingly hazy.

Yvette slowly crouched down. She raised an eyebrow, her eyes as calm and deep as she pressed the gun to Orlando's forehead. Suddenly, a loud bang rang out. The next moment, Orlando's pupils widened in shock as he fell to the ground after dying discontentedly. 10:23 Sat, Jan 4

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 694[1,225 words]

Chapter 694

The central seat of the First Military District in Betrico was now vacant. On both sides sat important officials from the First Military District and representatives from other military district

There were 13 high-ranking officers in the conference room, and a solemn silence filled the air. Each face bore the same serious expression.

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Everyone was well aware of the main topic of today's meeting was about Jeremiah's fiancée, and this was no small matter. She was Jase and Clifford's future granddaughter-in-law and Jeremiah's fiancée. Her status was already unquestionable with these three titles attached to her name.

Tim was also here, his eyes lowered, his gaze deep. Samantha had considered Yvette a good friend, and after she found out about this matter, she insisted that he cancel today's training and attend the hearing. She wanted to know the results as soon as possible. His daughter was the most important to him, so Tim had no choice but to do as she asked. In fact, Samantha also asked Tim to stand by Yvette. Tim adored his daughter, and he remembered Samantha's request for his help.

Yelena and her father, Camden Lynch, were seated on the right side. They were the first to arrive. His expression was extremely unpleasant. Camden was currently head of Treasury Department, a role with significant authority.

If Yelena hadn't threatened Camden, saying she'd end her life if he didn't stand up for her, Camden would never have dared to oppose Jeremiah.

Left with no choice, Camden, who had only this one daughter in his life, couldn't just sit back and watch her harm herself. He had no option but to take the risk.

Camden had escalated the matter to such a point that the relationship between the Lynch family and the Chavez family was essentially over.

However, Camden knew Jase would never abuse his power for personal vengeance. The Chavez family was known for their strict discipline, so he wasn't worried about retaliation.

As for Jeremiah's fiancée, plenty of rumors were circulating in Betrico, but no one knew for sure if they were true. If it weren't for the Chavez family backing her, the Lynch family wouldn't even consider her worth their attention.

Yelena sat in her seat, her gaze sweeping over the people in the conference room before slowly lowering her eyes, hiding the resentment within them. Whenever Yelena thought about Yvette throwing her into the pool, she couldn't stop herself from trembling.

She had never suffered such humiliation before. Yelena swore she would make Yvette pay. So, when she returned to Betrico, she deliberately covered herself in injuries and obtained a medical injury report.

With the report in hand, she immediately reported the matter to the authorities, making a big deal out of it.

She wanted to see how a woman with a tarnished reputation, accused of deliberately assaulting a military officer, could possibly become the future mistress of the Chavez family.

Camden's gaze fell on Tim beside him. He had always wanted to build a good relationship with Tim, as it would be beneficial in the military. However, the right opportunity never arose-until now, when he saw him here unexpectedly.

From what he knew, Tim's schedule didn't include this meeting. Was he here to cause trouble? Rumors about Samantha and Jeremiah had been circulating for years. The Mitchells must surely be upset that this mysterious woman was swooping in. Camden thought momentarily, then smiled and cautiously asked Tim, "Mr. Mitchell, what brings you here today?"

Only a dozen people were in the conference room, and as soon as Camden spoke, everyone turned their attention to them.

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Chapter 694

When Tim heard Cainen's words, he glanced at Camden briefly before sipping on his coffee cup. Ifis attitude was indifferent, and his expression was serious.

In a deep voice, he said, "Just having a look."

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Camden was an old hand at this and could easily read Tim's attitude. His heart sank, but he forced an awkward smile and continued trying to cozy up to him.

"Mr. Mitchell, Ms. Mitchell is famously outstanding in Betrico. We all thought that only Mr. Chavez could match her. What a pity. No matter how exceptional Mr. Chavez's fiancée may be, she could never compare to Ms. Mitchell, Camden said. When Yelena heard Camden's words, her gaze grew even colder and her palms clenched tightly. She had once believed that Samantha was the obstacle in her way. Who would have thought it would be a woman entirely outside their social circle? Tim placed his coffee cup on the table. The sharp sound of the cap hitting the surface echoed through the silent conference room, startling everyone. The sudden reaction left the attendees puzzled, unsure of what had triggered it.

Tim frowned deeply. With a cold snort, he made no effort to hide his displeasure. Anyone could tell his mood was far from good.

Tim thought that Camden and his daughter were digging their own graves, but now they even had the nerve to spout such nonsense in front of everyone.

Camden froze for a moment, then his expression darkened slightly. He didn't understand Tim's reaction.

Tim fixed his gaze on Camden, who emanated the imposing aura of a seasoned military officer. Someone like Camden had no chance of standing up to such pressure.

Tim said, "Mr. Lynch, let me make this clear. Samantha and Mr. Chavez grew up together as children of the same community, sharing a deep friendship-nothing more. The rumors circulating in Betrico are baseless.

"Furthermore, Mr. Jeremiah Chavez's fiancée is an exceptional woman. There's no need to compare two outstanding women by elevating one and belittling the other."

After a pause, Tim advised, "Mr. Lynch, be careful. Trouble often comes from careless words."

Tim didn't show Camden any respect and didn't even want to look at Camden and Yelena. The Lynch family's fate after today was all too clear.

They had no idea how protective the Chavez family was if they could do something so foolish. Anyone the Chavez family acknowledged would be protected for three generations. How could the Lynch family think they could bully them? Samantha had already hinted to him that Yvette becoming the future wife of Jeremiah was a done deal. While the Mitchell family didn't need to flatter anyone, they simply couldn't afford to offend Jeremiah's fiancée.

Tim suspected that Yelena must have done or said something she shouldn't have to bring trouble upon herself. Otherwise, Jeremiah's fiancée wouldn't have caused her any trouble. He was also doubtful about the incident where Yvette hit Yelena. Camden became uncomfortable, and even Yelena, sitting beside him, turned pale. Neither of them understood why Tim was acting this way. The Lynch family hadn't offended the Mitchell family.

The room fell silent again, with the clock on the wall ticking away, second by second.

Half an hour later, the door to the conference room swung open Jeremiah walked in, dressed in his military uniform and sturdy boots. His posture was straight, and his broad frame filled the doorway. His neatly falling hair and sharp eyebrows gave him a commanding look. His narrow, intense blue eyes held a hint of sharpness, while his chiseled features exuded an air of coldness.

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As soon as Jeremiah appeared, most people in the conference room stood up, including Yelena and Camden.

The crowd called out, "Mr. Chavez."

Others said, "Mr. Chavez."

Some greeted, "Mr. Chavez."

Jeremiah nodded slightly to the crowd, not even glancing at the father and daughter of the Lynch family.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 695[1,216 words]

Chapter 695

Camden had originally braved his way here to seek justice for Yelena. Before seeing Jeremiah, he still had some confidence, but now, upon seeing him walk into the conference room, he lacked the courage to even make eye contact.

Yelena's eyes brightened with a sense of longing when she saw Jeremiah. However, her gaze quickly darkened, filled with resentment. The image of Jeremiah watching her heartlessly being humiliated by Yvette in Spaunia lingered in her mind, a memory she could never shake off.

Jeremiah confidently strode to the central seat and sat down. As soon as he took his seat, the others followed suit, returning to their positions. The room fell into a heavy silence.

Jeremiah sat in the central seat, his gaze dark and expressionless. His chiseled features exuded a cold, stern aura. As long as Jeremiah remained silent, the other officials present for the hearing dared not speak.

Jeremiah's cold gaze landed on Camden and Yelena, then swept over the others in the conference room. His voice was calm as he spoke. "Let's begin."

The three simple words made everyone in the room shiver. Jeremiah's aura was as cold as ice. Only Tim calmly took a sip of coffee, unaffected by the intense atmosphere.

A middle-aged man stood up from the left side of the room. He was the officer specifically assigned to handle Yelena's case. Due to Yvette's special status, the higher-ups decided not to let Betrico Police Station handle it; instead, they sent a designated official. After all, Yvette was also an Interpol officer, apart from being the future matriarch of the Chavez family. Betrico Police Station lacked the authority to handle such a case internationally

The middle-aged man, Joshua Zahn, picked up the medical diagnosis report, proving that Yelena had sustained serious injuries. Everyone in the room also had a copy of the hospital's diagnosis report in front of them.

Joshua seriously addressed Jeremiah and the rest of the people in the room, "Mr. Chavez, this is the diagnostic report issued by the hospital after Ms. Lynch returned from Spaunia. Her body did indeed suffer severe injuries, leaving irreversible damage. "Ms. Lynch promptly filed a lawsuit with the relevant authorities, and the defendant is your fiancée, Ms. Zeller.

"Given Ms. Zeller's position as an Interpol officer, the special nature of this case requires that we first hold a mediation session here in the First Military District before it is officially filed. May I ask, Mr. Chavez, if your fiancée can attend?"

Joshua knew perfectly well that Yvette had no intention of attending the meeting. Otherwise, she would have shown up by now, but he had no choice but to follow the formal procedure and ask anyway.

Jeremiah sat in his chair, his fingers flipping through the diagnosis report in front of him. His eyes were as cold as ice, his lips curling into a faint, mocking smile.

Yvette hadn't laid a hand on Yelena at all, but the very next day after Yelena returned to Betrico, she was able to produce such a diagnosis report. Yelena was truly willing to harm herself just to frame Yvette. Yelena was fully aware of how the diagnosis report came about and knew exactly how she had gotten the injuries on her body. In front of Jeremiah, she felt extremely guilty.

However, she desperately tried to hold it together and not show weakness. As long as she could firmly maintain that there was a relationship between Jeremiah and Yvette, then Jeremiah's testimony would be invalid. Jeremiah slowly set down the diagnosis report, raising his gaze. His eyes flickered, cold and deep. "There's no need for her to attend. My girlfriend doesn't have the time to deal with such trivial matters or irrelevant people." 1/3 Sat, Jan 4 Chapter 693

The others in the conference room exchanged glances, their lips twitching. Jeremiah's words were harsh. So, what was troubling the Lynch family had been nothing more than a trivial matter in his eyes. 94%

Tim gave a slight smile. When it came to the Chavez family, no one dared claim to be the first when it came to loving their wives.

Just look at how well Yvette lived-what other high-ranking officials' wives or aristocratic ladies in Betrico could live as comfortably as she did?

Yelena clenched her fists tightly, biting her lip as she thought, 'How cruel. Jeremiah is truly ruthless. Am I really that insignificant in his eyes?'

Yelena couldn't control her emotions any longer. She couldn't accept how Jeremiah was treating her. Losing control, she shouted, "Mr. Chavez, you are so biased toward your girlfriend! Don't you think it's unfair to me?"

"I'm the victim here! Your girlfriend colluded with pirates in Spaunia and intentionally harmed me. And now, she won't even show up for this? Isn't that going too far?"

"I just want an apology and justice. Yvette's behavior is outrageous. She's insulting the military officers of Clusia. Does Mr. Jase Chavez know that your girlfriend was fraternizing with those pirates in Spaunia?"

Yelena's words echoed in the quiet room, and she was pleased to see the shocked expressions on everyone's faces.

She knew about Yvette's status as an Interpol officer, so her goal was never to have Yvette imprisoned. Instead, she aimed to ruin her reputation completely, ensuring she could never marry into the Chavez family and become Jeremiah's wife.

If she couldn't have Jeremiah, then she wouldn't let someone like Yvette, a woman who appeared out of nowhere, take him. Yvette wasn't worthy of someone like Jeremiah. Only she, Yelena, was truly fit to be with him.

In the conference room; all eyes were on Jeremiah. His brows furrowed as he thought, 'How could Yvette possibly be connected to Spaunia pirates? It would be bad if this got out.

Jeremiah's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint. His voice was bloodthirsty. "My girlfriend knows Spaunia pirates? What does/

else? or anyone that have to do with you

"Don't talk about Spaunia pirates-if she knew the king himself, she would still be Yvette. She is the woman I, Jeremiah, have chosen for this lifetime, my fiancée, and my future wife."

Yelena's eyes widened in disbelief, her body trembling with fury. Even now, Jeremiah openly affirmed Yvette's identity in front of everyone without a hint of hesitation. She thought he must be out of his mind.

The others in the conference room were also taken aback by Jeremiah's words. They were now even more aware of Yvette's importance in his life.

He must care for her very much to defend her so openly. It seemed clear now that Jeremiah had firmly set his heart on her. Jeremiah then spoke with unwavering conviction. "During this mission in Spaunia, not a single Clusia military officer was lost, and no hostages were harmed. Every one of them returned to Betrico safe and sound.

"All of this is thanks to my fiancée, Yvette. Without her, this mission would not have been so successful.

"I hope everyone understands that whoever Yvette knows is her business. It's of no concern to anyone else, and no one has any right to criticize."

Jeremiah's powerful words left the conference room in complete silence. Camden reached out his faltering hand to hold back Yelena, who was losing control. He had initially assumed Jeremiah and Yvette were having a fling and didn't expect Jeremiah to take this girlfriend so seriously.

Camden knew what was at stake now, but it was too late.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 696[1,109 words]

Chapter 696

94%

Yelena was driven mad by Jeremiah's remarks. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her face was distorted with anger. She shook off Camden's hand and uttered tearfully, "Fine. Even if you don't mind your fiancée being acquainted with Spaunia pirates, helping us save the hostage doesn't cancel out the harm she's done to me. I'd only had a few conversations with her before she pushed me into the pool and hurt me badly. It's a fact that she's caused irreversible damage to my body"

She paused before continuing, "If Yvette doesn't apologize, I'll certainly sue her. Even though she's an Interpol officer, the latest international law states that unless she's a Secret Special Agent, she doesn't have the right to attack a military officer of any country without

reason.

"We're in Clusia, and I'm a Clusian military officer. I'm protected by Clusia's law."

Yelena sounded so righteous that everyone in the conference room was swept up by her emotion.

Camden was stunned as she looked so unfamiliar to him. He mused, 'I saw Yelena do that to herself, but what she's saying now makes it seem that Mr. Chavez's fiancée had beaten her up.

'She said it so confidently as if she were telling the truth. How did my sweet daughter become like this? I thought Yelena only wanted an apology and didn't expect things to escalate to this point.'

Meanwhile, a sarcastic smile crept on Tim's face. He sneered inwardly. 'Yelena was fully aware of Yvette's identity as an Interpol officer but still took the risk. Mr. Chavez does have overwhelming charm.

'It's actually a good thing that I wasn't too handsome when I was young. It saved me a lot of trouble.

Jeremiah narrowed his eyes and spoke coldly. "Yelena, do you really think no one knows how you got injured?"

Before he could finish his words, the conference room door opened. He paused and shifted his gaze to the entrance. His eyes twinkled with surprise and delight at the sight. Everyone else in the conference room, including Camden and Yelena, also turned to the door. Yelena looked at the person standing at the door in shock. Her eyes were instantly filled with hatred. A deep sense of anger resentment, and humiliation surged within her, making her face look malicious.

Most people in the room were puzzled, unsure of what was happening. Almost everyone recognized Emmett, but no one knew Yvette. Nevertheless, some observant people had already guessed her identity upon seeing her face.

The First Military District was a secret and highly restricted area in Betrico that no one could ever break into. Thus, there was only one possibility-the gorgeous lady standing in front of them was the main focus that day-Jeremiah's fiancée- Yvette. After all, Jeremiah was known for having a beautiful fiancée in the military residences.

Tim was surprised to see Yvette at the doorway. He looked thoughtfully at Jeremiah, realizing that Jeremiah had failed to keep the matter under wraps. That was why Yvette had shown up there.

Unfazed by the various gazes from the crowd, Yvette walked into the conference room leisurely, radiating an intense presence. Emmett respectfully followed behind her with a solemn expression.

Yvette walked up to Jeremiah and flashed him a half-smile. Staring at him, she said casually, "I'll settle the score with you later at home."

Jeremiah smirked, and the cold, intense aura that surrounded him earlier vanished completely in Yvette's presence. His voice was slightly hoarse as he replied, "Sure."

Jeremiah's sudden change gave everyone in the scene goosebumps. Everyone was stunned and wondered, 'What's happening? Has the Living Reaper turned into a gentle, girlfriend-centered guy now?'

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Chapter 696

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Suddenly, Jeremiah cast them a look. They instinctively lowered their heads and mused, 'No doubt Mr. Chavez has a double standard. When it comes to his fiancée, he's always sweet and gentle, but with us, he won't even spare a smile. Emmett observed the crowd's reactions from the sidelines and thought, 'What a bunch of ignorant people! What's so strange about Mr. Chavez being gentle with Yvette?'

He forgot that he used to be shocked by Jeremiah's attitude toward Yvette but slowly got used to it as time passed.

Yelena trembled in anger at the scene. She couldn't fathom why Jeremiah was so devoted to Yvette.

Yvette withdrew her gaze and turned to Yelena, whose eyes were filled with malicious intent. Her relaxed stance contrasted with the latter's frivolous yet icy stare.

After seeing the medical report on the table, Yvette picked it up and casually flipped through it. Her expression remained unchanged but carried a hint of amusement and defiance. She looked at Yelena and asked slowly, "I hurt you on purpose?" Yelena straightened her neck and stared at Yvette furiously, wishing she could kill the latter with her gaze. In a loud voice, she replied, "Yes. Back in Spaunia, I knew you were Jeremiah's fiancée and tolerated your arrogance and insolence. I tried to befriend you. "But after a few conversations, you treated me as an enemy. I already clarified that I had no feelings whatsoever for Jeremiah. I wish you two the best, but what happened in the end?

"You just wouldn't leave me alone. You pushed me into the pool and beat me up, leaving me with lifelong injuries. All I'm asking for is an apology. Is that too much? Everyone, am I being unreasonable?"

Yelena's accusations were compelling enough to sway the sympathy of everyone in the scene, except for Jeremiah, Yvette, and Emmett, who knew that the truth was far from her narrative. Tim, on the other hand, remained indifferent.

He mused, "The truth shouldn't rely solely on one person's word. The fact that Samantha can be friends with Yvette already shows that there's absolutely nothing wrong with Yvette's character, and Yvette will never hurt others without a reason.

'I believe in Samantha's taste in choosing friends. She's much wiser than Andrew, and I'll trust anyone she trusts, too.

Yelena looked at Yvette after her outburst. Unfortunately, Yvette's eyes still didn't carry any hint of fear or panic Yelena had anticipated. Instead, Yvette's expression was as cold and calm as ever.

Not only did Yvette not get angry, but there was even a faint smile on her face.

Yelena gritted her teeth and bellowed inwardly, Just keep pretending, Yvette! Let's see if you can still be so calm later!"

Yvette narrowed her eyes. Her gaze was steady and calm as if what was happening had nothing to do with her. She strolled toward Yelena, looked at her malicious face, and suddenly chuckled.

"You know, one of my greatest strengths is my willingness to fulfill people's wishes. Since you claim I hurt you on purpose, I'll make that happen for you. No need to thank me. It's the least I can do," Yvette slowly muttered.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 697[1,139 words]

Chapter 697

The next second, Yvette slapped Yelena's face under everyone's unbelieving gaze and pressed Yelena's head onto the table.

She scanned the room before lowering her gaze, telling Yelena indifferently. "I never hurt people on purpose. But between the living and the dead, I'd say I prefer the dead."

Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose and thought, 'Go ahead and hit her. No matter what happens, I'll be there to back

you up.'

Emmett's mouth twitched as he watched Yvette's back and Yelena's shocked face. He exclaimed inwardly, 'Gosh! Yvette is the only one in the world who dared to beat someone up in the First Military District in front of so many people.

'Her way of dealing with troublemakers is always simple and rough. The dumbest thing Yelena did in her life was to accuse Yvette of hitting her. Well, now it's happened-Yvette really beat her up!

Emmett knew that even if Yvette beat Yelena to death, Jeremiah would not say anything but quietly take care of the aftermath.

Everyone else was so shocked that they did not know how to react. Many looked at Yvette's face, which was devoid of expression, and could not help but think, 'As expected of Mr. Chavez's fiancée. Their tempers are exactly the same-both are terrifying Camden was momentarily stunned when he saw Yvette press Yelena's head against the table. It took him several seconds to react. "You... Let go of my daughter! Let go of Yelena. We can talk this over."

He did not dare to step forward because Jeremiah was standing right there, watching with a cold expression, showing no sign of stepping in.

Yelena tried to raise her head with all her might, but her efforts were futile. She bit her lips so hard that it bled. Her eyes were full of humiliation and hatred, and she clenched her fists tightly.

'Why? Why? Why am I being trampled by Yvette again? I hate this... Yelena thought.

Yvette shifted her gaze to Camden, but her expression remained unchanged. She curled her lips into a wicked smile and raised an eyebrow, saying, "Talk it over? Too bad, I'm not keen on talking to a fool."

The conference room went pin-drop silent. Yelena struggled harder upon hearing those words. Still, she could not break free from Yvette's grip. Feeling utterly helpless, she bit her lips and wished the ground would swallow her up.

Camden's face stiffened. He knew exactly who Yvette was calling a fool. Everyone else naturally knew about that, too, but they all kept silent, each lost in their own thoughts. No one wanted to get on Jeremiah and Yvette's bad side without reason, after all. Suddenly, a man's laugh broke the silence of the conference room. Everyone turned their gaze to Tim, who had made the sound.

Holding his coffee cup, he calmly gazed at Yvette. His eyes flickered as a kind smile crept on his face.

He thought, 'It seems Samantha's worries are entirely unfounded. Yvette is no ordinary girl and doesn't need my help. With just one move, she managed to silence everyone completely. Even I have to admit how impressive she is.'

He nonchalantly played dumb and looked at everyone. "What's up? Please go on. I just remembered a funny joke all of a sudden."

Everyone's lips twitched. They could not believe Tim was thinking of a joke at a time like this and thought he was only making the situation worse.

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Just then, the chief mediator, Joshua, bit the bullet and stood up. He smiled at Yvette politely and uttered in an extremely friendly tone, "Ms. Zeller, let's sit down and discuss the lawsuit filed by Ms. Lynch accusing you of deliberately harming her in Somalia. "In the meantime, could you please let her go first? We, as the hearing officers, won't just listen to one side of the story."

Although he spoke with a brave front, he was quite nervous inside. He realized Yvette had a fiery temper, and it seemed like she had no qualms about pinning people on the table.

Yvette glanced at Joshua indifferently and narrowed her eyes. Everyone was intimidated by her strong aura, and their heart skipped a beat.

Yvette unhurriedly loosened her grip. Yelena's gaze immediately turned malicious, and she tried to reach out while Yelena was off guard, but Yvette grabbed her hand mid-air. Yvette then slapped her so hard that she was left dizzy. Yelena fell back into her chair, her face going pale. The slap that landed on her face also shocked everyone at how violent Yvette was.

Camden hurriedly checked Yelena's face, revealing two distinct slap marks on both her cheeks. With a trembling voice, he said, "Mr. Chavez, your girlfriend has gone too far! Everyone, you saw it yourselves.

"Mr. Chavez's girlfriend hit my daughter right in front of you. Who knows how she treated my daughter back in Somalia? We, the Lynch family, will certainly seek justice for her."

At that moment, Yelena's expression changed. Tears welled up in her eyes, but she tried to hold them back.

In a pitiful, sorrowful tone, she said, "Everyone, look. This is Ms. Zeller's true nature. She's cruel and violent. I originally just wanted an apology from her, but now I'm definitely going to sue her and make her pay for what she's done." Yvette coldly watched Yelena and Camden perform a tearful act. Then, she turned around, walked to the main table, and sat down without saying a word.

Her action shocked everyone present. They thought Jeremiah was way too lenient with Yvette for letting her take his seat while he just stood there. The father-daughter duo, who had been crying and complaining, were left speechless by the scene. The next moment, Emmett took out some tissues from his pocket and respectfully offered them to Yvette with both hands.

Yvette accepted the tissues and slowly wiped her fingers clean, one after another. Her green eyes were cold, and she appeared relaxed yet indifferent.

Jeremiah looked at Yvette affectionately. Under everyone's stunned gaze, he personally filled the cup on the table with water and placed it in front of her. "Did you fly back here on your own?" he asked.

Yvette nodded, picked up the glass, and took a sip leisurely. Raising an eyebrow, she slowly responded, "Mhm."

Jeremiah asked, "Mom learned ten new dessert recipes. Are you going back to the Chavez residence tonight?" Yvette's eyes lit up at the mention of dessert. She replied, "Yes, I am."

Jeremiah smirked. "Okay. Let's go home together tonight."

Emmett watched the duo interact, then looked at everyone else's varied expressions, especially the shocked faces of Yelena and Camden. He raised an eyebrow, wondering, 'Mr. Chavez and Yvette never care about the presence of others when showing their affection, huh?'

The atmosphere in the conference room was indescribable at that moment.

Yelena was boiling in rage. She glared at Yvette and Jeremiah in resentment but could do nothing about them. A hint of wild rage soon filled her eyes.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 698[1,156 words]

Chapter 698

After a pause, it was once again Joshua who broke the silence under mounting pressure. "Ms. Zeller, we need to clarify exactly what transpired between you and Yelena in Spaunia."

Turning next to Yelena, whose face was swollen, he continued, "Ms. Lynch, Mr. Lynch, I trust you will both remain composed for the rest of this meeting. If emotions continue to in this high, I am afraid we will have to adjourn for today."

Joshua's demeanor toward Yvette starkly contrasted with his attitude toward them. With Yvette, his tone was polite and bordering on deferential, while with Yelena and Camden, a faint hint of impatience crept in..

The disparity was glaring, and it visibly enraged Camden, whose expression darkened. Jeremiah cast a casual glance at Joshua, but that single look was enough to unsettle the latter so deeply.

Joshua seriously considered quitting his job, thinking, 'What kind of twisted bureaucratic system is this? My life is basically at risk just by working here!'

To everyone's surprise, just as they braced for Yvette's resistance she leaned back in her chair, signaling her willingness to answer their questions. Her unexpected cooperation left the entire room stunned. They pondered, 'How does Jeremiah's supposed girlfriend manage to switch her demeanor so seamlessly?

Meanwhile, Jeremiah had another chair brought over by Emmet and sat beside Yvette. Together, they exuded a commanding presence. Their cold, expressionless faces radiated an icy aura that seemed to chill the entire room.

Yelena reluctantly dragged Camden to their seats, and her face was flushed with indignation.

Yvette, by contrast, rested her hand lightly on the table, her ease and confidence making it seem as though she owned the room. Despite being in the military district for the first time, her commanding presence left the others visibly intimidated.

Tim observed the scene from his position at the head of the table, momentarily dazed. Yvette's overwhelming aura made her seem like a seasoned general, and for a fleeting moment, he felt a pang of envy. The coffee in his hand suddenly tasted dull.

He mused, 'Where on earth did Jeremiah find such an extraordinary girlfriend? Why is my good-for-nothing spendthrift son still miserably single? This comparison is enough to drive me insane. Life really is unfair.'

Yvette calmly lifted her gaze, and her eyes swept over the room with a composed detachment. A chill seemed to settle over everyone present. With an air of indifference, she looked at Joshua, saying, "If you have any questions, go ahead and ask." From that moment, it was clear Yvette had taken control of the meeting.

Joshua took a steadying breath before speaking. "Ms. Zeller, during your time in Spaunia, did you, without witnesses or valid reason, assault Ms. Lynch simply because you believed she was interested in Mr. Chavez?"

Halfway through reading the question from his script, Joshua felt a sinking sense of dread. He wondered, 'Who wrote this question? Couldn't they have worded it more delicately?'

Yelena's face brightened slightly at the question, and a small smile tugged at her lips. The room fell silent, and all eyes were fixed on Yvette as they waited for her response.

Tilting her head just slightly, Yvette glanced at Jeremiah. Her expression was enigmatic. A faint smirk played on her lips before she turned back to Joshua. "No. If I'd laid a hand on her, she wouldn't have made it back to Betrico alive."

With her finely arched eyebrows raised just slightly, Yvette's casual remark carried more weight than any elaborate explanation. Somehow, everyone in the conference room instinctively knew she was speaking the truth. After all, they were not easily fooled. Those who had initially been inclined to believe Yelena's accusations began to waver. They thought, 'Could it really have happened as Yelena claimed?' Yelena, seeing the doubt return to their eyes, clenched her fists tightly beneath the table. 10:23 Sat, Jan 4

Chapter 698

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Breaking the tense silence, a middle-aged man in his forties spoke up in a firm tone. "Ms. Lynch, you've claimed Ms. Zeller assaulted you without cause.

"While you've presented a hospital report, we can't convict Ms. Zeller based solely on that. Ms. Lynch, what exactly happened on that day?"

"Now that Ms. Zeller is here, please address her directly and clear up the situation," said the middle-aged man, whose composed demeanor won over the room.

Under the intense scrutiny of the room, Yelena decided to risk it all. She thought, 'If I can't ruin Yvette's reputation, mine will be the one destroyed. At the head of the table, Yvette sat with a still gaze, unblinking.

Her expression was devoid of any emotion. Sensing the impending threat, Yelena quickly spoke up before Yvette had a chance to respond. "Mr. Chavez and I crossed paths with Yvette in Spaunia.

"She was close with the local pirate chief, and because of Mr. Chavez's ties, we were staying at the pirates' base. I initially thought, since Yvette was Mr. Chavez's girlfriend and we'd likely meet often in Betrico, I should try to be friendly."

As she spoke, Yelena shifted her gaze to Yvette and suddenly erupted, saying, "Out of nowhere, Ms. Zeller started yelling at me, accusing me of coveting Mr. Chavez. She threw me into a fountain and attacked me violently.

"She is an ancient combat artist, and I couldn't fight back. Since Ms. Zeller had close ties with the pirates, had no choice but to endure until I got home and sought medical attention.

"The irreversible injuries I sustained will affect me for the rest of my life. I am a soldier of Clusia, therefore, the country has an obligation to protect me and ensure the perpetrator is held accountable."

Yelena's tearful and impassioned recounting helped sway some in the room, easing earlier doubts. Many now felt that if Yvette had attacked Yelena based solely on the unfounded suspicion that Yelena harbored feelings for Jeremiah; her actions would be cruel and unjustifiable.

All eyes turned to Yvette, awaiting her response to Yelena's accusations. With her legs crossed, Yvette's eyes held a cold, menacing gleam as she arched an eyebrow. She exuded a chilling aura, and her gaze calmly swept over the crowd, devoid of any emotion. Yvette began tapping her fingers rhythmically on the table, then spoke nonchalantly. "First, I won't waste my breath on insulting you. Second, laying a hand on you would only dirty my hands.

"Third, there are people from Clusia to Mysonna all vying for my man. Who do you fucking think you are?"

Beside her, Jeremiah had not heard any of the earlier words. His movement of reaching into his pocket paused as well. A small object was held in his hand, unnoticed by the crowd.

His mind was consumed by the phrase "my man". A faint smile tugged at the corners of his lips, and his gaze deepened.

In the back of the room, Emmett observed everything. He thought, 'There it is. Mr. Chavez is swooning again. He's become a hopeless romantic.

'Why is he smiling like a lovesick fool? There's no helping him. Does being a hopeless romantic these days guarantee you'll find someone?'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 699[1,189 words]

Chapter 699

Everyone in the conference room was confused. They didn't know who to trust. Yelena claimed that Yvette had hit her, but Yvette denied it. They wondered who was lying as they thought about the question in their minds. Yelena lowered her head, appearing deeply wronged-even her shoulders were trembling. Meanwhile, everyone looked at the unfazed Yvette, who was sitting in the main scat.

A few seconds later, Tim addressed the group. "Since both sides have their own story, I have a question, Yelena. When exactly did you go to the hospital for a check-up?"

Camden's heart skipped a beat when he sensed that something wasn't right. He thought, "Tim is acting strange today. Why does he keep interfering?"

Of course, he didn't know that if Tim hadn't stepped in to help Yvette that day, Tim would have had to deal with Samantha's cold shoulder for a month, or even longer, when he got back.

Yvette cocked an eyebrow and looked at Tim coldly, but he responded with a very friendly smile.

As Samantha had advised, when interacting with Yvette, he should put on his friendliest smile. Yvette slowly averted her gaze. She glanced down and smiled, but her smile seemed awkward.

Yelena was momentarily stunned, hiding the diffidence in her gaze. "Mr. Mitchell, after I returned to Betrico, I didn't go to the hospital immediately for a check-up because I was scared. After all, Yvette is Mr. Chavez's fiancée, so I hesitated. "But after thinking it over all night, I realized I had to stand up for myself. I couldn't just give in, so I went to Betrico Hospital the next morning."

Yelena spoke confidently, yet she was hesitant and scared. Everyone in the conference room felt that her explanation made

sense.

Joshua looked at Yvette and asked tactfully, "Ms. Zeller, do you have any evidence to prove your innocence?" After asking, Joshua braced himself and glanced at Jeremiah, hoping that he would be pleased with his attitude. Yvette sat in her seat as she rested her hands on the table. With a stoic expression, she glanced up. She narrowed her eyes and smirked before she said slowly, "Evidence?"

Her voice made everyone pause and hold their breath. The crucial question of the day was whether Yvette had evidence to prove her innocence or not.

If she did, then Yelena's life would be over, and the Lynch family would be doomed. If not, although Jeremiah could protect Yvette, the gossip in Betrico would still be a significant challenge to face. Jeremiah turned to glance at Yvette as his eyes darkened. He wondered what kind of evidence she had.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, looking at everyone in the conference room with the bearing of a big shot. Her presence was imposing. Looking aloof, she cocked an eyebrow and said, "If you want it, I'll give it to you." Emmett quickly took out a laptop from the black briefcase he carried. As he walked forward and placed it in front of Yvette, he said respectfully, "Yvette, it's all set."

Everyone in the conference room watched the scene, their expressions varying. Yelena and Camden immediately looked anxious.

Yelena glared at the laptop on the table, wishing she could rush over and smash it. It was without a doubt that Yvette must be playing some sort of trick on her. Back in Spaunia, there were only Yvette and her by the fountain, Yelena was sure that she hadn't left any evidence or clues.

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Chapter 699

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Yelena wondered what evidence could be on the laptop. Although she was reassuring herself, she couldn't help but feel afraid, and her hands were trembling slightly.

Camden turned stiffly to look at Yelena, using his eyes to signal to her what was going on. However, she had no time to pay attention to him due to her panic. She could only focus on Yvette and the black laptop before her.

Tim got out his phone and took a picture of the scene. He opened his messaging app, found the contact labeled "The Mitchell Warriors," and texted: [Yvette has started her counterattack.]

Samantha immediately texted: [Why does Yvette look so pretty? She managed to steal my heart!]

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Tim grimaced as he glanced down at the reply. He thought, 'What did she focus on?' He had no control over Samantha. She had always been obsessed with looks since childhood.

Tim texted: [I rushed here before I finished my meal.]

Samantha texted: [I know. Yvette is really beautiful...]

Tim texted: [Huh?] He looked puzzled.

At the main seat, Yvette leisurely opened her laptop. She was calm and aloof. She rested her fingers on the laptop. Jeremiah handed her the flash drive. Yvette cocked her head as she looked at him intently.

The two exchanged glances and smiled wickedly. There was no need for words; they both knew exactly what evidence each other was holding.

All eyes were on Jeremiah's hands. There was a mix of shock, surprise, panic, and fear in the room. The people in the conference room didn't expect him to have evidence, too.

Yelena was utterly terrified then. She thought, What could be on that flash drive that Jeremiah is holding?' Upon seeing things spiral out of control, Yelena's heart raced, and her expression looked stiff. Yvette quickly moved her hands in front of everyone in the conference room, her speed was so fast that it left everyone in a daze. They wondered if she was on another level.

After one minute, just a step away from finishing, Yvette suddenly stopped. She glanced up and smiled halfheartedly. Everyone was tense as they wondered what had happened and why Yvette had stopped. Yelena let out a sigh of relief and smiled at Yvette provocatively. Yelena thought, 'I bet that she's bluffing. Otherwise, why would she stop now?'

Yvette glanced at Yelena steadily. Under everyone's watchful gaze, Yvette gently lowered her hand. Suddenly, the large screen in the conference room displayed a clear video, showing Yelena's face for everyone to see. Just as everyone was confused, Yelena's voice sounded from the screen. "I'm a close friend of Mr. Chavez's fiancée. Miss, no matter what the reason was back then, you shouldn't be involved with a man who has a fiancée. "I advise you not to get too involved with Mr. Chavez, you'll be the one who gets hurt. Someday you'll grow old and lose your looks, so how will you keep him then? Don't choose the hard way; stop being delusional." Just when everyone expected something more scandalous to be revealed, they saw Yelena suddenly attempt to make a move but failed; Yvette turned and kicked her into the fountain.

When Jeremiah arrived, Yelena's expression changed instantly. Later, when Jeremiah didn't help her, she threatened him by bringing up the past, where their family had saved Jase.

The events that happened at the Spaunia fountain were shown frame by frame on the big screen, and everyone everything clearly. They couldn't help but sigh in disbelief. could see

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Chapter 699

Yelena seemed like a lifeless person at that moment. Her voice echoed eerily from the screen as it lingered in her ears.

Not only did she look pale and stiff, but her body was also shaking uncontrollably, and her palms were bleeding from clenching too tightly.

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Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 700[1,235 words]

Chapter 700

The scene changed and revealed another video-this one deliberately zoomed in.

It clearly showed that when Yelena returned to the Lynch residence, her collarbone and arms bore no signs of injury. Yet, by the following day, when she emerged again, her exposed skin was bruised and battered.

The video footage in Jeremiah's hand made it undeniably clear Yelena's wounds weren't inflicted by Yvette. As for how they appeared, everyone in the room could guess the answer.

Yelena had gone to such lengths-hurting herself-to frame Yvette. Such scheming, such depths of malice. However, she hadn't anticipated Jeremiah and Yvette coming armed with not one but two videos to expose her lies. This was a textbook example of someone digging their own grave. The Lynch family had sealed their fate.

The Lynch family didn't value the life-saving debt owed to Jase from the battlefield generations ago. If they did, they might still hold a respected position in the capital for three more generations. Now, it was all ruined by their own hands.

The conference room buzzed with murmurs when the truth was revealed. All eyes fell on the crumbling figures of Camden and Yelena.

Camden slumped helplessly in his chair with his head hung low. He knew it was over. The Lynch family was finished, and it was his once-brilliant, ever-competitive daughter who had brought their downfall in the most humiliating way imaginable. Meanwhile, Yvette and Jeremiah were unperturbed. From the beginning, this had been nothing more than Yelena's ridiculous one-woman show. They had simply watched a performance for free.

Suddenly, Yelena stood up, her hands pressed firmly against the table. Her bloodshot eyes glared with hatred, her veins bulged on her forehead, and her face was as pale as a ghost. She seemed as if she could devour Yvette alive. With a crazed laugh, Yelena shouted, "Yvette, what makes you deserving of Mr. Chavez?"

Yelena's words left the conference room dead silent. Everyone abruptly froze in shock, thinking, 'Is Yelena truly out of her mind? Asking such an audacious question now is practically a death wish.'

Emmett's sharp gaze locked onto Yelena as he thought, 'Is her brain damaged? Not just Mr. Chavez, there isn't a man who could be too good for Yvette. No man could ever measure up to her.'

Yvette raised her eyes to meet Yelena's crazed glare. Her green irises, like bottomless pools, reflected an unshaken calm. With a detached expression, her lips curled into a mischievous smirk.

Leaning back in her chair, Yvette rested her hands on the armrests. "Why? Because I'm stunningly drop-dead gorgeous," she drawled, her voice faint and unhurried. The conference room fell into stunned silence at her words.

Under any other circumstance, Yvette's remark would have caused an uproarious laugh. However, no one in the conference room could scoff as their gazes fell upon Yvette's breathtaking face. Her perfect-looking face was simply too convincing-a masterpiece of divine partiality.

Emmett's eye twitched involuntarily as he thought, 'Damn it. Yvette's deadly way with words could drive anyone up the wall

Meanwhile, Jeremiah held back a smile as his gaze lingered on Yvette from the moment she entered the meeting room. Ho shimmering blue eyes never wavered for even a second. With a lazy tone and a faint smile tugging at his lips, he said, "Indeed. Drop-dead gorgeous."

Those present had just processed Yvette's earlier words, only to be hit with this unexpected declaration from Jeremiah. Their collective disbelief hung in the air as they thought, 'What's going on with Mr. Chavez? Is this the same stoic, untouchable man we know?' 1/3 10:24 Sat, Jan 4

Chapter 700 *94%

Heads dropped in unison, as if by silent agreement, while a singular thought took root in their minds, 'Will we even make it

out of this conference room after we see this side of him?'

However, one thing was clear now. The gossip circulating in Betrico was no exaggeration. Jeremiah and Yvette had an unusual bond, a connection deeper than anyone had imagined,

Everyone present knew the kind of family values the Chavez fairly upheld. And as for Yvette, no one doubted that she would soon become the most envied woman in Betrico-another Aurora. Jeremiah's devotion promised to surpass even that of Clifford. The crowd knew full well that Yvette's modesty was merely a courtesy. As the International First-Class Interpol Officer and the mastermind behind the luxury brand Vibe, either title of Yvette's was enough to outshine someone like Yelena.

As Tim lowered his gaze, he resigned to his fate as he continued reporting to Samantha. A once-proud deputy commander, he had now been reduced to nothing more than a glorified messenger.

Tim texted: [Yelena demanded to know why Yvette deserved Mr. Chavez, and Yvette said it's because she's drop-dead gorgeous.]

Samantha replied: [Drop-dead gorgeous? Yvette's one modest angel.]

Tim's mouth twitched awkwardly as he put his phone away. He fixed his gaze on Samantha as he thought, 'What kind of spell has she cast on Samantha?'

Meanwhile, Yelena stood frozen. Her lips trembled, her throat felt clogged, and she couldn't squeeze out a word. Her eyes burned with venom, and malice oozed from every inch of her.

Eventually, Yelena exploded, "Yvette, so what if you're pretty? I've sacrificed so much for Jeremiah. To be with him, I got into the military academy, fought my way to the First Military District, and even got plastic surgery."

"I learned countless skills and pushed myself to the brink. I didn't dare to rest for even a second just so I could stand by his side," Yelena added.

"I've done so much and was so close to my goal, but you appeared. Why did you appear? You stole Jeremiah from me. You deserve a terrible end, you witch," Yelena fumed.

Yelena's unhinged remarks left everyone present stunned. They thought, 'Is this woman insane? According to her, Mr. Chavez must be with her because she has done things for him. What a joke. If every woman in Betrico acted like this, would Mr. Chavez even take notice?' Yvette narrowed her eyes, her brows arched slightly. Her expression remained indifferent as she propped her chin on her hand, yet she smiled faintly.

In the next moment, Yvette's words were sharp enough to drain the life of anyone who heard them. "I was born beautiful. So what? As for a terrible end, too many people want that for me. Why don't you go queue in the underworld?"

At that moment, Yvette appeared carefree and cheeky-even smiling-and looked completely unbothered. Yelena's expression was a stark contrast.

Emmett watched as Yelena's face turned crimson, her eyes widened with rage, and her hands trembled. He thought, 'Sigh... Why provoke Yvette? Her words alone are enough to crush a person.'

Jeremiah glanced at the frantic Yelena coldly. His sharp, guarded gaze carried an unmistakable killing intent. Yelena was about to say something when she met Jeremiah's eyes, causing her to flinch.

Subsequently, the madness deepened within Yelena. She yelled, "Yvette, you've done nothing, yet you have Jeremiah's love, while I've done everything and still have never mattered to him! Jeremiah, tell me. What have I done wrong?" Camden reached out to stop Yelena, but she shoved his hand away. Then, Yelena collapsed into a chair, her eyes burning

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Chapter 700

with unrelenting hatred

94%

For years, Yelena had fought hard for the man she loved and poured so much into him. However, she was no more than a ghost to him, met with disdain and disgust. She wondered, 'Why is Jeremiah so cruel to me?' Jeremiah stood up and looked at Yelena, who questioned him.