

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 701[1,164 words]

Chapter 701

With a cold, piercing gaze, Jeremiah spoke with unshakable resolve. "I, Jeremiah, love Yvette. Only her for life and eternity. No matter how time changes, my heart remains with her alone. She doesn't need to do anything-she's my world and my only one." "Whatever you do means nothing to me. No matter what other women do, they won't catch my attention. You ask why? It's simple. Because she's Yvette, that's all," Jeremiah added.

Yvette's flawless face radiated an effortless composure as she raised a brow and tilted her head; meeting Jeremiah's gaze in the air. She paused for a moment, her fingers resting on the table. Her gaze darkened slightly as a faint, almost imperceptible smile played on her lips.

In the conference room, everyone's expressions were strikingly unanimous. They wondered if they were here for a hearing, or to witness Jeremiah's public display of affection.

Since Yvette entered, the usually ruthless and cold Jeremiah had vanished, and his behavior had already stunned everyone. Now, his blatant show of affection left them all in shock.

How cruel. Love is just so sickeningly cheesy, Tim thought. He sipped his coffee as he watched, finding it almost undrinkable in this atmosphere.

Meanwhile, Yelena's face was frozen in a grimace. Jeremiah's words cut into Yelena's heart like needles, suffocating her with unbearable despair. Her eyes were bloodshot, her face a portrait of despair and helplessness. Suddenly, Yelena sprang to her feet, shocking everyone. In the blink of an eye, she fell to her knees before Yvette as tears streamed down her face. She looked frantic, almost mad, as she begged Yvette desperately. "Ms. Zeller, I know I've wronged you, but I love Mr. Chavez so much! I truly love him. Please, let me stay by his side. I'll give up everything, please, just let me stay with him, Yelena pleaded.

With that, Yelena began to slam her head on the ground, over and over. The loud thuds and her desperate pleas echoed through the conference room.

Thud! Thud! Thud!

Everyone was stunned, their eyes wide with disbelief. They had seen their share of storms, but never had they witnessed a person spouting words so twisted and unhinged. Yelena wasn't acting out of love, this was a sick obsession. Camden's heart ached as he gazed at Yelena, trembling as he reached out to help her up. However, the crazed Yelena ignored him completely, shoving him aside and continuing to bow to Yvette.

Though the people in the conference room believed that Yelena was beyond saving, seeing her with a bloodied forehead still stirred some sympathy in their hearts. But then there was Jeremiah, who remained completely unmoved. Just then, Yvette rose from her chair and walked over to Yelena. Standing before Yelena, she cast a shadow over her with a palpable pressure that seemed to linger in the air.

Yelena knelt on the ground and clenched her hands at her sides. She stopped and was unable to slam her head to the floor as she had intended.

Yvette spoke nonchalantly. "Lift your head. The words struck hard, forcing Yelena to obey.

"You... Yelena felt perplexed.

Yvette crouched before Yelena, eyes cold as she gazed at the latter's tear-streaked face, pale lips, and disheveled hair. She grabbed Yelena and dragged her across the conference room, stopping before a mirror in the corner.

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Chapter 701

The others in the conference room turned their attention to the two, curious about what Yvette was doing.

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Camden was terrified that Yvette might harm Yelena and scrambled to stop her. "Let-Let go of my-my daughter... Please!" His voice trembled with desperation. Some of the onlookers sighed, pitying Camden.

Despite Camden's past misdeeds, he truly was a decent man. Having lost his wife early, he devoted himself to raising Yelena alone. Now, at his age, he had become a department head, yet he was entangled in his daughter's mess. It was truly heartbreaking. Jeremiah shot Emmett a glance, and the latter immediately stepped forward to restrain Camden. "Mr. Lynch, stay put." Camden froze, unable to move as Emmett held him firmly in place. He could only watch helplessly.

In the corner, Yvette yanked Yelena toward the mirror, crouched down, and grabbed her disheveled hair. With her long fingers, she tilted Yelena's face upward, forcing her to meet her reflection.

Yvette exuded an aura of coldness, her face sharp and unyielding, eyes gleaming with icy disdain. Her voice was flat, yet impossible to ignore.

"Yelena, do you see the proud, noble woman you once were? All your efforts, your struggles, your transformations-was it all for a man who doesn't love you? Do you think it was worth it? To frame others, you inflicted wounds on yourself," Yvette said. "You risked permanent damage. And what did you gain? Nothing What a foolish waste. Look at the vast, beautiful world outside its endless wonders and delicacies-aren't they far better than chasing after added. man who will never be yours?" Yvette

Emmett texted: [Compared to Mr. Chavez, food is more important to Yvette.]

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Jeremiah stood to the side, impeccably poised, exuding elegance and authority. His thin, firm lips pressed into a thoughtful line. It seemed he needed to master even more cuisines quickly.

Yvette's words hit Yelena like a bucket of icy water. At that moment, she couldn't bear to look in the mirror. She had always been proud and noble. 'No... This isn't me in the mirror. No... It's a devil... Not me... she thought. Overwhelmed by an unbearable shock, Yelena suddenly let out a piercing scream. Each cry grew louder than the last as she frantically stumbled backward, hands clawing at her face in desperation.

Yvette's hand, steady and heavy as iron, pinned Yelena in place. She forced the latter to confront her reflection. Her voice was soft yet unyielding. "Look closely. This is the result of your own doing. You've no one to blame but yourself. Understand?" Yelena's wide, terrified eyes fixed on the mirror. Her reflection stared back-a broken, haunted figure. Tears streamed down her face like a puppet whose strings had been cruelly severed. After years of scheming, what had it all been for? Yvette released her grip, stood up, and with her hands in her pockets, turned around and walked slowly back to Jeremiah's side. The two stood together, exuding a powerful aura.

Jeremiah's gaze lingered on Yvette. His brows arched slightly, his voice deep and commanding. "Yelena's case will be dealt with by the First Military District. The punishment won't be light Or do you prefer to handle it yourself?" All eyes shifted from the crumpled Yelena in the corner, back to the intimidating figures of Jeremiah and Yvette. Upon hearing Jeremiah's words, the others exchanged wary glances and wisely chose to feign ignorance.

Whatever fate awaited Yelena-however grim-she had brought it upon herself. No one would dare pity her. Now that the truth was out, whether justice was handled officially or privately was no concern of theirs. However, one thing was clear. If Yvette took Yelena away, the chances of the latter surviving this ordeal were slim to none.

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Chapter 702

Camden panicked when he heard Jeremiah's words. In Betrico, Jeremiah was known as the Living Reaper. "Yelena was wrong, Mr. Chavez and Ms. Zeller. I was wrong and our family was wrong. We'll give up everything," he pleaded. "Please, let's settle this peacefully. I'll agree to whatever you want. If you're still angry, take my life instead. I'm begging you, please spare her. She's still so young. Please, just this once," Camden added.

Camden, a figure of authority, was now in utter despair. His tears flowed uncontrollably. At that moment, he was nothing but a broken father, humbled beyond measure.

From the reflection in the mirror, Yelena saw Camden pleading. The sight jolted her from her daze. For the first time, she cried regretfully. Trembling, she rose to her feet. "Dad, stop begging. It's my fault. I'll face whatever comes next." Yelena glanced at Yvette and Jeremiah. Her gaze only lingered on Jeremiah for a second. Years of obsession shattered instantly, leaving behind a woman who, for once, carried a semblance of dignity.

She turned to Yvette and declared, "I'll take responsibility for my actions, and bear whatever consequences that follow."

Camden shook his head frantically. "No, Yelena. No! Mr. Chavez, Ms. Zeller, I'm begging you, Yelena knows she was wrong." Everyone watched the scene unfold while sighing inwardly. 'If only she'd known better,' they thought. Yelena had single-handedly destroyed her bright future. Some wondered whether Yvette might relent and show mercy given Camden's heartfelt plea.

Once again, all eyes turned to Yvette. Emmett's gaze swept over the crowd-he could tell what they were speculating. Mercy? That word doesn't exist in Yvette's world,' he thought.

With her hands in her pockets, Yvette raised her eyelids slightly, her half-lidded gaze locking onto the pair before her. Her brows were arched and her expression was icy as she said, "Ten years."

The room fell into stunned silence. 'Ten years? What does Yvette mean by that?'

y wondered.

Everyone seemed confused-except Jeremiah. At Yvette's words, his gaze darkened; it was ice-cold and razor-sharp. The military uniform only amplified his unyielding aura. "Okay," he said. Yvette and Jeremiah's exchange left the others baffled, trapped in a haze of uncertainty.

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Yelena caught sight of the unspoken harmony between Jeremiah and Yvette and chuckled bitterly as she thought, 'What a fool I was. How could I ever believe I could win Jeremiah's heart

Jeremiah turned to the guards behind him. With an expressionless face, he ordered coldly, "Take Yelena to the First Military District prison. Transfer her to Betrico Prison after two days and hold her there for ten years."

At Jeremiah's words, the conference room erupted in shock. Everyone present was frozen with disbelief as they thought, "Ten years? That's harsh. They couldn't believe the two planned to imprison a young lady like Yelena for ten years.

Upon hearing that, Camden's mind went blank. He collapsed to the ground. His pupils were wide with shock, his body trembled, and his face was ashen.

"Ma. Zeller, ten years? Please, spare Yelena. If you must imprison someone, imprison me. She's so young-this is the best time of her life. Please, don't ruin her like this. Please," Camden pleaded.

Camden's desperate pleas struck a chord with many in the conference room. Meanwhile, Yvette stood motionless, her gaze dark and cold as she tugged at the corners of her lips

Burdently, a man in his thirties stood up and cautiously glanced at Yvette before speaking. "Mr. Chavez and Ms. Zeller, it seems they truly regret their actions Isn't the ten-year punishment too harsh? Could you perhaps reconsider?" 15:48 Sun, Jan 5

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Jeremiah's sharp and chiseled face exuded an icy coldness, and his gaze swept over the crowd before landing on the man who had dared to plead. One look from him, and the man felt a cold sweat break out on his back. Yvette slowly walked to the chair at the head of the table and sat down, a faint smile tugging at the corners of her lips. Her gaze was cold and exuded indifference as she casually said, "No."

The man who pleaded slumped back into the chair at Yvette's response. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, terrified to speak another word. The room fell into a suffocating silence, and no one dared utter another syllable.

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They could see the Jeremiah's imposing figure standing behind vette. His icy, sharp gaze was enough to keep anyone in check. No one was foolish enough to seek their own destruction Truth be told, the situation was entirely Yelena's fault, and there was no one else to blame.

Yvette's gaze darkened, like a deep, swirling abyss. Her fingers lightly tapped the table in rhythmic succession. Her posture was lazy and unbothered, exuding an almost deceptive calmness

Then, her voice cut through the silence. "I have this quirk. Perhaps you don't know it." Behind her, Emmett's lips twitched. He could already sense the storm about to unfold.

As expected, the next moment, Yvette said, "If a person doesn't offend me, I won't harm them. But if they dare cross me, I'll wipe out their entire family. Her voice was so soft, it was almost a

whisper; but the weight of her words froze everyone in place. Standing powerless, Yelena could only lower her head in despair. She had already resigned herself to her fate. She knew the consequences of her actions, having seen Yvette's ruthlessness in Spaunia.

If she failed, Yvette would show no mercy, just as she would have shown none had the tables been turned. Yelena would rather die than spend ten years locked away in prison.

Yvette calmly surveyed the room, her sharp gaze taking in every reaction. Her eyes narrowed when her gaze landed on Tim, who was awkwardly smiling. 'Why's he grinning like that?' she wondered.

Tim immediately flashed a bigger smile when he noticed Yvette looking at him. Today he smiled more than he ever had, but it felt so forced. He had no idea that Yvette, who was sitting at the head of the table, was repulsed by his forced grin. Tim promptly texted Samantha: [Yvette said, "If a person doesn't offend their whole family."]

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Won't harm them. But if they do, I'll destroy

Tim thought his misguided daughter, Samantha, wouldn't possibly praise Yvette this time. He glanced at the message, and the corner of his mouth twitched as he struggled to maintain his composure. Samantha replied: [Yvette's truly a kind little angel.]

Agitated, Tim wondered, 'How could Samantha reply like that? kind little angel? After today, the entire Betrico would know of Yvette's ruthlessness. We agreed not to send any more texts; yet you couldn't resist, could you? Why are your hands so restless?

A guard stepped forward and shackled the utterly despondent Yelena. As she passed by Yvette's seat, she paused for a brief moment then lifted her chin in defiance.

Yetera thought. How could 1 possibly compare to someone as ruthlessly powerful as Yvette? From the very beginning, I've sveremitated myself. She cast a final glance at Camden before being escorted out of the conference room by the guard. Camden tred to rise and stop then as he watched Yelena being brought away. However, blood surged to his head, and he collapsed on the sped. Ile, too, was taken away by the guards.

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Chapter 703

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Chapter 703

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After a few days of uproar, everyone felt mixed emotions as they saw the Lynch family's downfall. The consequences for Camden and Yelena served as a stark warning to everyone in the conference room.

Frankly, many young ladies in Betrico had been interested in Jeremiah; everyone naturally wished to marry the heir of the Chavez family. But now, everyone at the scene secretly decided warn their daughters never to pursue Jeremiah again.

They would rather ask their daughters to marry an ordinary person than Jeremiah. Otherwise, the consequences could be dire-not only risking their own lives but potentially ruining their families.

Just when everyone thought no other incident would happen that day, the conference room door suddenly opened again. A security officer entered with a man in a suit.

The moment the man stepped into the conference room, his heart skipped a beat as he instantly noticed Yvette sitting in the main seat. He thought, 'Holy crap! Is Ms. Zeller really that arrogant even in the most secretive First Military District of Betrico?' Seeing the number of medals and badges on the shoulders of the people seated around her, he could tell their ranks were obviously very high, yet they could only sit on the side.

He thought in shock, 'How could she sit in the main seat? No wonder Mr. Yates went to such great lengths-contacting the relevant departments to ensure I could bring the newly signed document here after thorough reviews.' by signed document here after thorough reviews.

The man was Liam. He had followed Howard for mature and composed in such settings.

many years and had seen many important figures. Hence, his behavior was

Liam's sudden entrance made everyone sit back in their seats, all curious about him. Meanwhile, Yvette, seated in the main seat, looked toward Liam. Her eyes slowly narrowed, a flash of understanding passing through them. The officer stood at attention and saluted. "General, this gentleman came in with a pass," he reported loudly.

Jeremiah waved his hand, and the officer turned and closed the conference room door. Jeremiah's gaze deepened as he looked at Liam approaching, then at the document in Liam's hand, his eyes darkening. He knew Liam must be someone Yvette was acquainted with. Liam walked directly past everyone and approached Yvette, giving her a brief nod before placing the document on the table. Explaining his purpose for visiting the First Military District that day, he stated, "Ms. Zeller, here is the agreement Sunrise Group signed with the government this morning."

"The agreement includes a commitment from Sunrise Group to allocate 17 billion dollars over the next two years to support national development, specifically for military supplies," he added.

As soon as Liam finished speaking, everyone in the conference room turned to look at him, stunned by the amount mentioned

They thought in disbelief, 'Sunrise Group is so generous! But why would they donate 17 billion dollars to the government at such a particular moment? What an enormous amount!

However, some keen observers noticed that Liam seemed to know Yvette, wondering whether he came directly for her.

Yvette showed no emotion, only raising her eyebrow slightly, her expression calm. She pressed her fingers against her

thinking Howard must have been aware of Yelena's matters.

When she heard, Jerryn took a sip of water, his gaze darkened. Hmm, 17 billion dollars... What's the relationship between Howard and Yvette? he wondered.

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Under the curious eyes of everyone, Liam continued with another shocking statement, "This document is a token of appreciation for you, Ms. Zeller. Thank you for saving our crew members in Spaulia." 77%

"Mr. Yates said that as long as you are safe and sound, 17 billion dollars is just for the next two years of cooperation. Sunrise Group will support the development of military infrastructure in the First Military District in the future, aiming for friendly cooperation," he added. Liam was repeatedly stunned by the lengths Howard went to for Yvette, leaving him so shocked that he felt numb.

Previously, Howard had invested billions of dollars and even transferred an entire department to Chambers Group for Yvette. And now, he had willingly signed a 17 billion dollar deal with the government for her.

Liam suddenly realized that whatever Howard would do in the future, as long as it was for Yvette, no matter how outrageous the matter, he would no longer find it surprising.

Liam's latter statement left everyone else in the conference room completely shocked. They all realized why Howard chose to collaborate with the government at such a particular moment.

It showed Howard's full support for Yvette, indicating that 17 billion dollars was just the beginning if nothing happened to

her.

However, if anything went wrong, it would be just a one-time deal to appreciate her help in saving Sunrise Group's crew and ships. The gesture seemed excessively grand.

The way everyone looked at Yvette changed continuously. They finally realized that Yvette's identity was far from simple.

Emmett looked at everyone's shocked expressions and thought, Wow! Sunrise Group has backed Yvette up.'

From the main seat, Yvette looked at Liam, raised an eyebrow, and calmly responded, "Got it."

Liam nodded. After completing his task, he stepped back, turned around, and followed the officer out of the conference room without saying anything more.

But as he reached the door, he paused, recalling something Howard had said during the signing. Howard said that they were all family, and putting money into their own pockets was not a loss.

He thought in confusion, "What exactly did that mean? How could the First Military District and Sunrise Group be considered family?

After Liam left, Jeremiah and Yvette remained calm, acting as if nothing had happened. Meanwhile, the others in the conference room still had not fully recovered from their shock.

Just as Tim instinctively reached for his phone to report the situation via text message to Samantha, he paused, changing his mind, and put it down quietly.

Although he wished to tell Samantha about Sunrise Group's actions, he could already guess her response would be praising Yvette for how outstanding, excellent, and amazing she was.

Therefore, to avoid witnessing Samantha's blind admiration for Yvette, he decided not to send the text.

However, just as everyone finally calmed down, another knock on the door brought their hearts back up again. Jeremiah smiled faintly as he glanced at Yvette and thought, 'Is there another one? Then he said, "Come in."

After the door opened, a different officer came in, leading six foreign men in uniform. They had blonde hair and blue eyes,

early as for three inches tall.

Most people

the conference room were from the military, and their demeanor changed instantly to seriousness upon seeing the viewers. They thought. Interpof? What's going on is today a special day? Someone quickly recognized the leader was Jack, chief of the Betrico branch of Interpol

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Chapter 704

Jack stood firm, sighed, and removed his police cap, his face serious and stern. He shouted, "Interpol, Berrico Division Chief, reporting to the officer."

The other officers behind him did the same. In unison, they shouted, "Interpol, Berrico Division, officers reporting to the officer." It was deafening.

Everyone in the conference room was stunned, watching Jack and his officers salute. Jack was well-known in Berrien for being stern and rarely smiling. He often flaunted his status, exuding superiority, and no one had ever seen him at 50. Respectfully, friendly, and courteously.

Who on earth is the superior Jack referred to? they wondered.

Suddenly realizing a possibility, they thought, "No way! Even if Yvette is part of Interpol, Jack, as the chief, holds a high rank. Could she, a woman in her twenties, possibly outrank him? If so, that would be beyond belief."

Considering Wette's age, they could not believe she could rocket through the ranks and rise so quickly at Interpol's headquarters.

Everyone followed Jack's gaze to Yvette sitting in the main seat.

She narrowed her eyes slightly, looking calm and serene. Her exquisite face showed no expression. She pursed her lips and paused for a few seconds. Then, she stared at Jack and gave a slight nod, "Good," she responded.

That single word sent a shiver down everyone's spine. Even though they had mentally prepared themselves, seeing Yvette respond made their emotions even more complicated. They now desperately wanted to know what position Yvette held at Interpol to warrant such respect from the usually arrogant Jack.

Emmett's expression remained calm, silently mocking the group. "What's the big deal about Interpol? If they saw Yvette putting the president of Mysonna in his place, they'd be even more dumbfounded," he thought.

Jeremiah sat beside Yvette. His eyes gleamed with a hint of softness as he smirked, his gaze fixed on her. He murmured in a deep, husky voice, "You have quite the connections."

Yvette paused, her hand resting on the table, then turned to look at Jeremiah. Meeting his gaze, she smirked mischievously and said slowly, "I can't help it, it's just my natural charisma."

Jeremiah let out a low chuckle and agreed, "Yes, it's your natural charisma."

Behind them, Emmett lowered his head silently, thinking, 'Does Mr. Chavez have to repeat everything she said?'

Jeremiah's low chuckle caught the attention of Joshua, who was sitting closest to him. Joshua's face stiffened in fear, thinking Why is Mr. Chavez laughing? How terrifying!

Jack lowered his salute and walked over to Yvette in front of everyone. He then pulled out a black ID card from his pocket and placed it in front of her.

Looking at Yvette, Jack felt relieved that he had made the right decision by reporting her situation to Interpol headquarters. He had even received a personal call from Terry, instructing him to come to the First Military District to back her up. However, he could not help but think that Terry might have overestimated his importance. 'Does this big shot truly need my support?' he wondered.

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Snapping back to reality, Jack's demeanor grew even more confident as his sharp eyes scanned the room.

He announced loudly. "Madam, this is your new ID. It has been filed at headquarters, and the process has been formally approved. The document has been issued, and we've notified 32 branch offices globally. You are now a Serret Sperial of Interpol. The words "Secret Special Agent" resounded like a thunderclap, once again stunning everyone in the conference room. Dozens of faces showed the same expression—shock, with widened eyes.

Interpol had only designated seven Secret Special Agents in its decades of existence, and the last one was appointed 15 years

ago.

their knowledge, all seven were around their mid-thirties when they earned the title. Never had someone in their early Twenties—let alone a woman—achieved it.

They thought in disbelief, 'Being a Secret Special Agent in her early twenties, what kind of outstanding achievements were hidden in her heavily classified record?'

Everyone used to think Yvette was aiming too high by marrying Jeremiah. Now they were just curious about where Mr. Chavez found such a girlfriend.

They had to admit that the saying "birds of a feather flock together" seemed accurate. In the real world, there were no fairy tales of princesses, like Cinderella, meeting princes; only strong partnerships where equals matched each other. Only two exceptional individuals could make a perfect match. Most people in the conference room silently resolved to tell their younger family members not to provoke Yvette under any

circumstances.

Yvette pressed her temple and glanced at Jack indifferently. She replied slowly, "Alright, I got it. You may leave

The others thought Yvette's attitude was too cold, leaving Jack with no face. Given his bad temper, they guessed Jack would be upset.

But in the next moment, they were surprised by Jack's reactions again. They saw him smiling and nodding with no sign of any dissatisfaction with Yvette's cold demeanor.

Jack paused, his face slightly awkward, and nervously pulled out a small business card from his uniform pocket, placing he table.

With a hint of flattery, he said, "Madam, I'll take my leave now. If you need anything, feel free to reach me directly at my personal number on this card." He would not miss the chance to build a connection with a big shot like Yvette. Yvette gave it a brief glance and nodded without any expression.

Jack remembered what Terry told him and he turned to face the others in the meeting room. His expression suddenly turned serious, showing a completely different attitude.

In a loud voice, he said, "I want to convey the words of our Interpol Chairman. The Chairman has said that in this matter, if our leader is not satisfied, the headquarters will support any decision the leader makes, regardless of the cost." Without waiting for the others' reactions, Jack saluted Yvette, nodded politely at Jeremiah, and then left the conference

room with his team.

Afterward, everyone in the conference room went silent, even their breathing was audible. Each face bore a complex expression.

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Everyone's expression in the conference room bet change

Interpol was openly and breathily supporting Yvet. M

would intervene on Yvette's behalf, turning it into an international case SEND GIFT

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Chapter 705 Chapter

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The sheer weight of Yvette's influence showcased what unwavering support truly entailed,

First came Sunrise Group, pledging a jaw-dropping 17 billion dollars for the government partnership. Then, Interpol joined in, vowing to step in if Yvette deemed it necessary.

Relief swept through the crowd. Fortunately, Jeremiah and Yvette held irrefutable proof, or the situation would have spiraled into chaos.

Jeremiah was seated just off-center at the table. His gaze locked onto the black business card boldly inscribed with the name Fuck.]

His deep eyes glimmered, and his brows furrowed subtly, dark and intense.

Casually, Jeremiah reached for his drink, but his hand faltered, spilling water from the glass right onto Jack's black business card, drenching it.

The water smudged the ink instantly, and the name and numbers dissolved into a blurred mess.

A security officer darted forward, cleaning the mess quickly, but the card was now an inscrutable mess.

In the conference room, a synchronized shift of gazes landed on the now-ruined card, only for heads to quickly lower in unison. Everyone thought collectively, 'We saw nothing. Absolutely blind.

Tim, in the middle of sipping his coffee, nearly choked on it. 'Classic Mr. Chavez, he mused. 'Most people wouldn't even think of doing this!

'He could've just said no, but no, he had to make it flashy. What a shrewd guy! Where was this flair when he was younger?' he muttered inwardly.

From the back, Emmett observed the entire scene, his eye twitching in disbelief. He thought, 'Mr. Chavez's methods... I don't even know where to start.'

Meanwhile, Jeremiah was nonchalant, feigning innocence as his gaze met Yvette's dark eyes. When he met her stare, his own betrayed a flicker of embarrassment.

In a voice devoid of emotion, he casually remarked, "Didn't mean to. My hand slipped. Think I can get another one?"

'How pretentious,' Emmett thought.

'Ugh, pompous as ever, Tim grumbled internally.

The rest of the room struggled to maintain composure. They thought in disbelief, 'Did he just say his hand slipped? Really?

'Anyone else could've done that, but not Mr. Chavez. If he can't keep his grip, the entire military district might as well retire their right hands. Honestly, he might as well have declared us all deaf.

Yvette, however, curled her lips into a faint, knowing smile as her gaze lingered on Jeremiah. Her features were exquisite, and the sunlight, pouring in through the window, cast a soft radiance across her face, which looked breathtaking. She languidly answered, "No need."

. Jeremiah's dark eyes held a glimmer of amusement, his lips curving into a slight smile.

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A collectively silent and understanding look could be seen on everyone's faces. Regardless, it seemed they learned an unexpected lesson that day.

The next moment, Yvette lifted her chin slightly, announcing, "I'll visit the branch sometime later myself and retrieve the business card from Jack."

Jeremiah's composure faltered for a fraction of a second before he regained his mask of indifference and nodded. His expression betrayed nothing, but the subtle tightening of his grip on the cup in his hand spoke volumes as he replied in a low voice, "Okay." Yvette's gaze dropped. A sly glint appeared in her eye as she thought, 'Someone's overdue for a lesson

the conference room, all eyes were on Jeremiah, some glinting with amusement. Tim was barely able to contain himself. He thought gleefully, 'Well, well. The Living Reaper has finally met his match. There really is a balance to everything in this world.'

Seeing that everything was settled, Joshua, the main examiner, mustered the strength to stand and stammered, "M-Mr. Chavez, we... Uh, you-" A sudden knock on the door interrupted Joshua's attempt to speak, and his expression became helpless. Seriously? Will this ever stop? Who is it now?' Joshua grumbled inwardly.

Besides Joshua, the rest of the room knew the answer-the visitor had to be here for Yvette.

'Who could it be this time?' they mused. "Thank goodness Yvette's unscathed, though. If anything happened to her, Betrico would've plunged into complete chaos.'

Joshua quietly sank back into his chair, casting a defeated look at the door.

"Come in," Jeremiah commanded, his voice deep.

The door creaked open, revealing a guard standing tall, his posture steady. Behind the guard was a slightly hunched figure.

Before anyone could fully register the scene, Yvette was already on her feet, moving swiftly toward the door, with Jeremiah following close behind.

As the guard stepped aside, the figure stepped into the light. Everyone in the conference room got up from their chairs and stood, stunned into silence. Even Tim blinked in shock before rising from his seat. It was James Owens himself.

James had sprinted straight from the physics lab, having only learned of Yelena's incident two hours ago.

Immersed in pioneering energy experiments, he hadn't kept track of the outside world and had no idea what had been unfolding.

The moment the news reached him, he rushed over, still dressed in his lab protective suit.

A founding elder of Clusia's top three labs, James carried a reputation as formidable as Jase's. His contributions to science. and humanity were immeasurable-so vast that words failed to capture their significance. James was a rare figure, so meeting him felt like reaching for the stars.

His energy was palpable, and a hint of anger lingered on his face, which lent him an aura of authority. He carried a presence

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that was forged through battle-hardened experiences.

Only Yvette, Jeremiah, and perhaps Tim could stand before him without breaking under the pressure. For the rest, it felt as though the room itself had grown suffocating.

James watched Yvette and Jeremiah walk side by side. His stern expression melted the moment his gaze fell on Yvette. The rage surrounding him dissipated, and a smile spread across his face, forming deep wrinkles around his mouth.

The shift in his demeanor instantly diffused the tension that had gripped the conference room. All eyes followed Yvette and Jeremiah as they approached James.

With a kind smile and a gentle voice, James addressed the approaching Yvette, "When did you get back? Why didn't you

me to see your old grandpa? Michael keeps pestering me daily, asking me when you'll return."

However, before Yvette could respond, James' sharp eyes flicked to Jeremiah, and his tone shifted to playful accusation. "So, you're the culprit who whisked her away, huh?

"Now that she's back, she doesn't even spare a thought for her poor, neglected grandpa. Such cold hearts, the both of you," he teased.

James opened his mouth, and the room fell into stunned silence immediately. Everyone was in disbelief, thinking. 'Is this really the same stern Mr. Owens we've always known? Did he just refer to Yvette as his granddaughter? How could that be?' It was common knowledge in Betrico that the Owens family had only one child-Michael.

Everyone listened to the conversation unfolding between the three of them, struggling to make sense of it all.

Jeremiah found a resemblance between James and his own grandfather, Jase. Both often acted like children. 'As if you would ever be neglected,' Jeremiah mused.

The Owens residence had plenty of workers-six chefs, medical staff, health experts, and a private butler. Neglect was the last thing that could happen.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez

- Secrets Of MrS 706[1,181 words]

Chapter 706

Jeremiah kept his composure, though his jaw tightened ever so slightly as he began, "Mr. Owens, we-

Before he could finish, James tapped his cane on the floor, his gaze sweeping the room. A sneer tugged at his lips. His voice was calm but authoritative as he snapped, "What do you mean by 'we'?

"I told you to protect Yvette, and how did you do that? Who dared to lay a finger on her? Who dares to harm her? The Lynch family, the Zabala family-whoever thinks they can disrespect Yvette better scram. And who has the audacity to question Yvette? Through a meeting?

Well, here I am. If anyone dares, they'd better start with me, James Owens. If you want to arrest anyone, arrest me first!"

Everyone grasped the meaning behind James' oblique accusations. One by one, they lowered their heads.

'He's got it all wrong,' they thought. 'Who would even dare cross Yvette now? With her backing, both in wealth and power, who would be foolish enough to challenge her?'

No one expected James to not only recognize Yvette as his granddaughter but also make the trip to the First Military District to defend her. With his blatant favoritism, there was no mistaking his intentions.

In Clusia, James wasn't just a man of immense status and reputation-his former students had risen to positions of power. With that, no one would dare cross him.

Jeremiah was used to it. No matter how much Michael and he tried, they could never compete with the adoration James and Jase showed Yvette. It was the age-old tale of the stepchild stealing the limelight from the biological child.

Emmett stepped forward to explain, "Mr. Owens, the situation has been handled. Yelena staged the whole thing. She'll serve a ten-year sentence and has already been arrested."

James' expression softened slightly when he heard this. He had always known Yvette to be gentle, and she would never act out of anger without a cause.

His gaze shifted back to Yvette, his demeanor completely changing to one of warmth.

You've lost weight, Yvette. Is Jeremiah not providing enough? Are you not eating properly?" he asked.

A hint of helplessness flashed in Jeremiah's eyes as he mused, "There he goes again.

Yvette gave a subtle squint, her graceful features sharpening as she raised an eyebrow. "That's not it, Grandpa James," she said.

James didn't listen and shot Jeremiah another eye roll. Just like Jase, he drags someone into his world and can't even be bothered to care for her properly,' he muttered inwardly.

Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose, grumbling inwardly, 'What did I do? That's the second eye-roll I've gotten James argued, "No, you're too thin. You like milkshakes, right? The shop I set up for you is still running. I'll close it now and have them bring the shakes home."

Then, he continued, "What else would you like? I'll have the kitchen start preparing. Just you and me, dinner tonight. We don't have enough groceries for more."

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The room was stunned into silence. He really put it that way, huh? they thought. Their eyes turned to Jeremiah, who was standing tall and silent.

Everyone pondered, How badly does Mr. Owens not care about him? What's with there not being enough groceries? He's clearly targeting Mr. Chavez.

Yvette was the reason James opened a milkshake shop. He had even reached out to biology and food safety teams to ensure the milkshakes were all-natural, with no additives.

This gave the departments a headache, and it was all for Yvette.

There's a limit to how much he can spoil Yvette, and turning a milkshake shop into a health-focused venture is too much,

everyone mused.

Jeremiah paused before saying, "Mr. Owens, I'm afraid we can't make it today. We've promised Grandpa that we'd visit the Chavez residence."

James glared, huffing inwardly, "That sly old fox, Jase, always thinks he can steal Yvette from me. Not this time.

Feeling stubborn, he decided to throw a tantrum, tapping his cane against the floor twice as he shot an unpleasant look at Jeremiah before turning to Yvette. Then, his tone softened.

"Yvette, you decide. Are you coming with me for dinner or Jeremiah's? No matter what your choice is, I won't get mad. I'm used to being left out, after all," he uttered.

His tone grew soft, almost drawing sympathy.

Jeremiah's gaze darkened. 'So he's using that tactic now? I expect no less from someone from the same special forces as Grandpa, he thought.

Jeremiah spoke up. "That's okay. Grandpa's already prepared the best food at home, and Mom's even made a dessert. But it's okay if you'd prefer to go to Mr. Owens' place. Neither Grandpa nor Mom would hold it against you."

His words only solidified Yvette's central role in the Chavez family. Not only was Aurora always looking out for her, but even Jase usually buried in work-would keep an eye on her during mealtimes.

Yvette's position in the Chavez family was something many would envy.

Yvette tilted her head, her eyes narrowing as a mischievous smile tugged her lips. She raised an eyebrow, thinking, "This is nice. I'll just sit back and enjoy the show!"

James clenched his jaw, his gaze flicking toward Jeremiah. He thought, 'He's Jase's grandson, all right. He's really turned the

tables on me.'

Jeremiah met James' look, his thoughts clear. 'We both know each other's games. Let's not drag this out,' he uttered inwardly. Emmett stifled a grin, watching the two-one approaching 30, the other closing in on 90-battling with the same cunning. With all that accumulated age, one would think they would have outgrown these tactics by now.

As the banter continued, Jeremiah wondered, 'Isn't he exhausted? Why can't we just go back to the Chavez residence today

and visit him tomorrow?"

The room fell into an unexpected silence. Everyone watched in amusement as all eyes turned toward Yvette.

Tim sat back, savoring his coffee as he watched the scene unfold. James' question had put Yvette in an awkward spot. She 10:08 Mon, 6 Jan

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was torn between her fiancé and her grandfather.

It was the classic dilemma-to choose who to save if one's partner and parent both fell into the river, the perfect conundrum.

Unable to resist, Tim pulled out his phone and typed out the unfolding drama into The Mitchell Warriors group chat. Almost instantly, a reply appeared: [Dad, Yvette will figure out how to get the best out of both sides.]

Tim smirked, thinking, 'Really? Does she have the perfect solution?'

Meanwhile, Emmett, standing nearby, couldn't stop pondering. This is a dilemma. What will Yvette choose? It's not an easy call:

Pette stood languidly, looking relaxed without a hint of trouble as she let the silence stretch for a few seconds.

She lifted her eyebrow slightly. Her eyes narrowed as she answered, "I'm going to the Chavez residence."

The moment the words left her lips, the reactions were immediate.

Jeremiah's eyes sparkled with a hint of amusement, while James seemed to deflate instantly, his heart dropping with clear disappointment.

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Inside, his mind screamed, I've been cast aside by Yvette!

The room was filled with a silent understanding. It was almost certain Yvette would choose the Chavez residence. With the invitation from Jase and Aurora already in place, James' hopes for a win were dashed.

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 707[1,157 words]

Chapter 707

The next second, Yvette's calm voice echoed. "Grandpa James, let's go together"

James was filled with disappointment just a moment ago, but he suddenly lit up, his spirits revitalized. With just a few words. he turned from near despair to full vigor. The others in the conference room were dumbfounded. They couldn't believe it-both families would be having a meal together. It was an impressive turn of events.

A flicker of amusement crossed Jeremiah's face. He knew it was his turn to act. "James, Jase has been wanting to play chess

th you lately. Why don't we head to the Chavez residence today and have a meal together?"

With those simple words, Jeremiah gave James an easy way out. James feigned deep contemplation and reluctantly nodded. though his heart was brimming with joy. He could finally have a meal with Yvette. But in front of everyone, James hard to act tough. James said, "Well since he misses me, I guess I'll go. But let me be clear-I'm only doing this for Yvette's sake. Otherwise, even if he sent a grand invitation, I wouldn't go."

Jeremiah didn't expose his bluff. Instead, he played along. "All right then. We're grateful for your willingness to make a trip to the Chavez residence."

James cast a glance of approval at Jeremiah. He seemed better than Jase at words. Meanwhile, Jase, still at the Chavez residence, had no idea he was being criticized.

Yvette raised an eyebrow and slowly said, "Let's go." With that, the day's drama came to an end.

After Yvette, Jeremiah, James, and Emmett left, everyone in the meeting room remained seated, exchanging uncertain glances.

This day was truly thrilling. They had realized Yvette's influence and importance to Jeremiah, as well as her place in the hearts of the Chavez family. From now on, no one in Betrico would dare mess with Yvette-messing with her could cost them their lives. Suddenly, someone stood up and left, and everyone seemed to snap back to reality, leaving one by one. In the end, only was left sitting in the chair. He sipped the last bit of coffee before finally getting up and leaving the conference room.

When Jeremiah, Yvette, James, and Emmett reached the First Military District, they noticed a black car parked at the entrance, looking as though it had been there for a while.

The black car door swung open, and Clifford emerged in casual attire. Typically, he wore outfits from Skye Group, but now. aside from formal suits, all his casual wear was from Vibe.

It was the same with Aurora's clothing. Whenever there was a new release, the head of Vibe's Betrico branch would deliver ir in her size. Their service was thoughtful and attentive-clearly, she was benefiting from certain connections.

When Clifford stepped out of the car, Emmett was shocked. He thought, 'Wow, this is unbelievable! Even Mr. Clifford Chavez is here in person?'

As someone who had grown up alongside Jeremiah, Emmett found it unbelievable. Clifford had been too busy to pick Jeremiah from school during his six years of elementary school. Yet, here he was, personally coming to the First Military District. Yvette's influence was clearly unparalleled.

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It raised a big question in Emmett's mind. Emmett wondered, 'Was Jeremiah his biological son?

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James paused for a couple of seconds, feeling quite relieved. He thought, Clifford is here, too? James had watched Clifford grow up. Jeremiah and Clifford shared remarkably similar personalities.

It wasn't until Clifford met Aurora that his cold personality started to thaw a little. His presence here showed that deep down, he truly approved of Yvette.

Yvette's gaze fell on Clifford as he walked over. She paused momentarily but quickly returned to her usual calm and composed attitude, showing no visible emotion.

Jeremiah looked at Clifford, who was dressed casually, with a deeper gaze. When Clifford came over and saw James, he was a little surprised. He knew James had acknowledged Yvette as his granddaughter, but he didn't expect him to hold her in such high regard. His presence here meant that he would always support her. Clifford thought, 'Even the eccentric James was backing her to this extent. Yvette was truly extraordinary.

Jeremiah said, "Dad."

Emmett continued, "Mr. Clifford Chavez."

Yvette slightly lifted her gaze as she politely said, "Mr. Clifford Chavez."

Clifford nodded and greeted James, "Mr. Owens, you're here, too. Great, let's go back to the Chavez residence for dinner. My dad keeps asking about you."

James nodded and waved his hand to greet him. "I promised Yvette we'd have dinner at the Chavez residence together. Let's go."

With a gentlemanly smile, Clifford glanced past Jeremiah and settled on Yvette. He softly asked, "Are you doing well?*

After asking, Clifford felt a little uneasy. He had already accepted the idea that Jeremiah, with his stubborn personality, would end up unmarried and alone forever. So, he still needed some time to get used to "dealing with a future daughter-in-law Yvette raised an eyebrow, looked at Clifford, and nodded. "I'm fine."

Clifford said, "It must've been tiring on the journey home. Aurora has prepared a lot of desserts for you, and Jase had a dish specially for you."

Yvette lowered her gaze, her long eyelashes casting shadows. After a pause, she said, "Thank you."

Clifford knew Yvette was naturally aloof and quiet. For a moment, he hesitated, unsure if he should say more. Finally, he added, "All right, let's go. Everything at home is ready. Aurora has also redecorated your room. Let us know if you like it. Yvette hesitated briefly before replying, "Okay."

The conversation flowed naturally, without a hint of awkwardness. Emmett watched the scene with a sense of awe. In this world, Yvette was definitely the only one who could turn Clifford into a chatterbox.

Jeremiah curled his lips and said in a deep voice, "Dad, you can continue the conversation in the car."

Clifford reflexively blurted out, "I have nothing to say to you."

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James leaned on his cane, a slight smile on his weathered face. He thought, Jeremiah deserved it for stealing Yvette's heart. Even Clifford seems to favor her Jeremiah remained unfazed. He was used to James' selective affection, which depended entirely on Aurora's attitude toward him.

Afterward, Clifford's expression softened as he turned to Yvette and said, "Get in the car"

Yvette narrowed her eyes, staring at Clifford without moving, and then raised her eyebrows casually, "Why are you being harsh with Jeremiah?" she asked. Jeremiah smiled, squinting slightly. He wondered, 'How could Yvette be so adorable?' James felt a pang, of heartbreak. He

ought, 'Does Yvette love Jeremiah this much?'"

Emminett was used to it. Yvette's way of thinking had always been out of the ordinary,

Clifford was stunned by her reply. Then, with a somewhat awkward look, he said, "I wasn't being harsh to him. There was a hint of grievance in Clifford's tone.

Clifford thought, "That brat now has a wife to dote him. I can't even say a word without being accused of bias. They are picking on me like I don't have a wife. I miss Aurora'

Masked In Nobility: Secrets Of Mrs. Chavez - Secrets Of MrS 708[1,160 words]

Chapter 708

Yvette calmly looked at Clifford, who seemed a little "aggrieved," raised her delicate eyebrows, and slowly said, "I'm hungry

James immediately chimed in, "Let's go. Yvette's hungry. You two can sort out your broken relationship on your own."

Emmett's lips twitched as he thought, "Tsk ts... Mr. Owens sure didn't forget to add another jab describing it as a 'broken relationship.'"

James then said to Yvette, "Come on, Yvette, get in the car with me"

ette nodded coolly before getting in the car with James. Emmett also took the initiative to walk to the side, open the car door, and get into the driver's seat, leaving Jeremiah and Clifford standing there.

Standing side by side, they looked like two people of the same age from behind. Even at over 50, Clifford hadn't let the years change his physique. Instead, he became more refined and elegant, exuding a naturally extraordinary grace. Clifford gave Jeremiah the side eye, thinking, 'Who's this brat putting on a straight face for? I bet he's already laughing his head off inside.'

He gritted his teeth and whispered, "Jeremiah, we're not done with what you did to me last time. Don't think I won't dare touch you just because your wife protects you."

At this moment, Clifford did not look like the influential figure he was known to be outside. Frustration was evident all over his face.

Thinking about what happened before still made Clifford's heart ache. After his princess came back from Mysonna and found out it was his and Jeremiah's trick, she took all her anger out on him.

For an entire week, he had to sleep in the study. She did not even leave a fold-out bed for him, so he slept on the couch for a week, making his back sore. Only after he apologized and bought her flowers did she finally let it go. Most people had kids who would support them in their old age, but Jeremiah was born just to get Clifford into trouble.

Jeremiah's angular face showed no emotion as he narrowed his eyes slightly, a deep look in his gaze. With a lazy smile, he looked at Clifford and said, "Sorry, I've got a wife to protect me. Wanna try hitting me?"

Cocky! Show off! Shameless! Completely shameless! Does he have no shame?' Clifford exclaimed inwardly, momentarily speechless.

Clifford had never seen Jeremiah be so shameless before. Ever since Jeremiah started dating, did he need his wife to protect him? How could he say something shameless so openly?

Jeremiah glanced at Clifford, who was utterly frozen in disbelief, and got in the car. He left Clifford alone in the wind, questioning his life.

In the Chavez residence living room, Jase sat in front of the chessboard with Aurora across from him. Aurora stared at the board, clearly bored out of her mind. Since she was a kid, she couldn't stand playing chess. It was too mentally exhausting.

She did not know what was up today for Jase to insist on playing chess together. But Aurora's mind had long floated away, completely unfocused on the chessboard as she wondered, 'Why isn't Yvette back yet? She should've been back by now. Did something happen?' Jase noticed Aurora's troubled mind immediately. He put the black piece down and looked up, his eyes sharp despite their

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cloudness. He said. Playing chess requires a calm mind. Are you worried about Yvette?"

wór nodded. She was always straightforward and had been this way with Jase over the years. She replied, "Jase, Yvette would never harm anyone on purpose. She's a bit cold, but she's beautiful and good-natured. Why would she attack that Yelena person for no reason?"

Aurora said. "This issue isn't still being discussed, is it? Didn't Jeremiah say he has evidence? Why is he still dithering?"

Aurora's tone was full of disdain. If Yvette suffered any injustice, Jeremiah wouldn't have had to return to the Chavez residence anymore.

lips twitched slightly, his weathered eyes flashing with helplessness. Ever since his daughter-in-law met Yvette, she pped caring about her own son and husband. He wondered, "Sure, Yvette's pretty, but how is she good-natured?"

Jase recalled the first time he tested Yvette and how she'd watched the show with a blank expression.

Jase looked at Aurora and lost interest in the game. He picked up his coffee cup, took a sip, and said in a deep voice, "Even if Jeremiah doesn't have evidence, Yvette would still find a way to get out of it."

Yvette had multiple identities. Anyone else could get into trouble, but not her. She couldn't fall into the hands of people like the Lynch family. What was there to worry about?

Jase's eyes sharpened upon thinking of the Lynch family. For so many years, he had indulged them too much. He did not even realize Yelena's feelings for Jeremiah.

One wrong step led to another. Life's path had to be walked alone; where one went was up to fate. No one else could be blamed. Having offended Yvette, the Lynch family would not escape without a scratch this time.

Aurora was stunned by Jase's words for a moment, then nodded seriously. She said, "Exactly, our Yvette doesn't need that brat to save her."

Just as Aurora finished speaking, the housekeeper opened the door, and Jeremiah, Yvette, James, Clifford, and Emmett came in one after another.

Aurora was originally sitting on a wicker chair, but the moment she saw Yvette, she jumped up immediately and dashed toward the door as fast as a swallow.

Clifford happened to be in front of Yvette, and he looked smug as he watched Aurora sprinting over. He glanced at Jeremiah, Yvette, and the others smugly, then reached out his arms, ready to catch Aurora as she ran toward him. While reaching out his arms, he said, "Slow down, watch your step, I..."

He couldn't utter another word after that.

Everyone watched as Aurora rushed forward and hugged Yvette. Excitedly, she said, "You're finally back, Yvette! I would've stormed into the First Military District if you still hadn't returned. I miss you so much." Emmett glanced at Clifford's stiff and awkward expression and silently lowered his head. Poor Clifford. Emmett felt embarrassed for him to the point where he could dig a three-bedroom apartment out of the ground. James watched the scene unfold and his beard twitched involuntarily.

Jeremiah's gaze fell on Yvette's hand, amused that Aurora was once again taking advantage of Yvette.

Clifford's heart shattered. He wished he could find a hole to crawl into, but it was too late. So, he awkwardly put his hand.

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down and pretended nothing happened. As long as he was not embarrassed, someone else would be. Right, as long as he did not feel embarrassed...

Yvette squinted slightly at Aurora, whose eyes filled with joy and happiness. Her brow twitched slightly, and her voice became relaxed and lazy. The sharpness she had earlier was gone entirely, and she looked more obedient now. This side of Yvette utterly melted Aurora's heart.

Yvette looked into Aurora's eyes seriously and said, "Don't run next time. Be careful not to fall

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- Secrets Of Mrs 709[1,176 words]

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Aurora nodded with a smile, finding Yvette more adorable by the minute. Her lovely Yvette was so cute.

Aurora nodded and blinked. Although she was almost 50, her expressions still held the innocence and romance of a young girl.

Aurora earnestly assured Yvette, saying, "Don't worry, Yvette. I'll never run from now on. If I fall and you're not around, who'll care for me and love me?" Yvette narrowed her eyes and raised an eyebrow as she slowly said, "With me around, I won't let you get hurt."

Aurora nodded contentedly, practically clinging to Yvette. Smiling, she said, "I knew it. You'll always have my back even if no one else protects me."

Their conversation left everyone in the living room with different expressions. Even James, who was over 70, couldn't stand it anymore. Speaking of Clifford, could his status in the family get any lower?

Emmett watched the scene unfold and wondered, 'Is Mrs. Chavez acting out the scene of a domineering female CEO doting on her sweet little wife?'

Clifford's expression was quite something as he watched Aurora playfully cling to Yvette. He felt a mix of jealousy and helplessness as he thought, 'Whose wife is she exactly?'

Jeremiah pinched the bridge of his nose, his gaze subtly shifting as he watched Aurora holding Yvette's hand. He said in a deep voice, "Mom, let go of her hand. Now!"

The living room turned quiet. Emmett silently took two steps back as he thought, 'Mr. Chavez is indeed brave to bother Mrs. Chavez at a time like this. It's over... The volcano's about to erupt...'

Emmett had just stepped back when he noticed James also silently taking two steps back. Emmett's eye twitched.

Noticing Emmett's gaze, James awkwardly stroked his beard and muttered softly, "What are you looking at? I know the kind of temper Aurora has."

Sure enough, the next second, Aurora's roar echoed through the living room. She shouted, "Jeremiah, you brat! There's no dinner for you here, so just leave already. Yvette's my daughter-in-law. Why can't I spend time with her? Am I breaking any laws?" "Clifford, you got a problem with me spending time with Yvette?" she continued.

Aurora was mad, and Clifford did not want to end up in the study again, so playing it safe was the best option for now. He sighed, shook his head reluctantly, and said, "I have no objections. What Jeremiah said has nothing to do with me." Whatever father-son relationship existed vanished completely at that moment.

Aurora turned to Jeremiah, clearly annoyed. She said, "I'm telling you, brat, there's the door if you can't stand it. Hurry up and leave. Don't keep me, Yvette, and James from having dinner. Goodbye."

Jeremiah seemed to have anticipated Aurora's reaction. His blue eyes showed no surprise as he looked at Yvette, his expression as innocent as could be.

Aurora finished speaking and felt much calmer when she suddenly sensed a subtle gaze from across her, and her body stiffened. She had forgotten Yvette was here, too; she had exposed herself.

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Her image of being gentle, kind, and beautiful was ruined in Yvette's eyes, Panora had really torten the brandic hore where she had single-handedly beaten up several women when the fort met Yvette, Aurora dropped her earlier demeanor and looked at Yvette sheepishly, the sld, "Um, Yvette, sweetheart, I'm actually very gentle.*

Just then, Jeremiah sighed softly. It was faint, but everyone heard it and turned to him jeremiáis vice wulon, and one listened closely, there was a hint of sadness.

He said, "Since you seem not to welcome me, I'll leave so that I won't keep you from dinner. K's fine. I'm used to being alone anyway. It doesn't matter whether I eat dinner or not. Please don't let me spoil your mood

th that, he turned to leave, his back exuding a strong sense of loneliness,

Eminett almost started clapping as he thought, "Tek tsk... Just look at Mr. Chavez's godlike acting skills. It'd be a real injustice if he doesn't win an Oscar for Best Actor this year?

James' aged face twitched. He wondered, 'Is this still the same Jeremiah: How did dating my granddaughter lead to this much drama? Ha! Even ghosts are scared of The Living Reaper of Petrigo, and now he pretends to be pitiful Who's he trying to fool? Clifford had a look on his face that said, "You're really something, kid. Jeremiah might not have learned much from dating but he certainly got playing pitiful down to an art.

Aurora looked up at Jeremiah in disbelief, her eyes wide. She understood immediately. Jeremiah was setting her up on purpose. He was pretending to be pitiful to win Yvette's sympathy-how terrible. She screamed inwardly. She was mad at him.

Yvette's eyes gleamed like stars, her delicate brows slightly arched, and a faint smile played at her lips. Slowly, she said, "Stop."

Jeremiah paused, turned around, and looked deeply at Yvette. He just stood there without a word, perfectly embodying helplessness and vulnerability.

Yvette glanced at him, then at Aurora in front of her, raised her eyebrows, and squeezed her cold fingertips. She said slowly, "Anger isn't good for a woman's skin. You're so beautiful. Don't be mad."

With just a few words, Aurora's heart leaped with joy, and her face flushed. It was more effective than drinking any milk before bed.

Aurora replied, "You're right, Yvette. I shouldn't get angry often. I'm such a beauty; getting mad will affect my looks. Forget it. Let's let him stay for dinner."

Clifford's gaze deepened as he looked at Yvette. He wondered, 'Did this kid win my wife's heart purely with her beauty?

Emmett never expected this family dispute to be so easily resolved with a single remark from Yvette. From now on, the family standing in the Chavez family was clear without doubt.

Jeremiah seemed taken aback as he wondered, "Yvette knows how to coax people now? Though the person she coaxed is...

Now, they were finally free. They all turned to look at Jase who was sitting on the woven chair.

Jase met everyone's gaze without a change in his expression, showing no sign that his legs were completely numb and he couldn't move at all. He was old, after all, and sitting for a while blocked his blood circulation. 10:08 Mon, 6 Jan

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James, leaning on his cane, watched Jase sitting there all calm and composed and thought he was intentionally not moving

James snorted, his voice booming like a bell. He said, "You old geezer, what are you pretending for? Why don't you get up now that I'm here? If I'm not welcome, I'll leave?

Aurora quickly led Yvette inside to sit on the couch. She whispered, "Yvette, these two have had multiple World Wars. Let's stay out of it and let them handle it themselves."

Jeremiah sat close to Yvette. They were so close that there was not even a gap between them. Not wanting to be outdone, Aurora sat on Yvette's right side, snuggling up close as well.

The two of them sandwiched Yvette in the middle. Yvette narrowed her eyes and glanced at Jeremiah, her gaze deep. Could

is man not be so childish?

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Jeremiah seemed to understand her gaze. He looked into her cool gaze and whispered, "She's trying to steal you from me

Jeremiah had only one rule now. He'd treat his love rivals equally, whether they are human or animal or of a different gender. He'd treat them like he would treat his mother.

Clifford also sat down on the couch and looked at the empty seats on either side of him and then opposite him, where the couch was already crowded. He thought, 'Seriously, is there no place to sit on such a big couch? Isn't it hot? Clifford sat alone on the couch on the right, looking as miserable as ever. He could only pretend to be indifferent.

The watched as Aurora handed Yvette a strawberry one second and some other fruit the next. Yvette had a whole platter of fresh fruits in front of her, while there was not even a single seed in front of him.

Not even a minute after they sat down, they heard Jase and James start their usual argument in the middle of the living room near the chessboard.

James deliberately messed up the chess pieces on the board with his cane. He said, "What's this? I'm already in front of you, but you still won't stand up. Do you want me to break your old bones? If it weren't for my granddaughter, I wouldn't be here." Jase gritted his teeth. He wanted to stand up if he could, but his legs were numb. Besides, he'd never admit to something so embarrassing, so he could only sit there and pretend nothing was wrong.

He glared at the unreasonable James and thought, 'This old guy's got no sense at all. Once I can move, I'm punching him a few times.

Jase said in a deep voice, "Old man, quit causing trouble and sit on the couch until dinner's ready. Don't interrupt my chess study. I'll be there in a moment."

James became even more riled up hearing this. He rarely visited the Chavez residence, and Jace was being completely unenthusiastic. It infuriated James.

He plopped himself down where Aurora had been sitting as if he wouldn't leave until Jase got up. Jase was so annoyed that he wanted to sit up and yank James' beard. James wanted to argue with Jase. He deliberately said, "Fine, you want to study chess? So do I. Let's skip dinner and study together right here."

Jase's breathing became heavier out of frustration as he said, "Stop being unreasonable with me, Owens."

James was too stubborn to give in. He retorted, "Well, I just want to be unreasonable with you. So what? When I was stuck in the lab, didn't you ask Mary out to watch a play?" "You even got special tickets and booked the whole theater. Weren't you quite the romantic? Bah, you old man, you're only using your good looks to mess around," he continued. Jase's lips twitched as he asked, "When did I ask Mary out to a play?"

James snorted and replied, "Don't deny it. Even though I'm in the lab, I know everything. Ronald told me all of it."

Jase fumed. Ronald was such a gossip now.

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On the couch, Yvette, Jeremiah, Aurora, Clifford, and Emmett, standing by the side, listened to the back-and-forth between Jase and James about trivial matters and petty grievances.

Aurora bit into an apple, leaned over to Yvette, and explained, "That Mary is actually from the house next door. She, Jase and the others were part of the same special forces. Ronald is Mr. Terrell. You probably met him last time.

Yvette lounged lazily on the couch, crossing her legs and resting her chin on her hand. Her eyes were calm, and she raised her chin slightly to ask seriously, "Do those two even realize how childish they are?"

Aurora shook her head and calmly answered, "Probably not."

Jase and James were comrades from the same era and the same special forces, having survived countless close calls on the

battlefield together.

Although they both held high positions now, no matter how high their status was, in each other's eyes, they were still the same young soldiers who fought for their country together. Even if they argued or fought, they were still the closest of friends and comrades. Jeremiah peeled an orange, cleaned it, and handed it to Yvette. His lips curled slightly, but his face remained expressionless. In a low voice, he said, "When those two meet, they can't seem to relax unless they argue or fight."

Clifford adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses as he held a newspaper. He remarked casually, "A little fighting is healthy."

Among these people, Clifford had witnessed the most arguments and scraps between James and Jase, as he had seen them since childhood.

Once, when James was losing a fight, he took advantage of the situation and grabbed Jase's pants, determined to pull them down. That was a wild scene. Compared to that, their current bickering was child's play.

On the couch, Yvette looked at Jase's motionless legs. She remained silent for a few moments, and a mischievous smile tugged at her lips. Her dark eyes sparkled with playfulness.

Following her gaze, Jeremiah also looked at Jase's legs. He paused for a moment and pinched his brows. So that was it.

The next second, Yvette stood up and walked toward Jase and James. They were so engrossed in their bickering that they did not even notice her coming over.

James lifted his chin and said, "Jase, you're a patzer, and you're still studying chess? With your skills, I can beat you with my eyes closed. Stop embarrassing yourself."

Jase laughed angrily and shot back, "You're calling me a patzer? Give me a break. Who ruined three games in the past few years and still couldn't win? Honestly, I'm embarrassed for you. The older you get, the more shameless you become." They bickered back and forth, neither willing to back down. They glared at each other.

Yvette walked up to the chessboard and paused. Her face was expressionless, relaxed, and indifferent. Her green eyes briefly glanced over the black and white pieces locked in battle.

Her slender fingers picked up a black piece and placed it between the white and black pieces. The situation changed instantly, equalizing both sides and creating a perfectly balanced standoff. Yvette raised her eyes and slowly said, "You're both evenly matched in chess. There's nothing to argue about."

On the couch, Jeremiah paused while peeling a pomegranate, a hint of a smile appearing in his eyes. Yvette was about to start her blunt commentary again. TUUR Mon, O JED

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Hearing this, Clifford adjusted his glasses, showing appreciation in his eyes in Chouka, the only person bold enough to my that in front of the two men was probably his future daughter-in-law

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As for Aurora, she had always unquestioningly worshipped Yvette. Her eyes practically towed as she thought, As expected

"wonlapped" Tratte. of my daughter-in-law. How is she so bold? She's too adorable

Right now, Emmett only had one thought. Does Yvette have a secret identity in the chew world as well? he wondered

Every time one of Yvette's identities was revealed, they were left astonished for a long time. Each revelation showed them what the gap between people truly mean

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