

Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 11-20

Chapter 11

That socialite hadn't finished saying "dockling" before she and everyone else noticed the young woman descending the steps from the

second floor

The young woman donned a soft-colored dress. Her long, locks cascaded down her shoulders, framing her slim face even more. Those quines and her elegantly scalpted features made her gorgeous beyond compare

Nobody at the scene could take their eyes off her

"How pretty."

ok at how she presents herself. She doesn't seem like someone who grew up in the countryside."

"Is that the Murray's long lost daughter? Look at

"Yeah! See looks classier than Yasmin, whom the Murrays spent years raising!

Yasmin's expression soured once those compliments for Yvette filled the hall. Jealousy dripped from her gaze as it snapped toward Yvette's stunning appearance. She regretted not pulling a few stunts to disfigure Yvette's face

As for the socialites, they reflected on their comments about Yvette earlier. Their faces heated up with humiliation, es if an invisible force had slapped them.

"Everyone, this is our precious daughter, whom we've finally reunited with!" Yara and Irwin announced as they led Yvette onstage.

Yvette allowed it to happen without any emotion in her eyes. She disliked the situation but played along because she couldn't bear disappointing her parents.

Yasmin watched Yaca and Irwin embrace Yvette, finding the scene particularly jarring. She bit her lower lip before following the trio onstage.

Then, she squeezed between them and smiled "Our family is finally complete! To celebrate, Yvette has specially prepared a piano piece for everyone. We hope you'll enjoy it!"

With that, chatter immediately filled the hall again

“How surprising! I didn’t think the Murray family’s young daughter knew how to play the piano! Didn’t they say she grew up in the countryside?”

“Indeed! I never imagined a girl who grew up in the country would know how to play the piano!”

Yvette’s eyes met Yasmin’s, recognizing how the latter was challenging her. Even so, her expression didn’t change one bit. She looked at the piano and could tell someone had tampered with at first glance.

The corners of Yvette’s red lips tugged as she sneered at Yasmin. She decided to go all out since the latter insisted on playing these little

“Yasmin, aren’t you going to play with YvieYara asked in confusion.

“Today’s banquet is in Werro’s honor. So, the first song should be played by Yotto, of course!” A perfect smile sat on Yasmin’s innocent face, yet venom brimmed in her eyes. “I’ll play with Yvette for the second song”

Irwin and Yara’s hearts warmed when they heard Yasmin’s thoughtful words. They quickly praised her, saying, “You’re so considerate, Yasmin!

Yasmin Lips curved into an innocent and sweet smile. Little did anyone know she was scheming inwardly.

She had to admit Yvette’s piano skills were above average. However, she had already tampered with the piano onstage. Because of that, Yvette wouldn’t be able to play well, no matter how skilled she was

Yasmin thought to herself, “Go and make a fool of yourself in front of all these people, Yvette! I’ll get the household staff to switch out a new piano once Yvette fails superbly. With such a drastic contrast, everyone will know Yvette is no match for me!”

Yvette gradually sat before the piano. The stage lights shone on the graceful contours of her side profile, which were as stunning as a sculptor’s.

All eyes couldn’t help shifting toward her. Everyone held their breaths and waited in silence

Even Yasmin kept her eyes on Yvette, who was now on stage alone. Yastula couldn’t wait for Yvette to humiliate herself on stage and become today’s laughingstock

A white Porsche came to a steady halt outside Murray Manor just then.

"It's all you guys" leult for stopping me from leaving the hospitall Thanks to you, I'm now latol" Martha exited the Porsche with Samuel standing respectfully by her side. He helped apert the car door for her.

"Where's Win? Why hasn't be shown up yet?" Marth asked.

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Samuel's brows furrowed as he cautiously spoke. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, Mr. Quinn has asked me to drive you here first-"

Before he could finish, Martha interrupted him, "Don't beat around the bush. Tell me right now— where & Will? Where's he gone? It's his fiancée's banquet today! How can he not be present?"

Samuel could only helplessly respond, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, Mr. Quinn has things to deal with today, so he can't make it-

"What's more important than his fiancée!" Martha scoffed before adding, "I don't care! Have him get over here ASAP! I'm going inside now. You'd better inform him that he's to rush over right this instance!"

Having said that, Martha hastened toward Murray Manor. She was nervously smoothing out the creases on her clothes and had a noticeable grin on her face. Excitement bubbled within her at the thought of meeting her future granddaughter-in-law soon.

Upon entering the banquet hall, Martha heard a beautiful piano piece being played. There was a whimsical quality to it.

She couldn't help immersing herself in the music like everyone at the scene. For a brief moment, she forgot all about finding her granddaughter-in-law.

While everyone was engrossed with the masterful playing, only Yasmin's face paled to a ghastly grey. She didn't understand how this could have happened.

Yasmin swore she had tampered with the piano, yet Yvette played the instrument like nothing was wrong. On top of that, Yvette even played. incredibly well.

Yvette stopped playing once everyone became deeply enthralled by the music. Her striking eyes looked up from the piano and settled on the scowling Yasmin. "This song's a duet. Why don't we play the piece together?"

Everyone's attention snapped toward Yasmin, rendering her unable to refuse. If she turned Yvette down, everyone would think her skills were lesser than Yvette's. However, there was no telling how things would turn out if she went on stage now

"You're not afraid, are you, Yas?" Yvette's frosty tone rang out. While she spoke slowly and innocently, her voice was extra aggravating to

Yasmin

It angered Yasmin so much that she stormed up to the stage with a malicious gaze. However, she concealed her burning hatred with a smile on her face. "Alright, everyone. Please bear with my average skills."

"Oh, yay! I'm so looking forward to this!"

"Yasmin's the first-place winner of this year's piano competition! I doubt her skills will lose to Yvette's!"

Because Yasmin kept bragging since winning the piano competition, everyone looked forward to seeing her play

It took Yasmin a great deal of effort to play the tampered piano. Plus, the piece was challenging, so she struggled to keep up with Yvette's pace. She was so frantic that she accidentally played the wrong note.

From her finger movements to her rhythm and beat, Yasmin lost in every aspect to Yvette. The loss was painful to the eyes and ears—of

others

All the expectations of the audience turned into intense disappointment. Some couldn't help frowning and voicing their opinions.

"What's going on? What on earth is Yasmin playing?"

"Yeah! What a flop! Could it be that her 'first place' win was falsified?"

"It has to be! How could she win first place with such poor skills? What a joke!"

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Hearing those ridicules felt worse to Yasmin than if those people had just killed her. She had always been proud of her piano skills. So, how could she accept being insulted for those same skills right now?

She blamed this outcome on the wretched Yvette.

Eyes numing red with venomous, seething rage, she turned to growl at Yvette “You did this on purpose You deliberately made a fool of me in public”

She couldn't believe

Yvette had tracked her into going on stage and humiliating herself like this-

“Didn't you want me to make a fool of myself, too?” Yvette blinked while speaking with a neutral tone, seemingly unfazed. “I'm merely doing to you what you're doing to me

Yasmin had been scheming things openly and in secret since Yvette returned a few days ago.

It wasn't that Yvette had no temper. She was merely too lazy to settle the score with Yasmin. However, because Yasmin insisted on starting trouble for her, she decided not to let Yasmin get away with it.

“You!” Yasmin gritted her teeth while the rims of her eyes reddened even more Just wait and see! I'll beat you one of these days!

“Don't get sm

isang, Yvette. You've only won against me today.

Yvette glanced at the former's red eyes as she spoke with solemnity. “You can't win against me. Your skills are shit, but you refuse to go through hardships and are unwilling to practice. This level is as far as your plans as ambitious as you can go”

Anger bubbled in Yasmin as she thought. “How dare this bitch shat me like this? All my piano teachers have praised me for having meredible talent, but this bitch is saying I have none!”

She was so furious that her entire body trembled, and the murderous loathing in her eyes threatened to pour out. She raised her palm, ready

to smack Yvette,

Yvette had fast enough reflexes to dodge the hit, then grab Yasmin's wrist, Malice gleamed in her eyes as she exerted the slightest force through her hands. Even so, it was enough to make Yasmin's face writhe in pain.

“Argh—that hurts! Let go of me this instant!” Yasmin snapped.

Only a frosty stare came from Yvette as she grabbed Yasmin's cheek and timely patted the latter's cheek. I didn't hurt, but it embarrassed

Yasmin

"I don't have a good temper. I won't spare you this easily it won't annoy me again."

Nevertheless a storm brewed in Yasmin's face. However, she pretended to cry pitifully once she saw Yara approaching them with concern. "I know you don't like me, Yvie, but you don't have to change the music sheet and deliberately embarrass me onstage!"

"What's this? What's going on?" Yara heard Yasmin's cries once she got to the stage. She comforted the latter at once, "You must've misunderstood, Yasmin. We would never do something like that!"

The hatred in Yasmin's heart intensified when Yara chose to believe Wette without hesitation. Yasmin couldn't accept how Yara, who had once promised to see her as a daughter, was now fully biased toward Yvette

By then, Yasmin understood she wouldn't gain anything by dragging Wette's reputation through the mud. So, she switched up her strategy by crying like the most pitiful person there

She murmured, "I'm so sorry, Aunt Yara, I was just so upset that

it was my fault! I brought shame to you and Uncle

Irwin!"

At the end of the day, Yara had raised Yasmin like one of her own, so, her heart couldn't help aching at the sight of Yasmin crying. "I don't cry, Yasmin. I know your capabilities and skill level. You just had a bad performance today. That's all "

Yasmin seized the chance to lean into Yara's embrace and cry even harder. "But Aunt Yara! Everyone will surely laugh at me in

"Don't worry. I'll get your uncle to deal with this. Nobody will dare insult you

you behind your

back!!

With Yara's assurance, Yasmin flashed a barely noticeable smug look before saying, "You're too nice to me, Aunt Yara"

Yaunin had long known the concept of “ask, and you shall receive” She figured she could remove Voette from Yara’s and Irwin’s hearts it she continued latching onto the couple.

After all, she believed she was the Murray family’s youngest child and only heiress! Vette could never mean anything to the Murrays

Martha hadn’t stopped searching for Yvette. Once her gaze settled and locked onto the latter’s figure, she covered her mouth to giggle in

She mused, “Gosh, this little lady is pretty and compliments my grandson perfectly! I bet they’d make gorgeous babies!

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The more Martha looked at Yvette, the more satisfied she was with the her. Yet, she couldn’t shake the feeling that Yvette seemed familiar. She tried to recall where she had seen Yvette before.

Then, it hit her like a ton of bricks. Wasn’t Yvette the lady who saved her the other day? It turned out that she hadn’t recognized Yvette because the latter had put on some makeup today

After snapping to her senses, Martha became overjoyed and couldn’t stop smiling. She couldn’t believe her dream had come true. The lady from that day had actually become her granddaughter-in-law!

She whipped out her phone to dial Wilson’s number. The call soon connected, and a man’s magnetic voice rang out, “Grandma.”

“Will, you’d better get over to the Murrays banquet now!” Martha urged.

“Grandma, I’m very busy here. I don’t have the time.

“No, I don’t care! You must attend tonight’s banquet, or...” Marth couldn’t think of anything to threaten Wilson with. So, she muttered bitterly, “Or I’ll refuse to eat from today on! I’ll starve myself and leave you without a grandmother!”

That rendered Wilson speechless.

“I mean it. You must attend tonight, or I won’t acknowledge you as my grandson ever again!” Martha became fired up as she snapped, “If you still refuse to come, I’ll assume you’re pissing me off on purpose! Things’ll get difficult if I suffer from a heart attack!”

She had used every trick she could.

Wilson's rich and magnetic voice had a tinge of helplessness. "Okay, Grandma. I'll go."

Martha chirped right up when she heard that. "Oh, good! You're coming soon, right?"

Wilson hung up before answering, then turned to speak coldly, "Prepare the car. We're going to Murray Menor."

Samuel was shocked as he exclaimed, "You're really going to Murrays' banquet, Mr. Quinn?"

"Yeah." Wilson gave a casual nod. A menacing frost coated his pointed gaze as he felt this was a good opportunity to terminate the marriage agreement with the Murrays' daughter.

"Bad news, Boss! Something's wrong with the chip!"

Yvette had exited the banquet hall to answer a call. Her brows knotted together as she asked, "What happened?"

"I don't know either. Those old guys at the research institute were doing decent work, but the chip suddenly became damaged and irreparable

"The guys were all freaking out, so I had to call you," Jake, who spoke on the other end of the call, sighed deeply. "Boss, you should come over. Everyone here needs you!"

Yvette didn't hesitate. She nodded, agreeing right away. "Got it. I'll be right over"

The chip was crucial. She couldn't risk anything happening to it.

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Chapter 13

A black Maybach rolled to a stop before Murray Manor after dominating

"It's Mr. Quinn! That's Mr. Quinn's call!"

"Oh, my God! Mr. Quinn's here, too!"

A commotion broke out in the banquet hall. The wealthy socialites inside obsessively fished on Wilson as he exited his Maybach

*Everyone, please clear a path! Mr. Quinn is here to see Ms. Murray." Samuel announced.

"Ms. Murray?" Everyone wondered in unison

The socialites that mocked Yasmin's poor planning skills earlier sang a different tune when they heard that

"Oh, so Mr. Quinn is here to see you, Yasmin? Gosh, how envious!"

"Yeah! Yasmin, Mr. Quinn ever attends any banquets or events, but he's here for you!"

"Holy cow, Yasmin! Mr. Quinn's being extra nice to you, huh?"

Yasmin enjoyed hearing everyone holler up to her. Yet, at the same time, she felt guilty.

Although the Mu

In a year.

Murray and Quinn families had good relations, she wasn't closely acquainted with Wilson. She barely even saw him a few times

With that in mind, she wondered if Wilson was actually here to see her

Yasmin loved her gaze and pretended to be bashful "Stop, guys What if Mr. Quinn isn't even here to see me?"

"Who else would he be here for if not you? Either way, he can't possibly be here to see that Yvette who just returned from the country."

"That's right! Yvette just returned. Not only are Yvette and Mr. Quinn not acquainted, but that Mr. Quinn has never even met her before. How could he possibly be here for her?"

Yeah! Mr. Quinn has to be here to see you,

Yasmin!

Confidence fuelled Yasmin as she took in everyone's words. She believed everyone was right; Yvette had just returned to Jubilee City. There was no way Yvette could have met Wilson, so he had to be here for her

After convincing herself of that, she immediately became overjoyed and hurried toward Wilson. Then, with a kittenish demeanor, she spoke up. "Why have you come to see me, Mr. Quinn?"

"Who says I'm here to see you? Wilson snarled, his eyes narrowing at Yasmin's over-the-

top behavior. He looked at her with a pointed, spiteful stare while his deep voice withered with annoyance. "I'm here to see the Murray's sixth child and true heiress"

Nobody could have predicted Yvette's return would demote Yasmin to being the seventh child in the Murray

to Family.

That left Yasmin seething with jealousy. She bit her bottom lip so hard that she could almost taste blood. It frustrated her that even Wilson

was here for Yvette.

Although Yasmin brimmed with hatred, she still forced herself to smile. "I've had to leave to deal with something. Why don't I keep you company instead?"

She didn't mind making a joke of herself if it gave her the chance to be close with Wilson.

"That won't be necessary. I'll visit Mr. and Mrs. Murray another time." Wilson's expression turned glacial. He had no reason to stay or waste his time here since the Murray family's long-lost daughter had already left.

"Mr. Quinn.." Yasmin mumbled, aggrieved that Wilson was ditching her so mercilessly, and without hesitation.

"Oh, God! Mr. Quinn is here to see Yvette! That's unbelievable!"

Who said that there was no way he'd be here for Yvette? This must be like a slap to their faces, huh?"

Yasmin's cheeks heated up as she listened to everyone's mockery. Her loathing for Yvette burned more intensely. She wondered, "What's so great about the country bumpkin that even Wilson would seek her out?"

"Stop the car." Wilson's rich voice abruptly rang out as the car sped ahead.

"Yes, Mr. Quinn." Although Samuel didn't understand it, he slammed the brakes to stop the car. He then turned to where Wilson was looking

and saw Yvette, who was squatting and fixing a motorcycle

That was when Samuel understood why Wilson had suddenly asked him to stop the car.

Yvette had changed into a black windbreaker. Her delicate face tilted downward, showing off her striking and refined features.

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However, she had some oil stains on her cheeks and the tip of her nose, which made her look like a cat who had played in the mud.

Wilson's lips curved upward, and the frost in his eyes vanished in that instance. With a hint of amusement, he thought, "I was right. It is her.."

Yvette was so focused on fixing the motorcycle that she didn't notice something was amiss in her surroundings.

Her motorcycle had broken down in an obscure area. She had no choice but to fix it before hurrying to the laboratory.

Just then, a clean handkerchief appeared before Yvette. Her captivating eyes darted upward in alert.

Upon sensing the weariness radiating from Yvette, Wilson let out a light chuckle. His charming face relaxed into a grin. "Do you not remember who I am?"

It was impossible for others to forget a face like his

Yvette remained alert as she accepted his handkerchief and answered, "I do remember you."

'So, why aren't you greeting me, then? Hmm?' His voice sounded drawling but also incredibly magnetic. It was so flirtatious that one would swoon after hearing it.

Yvette pursed her lips while taking in his flirty demeanor. Then, mischief flickered in her eyes as she said, "Hello again, Geezer."

Samuel, who stood aside, nearly burst out in laughter. Yvette's ability to wound others impressed him. He secretly thought she didn't need to call Wilson "Geezer", even if Wilson was slightly older than her.

Wilson let out a helpless, low chuckle, knowing she had done so on purpose. Subsequently, he clenched his teeth and showed a hint of wickedness in his eyes. "Nobody has called me 'Geezer' before."

"Someone has now," Yvette said confidently like nothing was wrong.

She focused on wiping her face with the handkerchief. However, she didn't have a mirror, so she didn't know where the stains were. She did random swipes on her face and planned to no longer care about it.

"Hang on," Wilson voiced.

Yvette raised her face to look at him in confusion as it asking him what he wanted

Wilson tenderly wiped the stain on the tip of Yvette's nose with his finger. He cast a warm gaze onto her as he said, "There. Now, you're clean. Where are you headed? I'll take you"

The spot where Wilson touched felt oddly warm to Yvette. It made her eyelashes tremble. "I'm going to Jabilife Research Institute

"The research institute?" Samel couldn't help exclaiming when he heard that. "What do you need to do at the research institute, miss? The institute doesn't allow our siders any way

Samuel didn't finish speaking as he received a stem look from Wilson.

Wilson then turned to say to Yvette, "Get in. We'll take you."

"Thanks" Yvette didn't hesitate before getting into the car. She had already been delayed long enough on the way there. The group at the research institute was likely worried sick, so she needed to hurry over

Wilson's attractive lips curved into a sultry smile once Yvette obediently entered the car. He then teased her, "Aren't you afraid this geezer will abduct you if you get into my car so easily?"

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The car arrived at Jubilife Research Institute 30 minutes later.

Yvette's long and slender legs stepped out of the car

Someone had long been waiting for Yvette at the research institute's entrance. The older man lit up once he saw Yvette, who was like a savior to him. Then, he sprinted to her, "You're here, Yvie! Gosh, you finally made it. Do you know how long I've been waiting for you?"

Yvette spoke blandly. "Take me inside and show mo."

“On it. Right this way, Yvie!” replied the man.

Against his expectations, Samuel watched as Yvette didn't get chased away, Instead, the man welcomed her into the research institute with the utmost respect. It shocked him so much that he couldn't help dropping his jaw.

bird

He remarked, “Mr. Quinn, that's Barnabus Zabel, the research institute's highly esteemed senior faculty member. He's a pretty big deal. Anyone would have been shocked to see a renowned senior researcher behave so respectfully toward an average lady like Yvette

Wilson's eyes narrowed as he let out a low chuckle. It seemed he had underestimated Yvette.

“Should I run a background check on her, Mr. Quinn?” Samuel was still concerned by the situation

Wilson thought out a second thought.

“No need,” Wilson rejected without a

He knew Yvette well enough. She would ignore him forever if she found out he was investigating her in secret. Besides, Wilson had plenty of time to wait until Yvette confided in him.

Outside the laboratory, Yvette had already put on her coat and mask, Only her striking eyes were visible to others.

She soon followed Barnabus into the laboratory

“Yvie, the chip has suffered great damage, and you're the only one who can repair it...” said Barnabus.

Yvette's gaze settled on the broken chip atop the laboratory table. A frown marred her face. “Let me handle it. Everyone may leave.”

“Alright. Everyone, out! I don't want anyone disrupting Yvie's locus!” and one shouldn't be interrupted during the process

Barnabus knew it was an exceedingly difficult task to repair the chip.

“Understood, sir!” All the research staff obediently left to stand guard outside the laboratory. They held their breaths while watching Yvette work through the glass panel.

Seconds and minutes passed as their admiration for Yvette grew

It was already two hours later when Yvette came out from the laboratory, She removed her laboratory coat and massaged the spot between her brows.

“You must’ve had such a hard time, Yvie!” A considerate Bamabus approached to hand her a small carton of milk, and he had even put in the

straw for her

Yvette accepted the milk, took a sip, and spoke with her usual lazy tone. “I’ve repaired the damaged parts of the chip. You may resume your

research.”

“That’s great!” The weight on Bamabus shoulders finally eased. Then, he beened at Yvette. “Our research institution can’t operate without you, Yvie! How about this? Do you want to

“No.” Yvette knew what he was going to suggest but rejected him ruthlessly and quickly. She had no plans to take en apprentices since she was too busy

“Gosh. Don’t be in such a hurry to refuse, Yvie...” Bamabus drew his brows close while pouting pitifully,

Yvette arched a brow before lazily reminding him of something. “Mr. Zabel, your phone is ringing.”

“Oh, you’re right!”

Yvette slipped away while Barnabus answered the video call. She had long gone when the latter realized what had happened.

“Oh, what a shame! She got away again!” Bamabus sighed before turning to speak with the man on the video call. “Kid, that’s the incredible young lady I’m always telling you about,”

Jan Mary, who was on the other end of that call, thought about the side profile of the young lady he noticed through the camera. He didn’t know why, but she seemed oddly familiar.

At the same time, he was more so surprised. The lady seemed younger than him, yet his mentor, Hamabas, sang countless praises about her

for being outstanding.

“tan, I heard you’re returning to the country soon. Is that right?” Barnabus asked.

Upon hearing that, Ian snapped out of his thoughts and nodded. “Yes, Sir. My family recovered my long-lost sister, so I must return home.”

“That’s great news!” Bamabus nodded with a smile. “What good timing. You should hurry back to Jubilife City, so I can introduce you to the young lady!!

“Alright, Sir.” | |

“Over here.” A familiar voice rang out once Yvette

the exited the research institute.

Yvette looked ahead and saw Wilson standing beneath a street lamp. A smile was plastered across his devilishly charming face, making him irresistible

A rare expression of shock crossed Yvette’s face. She had been in the laboratory for two hours, yet Wilson still waited for her.

Wilson glanced at the milk carton in Yvette’s hands and silently committed it to memory. Then, he smirked at her. “It’s time you made good on your promise and buy me a meal.”

Yvette happened to be hungry, too. So, she agreed without hesitation. “Sure.”

Meanwhile, Samuel frowned, knowing Wilson had already eaten dinner. He could tell the latter was asking to eat now out of concern for Yvette.

The three took a smooth journey to The Courtyard Banquet. The restaurant was an upscale private restaurant that only served specialty foods. It was also nearly impossible to get a reservation there

Knowing Yvette disliked being the center of attention, Wilson instructed the restaurant to give them a more private room.

He asked about Yvette’s preferences before ordering an entire table’s worth of dishes, all of which were her favorite foods. Following that, he accompanied her in eating.

That said, he didn’t eat much. He mostly watched Yvette eat or helped pick up some food and put it onto her plate.

Collin was passing by and noticed this scene through the private room window. Curiosity got the

best of him, and he cocked a brow while entering the room. "Who's this little Indy, Wilson?"

His eyes darted between Yvette and Wilson several times. A tinge of amusement filled his gaze. It was his first time seeing such a tender look from Wilson, who had always been indifferent and unmerciful.

Not to mention, Wilson kept a woman company as she dined! Even Collin himself had never experienced such a privilege.

Wilson's eyes narrowed to slits as he shot a vicious glare at Collin. It was evident through his eyes that he wanted the latter to p

Eet lost.

"Oh, so you think I'm an eyesore now, huh? How could you ditch your friend for a girl, Wilson?" Collin mused while shaking his head dejectedly. He mentally scoffed and decided not to do as Wilson told him. He was determined to stick around.

A hall smile dangerously crept up Wilson's face as he took in Collin, who had settled on staying. He thought, "So, that's how you want to play, huh? I'll ship you abroad and sell you off as a worker right away!"

Collin felt the hairs on his neck stand straighter. It was an eerie and foreboding sensation.

That was when Wilson's phone rang. The caller ID indicated the call was from Martha. Helplessness flickered in Wilson's frosty gaze at once. He didn't need to answer the phone to know what his grandmother was calling about.

In the next instance, he cast a gentle look at Yvette while speaking warmly. "I'm going to take a call and will be back soon. Enjoy your food,"

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Yvette nodded indifferently and replied, "Okay."

Collin found this scene interesting. He had seen many women who tried all sorts of tricks to get close to Wilson, but this was the first time he had seen a lady treating Wilson so coldly.

Out of curiosity, he ignored Wilson's earlier warning glare and looked at Yvette with a teasing gaze. He asked, "Lady, what's your relationship with Wilson?"

Relationship? This question stumped Yvette. She tilted her head to think about it.

They weren't friends, but they were a little closer than just acquaintances.

"It's fine if you don't want to answer that. I think I know." Collin

in tried to cotton up to Yvette.

But when he saw the glass of milk in her hand, his face instantly froze. "Dang, are you underago?"

If that were the case, Wilson wasn't even fit to be a human.

"I'm of age." Biting the straw, Yvette drank another mouthful of milk. Her exquisite face didn't show much emotion, which brought about a strong contrast and made her look adorable.

Collin heaved a sigh of relief at her answer and patted his chest.

Well, he knew Wilson wouldn't do such a nasty thing.

"Drinking milk is boring. Want to taste some alcohol?" Collin raised his eyebrows at Yvette. With his goofy smile, he looked like he was tricking a child.

Yvette had never drunk alcohol.

After some thought, she nodded. "Sure."

"You're quite cool, lady." Collin quickly called the waiter over

over and ordered a bottle of red wine.

After pouring her a full glass, he said, "Here. Cheers."

Yvette took a sip of the red wine. It had a fruity and floral taste, and it was quite good.

She continued drinking sip by sip, and soon, she finished the full glass. It indeed tasted good, but her head was starting to spin.

"How was it, Will? Have you seen the Murrays' daughter? Martha's excited voice came from the other end of the line. "I was right, wasn't I? She's a great lady"

Feeling resigned, Wilson pinched the bridge of his nose. "Grandma, she had left to deal with something when I arrived."

Martha was furious and regretful when she heard that “This is why I told you to go earlier. You just don’t listen! Don’t talk to me for a week!” As the phone was abruptly hung up, Wilson’s expression was filled with helplessness. He turned around to return to the private room. As soon as he reached the door, he heard Collin’s miserable scream as he was kicked outside. “Ouch, my butt Collin struggled to get up from the ground. As he held his sore bottom, his handsome face was filled with disbelief, He had been kicked out the door by a young lady with just one swift move, and he even bruised his bottom. If news embarrassed.

got out

out, he would be totally

“What happened?”

Upon hearing Wilson’s voice, Collin immediately started complaining. “Wilson, you have to help me out. I noticed that she was acting strange after drinking some wine, so I tried to stop her from drinking. But as soon as I reached out to take her wine glass, she suddenly attacked and

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kicked me out.....”

“Who asked you to give her alcohol?”

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Chapter 16

Wilson’s expression darkened at once. His sharp gaze landed on Collin, who couldn’t help but shudder. He knew very well that Wilson was

furious.

However, it was indeed his fault, so he lowered his head in guilt.

Wilson didn’t waste time talking to him. Worried, he quickly entered the private room.

Inside, Yvette was sitting there with unfocused eyes, indicating that she was drunk. Yet her beautiful face was cold, and she was extremely vigilant. Anyone who tried to get close to her would be attacked.

“Look at what you’ve done.” Wilson’s cold eyes swept over Collin, as he emanated a terrifying chill

“I’m sorry, Wilson. Don’t be angry.” Collin lowered his gaze guiltily. “I didn’t know she had such a low alcohol tolerance. She became like this after just one glass.”

“I’ll deal with you later.”

After Wilson said that, he turned around and looked at Yvette with a gentle gaze. He slowly approached her and said, “It’s okay. I’m here.” His voice was pleasant and tender

She was very vigilant and aggressive at that moment, and others couldn’t get close to her. He had no other choice but to calm her down like

that.

“Wilson, don’t go over there. Her kick is really strong.”

Wilson’s fate—he was

Before Collin finished speaking, he saw Wilson’s hand on Yvette’s shoulder. Collin sighed lightly, as if he had foreseen Wilson’s going to get kicked too.

However, just as Wilson held her shoulder, Yvette leaned into his arms obediently. This innocent action was a sharp contrast to her fierce kick that sent him flying just now.

Collin couldn’t help but curse in his heart. Why was he the only one who got hurt?

Yvette felt inexplicably safe in Wilson’s arms. She rubbed against him and subconsciously hooked her arms around his neck. At this moment, she looked so obedient.

Wilson’s heart melted at once. With his strong hands, he clasped her slender waist tightly and carried her up before striding out of the room.

Collin gritted his teeth in anger. Was this the same lady who kicked him just now?

He covered his sore bottom miserably and didn’t dare chase after them. The thought that Wilson was going to deal with him later sent a chill down his spine.

Could he be any unluckier?

“What happened, Mr. Quinn?”

Seeing Wilson carrying Yvette out in his arms, Samuel was puzzled, but he still opened the car door quickly,

“Here. Get in the car. I’ll take you home.”

Wilson carried Yvette into the car and wanted her to sit by herself. But once he let her go, she immediately frowned and held his arm tightly-

Samuel obviously noticed this. He couldn't help but say, "Mr. Quinn, it seems that only you can get close to her now. You can't leave her side, or she'll become anxious again"

Even if Yvette was sent home now, she was in a state where she didn't allow anyone to approach her. Her family probably couldn't good

care of her.

Looking at Yvette, who held his arm tightly, Wilson smiled dotingly. "You're the one who insisted on going home with me."

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Chapter 17

Half an hour later, a black Maybach pulled up at the entrance of a standalone villa.

The household staff were shocked to see Wilson carrying a young lady out of the car. Their eyes widened in an instant.

This was Wilson's private residence. They had been working here for a long time, yet it was the first time they had seen Wilson bring someone over, let alone a lady.

this." His voice was chilling. Ot

Sensing their astonishment, Wilson looked at them with a hint of warning. "Don't let Grandma know about this." sent shivers down the staff members' spines

Knowing Martha's temperament, if she found out he brought a young lady home, she would definitely come looking for her. That might scare

Yvette.

"Yes, Mr. Quinn. We'll keep our mouths shut. Mrs. Quinn Senior won't know a thing," the household staff hurriedly assured.

"Good" Wilson nodded and gently carried Yvette into the house.

"Mr. Quinn, people who are drunk usually feel uncomfortable. Let us help wipe her face."

"No need," Wilson refused coldly. "I'll do it myself."

Right now, no one else could get close to her besides him. Only he could wipe her face.

Hearing this, the household staff were even more astonished. They gaped incredulously at the scene unfolding before them.

Wilson wanted to wipe the young lady's face himself?

"Is there a problem?"

Wilson glanced over, and the household staff quickly suppressed their shock and went to prepare towels and other items,

Just then, Yvette whimpered and snuggled uncomfortably against him

"What's wrong?" Wilson immediately lowered his head to look at her. His handsome face showed a hint of seriousness.

"It doesn't feel good here..." Yvette reached up to touch her head. Her voice was pitiful, tugging at his heartstrings.

"You have a headache?"

Wilson raised his hand and gently massaged her head. As he narrowed his eyes, he was determined to hold Collin accountable for this

Feeling the comfortable pressure on her head, Yvette relaxed her tightly furrowed brows and obediently leaned into his embrace to enjoy the

"Mr. Quinn, the towels are ready."

The household staff were quick to prepare everything. When they walked in and saw this scene, they were shocked, even though they had already mentally prepared themselves.

They couldn't believe that Wilson was actually massaging the young lady's head. There was no impatience in his eyes, only tenderness. He doted on the lady in his arms like no one else.

It seemed that the Quinn family would soon have a new lady

"Alright, you can all leave," Wilson ordered casually. He then gently placed Yvette on the velvet bed and reached out to wring the towel dry, preparing to wipe her face.

However, Yvette wasn't cooperative, no matter how he coaxed her.

Wilson felt helpless for the first time. He raised his eyebrows helplessly and looked at her face with a gentle gaze.

“If you don’t behave, I’ll have to punish you.” His deep and pleasant voice was so affectionate

Yvette, who was drunk and muddled, seemed to understand his words. She blinked and pouted her lips as she stared at him.

Faced with such eyes, Wilson couldn’t help but chuckle. He reached out to pinch her cheek. “I won’t punish you if you be

Before he could finish his words, Yvette suddenly extended her arms and hooked them around his neck, throwing the unprepared Wilson

the bed.

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Chapter 18

Yvette flipped over and pressed herself onto Wilson. Her slender fingers firmly gripped his tie as she spoke arrogantly, “Tell me. Who’s going to punish whom?”

He was actually pinned down by a young lady. Wilson’s eyes darkened in an instant. His Adam’s apple bobbed as he said hoarsely, “You’re quite wild.”

“Behave!”

Sensing his resistance, Yvette tightened her grip on his tie, as if punishing him for his disobedience. Then, she lowered her head and bit down

hard on his collarbone.

Wilson let out a muffled groan. His voice was low and husky, exuding an indescribable sexiness.

Hearing his groan, Yvette raised her chin and looked down at him proudly. “Are you going to behave?”

Being bitten by a young lady while pinned down, and being asked if he’d behave, Wilson couldn’t help but clench his jaw. The coldness and restraint in his eyes disappeared, replaced by a touch of wickedness.

His large hands suddenly tightened around her waist. In the next moment, their positions reversed

Yvette, who had been in control, now found herself pinned beneath him. She blinked her drunken eyes, clearly still not fully aware of the situation.

Wilson leaned down toward her. His warm breath sprayed onto her earlobes, further confusing her already

Not giving her time to process, V foggy mind.

“Have I been too lenient with you?”

He swallowed noticeably, and his captivating eyes held a deep, intense gaze. As he firmly grasped her, he radiated a sense of danger.

Yvette’s hazy gaze fell on his collar, where his button had been loosened due to their struggle. His delicate collarbones were revealed.

The large bite mark on his collarbone, coupled with his handsome face, added an extra layer of allure.

“Where are you looking?”

Yvette blinked innocently, already feeling drowsy. “So annoying. I don’t feel good...” Yvette murmured while shifting her body slightly. But as soon as she moved, a pair of large hands tightly held her waist.

Wilson’s breathing changed. His deep eyes were now tinted with desire. “Don’t move.”

Yvette let out a soft whimper, then rolled over and fell asleep, looking very peaceful

“Damn it.”

Wilson’s throat twitched as he forcibly suppressed the surging heat at his crotch. After tucking her in, he strode into the bathroom with long

strides.

Soon, the sound of dripping water filled the bathroom.

The next morning, Yvette frowned at the unfamiliar surroundings after waking up. She tried to remember what happened last night, but she couldn’t recall anything.

“Wake up and drink the hangover soup first, or you’ll have a headache later.” Wilson’s deep and pleasant voice sounded from the doorway. The moment Yvette saw Wilson, the guarded look in her beautiful eyes dissipated. “Where is this? Why am I

am I here?”

“This is my home,” Wilson answered her questions calmly. His captivating eyes seemed to smile as he looked at her. “Looks like you’ve forgotten everything that happened last night.”

“Yeah.” Yvette nodded and answered honestly, “I really don’t remember anything from last night.”

“Then let me help you remember.”

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Chapter 19

As soon as Wilson said that, he leisurely unbuttoned the collar of his shirt. A seemingly ordinary action looked exceptionally sexy and enticing

when he did it.

“You did this. How are you going to take responsibility?”

Looking at the large bite mark on his collarbone, Yvette bit her lip and blinked her eyes somewhat guiltily.

Did she really bite him? Why couldn’t she remember anything?

“What’s wrong?” Wilson’s deep and casual voice sounded again. “You don’t want to take responsibility?”

Yvette tilted her head, seriously considering it for a moment

She didn’t mind taking responsibility for him because of his looks. After all, she had money and could afford to support him

Taking some responsibility wouldn’t be a big deal.

Wilson

didn’t know what she was thinking. Seeing that she had her head bowed and remained silent for a long time, he didn’t continue on the topic. Instead, he raised his hand and gently rubbed her head.

“Alright, I won’t tease you anymore. Drink the hangover soup, then come downstairs for breakfast,” he said gently.

Wette didn’t mind his touch. She lifted her eyes to look at him. “You don’t want me to take responsibility anymore?”

Wilson smiled faintly, making him look extremely sexy

“That can be discussed later. Let’s go downstairs for breakfast first.”

He would make her willingly take responsibility one day.

After Yvette finished washing up, she leisurely walked downstairs, where she saw various breakfast dishes laid out on the table. The bottle of milk was the same brand she had last night.

Wilson even remembered this small detail.

“I didn’t know what you liked to eat, so that the kitchen prepare a little bit of everything

Listening to his explanation, Yvette felt a strange tingling sensation in her heart, but it was too fast for her to even recognize what that feeling was.

“Thank you.” After expressing her gratitude, Yvette sat down and started to eat breakfast slowly.

Wilson’s tender and indulgent gaze fell on her as he silently noted down what she liked to eat.

When Yvette had eaten enough and was about to leave, Wilson spoke again. “I’ve had your motorcycle repaired and sent over. It’s parked in the yard. You can take it whenever you want.”

Yvette nodded. “Okay.”

“Aren’t you going to say something nice to thank me?”

Yvette lowered her eyes and thought seriously for a moment, then squeezed out a sentence. “You’re really a good friend.”

Wilson chuckled and looked at her intensely. “Don’t friendzone me like that.”

He didn’t want to be seen as a good friend.

Moreover, he had never harbored any good intentions toward her. He always had secret motives against her, so he couldn’t bear her saying he was a good friend.

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Chapter 20

At Murray Manor, Yasmin was crying. She was utterly humiliated at yesterday's banquet. First, she embarrassed herself playing the piano, and then Wilson further exacerbated her disgrace.

Now, she was the laughingstock among the socialites. It was all Yvette's fault.

She should have been the one to impress everyone with her piano playing, receiving all the praise and admiration, but Yvette had stolen it all. Yasmin felt nothing but resentment. Her eyes were red and swollen from crying. When Sean hurried back and saw her, he was taken aback.

"What happened to your eyes? Who bullied you?"

Seeing Sean, Yasmin immediately had a lightbulb moment.

She continued to cover her mouth and sob softly while shaking her head, "Oh, Sean, you're back. No one bullied me. Let me get you a glass of

"Why would you cry if no one bullied you?" Sean frowned. His voice was full of arrogance as he said, "Tell me. I'll avenge you!"

He wanted to know which blind fool dared to mess with the Murrays. Did they think he, the Jubilee's tyrant, didn't exist?

Yasmin sobbed and changed the subject, looking utterly pitiful "Sean, you must be tired from your trip. You should rest first."

Impatient by nature, Sean only grew more curious. "I'm not tired. Just tell me who bullied you."

Seeing him like this, Yasmin subtly smiled, but her face remained aggrieved.

"Sean, no one bullied me. I'm just too weak. At the banquet yesterday, I was supposed to perform with Yvle. But she changed the sheet music without telling me. I wasn't prepared, so I made mistakes and embarrassed our family. Now those socialites are all mocking me behind my

back."

Her words dripped with grievance, and sure enough, Sean was furious. He threw all the carefully chosen g

gifts aside. "She's too much! I won't give her these gifts! Where is she? I'll deal with her!"

Yasmin knew his character well. He had a strong sense of justice and couldn't tolerate any wrongdoing.

Werte would be in big trouble this time.

Though feeling smug inside, Yasmin kept her face calm and spoke softly, "Yvie didn't come back last night after going out. I don't know where she went... But I'm too scared to ask her. I don't want to annoy her."

"What? She didn't come back all night?" Soan grew even angrier. "She just arrived in Jublife and doesn't know her way around. What if she meets some bad people? No, I have to find her."

"What do you want to find me for?" Before Sean could finish, a cold female voice interrupted.

Yvette casually removed her helmet. Her face was expressionless as she strode in

When her beautiful eyes met Sean's, he froze momentarily, feeling a strange sense of familiarity. He quickly suppressed the emotion after

reminding himself that he needed to teach her a lesson.

Sean cleared his throat. Just as he was going to reprimand her and make her apologize to Yasmin, Yvette frowned.

Her gaze was fixed on his stance. "Stand up straight." Her tone was calm, yet it carried an undeniable authority.

Instinctively, Sean straightened up, standing as tall and straight as a soldier. When he realized what he'd done, he wanted to slap himself.

He was the older brother. Why did he listen to her? Now, he had lost all his brotherly authority.

It was that damned familiar sense of authority that made him obey without thinking. But why did her voice sound so familiar?