

Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 131-140

Chapter 131

Martha beamed at Yvette the moment she entered the ward.

Looking more spirited, Martha exclaimed, “Yvie, you’re here! Come!”

“Okay.” Yvette obeyed. She went up to Martha **and** asked, “**Grandma**, did you **take** your medicine?”

“Of course I did! You prescribed them, after all”

Gazing at Yvette

affectionately, Martha took her hand and crooned, “Yvie, I feel like I’m going to recover **soon** after you visit me.”

Martha’s affection toward Yvette reminded her of Kayla once again. When Kayla was still alive, she also used to hold Yvette’s hand whenever she talked to her.

“I’ll visit you more often in the future, Grandma,” Yvette replied sweetly.

Pleased, Martha patted Yvette’s hand and said, “Yvie, I’m thrilled to have you visit me. But I can’t bear to have you come here every single **day**. It’s a hassle!”

“Grandma, I don’t think it’s a hassle.”

Martha broke into a wide grin. “You’re such a **dear**...”

“**Grandma**, you should take your medicine now,” Wilson **said**, striding into the ward with Martha’s medicine.

Martha **didn’t** even spare him a glance. Instead, she held Yvette’s hand **and** swatted at him impatiently. “Can’t you see that I’m talking to **Yvie**? Shoo, don’t disturb us!”

“You should take your medicine first, Grandma. I’ll chat with you later,” Yvette cooed.

Martha’s expression changed instantly. She nodded vigorously **and** said, “You’re **making** a lot of sense, Yvie. I’ll take my medicine now!”

The way she treated Wilson and Yvette was so different.

Samuel couldn’t help but sigh. Martha had really forgotten about Wilson once she had Yvette **with** her. Wilson’s future status in his family was worrying, indeed.

Rendered at a loss, Wilson smiled weakly. He gazed at them, seemingly already used to Martha's differential treatment.

Yvette had also added a sedative to Martha's prescription, allowing Martha to rest at ease. Martha began nodding off after taking her

medicine. She **went** to rest promptly after **chatting with** Yvette for a while.

Quietly, Yvette left the ward. She noticed that she'd received a message from **Yara**. "Yvete, Ash is back today. Remember to come back for dinner **tonight!**"

"Alright, I will," Yvette replied

With her head lowered, she wasn't paying attention to her surroundings. Just as she was about to bump into a pillar, Wilson suddenly pulled her into his arms.

"Careful," he said, his voice thick with resignation and affection.

Leaning into his embrace, Yvette gazed at him sweetly. "You're not mad anymore?"

Wilson felt his usual indifference melting away the moment he met her gaze. He pinched her cheeks gently and said, "Yeah, I'm not."

He'd be lying if he said he was no longer furious. But once he saw Yvette, he couldn't even bear to reprimand her, let alone be mad at her. Moreover, he had learned from Collin that the first rule of winning someone over was to be patient.

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Chapter 132

Wilson's gaze darkened, but he still held her tight in his embrace. He had to take things slowly. Patience was all he had, so he'd eventually persuade her to break off her engagement with her stupid fiancé

Amy and Lynda saw everything

"That jinx is really shameless! She's got a new sugar daddy in such a short time!" Lynda cursed.

Seeing how attractive Wilson **was**, she was **overwhelmed** with jealousy.

With her hand severely bandaged, Amy was also scowling at Yvette. "We've underestimated that bitch. Who knew she'd be this skilled at seducing men!"

“Mom, not only did she injure Lucas, she also broke your hand! I just can’t let her get away with it!”

They’d make Yvette pay back a hundredfold for the suffering they had gone through.

1/1

At the Murray Manor, Ashton began anxiously, “Sean, do you think Yvie will like me?”

The thought of seeing his sister soon sent Ashton spiraling in anxiety. He felt even more nervous **than** performing on stage for the first time.

“I’ve no idea whether she’ll be fond of **you**,” Sean answered haughtily while casually playing a game, “But I’m certain **that** she’ll like me best!”

“That’s because I wasn’t here. Now that I’ve returned, I might actually become **Yvie’s** favorite brother!”

Sean flared up. Immediately abandoning his game, he hissed, “Ash, are you asking for a fight?”

“Bring it on! I’m not afraid of you!”

“Yvie’s back

Sean and Ashton darted to the door before Yara could even finish **speaking**. They’ve completely forgotten about their argument.

The sight stung Yasmin as she descended the stairs from the second floor. Never mind how well Sean treated Yvette, but why was Ashton so fond of her as **well**? This **was** only his first time meeting her, after **all**.

“Yvie, I’m Ash...” Ashton began, struggling to keep his anxiety at bay. He had his speech prepared, but he was suddenly rendered speechless when he saw Yvette at the door.

Staring at her in disbelief, he was utterly dumbstruck.

She- The woman he was interested in turned out to be his sister!

No wonder Ashton was inexplicably drawn to her. She was his sister.

Yvette had also recognized him. She couldn’t help but click her tongue. He wasn’t just her company’s cash cow, but he was also her brother as well What a small world, indeed!

The Murrays were against Ashton's decision to venture into the entertainment industry when he first started, so he'd kept his family background a secret over these **years**. No one knew he was a Murray.

Blinking casually, Yvette smirked and quipped, "**Ash**, didn't you just ask for my number?"

Ashton's face immediately flushed upon her teasing remark. Claspng his hands on his face, he wailed, "**I'm** sorry! **Yvie**, for god's **sake**, please don't ever bring this up again!"

He felt mortified once he recalled that he'd mistaken his fondness for his sister as romantic affection.

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Chapter 133

"**What** do you mean, Yvie?" Sean asked, visibly perplexed. "Did you know each other?"

"It's none of your business. Get lost and play your game instead!" Ashton jostled him aside impatiently. Then, he turned **and** began sheepishly, "Yvie, this is for you."

Noting his behavior, Yvette knew he still felt awkward. She smirked and said, "Thank you, Ash."

Struck by her smile, Ashton felt like his heart was about to melt. Oh, Yvette truly was adorable!

"Yvie, I've got something to tell you!" Sean intervened, annoyed by how Ashton had captured all of Yvette's attention.

"I don't know what's gotten into Mr. Walker. He's forcing me to train extra hard like a madman, and I can't even afford to spend time with you anymore!" he complained.

Ashton was irritated by Sean's interruption. Upset, he began, "**Sean**, I'm talking to Yvie. Can you just leave?"

"Why should I? **She's** my sister as well!"

"Yvie wants to talk to me now, not **you**"

Eager to **gain** Yvette's favor, Ashton and Sean got into an argument. It wasn't until Yara berated them that they finally **started** behaving

themselves.

The scene sent Yasmin spiraling into jealousy and resentment. What was so good about Yvette? She was merely a country bumpkin, but they were all **so** fond of her!

Not only did Yvette steal their affection for Yasmin away, she also ruined Yasmin's perfect image. She'd toiled her way to maintain that image!

Fury surged within Yasmin. She was also aggrieved, but she couldn't vent her frustration

Noticing Yasmin's glumness, Ashton thought she was still upset about failing to sign with Starlight Entertainment. He comforted her.

"Don't be upset, Yas. Not joining Starlight Entertainment is actually a good thing. You have no **idea** the president of **Starlight** Entertainment is literally a tyrant! He'll squeeze you till the last drop. I would've left the company a long time ago if I hadn't signed an indenture!"

Visibly indignant, Ashton seemed to resent the president of Starlight Entertainment.

Did he call **her** a **tyrant**?

Having the sudden insult hurled at her, Yvette clicked her tongue. Very well, then. She'd make Hank sign Ashton up for dozens more endorsements later!

"The president of Starlight Entertainment better not let me find out about his real identity. Otherwise, I'll surely teach him a lesson..."

As Ashton spoke, he suddenly felt a chill down his back. When he met Yvette's amused gaze, he was baffled. He scratched his head, wondering why she looked at him that way.

Did he say something wrong?

Yara could no longer hold back. Stifling her laugh, she **began**, "**Ash**, I have something to tell you. Yvie is actually the president of Starlight

Entertainment..."

What?

Spiraling in bewilderment, Ashton widened his eyes in disbelief.

His adorable baby sister was actually the tyrant, the evil mastermind behind Starlight Entertainment?

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Chapter 134

Seeing how dumbfounded Ashton was, Yvette raised her brows and said casually, "I didn't expect you to resent me that much, Ash."

The revelation of his sister being his boss still left Ashton in denial. His heart sank as he recalled what he'd said earlier. Given how he'd criticized her earlier, she would certainly ignore **him** in the future.

Sean cackled in glee. Scooting up to Yvette, he said, "Yvie, look at how Ash scolded you **earlier!** Ignore him from now on!"

With this,

Sean c

ould remain her favorite.

"Get lost, Sean! Don't you dare try to come between us!" Ashton shoved him aside and inched nearer to Yvette in haste.

He began pathetically, "**Yvie**, don't be mad at me... I didn't know you were— Alright, I've decided. I won't ever think about terminating the contract anymore. I'm staying at Starlight Entertainment for the rest of my life!"

If Ashton was going to be exploited, so be it! He'd do anything to please Yvette.

Finding his antics hilarious, Yvette broke into a **grin**.

Ashton was relieved. He'd succeeded in pacifying her.

"Yvie, don't go easy on him just because he's your brother. Treat him just as you normally would in the company," Yara said warmly, disregarding Ashton's feelings.

Ashton flashed a resigned smile. She truly was his mother, indeed.

A smile also spread across Yvette's face. She produced the Revival Potion and said, "Mom, I specifically formulated this medicine for you. It's

beneficial for your health. Remember to take it on time."

very

You made medicine for me?” Yara took it with **delight**. She beamed at her **and said**, “How thoughtful of you, my dear!”

“Yvie, you’re also skilled in medicine?”

Noticing Ashton’s surprised expression, Yvette nodded casually. “I’m only familiar **with** some basics.”

“Yvie was actually admitted to the medical school of Jubilife University!” Sean boasted. “She’s brilliant!”

Not only was she Rebir, the Esports prodigy he idolized, but she was also the president of Starlight Entertainment. She was remarkable, indeed.

The

envy in Yasmin’s eyes intensified with their incessant praises for Yvette. Feeling concern for Yara, she began, “Although Yvie is studying medicine, she’s still **an** amateur. I don’t think her skills are that exceptional yet.

“Aunt Yara, your health is already weak to begin with. You shouldn’t just consume some random medicine!”

Yasmin had tried to conceal the contempt in her tone, but it was evident nonetheless.

Yvette **merely** entered the medical school through Matt’s connections. What did she even know about medicine?

Besides, the medicine she formulated was nothing but rubbish. Five million dollars in the black market.

Though feeling somewhat uneasy from Yasmin’s **remark**, Yara said warmly, “**Yas**, I know **you’re** concerned about me. But I trust Yvie. Her medicine will definitely be fine!”

Yasmin’s expression soured. As if she’d just thought of something, her gaze darted around, and a malicious glint appeared in her eyes. She’d finally found a way to kick Yvette out!

If Yara had any problems after taking Yvette’s medicine, Yvette would surely be disowned.

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Chapter 135

The next day, Yvette was stopped b

stopped by Xander the moment **she** arrived at school.

“What a coincidence, Yvette! I didn’t expect to bump **into** you here. We must be destined to meet each other...”

Noticing his groveling smile, Yvette felt resigned. She hummed a response absently and prepared to take her leave.

“Hey! Wait, Yvette!” Xander extended a hand to stop her. “Yvette, since we’re destined to meet each other, you must be extremely fated with the Music Department...”

Resignation flashed across Yvette’s eyes. She’d clearly refused **him** last time, but he hadn’t given up.

Xander wasn’t mortified by her lack of response either. The servile smile on his face widened as he continued, “The Music Department is having a piano conference tomorrow. Plenty of big shots from **the** piano industry are invited. Would you like to join us?”

“No,” Yvette said firmly. “I’m very busy. Sorry, Mr. Bell”

“Yvette, how could you be so cold despite your gentle appearance?” Xander clutched his chest, seemingly wounded. “Oh my, you’ve just broken my heart.”

Yvette’s eyes grew thick with resignation. She clicked her tongue, wondering how she’d overlooked Xander’s theatrics before.

“Yvette, this conference is a rare opportunity! You’ll surely regret it if you don’t come!”

She blinked and replied indifferently, “I see.”

Seeing how unfazed she was, Xander clenched his jaw. He had to resort to his trump card now.

“Yvette, if you still don’t want to transfer to the Music Department after joining the piano conference, I won’t pester you anymore!”

“Really?”

Xander nodded hastily. “**Yeah!**”

“Alright, I agree,” Yvette concurred promptly. She truly was overwhelmed by his pestering

Suddenly, Xander was unsure of whether he should be delighted or upset. He couldn't help but stroke his face, wondering if he was really that annoying.

Several big shots from the piano industry **graced** the previous piano conferences. This was an opportunity others **coveted**, but Yvette was unwilling to participate even when she begged her to!

But at least she agreed to attend the conference. Breathing a sigh of relief, Xander beamed at her.

"It's settled then, Yvette! You must come to the piano conference!"

The others couldn't help but murmur.

"Yvette's really remarkable! Not only did she solve the daunting problem Mr. Ford gave, but even Mr. Bell from the Music Department **begged** her to join the piano conference!!!

"Exactly! And don't forget that Baldie Donald got on his knees to apologize to her. She's incredible!" "Yeah! I'm still thrilled thinking about it! I hereby announce that Yvette is my idol from now on!"

"Same! She's super attractive, and the way she acts is so cool as well! She's literally a goddess!"

Yasmin heard them loud and clear. Her face contorted with rage, and her sharp nails dug into her palms.

That bitch, Yvette, had stolen all the limelight after ruining the perfect image she **had** painstakingly maintained!

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Chapter 136

Yasmin thought that Yvette was full of deceit.

"Don't be upset, Yasmin," Nora **said, trying** to comfort her.

"I heard Gabriel Thompson, the president of the Pianists Association, will be at the piano conference. I'm sure he'll recognize your talent! Once you become his student, that country bumpkin Yvette **won't** even compare to you!"

Yasmin felt better hearing Nora's words, but her expression soon turned **grim** again.

She hated to admit it, but Yvette's piano skills were far superior to hers. If Yvette attended the piano conference, there was a real risk that Gabriel would favor her.

No way could she let that happen!

A vicious thought crossed her mind. If Yvette's hands were injured, **she** wouldn't be able to participate in the conference.

Determined, Yasmin whispered a few words into Nora's ear.

Nora's eyes lit up, and she nodded enthusiastically. "Don't worry, Yasmin, I'll handle it!"

After school,

1, Yvette sensed someone following her as soon as she left the campus gate.

Yvette remained calm and continued walking, acting like she hadn't noticed anything. But as she turned a corner, **she** suddenly vanished.

The men who had been tailing her were instantly alarmed and rushed out of their hiding spot.

"Where did she go? How did she just disappear?" Nathan Dobrik asked.

"Yeah, how **could** she vanish in broad daylight? Nathan, do you think she's a ghost?" one of his gang members asked.

"**Shut** up! There's no such thing **as** ghosts in broad daylight!"

Despite his words, Nathan couldn't help but feel uneasy. They had been following Yvette **closely**, but she had just vanished. Anyone would be spooked.

"Were you guys looking for me?"

"Ahhh!" The sudden voice made Nathan and his gang jump and scream

Yvette frowned at their cowardice. With a hint of disdain in her eyes, **she** slowly jumped down from the fence.

Her tone was calm but sharp. "Who are you? Why are you following me? Get lost while I'm still in a good mood."

You bitch! Are you looking down on us?!"

Nathan and his gang felt humiliated as they regained their composure.

They were scared to the bone because of a young woman! It was too embarrassing, and if word got out, **they'd** be turned into a laughingstock.

Infuriated, their glares toward Yvette turned more vicious.

“Bitch! You were messing with us on purpose!”

Unfazed, Yvette leaned lazily against the wall. She crossed her legs as she spoke arrogantly, “So what if I did?”

“You little...”

Nathan and his **gang** had never met someone who dared to talk back to them like this.

Their gaze became even more **menacing** as they shouted, “We’re going to teach you an unforgettable lesson! You stupid bitch!”

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Chapter 137

“Get her! Crush her fingers!” **Nathan’s** voice dripped with malice as he ordered his men.

Without hesitation, they charged at Yvette. However, the first one to reach her didn’t even get a **chance** to lay a hand on her before she sent him flying with a swift kick.

“Ahhh!” The **man** screamed as he hit **the** ground.

The rest of the group stopped dead as they stared at Yvette in disbelief. She seemed so delicate and petite! How could a young woman kick a grown man ten feet away?

“You-

” Nathan was dumbfounded. He swallowed nervously as an inexplicable fear washed over him

“All of

f you,

come at me together,” Yvette said lazily. Fighting them one by

one was a waste of her time.

“Damn it, don’t you dare look down on us!” Nathan yelled. Despite his fear, he couldn’t tolerate being humiliated.

“Everyone, get her! Crush her fingers!”

They charged again. But before they could lay a finger on Yvette, they were stopped by a pair of strong hands.

A sickening crack echoed—it was the sound of Nathan’s bones breaking.

“How dare you harass Yvette?” Wilson appeared, stepping in front of her. His handsome face was cold and stern, exuding an intimidating presence.

Nathan screamed as his arm was twisted until it broke. He looked at Wilson with terror.

“Who... Who are you? Y–You better stay out of this...” Nathan stammered.

Wilson’s eyes grew colder at Nathan’s words. He flashed a mocking smile as if he had just heard a joke. The oppressive atmosphere became

even more tense.

“Everything that involves Yvette is my business,” Wilson declared.

“Fine, if you want to die, we’ll take you down too!” **Nathan** spat, trying to ignore the searing pain in his arm. “**Guys**, get him! Kill him!”

He was confident that Wilson couldn’t beat them all together.

Despite the tense atmosphere, Wilson remained composed. He gently pinched Yvette’s face and coaxed her with a soothing and tender voice. “Close your eyes for a moment, Yvie. Don’t peek.”

Wilson didn’t want Yvette to be frightened by the bloodshed that was about to happen.

hell!

“Motherfucker! Go to hell!” Nathan pulled out a knife and lunged at Wilson.

Unfazed, Wilson **didn’t** flinch. Just as the **knife** was about to **reach** him, he swiftly disarmed Nathan and drove the blade into the man’s abdomen. Blood splattered everywhere

.

Frowning, Wilson clicked his tongue and kicked **Nathan** away.

Nathan hit the ground hard, and he writhed in pain. "How is this possible? How did you take the knife from me?" he gasped, his voice weak.

Nathan's men trembled in fear as they witnessed the bloody scene. None of them dared to move. Wilson was too intimidating.

"Mr. Quinn, let me handle the rest," Samuel said respectfully when he arrived.

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"Alright." Wilson replied calmly. He then wiped his hand with a handkerchief before reaching out to take Yvette's hand.

His deep, magnetic voice returned to its usual gentle and indulgent tone when talking to Yvette.

"Let's go," **he said**, and Yvette let him hold her hand as he led her along.

Observing how obedient Yvette was, Wilson couldn't resist teasing her a bit. He leaned closer to Yvette with a mischievous smile **and** asked, "Why didn't you compliment **me**?"

Caught off guard by how close Wilson was, Yvette's heart skipped a beat. But she quickly composed herself and offered a superficial response. Impressive."

Wilson chuckled softly. He pulled Yvette into his arms while **his** captivating eyes were locked on hers. His demeanor was alluring and seductive.

"Am I more impressive than your fiancée?" he asked.

Chapter Yvette was dumbfounded. She didn't expect Wilson to ask her such a question.

"Are you not going to **answer**?" Wilson's gaze became more intense as his jealousy surfaced. He continued, "Do you really like your fiancé that much?"

w

Seeing how worked up Wilson was getting, Yvette blinked shyly and replied, "He's alright."

She didn't like him "that" much....

Yvette's words seemed to chill the air around them. The atmosphere **became** suffocating and oppressive.

Upon hearing her response, Wilson's eyes darkened. He couldn't contain the rage and jealousy surging within him. He narrowed his eyes, exuding a terrifying air.

Yvette had never expressed her feelings to **him**, yet she admitted to liking that stupid fiancé of hers.

Wilson gritted his teeth and warned, "Don't you dare fall for him!"

Yvette's eyes flashed with mischief and pride as she lifted her chin to look at him. "Are you sure you don't want me to fall for **him**?"

"Of course." Wilson's voice was assertive, leaving no room for doubt.

Yvette **looked** at him with a smirk. She said playfully, "Okay then, just don't regret it later."

Huh?

Wilson had been trying to suppress his overwhelming emotions, but a hint of confusion flashed through his eyes.

What did Yvette mean? Why would **he** regret it?

Before

he could ask, Yvette had already stepped into the car, clearly not wanting to continue the conversation.

With that, Wilson didn't pursue further. He just **took** out the milk Yvette liked to drink, inserted the straw, and brought it to her.

He lowered his voice and coaxed her. "**Have** some milk first, I'll take you to

u to get some good food later."

"How did that bitch Yvette manage to hook up with Mr. Quinn?"

Yasmin had initially followed Yvette to witness her fingers being crushed, so she hadn't expected to see this scene.

Thinking back to the affection Wilson had just shown toward Yvette, **Yasmin** felt jealousy and resentment.

How could a ruthless man like Wilson treat Yvette with such tenderness? Could it be that Wilson already knew that Yvette was his **fiancée**?

With a nod of determination, Yasmin convinced herself that Wilson's actions were proof of knowing Yvette's status as his fiancée.

However, she reasoned that if Yvette disappeared, she would be next in line for Wilson's affections. The engagement between the Quinn and Murray families will undoubtedly fall all on her instead!

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The concert at the Music Department was a grand affair as it was one of the school's most significant events.

Everyone who attended was dressed to the **nines**, except for Yvette, who opted for a more casual look. But even in her laid-back attire, her stunning appearance still drew plenty of attention.

"Yvette, you finally made it!" Xander exclaimed in joy upon seeing Yvette. "I **was** starting to worry you'd bail on us!"

"I won't," Yvette replied indifferently, "Mr. Bell, remember your promise? Stop bugging me after **today**, alright?"

Yvette was one to stick to her word **as** she hated breaking promises.

"**Of** course, of course." Xander chuckled with a sly glint in his eyes.

"Yvette, I won't bug you anymore if you still don't feel **like** transferring to the Music Department even after today's piano conference!"

Xander had a sneaky grin. They had invited numerous influential figures for the piano conference, many of whom he knew personally. He was confident that Yvette's musical career would **soar with** his connections.

He simply couldn't fathom Yvette resisting the temptation. After all, she was such a promising talent. Xander was determined to keep her

around

Xander's **smile** was radiant. It **was** a stark contrast to the resentment brewing in Yasmin's heart.

Her heart was filled with envy and hatred as she watched Xander and Yvette converse. Yet, Yasmin concealed it well and approached them with a gentle **smile**.

"Mr. Bell, with you being the organizer of today's conference, I'm sure you've got your hands full. Let me take care of Yvie, alright?"

"I have participated in events like this many times before, so I'm much more experienced. I'll make sure she's well taken care of!"

Yasmin's words sounded considerate at first. But upon closer inspection, her words implied that Yvette, a country bumpkin, was actually an uncultured swine.

Xander didn't pick up on the subtle undertone. Even so, Yasmin's seemingly understanding demeanor earned her some brownie points in his book

"Alright, then I'll leave Yvette to you. I have other matters to attend to."

"My pleasure, Mr. Bell!",

Yasmin's smile faded as soon as Xander left. She reached for Yvette's hand, **but** Yvette skillfully avoided her

Yasmin's facade cracked, but **she** quickly composed herself, though the resentment in her eyes deepened.

"Yvie, I know you've just returned from the countryside and haven't participated in such a grand piano conference before, but it's okay. I'll teach you."

Yvette glanced at her indifferently. "No need. You can get lost **now**."

For some reason, Yasmin felt that Yvette had seen through her thoughts. But she immediately dismissed the notion..

It was impossible, after all. She **had** been discreet. Yvette couldn't **have** possibly noticed!

With this thought in mind, Yasmin felt somewhat reassured. Her face displayed a hint of **grievance** as she said, "Yvie, I *do*

so mean to me. I just wanted to help you!"

She had deliberately raised her voice to attract the crowd's attention.

Observing this scene, the onlookers couldn't help but exchange whispers.

"Yasmin was just trying to help. How can Yvette be so mean?"

"**Yeal.** Truly, no good deed goes unpunished..."

Yasmin's eyes gleamed with satisfaction listening to these murmurs, but she maintained a courteous demeanor.

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Chapter 140

you for a moment? Let's go over there. I hate to see you being criticized," Yasmin proposed.

"Yvie, **can** I talk to you

"Sure," Yvette replied with a light smile, her tone nonchalant. "Let's go."

Yasmin's eyes gleamed with a hint of victory upon hearing Yvette's agreement, assuming everything was going as planned. She had purposely spoken loudly to draw everyone's attention, hoping the gossip would tempt Yvette to agree to **leave** the scene with her.

With a sinister smile, Yasmin vowed to prevent Yvette from outshining her that day. She was determined to be the one to win Gabriel's recognition and join the Pianists Association.

"**Over** here, Yvie," urged Yasmin as Yvette followed her calmly, a sarcastic smile on her face.

Yasmin led Yvette to a secluded restroom. After ensuring no one **was** around, her expression abruptly shifted, her eyes turning vicious.

"Yvette Murray, how dare you even think of competing with me! I'm the only one joining the Pianist Association today!" Yasmin declared, reaching out to push Yvette.

However, before she could touch her, Yvette seized Yasmin's hands and held them tightly.

"Hmph, you really think you can get me with such petty tricks?" Yvette remarked scornfully.

Frustrated by Yvette's mocking, Yasmin struggled to break free, but it was in vain. "Let go of me!" she demanded angrily. "If you hurt my **hands**, I'll make you pay—**Ah!**"

A loud slap abruptly fell on Yasmin's face, interrupting her words.

"You were the one who sent those thugs yesterday, weren't you? I planned to let it slip, yet not only did you **show** no remorse, but you even escalated your actions. It seems I've been too lenient with you," Yvette **said** coldly.

Yasmin's expression changed, wondering how Yvette knew she was behind it. However, the pain from her cheek quickly replaced her shock with **rage**.

"Yeah, it was me, so what? You shouldn't have tried to steal my chance to join the Pianists Association!" she yelled..

Ever since Yvette's return, the Murrays had given all their attention to her. They even took Yasmin's engagement with Wilson **away**.

Yasmin couldn't help but resent Yvette for it. This time, **she** wouldn't allow Yvette to steal her opportunity to en

ter the Pianists Association. "The Pianists Association?" Yvette responded **casually**, "They begged me to join a long time ago, but I already rejected them." "Bullshit!" Yasmin retorted, her glare growing vicious. "Who do you think you **are**? Why would the association beg you to join? Don't make me laugh! You country bumpkin have no shame at all, do you?"

Yvette clicked his tongue, wondering why no one would believe her when she was telling the truth.

"I'm warning you, Yvette. Let go of me **now**, or else I'll make you—"

Tired of listening to her, Yvette kicked **Yasmin** into the restroom without hesitation, her eyes gleaming with a hint of mischief

"Ah!" The moment Yasmin stepped into the restroom, a bucket of foul-smelling sewage was promptly dumped over her head, releasing an unbearable smell that made her nauseous.

"Oh my god, Yas! Why did you come **in**?"