

## Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 141-150

### Chapter 141

“Ugh.” Yasmin couldn’t help but retch, covered from head to toe in sewage.

Nora, pinching her nose, instinctively distanced herself from Yasmin, unable to bear the stench.

Still, she asked with concern, “Yas, what happened? Why did you end up coming in instead? Weren’t we supposed to splash Yvette with sewage so she couldn’t attend the piano conference? How are you going to-

“Shut up!” Yasmin shot Nora a glare, her teeth clenched in frustration.

It was supposed to be Yvette covered in sewage, not her! It was all Yvette’s fault! She wouldn’t get away with this!

Hearing the retching sound from the restroom, Yvette smirked and left. She couldn’t help but wonder why Yasmin would expect her to fall for such a petty trick

“Where have you been, Yvette? I’ve been searching everywhere for you!” Xander exclaimed as soon as he found Yvette returning to the venue. Without further ado, he took her to Gabriel, the president of the Pianists Association.

Gabriel, with an air of authority as the President, didn’t even bother glancing at Yvette. Yvette scoffed at his arrogant demeanor, a hint of scorn playing on her lips.

Unaware of the situation, Xander said enthusiastically, “Allow me to introduce... This is Gabriel Thompson, the president of the Pianists Association. President Thompson plays piano like—”

“Oh, I see. That’ll be enough, Xander,” Yvette interrupted Xander idly.

Gabriel was startled by her rude interruption, and a hint of displeasure flashed in his heart. He couldn’t help but wonder who this arrogant lady was, daring to interrupt Xander’s introduction of him.

Though taken aback by Yvette’s ruthlessness, Xander noticed Gabriel’s displeasure and quickly pretended to scold her. “Where are your manners? Apologize to President Thompson now!”

Yvette blinked innocently and asked, “Why should I apologize? Did I say anything wrong?”

“Why, you!” Gabriel couldn’t contain his frustration. No one dared to speak to him, the president of the Pianists Association, like that! He had to teach this ignorant newcomer a lesson!

“Yes? What about me?” Yvette asked indifferently.

Gabriel’s heart faltered, recognizing the voice as that of the little devil of their association. Quickly turning his head to Yvette, Gabriel **was** dumbfounded, his mouth hanging open.

“Vvie-“Before he could finish, Yvette hinted for him to stop talking with an aloof glance.

Shutting his mouth, Gabriel dismissed his arrogant demeanor and behaved obediently in front of Yvette.

Xander, **who** had been worried about offending Gabriel, was surprised by his sudden change of attitude. He couldn’t help but ask, “President Thompson, have you met Yvette before?”

“Have I met her? Why, she’s the little devil of the Pianists Association, for crying out loud!” Gabriel shouted in his mind.

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“Yvie, you must be tired after all that standing! Come, sit down and drink this,” **Gabriel** said with a smile.

Arching an eyebrow, Yvette remarked, “You sure put on quite the act as the president of the Pianists Association.”

Gabriel’s eyes darted with **guilt**. He thought he had finally had the chance to flaunt his authority as the president, but he hadn’t anticipated that Yvette would catch him in the act.

“Yvie, can’t I at least exercise my authority as the president in public? If you really dislike it, I won’t do it again!” he pleaded pitifully.

Not truly concerned about such trivial matters, Yvette replied indifferently, “Do as you please. Just don’t overdo it.”

“Without a doubt! You know I was just putting on an act, Yvie,” Gabriel smiled even more ingratiatingly.

Anyway, I heard from Matt that you’re studying at Jubilife University, so I accepted the Music Department’s invitation, thinking I could visit you after **the** event. I didn’t expect to bump into you here! Who could have thought you’d attend such an event?”

Gabriel was indeed surprised to see Yvette there. After all, their association had been trying to persuade her to attend events, but none of their attempts had succeeded.

Yvette blinked and replied honestly, “Mr. Bell was too persistent.”

Gabriel stood dumbfounded. He knew Yvette wouldn’t have voluntarily participated in the event, given her laid-back personality.

“So, did you spot any promising talent for the Pianists Association this year?” Yvette asked..

Gabriel nodded and replied, “**Indeed**, we have. The young lady from the Murray family, Yasmin Murray, **stands** out among the candidates. She’s quite promising overall, so we’re thinking about recruiting her-

“Yasmin Murray?” Yvette repeated the name, her eyes narrowing.

“Do you know her?” Gabriel asked curiously.

“Uh-huh,” Yvette

Yvette nodded.

“In that **case**, all the more reason to recruit her then!” Gabriel smiled happily.

“Are you sure?” Yvette shot a cold glance at him, sending a chill down Gabriel’s spine.

Adhering to his instinct, Gabriel quickly shook his head and said, “M— Maybe not! We should definitely reconsider inviting her to the association!”

Satisfied with his response, Yvette relaxed her icy gaze and retrieved the milk Wilson had prepared from her bag, taking a casual sip. “vie, did that Yasmin offend you?” Gabriel cautiously asked.

Yvette nodded firmly. “**Yeah**, I don’t like her.”

Gabriel promptly adopted a serious expression and declared, “Then I’ll remove her from our candidate list **right away!**” Anyone who crossed their little devil was crossing the Pianists Association!

## Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 143

### Chapter 143

“Do not speak a word of **this!**” Yasmin threatened Nora. Even after cleaning herself up, she still felt disgusted.

As a Murray and a popular girl at Jubilite University, she would become a laughingstock if news got out that she was drenched in sewage. She would never let that happen.

Nora flinched at Yasmin’s intimidating expression and nodded furiously. “Don’t worry, Yasmin. My lips are sealed!”

After shooting Nora a warning glance, Yasmin immediately marched toward the event venue.

The president of the Pianists Association, Gabriel Thompson, was a VIP guest at the piano conference that day. Yasmin believed she would be accepted into the association if she could woo Gabriel.

She thought that once she was accepted into the association, Yvette would be no match for her.

Meanwhile, Gabriel was surrounded by crowds who scrambled to flatter him for the sole opening of the Pianists Association.

“Are you Yasmin Murray?”

Yasmin’s **shock** turned to elation when Gabriel called out to her out of nowhere. The esteemed president of the National Pianists Association remembered her name!

Excited, Nora whispered, “Oh my god, Yasmin! I couldn’t believe that President Thompson knew you. You’re truly remarkable.”

Yasmin, sensing the envious gazes on her, felt prideful. Still, she put on a **humble** expression. “Yes, President Thompson. That’s **me.**”

She knew it! **Gabriel** would one day appreciate her talents!

“Oh.” After scanning her from head to **toe**, he nodded. “So, you’re Yasmin Murray. Okay, I got it.”

Unable to suppress her glee, she cooed, “I’m honored that you remembered my name! By the way, I happen to need your feedback on some piano-related questions!”

Her technique was always effective on **men**—none could resist her charm.

As expected, Gabriel smiled, but his expression betrayed a hint of iciness. "Don't bother asking for my feedback. But I do have something to talk to you about."

His remark fueled the envy of everyone present, and they started murmuring.

Someone gushed, "Wow, President Thompson treats Yasmin differently. **He** seems **to** admire her talents."

"That's right. S

She must **have** secured the only opening to the Pianists Association. Guess we should all go home now."

"I bet he's going to announce that Yasmin is the only candidate admitted to the Pianist Association this year."

A confident look appeared in Yasmin's eyes when she overheard the murmurs. She secretly gloated over her success, thinking, "I must have won the only opening to the Pianists Association! That bitch Yvette should not dream of going against me!"

Before she could revel fully in her delight, Gabriel spoke again.

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"I would like to inform you that you have been blacklisted by the Plans Aww latin line port eligibility to jevn

Von

tüm

Yasmin's expression froze at the sudden turn of events. Even the bystanders gaped in shock

She gasped, "President Thompson, you're joking, right? Casting look of disbelief at him, he asked, "Why would the Premiere Rosenbarton

blacklist the

The permanent bars from the Pianists Association effect herly spelled the end of her music career

Gabriel shot her a disdainful look. "Serves you right for miting the wrong perum!"

How dared Yasmin dream of joining the Pianists Association after hunting the little deal of the le aversation!

Baffled and ashen faced, Yasmin wondered about the identity of the important perse the hat met the wanted to an Gabriel, but the merely scoffed and left, not wanting to take o ne more ok at her

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tsk.

“Tk, Which VIP did she offend to anger President Thompson and get her blacklisted fro m the assolation?” someone schimprent

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“Let’s stay away from her. We don’t want to get on President Thompson’ul ide!

The people who were envious of Yams to treated her as an potcast and aided her like the plague

Yasmin had never received soch treatment, people admired her. It was the first time she was met with contempe

Trembling furiously, she nearby broke her fingemails

“Look, Yasmin,” Nora said. “President Thompson is walking to that con

hampilkan.”

Hearing that, Yasmin tumed and nearly fainted when she witnessed Gabriel, the man w ho had looked down on her, smiling ingratiatingle toward Yvette

“vie, I past her back for yes I permanently blacklisted Yasmin Mutty She never dream of joining the Plants At Her moat career has come to an end.” Gabriel beamed at Wette

He added, “Vvie, if that’s not enough, I’ll contact the other associations and get them to ble klst her as well.”

The members of the Pianists Association abrys protected one of their own. Those who i nsulted their little between her dealt with, as

tet who they WT

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fact, Yasmin had to count beriell backy. She would have been in deeper troubled the oth

er old chaps from the section were present Gabriel wondered if he had gone too easy on Yasmin.

Tasmin

“That’s amazing, “Yvette drawled in a way that suggested disdain for Yasmin she didn’t even bother to contain by herself

Ever since Tasmin lost her parents, Vata and Irwan had raised her the then own, and the three of them shared a close bond. Tvetta would turn a blind eye to Yasmin’s behavior for her parents’ sake as long as Tasmin did not cross a line

That being said, if you crossed andary, Yvette could easily crush her like a bug

“Yaunim, look at President Thompson’s face when he’s around Yvette!” Nora exclaimed “I know it. She must’ve told her to embarrass you in public! She seduced him with her looks. How shameless

Yasmin’s expression crumpled when she heard Nora’s words, 14(1), she knew very well that with a

fiancé like Wilson, Yvette would never think of seducing Gabriel

Anyway, Varman merak’at and Wen’s

to anyone After **all**, she was looking forward the day she would meet

and of the Morrey family and took her place in the arranged marriage with Wilson.

With that thought, her menacing gaze deepened. “Nets, your right. That shameless bitch must have charmed the pants off the sateng Thangani, which explained the way he treated her

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As expected, Nora grew indignant **when** she heard Yasmin’s accusations. “That country bumpkin is too much! How could she shut you out of the Pianists Association with those underhanded tactics?”

A faint, cunning grin played on Yasmin’s lips. Then, she took Nora’s hand with a pitiful look. “Nora, you’re my best friend. Are you willing help me?”

“Of course, I’ll always have your back, Yasmin!” Nora immediately professed her loyalty to Yasmin, through whom she would secure the Murrays’ investment for her **own** family. Hence, she’d do anything Yasmin asked her to.

“Great.” Yasmin nodded in satisfaction, a cruel look growing in her eyes. “Just act on my signal!”

So what if Yvette has better skills than her? Yasmin had come prepared that day.

Keeping a low profile, Yara, Irwin, and Ashton entered the venue. They quietly settled in their seats just in time for Yasmin’s entrance onstage.

**Yasmin** immediately spotted her family members from the stage. She grinned widely at them.

She had intentionally **invited Yara**, Irwin, and Ashton, as she wanted to prove to them that she was the best. The country bumpkin, Yvette, was no match for her at all!

She wished to win **back** all their **love** and attention through the performance. Her hateful gaze swept past their faces as she seethed in spite. She thought, “Just wait and see. With my performance today, **I will** make Gabriel regret how he treated me. He’d be crying and begging me to join his association soon!”

“When is Yvie’s turn on stage?” Ashton blurted out from the audience. He attended the event just for Yvette. He craned his neck, looking forward to seeing her soon.

Yara **and** Irwin wanted to see Yvette, too. Still, they advised him, “Alright now. Ash, **behave** and enjoy Yasmin’s performance. It will be **Yvie’s**

turn soon..

Regardless, if Yvette or Yasmin was selected to **join** the Pianists Association, **Yara** and Irwin would be happy for the winner.

“Today, I will perform my self-composed song, ‘Really,’” Grinning, Yasmin sat before the piano and started playing.

Looks of shock crossed the audience’s faces **when** they heard the prelude.

“Wow, that’s so lovely! It’s like music from **heaven!**”

“It’s **so** nice. Too bad her skills aren’t good enough for the composition!”

“You’re not wrong, but the song is too good. Even if her skills are lacking, it is overall an excellent performance.”



“I agree. She’s already a genius for creating such a masterpiece. Before this, President Thompson announced that the association had blacklisted her for good. I’m afraid he’ll have to take back his words soon.”

It was public knowledge that the Pianists Association **valued** talent above everything. After Yasmin proved herself as a talented composer, the association would certainly grant her membership.

Yasmin was on cloud nine when she saw the surprise and delight on the faces of the audience. She shot a provoking expression at Yvette, who was seated below the stage.

Yasmin had stealthily listened to Yvette’s practice sessions at home and took note of the song. She practiced hard for this moment—to perform her plagiarized song on stage!

Not only that, she bribed the staff to **arrange** her performance before Yvette’s so that she could perform the song before Yvette.

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## Chapter 146

If Yvette had the guts to play the same song, Yasmin planned to accuse Yvette of plagiarism. By that time, Yvette’s professional reputation

would be in ruin.

The familiar melody had Yvette clicking her tongue. Yasmin hadn’t seemed to grow out of her bad habit of **stealing**. Last time, it was the emerald pendant; **this** time, it was a melody.

Nevertheless, such behavior would only hurt Yasmin in the end.

In contrast to Yvette’s calm response, Gabriel was jumping up and down. He shot up from his seat before Yasmin had a chance to wrap up her performance.

“Stop! Stop playing!” Always a fastidious character, Gabriel hated plagiarism the most. The situation was even worse, as Yasmin had plagiarized the work of the little devil of **the** **ir** association.

“President Thompson, why did you interrupt my performance?” **Yasmin** asked.

She put on an innocent and hurt expression that elicited sympathy. "I have no idea why you are prejudiced against me, but your interruption is an affront to me **and** music in general."

Her aggrieved expression instantly attracted the sympathy of the public.

"She's right. Even if he's the **president** of the Pianists Association, he needs to show so me respect.

"He's crossed a line. Yasmin put on an exciting performance, and we weren't done listening to it..."

Yasmin was further emboldened by the **public** opinion that sided with her. She didn't stop playing the victim. "President Thompson, we can talk in private if you are upset with me in any way. Please don't interrupt my performance!"

Gabriel chuckled cynically at Yasmin's shameless manipulation. He would have punched her if she were **a** man "Your performance? You're nothing more **than** a thief because you did not compose this song."

His words dropped a bomb on the audience. Following that, a mingling chatter arose.

"What? Did Yasmin Murray plagiarize that song? But why haven't I heard it before?"

"President Thompson accused her of plagiarism. There might be some minor similarities here and there, but honestly, none of the songs on the market resembles her performance."

"What exactly is going on?"

Yasmin remained **calm** onstage. After she overheard Yvette playing that song at home, she did her research and confirmed that it was an original song not found on the market. That was the reason she had flagrantly performed it on this important day.

Gabriel and the others would not have evidence of plagiarism against her!

"President Thompson, I don't know why you're being especially mean to me. You **even** unfairly accuse me of the grave crime of plagiarism!"

Tears welled up in Yasmin's eyes as she played the role of a pitiful victim. "Since you accuse me of **plagiarism**, why don't you **song**?"

"You" Gabriel was at a loss for words. He was taken aback by the extent of her brazenness.

“Yasmin is a good student who’s crowned Miss Jubilife. No way she’d commit plagiarism!” Nora stood up for Yasmin in time.

reveal the original

She added, “From the looks of it, you’re being unfairly harsh to Yasmin because you fell under the charm of **Wette**. You tried to slander Yasmin so Yvette could join the Pianists Association!”

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## Chapter 147

“Nonsense! If you keep slandering our little dev—Ahem, I mean Yvette—I won’t **go** easy on **you!**” Gabriel fumed, obviously incensed **by** Yasmin’s actions.

“You’re angry at me because I spoke the truth. You don’t **deserve to** be the president of the Pianists Association, seeing the way **you’re** slandering Yasmin!” Nora shouted.

She grew impudent when she recalled that Yasmin had promised to convince the Murrays to invest in the Spade family business if Nora helped. ruin Gabriel and Yvette’s **reputations**.

Since Nora had nothing to do with the music industry, she had nothing to lose, even if she crossed Gabriel.

Yasmin was full of glee when she saw Gabriel’s face turning red. On the surface, she pretended to carry herself with grace.

“**Alright now**,” she said. “President Thompson, since you couldn’t point out the original song I plagiarized from, this shows that you’re just slandering me.

“If this gets out, it’ll be bad for you. I’ll pretend that it didn’t happen. Please take your seat and continue **enjoying** my performance.”

The audience started whispering to each other.

“Yasmin Murray is indeed Miss Jubilife. She’s more gracious than anyone else. Even when President Thompson unfairly accused her of plagiarism, she chose to forgive him!”

“Right. She’s too nice. Why would she be considerate of him after he falsely accused her of plagiarism?”

The words of praise made Yasmin’s heart soar with joy. She silently cast a provocative look at Yvette and Gabriel. They couldn’t take her down, and now, she gained the trust of the publ

Infuriated, Gabriel sternly confronted her without a second thought, "Since you show no remorse, I won't give you a second chance! **You** plagiarized Mischa Rachmaninoff's unreleased song—'Snowdrop!'"

His statement caused a ruckus.

"What? Is he talking about Maestro Rachmaninoff's unreleased song? No wonder it sounded oddly familiar when Yasmin started playing!" "But why did Maestro Rachmaninoff suddenly decide to release new works after a long retirement?"

"What's going on? I don't know who to trust anymore!"

Yasmin let out a cold chuckle when she heard Gabriel's declaration. He had claimed that it was Mischa Rachmaninoff's unreleased song when it was just Yvette's composition.

She thought Gabriel must've been an idiot for mistaking Yvette's works for Mischa Rachmaninoff's.

"President Thompson, Maestro Rachmaninoff has been retired for many years. Why the sudden decision to release new works? Besides, the maestro is not here to prove that I plagiarized her song!"

"Who said Maestro Rachmaninoff isn't here?" Gabriel blurted out and belatedly realized he had exposed Yvette's identity without her permission.

He scratched his head sheepishly and flashed an ingratiating smile at Yvette, worried she might be angry with him.

Yvette clicked her tongue, looking slightly helpless and resigned. She thought, "**Well**, there goes another one of my identities."

"Oh my god! Is Maestro Rachmaninoff here with us?" "That's impossible. Why would the maestro be **here**?"

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"That's right! Maestro Rachmaninoff has always been secretive and private, not to mention she retired years ago. Why would he be here?"

The audience's doubtful questions put a smile on Yasmin's face. Feeling gleeful, she stared at Gabriel arrogantly, thinking, "**What** a bluff! Maestro Rachmaninoff will never show up to this place."

Nora copied Yasmin's behavior and boldly confronted Gabriel, "President Thompson, Yasmin is kind enough to overlook your false allegations, but you refuse to let it go. You've set your eyes on destroying her reputation to the point that you claim Maestro Rachmaninoff is

here with us!

"That's ridiculous. How about you tell us where he is—"

tion on

"Maestro Rachmaninoff is **here**" An emotionless voice interrupted Nora's taunts. Yvette slowly rose from her seat without any expression her delicate face.

Her words caught everyone off guard.

Yasmin was the first to come around. She silently smirked, thinking, "This bitch is pretty audacious! How dare she impersonate Maestro Rachmaninoff? What a joke!"

She said aloud, "Yvie, stop fooling around! You're only going to turn us **Murrays** into a laughingstock!"

Yasmin's bitchy remarks were a hint for Nora to jump in. Nora followed suit in jeering at Yvette, "She's right. You can't be Maestro Rachmaninoff. How dare a country bumpkin impersonate a master?"

After recovering from the shock, the audience chimed in. Some agreed,

ed, "She's too young to be Maestro Rachmaninoff."

"It's absurd. She's pretty bold to claim that she's Maestro Rachmaninoff."

"Isn't that right? She's shameless for doing so!"

The public condemnation of Yvette was exhilarating for Yasmin, who betrayed a slight grin.

How could Yvette think of impersonating Maestro Rachmaninoff? It was the perfect chance for Yasmin to completely destroy her reputation, turning her into a social pariah!

She began softly. "Yvie, you need to know when to stop with your jokes. How could you impersonate Maestro Rachmaninoff?" She sounded as though she could not stand the debacle anymore.

She continued, "Stop fooling around. If you offer a sincere apology, I believe everyone here will forgive you"

The audience grew fonder of **Yasmin** when they witnessed her kind and gentle persona. As a result, they found Yvette intolerable.

“How could two sisters be so different? On one hand, you have the kind and proper young lady, Yasmin. On the other hand, you have Yvette throwing around ludicrous claims of being Maestro Rachmaninoff. Does she take us as fools?”

“**She can’t** be Maestro Rachmaninoff. I heard she was raised in the countryside. No wonder she loses out to Yasmin in all aspects!”

Yara, Irwin, and Ashton looked appalled by the demeaning commentaries on Yvette. Though they were still confused about the situation, they couldn’t stand strangers badmouthing her.

“Fuck that bunch of morons! How dare they talk crap about our princess? I’ll teach them a good lesson today.” Face contorted with anger, Ashton was about to rise from his seat when Yvette marched onstage.

“What is she doing?”

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Chapter 149

“Yvie, please don’t start a scene on stage. Just make a public apology.”

Yvette remained unfazed by Yasmin’s arrogant behavior. Fixing a wintry gaze on Yasmin, she uttered, “Get lost.”

“**Yvie...**” Tears brimming in Yasmin’s eyes. She looked like she had been bullied. Her expression earned her public sympathy.

“She has no right to kick Yasmin off the **stage**. She and President Thompson should be the ones who get kicked out!” “*They* went too far. We

went too far. We

need to get those two kicked out.”

Yvette promptly ignored the useless chatter below the stage. She slowly sat by the piano, and her slender fingers danced on the keys.

She had been playing piano absentmindedly. This time, she put on a serious face. The light that illuminated her face elevated her ethereal beauty.

One second **ago**, the audience had been criticizing her, but now, they gaped at her in a stonishment.

The melody that flowed from her fingers sounded heavenly. With her technique, she breezily topped Yasmin's performance.

Her unparalleled piano playing was proof of **her** identity as Maestro Rachmaninoff.

"I can't believe she's really Maestro Rachmaninoff!"

The audience hung their heads in shame when they recalled the remarks they had just made about Yvette.

At the same time, Yara and Irwin seemed taken aback. They couldn't wrap their heads around the fact that their precious daughter was the renowned pianist, Mischa Rachmaninoff.

That explained why Yvette turned down their offer to hire a piano teacher for her. No one else was qualified to teach her how to play!

Meanwhile, Ashton immersed himself in her lovely performance. His heart was filled with shock and swelled with pride.

Was Yvie Mischa Rachmaninoff? He couldn't help but admire his talented sister.

The audience marveled at Yvette's presence **and** relished in her music. Only Yasmin sat there with a pale face. She refused to believe that Yvette, the country bumpkin, was Mischa Rachmaninoff!

The audience burst into thunderous applause at the end of Yvette's performance. People began to look at Yvette with respect, which further upset Yasmin.

"The music industry doesn't need a member with **questionable** ethics—a plagiarist. Yasmin Murray, you are officially blacklisted!"

"You're **not** only barred from joining the Pianists Association, but you will never be able to perform as a pianist!" Gabriel announced loudly, staring disdainfully at Yasmin.

Yvette's distaste for the problematic Yasmin was totally understandable. A person who plagiarized deserved to be blacklisted **and** canceled for good!

Yasmin's face scrunched up when she heard the decision. She knew full well that she shouldn't admit to plagiarism or her career would be done for.

She snapped, "So what if Yvette Murray is Mischa Rachmaninoff? How can she prove she came up with the song before I did? Speaking of which, I now suspect her of plagiarizing my creation instead!"

Gabriel sniggered in disbelief. Yasmin must've been the most shameless person he had come across in his life. Moreover, she had no remorse; she tried to accuse Yvette of plagiarism!

"How dare you accuse Mischa of plagiarizing your song when your skills are wanting?" Gabriel hurled a caustic insult at Yasmin, who looked

more miffed

Despite that, she stubbornly argued, "President Thompson, say whatever you want, but I'll only accept your accusation if you have evidence of Mischa Rachmaninoff composing this song before I did. If not, I won't accept the heavy accusation of plagiarism!"

Believing, that Yvette had no concrete evidence, Yasmin thought she could remain unscathed if she refused to admit to plagiarism.

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## Chapter 150

"What a coincidence... I happen to **have** evidence." Yvette's rosy lips curved into a smile. Then, she tapped on her phone.

Next, the screen on the stage lit up. A video started playing the evidence of Yvette composing the song.

Yvette looked up coldly at Yasmin. "What do you have to say now?"

Yvette had the habit of recording the process of composing songs. She had created the song before her return to Jubilife City to commemorate

Martha.

The color drained from Yasmin's face as she struggled to speak in the face of evidence. She dug her sharp nails into her **palm** as the sinister look in her eyes deepened.

She thought, "That bitch has **proof!** I'm doomed! I'm totally wrecked!"

The audience's opinion shifted against Yasmin.

Someone remarked, "I couldn't believe this is Yasmin Murray's **real** character. She tried to blame others after committing plagiarism. To think that we trusted her!"



“You’re right. She fooled everyone **here**. What a schemer!”

In no time, Yasmin turned into a public enemy. Yara, Irwin, and Ashton had firmly believed that Yasmin wouldn’t have shamelessly plagiarized, but they were helpless in the face of evidence. They looked at Yasmin in disappointment and pain.

Yasmin panicked when she noticed the difference between Yara and Irwin’s attitudes toward her—the disappointment was evident. Yet, they beamed proudly at Yvette.

She was now blacklisted by the music industry, not to mention losing her professional reputation. She would be left with nothing if she lost Yara and Irwin’s affection, and she would not allow that to happen.

After some quick thinking, she quickly cried sorrowfully. “It’s my fault. Yvie, I made the wrong decision to plagiarize your song when I overheard you practicing it. I know my mistake **now**, so please forgive me.”

Yvette’s rosy lips curled into a smirk. She watched emotionlessly as Yasmin put up a fake act.

Yasmin, embarrassed by Yvette’s nonchalance, gritted her teeth before running to the balcony. She wailed, “Yvie, I am too ashamed, and since you won’t forgive me, I think I’d rather die...”

With that, she made a dash for the balcony, to the audience’s dismay.

“Someone hold her back!”

Despite their distaste for Yasmin, they couldn’t watch as she threatened to take her life. She’d definitely die if she jumped off the 17th floor. “Calm down, Yasmin! Don’t jump!” Yara and Irwin hurried over.

The smirk on Yvette’s lips deepened. Knowing Yasmin, that woman would never jump off a building. It was all a ruse to garner sympathy.

Her mood lifted when she saw Wilson’s text. “I’m at the campus gate now. Picking you up for dinner.”

Paying Yasmin no attention, Yvette left.

“Yvie, please don’t go! Let’s have dinner later!” Gabriel ran after Yvette with a fawning smile. “It’s not often that I come to Jubilite University.” “I have a dinner appointment with someone else.”

