

Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 151-160

Chapter 151

“Yvie, but it’s not often I come to Jubilile University. Are you really going to pass on dinner with me?” Gabriel put on his best pitiful gaze to make Yvette stay.

His age–
inappropriate behavior made her look away. Without hesitation, she replied, “Yes.”

Speechless, Gabriel realized that Yvette remained the same. She was as sharp–
tongued as ever.

“I’m leaving now.” With that, she left without hesitation, leaving behind a heartbroken Gabriel. He couldn’t understand her disdain for him.

As Yvette approached the campus gate, she immediately saw Wilson standing by the car door. Samuel seemed to be reporting to him, and he listened with a serious and intimidating expression, unlike his usual demeanor around her.

“Very well” Wilson nodded at Samuel with a chilling look in her eyes. His behavior completely changed when he spotted Yvette.

His lips curled into a doting smile as he strode toward her.

“Why didn’t you call out to me? Hm?” He smiled, and his charming, low voice melted her ears.

“I didn’t want to interrupt the conversation.”

Upon hearing that, Wilson’s smile deepened. He held her hand and said, “It’s not an interruption if it’s you.”

As usual, Wilson was great at sweet–
talking. Aloof, Yvette pressed her lips together, but she allowed him to take her hand.

Gabriel, who secretly followed behind her, was shocked to witness the scene. Yvette never liked physical contact, yet she allowed a man to hold her hand.

Oddly, he felt as though the man had claimed the little devil of the Pianists Association, and it hurt, feeling like she had been taken from them.

Yvette was only 18 years old, but she was with a man in a suit who looked middle-aged. He was obviously much older than her!

What an animal!

Gritting his teeth, Gabriel resolved to take a better look at the man's face and teach him a lesson. Only then, he'd know better than to claim the little devil of the Pianists Association!

Yvette received a text from Ashton when she was in Wilson's car.

"Yvie, I am surprised by your excellent musicianship at such a young age! You're my pride!"

His words warmed her heart, putting a smile on her face. He still remembered about her at a time when Yasmin was the center of attention for threatening to jump off a building.

Ashton followed up by texting her funny stickers. Her smile deepened at the sight of them.

Wilson had not planned to steal glances at her phone, but his expression darkened when he accidentally spotted the love sticker from Ashton.

Last Time Boreis Time is Thaming

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Wilson thought, "Yvette has never smiled at me that way. Could Ashton be that fiancé she **was talking** about? Those **stickers are** so **cheesy**, though!"

Oblivious to his jealousy, Yvette sent a love sticker to Ashton.

The look in Wilson's eyes hardened, and he clenched his fists. He silently reminded himself, "Guess I need to speed matters up and make her **my** woman soon.

He kicked off the second step of his grand plan—seduction.

Narrowing his eyes, Wilson lazily loosened his tie, and his collarbone was exposed. Gulping, he tilted **his** head **and** fixed a burning gaze on her. The bewitching smile on his handsome face was oozing with appeal.

Yvette felt her ears turn red. She pressed her lips and said, "Button your shirt."

“My hand feels sore. Can you help?” He flashed a faint, seductive smile at her as he leaned into his seat with a roguish expression.

That **was** a poorly made excuse! Still, Yvette had hopelessly fallen into his charm. Lashes **trembling**, she found herself reaching out to him. Her obedience was a deadly temptation. He swallowed hard. As she closed in, a look of aggression crossed his eyes.

m to tease her.

Her demure behavior evoked an urge within him t

Right as she **placed** her fingers on his shirt button, the car jolted, throwing her into his warm embrace.

Without hesitation, he reached out to hug her. His long, tapered fingers gently rubbed against her wrist as he let out a low chuckle. “I didn’t know you were this eager, Yvie!”

Her ears reddened. She tried to shove him away but accidentally unbuttoned his shirt further, exposing his muscular chest.

She heard his alluring chuckle from the top of her head, which made her legs feel like jelly. He teased, “Calm down! You can take off my clothes however you want when we get home!”

Yvette was flustered “W

“**What’s** all this **nonsense** from this vixen?” she thought.

Ears reddening, she glared at him. “Are you going to behave or not?” She had no idea how cute she was acting. Not only did she not intimidate him, she made him want to tease her **more**.

The look in Wilson’s eyes deepened. His Adam’s apple moved up and down, a sight to behold. He didn’t **want** to behave when he was with her, but he was mindful not to scare her away.

Inhaling deeply, he suppressed the **intense** emotions brewing in his chest. He lovingly pinched her cheek and rasped, “I sure hope you get it straight soon!”

Wilson clenched his jaw, his eyes a dark abyss.

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“Mr. Quinn, Ms. Murray, we’re here,” Samuel cautiously notified them.

Yvette pursed her lips to cool down. She immediately hopped out of the car while Wilson swooned over her, thinking she was adorable even when she was shy.

Chuckling tenderly, he turned to Samuel and said, “You’ll get five times your bonus this month.”

“Thank you, Mr. Quinn!” Samuel, who had anticipated Wilson’s scolding for **the** turbulence just now, was surprised to be handsomely rewarded instead of getting berated.

Perhaps he should drive over bumps more frequently.

Yvette overheard the conversation, and the blush on her cheeks deepened. Wilson was doing that on purpose!

“What’s wrong? Why is your face as red as a tomato?” Wilson emerged from the car with his tie straightened and his shirt fully buttoned. He reverted into an aloof gentleman, a stark contrast to his seductive behavior back in the car.

your hand is sore.”

She fixed her **eyes** on his buttoned shirt and snorted. “Thought you couldn’t button your shirt because you’re tickled by her disgruntled look, he replied lazily, “Well, I’m a prudish man, and I only expose myself to you, Yvie.” His remark captured her heart. Therefore, she allowed **him** to hold her hand.

Collin immediately exclaimed when he saw Yvette entering the private dining lounge, “Wow! You’re sporting a Quinn family heirloom, I see. Mrs. Quinn Senior has planned to pass it down to her granddaughter-in-law. I guess it’s time I call you Mrs. Quinn!”

A look of surprise flashed across Yvette’s eyes. She knew the emerald pendant must be expensive, **but** she was unaware of its significance.

That explained why Wilson had convinced her to accept **the** pendant from Martha. What a cunning man!

Sensing her gaze, Wilson lowered his eyes and tenderly stared at her. “You can’t return the emerald pendant once you accept it.”

Blinking, she suppressed the wave of emotions and mumbled, “That’s **unfair!** Why are the Quinns being so unreasonable!”

“Yeah, we are unreasonable people.” Bending over, Wilson gently held her chin in his slender fingers. His hot breath tickled her ear. “And that’s why you’re not allowed to break your promise.”

“Mr. Quinn, I’m still here. Can you please get a room?” Collin joked.

It **was** torture to watch the interaction between the lovey–dovey couple, and it **was** his first time seeing Wilson being flirtatious

His remark ruined the mood. **Wilson** shot daggers at him before asking disdainfully, “Why are you here?”

His reaction rendered Collin speechless. He had just called Collin days ago for tips on how to snatch someone’s girl, but he seemed eager to ditch Collin **once** he got what he wanted.

Collin then groaned. “Oh, Wilson. I’m here to help!”

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Feeling increasingly flustered, Yvette excuses herself. “I’m going to the restroom.”

With that, she fled the lounge.

Wilson watched **as** she left, and his lips curled into a smile.

Yvette seemed easily embarrassed, instantly blushing whenever she was teased.

“Wilson, did my advice work?” Collin immediately asked Wilson once Yvette left.

Then, he added casually, “In my opinion, you’re the best bachelor in town. With your face, you can charm her skirt off. Her fiancé doesn’t **stand** a chance against you!”

Collin was stating the truth. Putting aside Wilson’s power and wealth, he could drive the women of Jubilife City crazy from his good looks alone.

Wilson narrowed his eyes when he mused about Ashton’s age. He said in a low tone, “What if Yvette loves him because he’s young?”

Ashton was around the same age as Yvette, unlike Wilson, who was many years older.

“Wow! Are you saying that Yvette loves them young?” Collin clicked his tongue softly. “You’ll lose if she’s after young men!”

Collin found it difficult to picture Wilson acting like those naive young men nowadays.

In the meantime, Wilson’s expression hardened. The air in the lounge froze, sending chills down one’s spine. He growled, “What did you just say?”

Collin trembled when **he** sensed danger. To save the situation, he coughed **and** said, “Wilson, you will surely win against your dearest Yvette’s silly fiancé!”

Wilson

appeared pleased, and he brushed off Collin’s earlier words. Growing serious, he decided to win Yvette’s heart as soon as possible before officially tying the knot to prevent any men from coveting her!

Yvette overheard some commotion in the corridor from the restroom when she was about to walk toward the dining lounge.

“Oh, Lucas, you’re my only son! You need to be strong, alright?” Amy pleaded to the wheelchair-bound Lucas. “I made a reservation at the most high-end restaurant in Jubilee City. Please eat something later, hmm?”

Lynda chimed in, “Right, Lucas. You **have** to keep your spirits high. Who knows? You might make a full recovery in the future!”

Lucas, having lost many pounds, slumped in **the** wheelchair with a venomous look in his eyes. “The doctor said I shouldn’t **hold** out hope. That bitch Yvette has ruined my life!”

Yvette had not only broken five of his ribs, but she had also made him impotent. All the doctors he consulted **gave** up on his case, effectively rendering him sterile.

“Yes, it’s all that bitch Yvette’s fault. She even injured my hand permanently. We won’t go easy on that ingrate!” Amy spat spitefully with a deep hatred for Yvette.

“Lucas, chin up. You need to teach that bitch a lesson with us. I’ll get back at her for you!” **Amy** said to Lucas.

“That’s right. We won’t turn a blind eye to what that bitch has done!” Lynda agreed.

After all their effort of kicking Yvette, the jinx, out of **their** family, they were blessed with fortune, only to have Yvette return and cast bad luck

on them

Because of her, Lucas was infertile, and Amy was permanently injured in one hand. Lynda swore that she would take revenge against Yvette for

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Lucas' expression further

er contorted. "You need to take revenge on that bitch for me!"

"Is someone looking for me?" Yvette emerged from the restroom, her long leg making great strides. Her lack of expression made her look more intimidating.

"Yvette, how dare you show up in front of us?" Amy, **Lynda**, and Lucas were overcome by shock. **Then**, their expressions turned vicious.

They had been wracking their brains on locating Yvette and taking revenge. Lo and behold—she showed up on her own!

Yvette remained unfazed under their hostile **gazes**. "Looks like I haven't taught you a good lesson."

She wouldn't have spared their lives if it weren't **for** Kayla's sake.

Lucas' face crumpled at the **mention** of that past incident. Hatred simmered in his chest. This bitch was the reason he **was** crippled and impotent for life. He would never have his pride back **again!**

He turned to Amy and said, "Mom, you promise to take revenge for me. I want her to apologize and beg for mercy!"

Amy instantly agreed, "Of course I will. I'll make it so that Yvette begs for mercy in front of you **with** one condition. You must cooperate with the hospital treatment."

ns!" Lucas said

"Mom, I want her to serve me for life to pay for her sins!"

Knowing that no woman would be interested in an impotent cripple, Lucas wanted Yvette to become his punching bag and serve him for life.

"Sure, whatever you want!" Amy said to him.

Then, she turned **and** shot a hateful look at Yvette. “Bitch, did you hear **him**? We’ll give you one more chance. You’ll need to serve Lucas for life. Now, apologize to him.”

At first, filled with indignance and resentment, Amy had wanted to hire a hitman to get rid of Yvette, who had crippled Lucas and permanently damaged her hand.

She wouldn’t have let it slide this easily had Lucas not requested for Yvette’s lifelong servitude.

Yvette chuckled at Amy’s so-called “generosity”. A smirk played on her lips. “**Who** do you think you are? Asking me to apologize?” She spoke in a flat tone that **was** loaded with sarcasm. Jumping in anger, Amy, Lynda, and Lucas stared hatefully at her.

“You little bitch! Since you’re throwing away your second chance, don’t blame us for being harsh on you!” Amy acted like a gangster. “That’s right!” Lynda jumped in and cast a resentful look at Yvette. “You’re an ingrate. Our family raised you. Not only did you not pay us back, but you landed Lucas **in** this misery. All we wanted from you was an apology and to be **Lucas**’ caretaker for life. That’s not a lot to ask for.” With an icy, intimidating glare, Yvette scoffed at their audacity to claim credit for raising her.

“I will consider letting this slide if the three of you apologize to me now.”

“What? Did you want us to apologize to you?” Lynda glowered at Yvette. “Are you insane? Bitch, you don’t deserve an apology from us.”

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In the midst of Lynda’s insults, Y

Yvette sent a silver needle flying in the air.

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The needle pierced Lynda’s knee, eliciting a horrifying scream from her. Both her legs started shaking uncontrollably before she fell to her knees.

“What have you done to me, Yvette?” Lynda felt humiliated for kneeling in front of Yvette. As a daughter of the wealthy Murphy **family**, she believed that the poor **bitch** Yvette should be the one begging for mercy on her knees.

“Yvette, you bitch! What **have** you done to my daughter?” Amy, driven by emotions when she witnessed Lynda’s agony, charged at Yvette, only to be kicked away.

Screaming, she sailed through the air and landed hard on the floor, coughing up mouthfuls of blood from the impact.

“Fuck! Wilson, Yvette is wild!” Collin and Wilson left the lounge to look for Yvette after her prolonged absence. They were astonished to see the scene unfold right as they stepped out.

Collin swallowed in fear. “How vicious! I think she went easy on me the last time she kicked me when she was drunk“!

Yvette’s kick must have broken at least ten of Amy’s ribs. Collin couldn’t help but think that Yvette **was** indeed Wilson’s woman she **was as** heartless as him!

Ignoring Collin, Wilson marched toward Yvette to check on her. Once he confirmed she was unhurt, he looked visibly relieved. He didn’t care about the others as long as Yvette was safe and sound.

“Why are you here?” Yvette’s attitude softened when she spotted Wilson and Collin.

Wilson tousled her hair. He said **to** her affectionately, “I’m checking on **my** Yvie. You’ve been away for a while, and I wondered if you lost

way.

your

Lynda couldn’t hold herself from swooning at Wilson’s unbelievably good looks. She was surprised by the amount of hot guys whom Yvette managed to seduce. If only she could win the heart of a **man** like Wilson!

“Sir, please help us!” Tears welled up in Lynda’s eyes. She put on a pitiful expression. “Don’t be fooled by her looks. She’s a really despicable Woman, Look—my mom is bleeding from the kick!”

Lynda playing the victim was a stark contrast to her vile, threatening behavior earlier. It could **easily** fool those who were unaware of the

situation.

“Oh.” Wilson cast her an apathetic look. “Is **that** so?”

Lynda’s heart

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Immediately after that, Lynda gleefully shot a provocative glance at Yvette. She thought that was the end for Yvette..

No man could tolerate a vile woman. Her good looks were useless— a respectable man like him would look down on her, and Lynda would get the chance to take Yvette's place.

Her eyes twinkled. She resolved to make good use of the opportunity to leave an unforgettable impression on Wilson.

When she was gloating, she heard his deep, emotionless voice ringing in the air. "So you're the ones who stopped my Yvie from heading back to the lounge."

His **face** was devoid of emotions. "Samuel, get rid of them,"

"What?" Lynda's eyes widened in disbelief when she heard Wilson's unfeeling remark. Then, her expression turned to one of shock and fear

"Sir, is there a misunderstanding?" she asked. "Yvette hurt us! She's a terrible woman who doesn't deserve to stay by your side!"

Wilson's expression soured. He clenched his fist and exuded a hostile air. "Who do you think deserves to stay by my side, then? You?"

"Yes!" Lynda, acting shy, swooned even more. "Sir, I'm willing to stay by your side..."

Judging from Wilson's looks, he must be a wealthy man. The Murphys might have enjoyed a windfall, but they were too insignificant compared to the rich families in Jublife City

However, things **would** change if she got married to the esteemed man in **front** of her. The Murphys would see their social status elevated, and the Jublife socialites wouldn't laugh at her nouveau riche status anymore!

Wilson's handsome looks were the cherry on top. Of course, she'd be attracted to him,

"Hah! Who do you think you are to dream of dating him?" Collin snapped at Lynda with contempt before Wilson had the chance to speak.

Lynda was a rather average— looking **woman**. She must have an overinflated ego to dream of staying by Willson's side. In Collin's eyes, Lynda

couldn't hold a candle to Yvette.

Lynda was terribly embarrassed **by** Collin's ruthless mocking. She turned to Wilson with a pitiful expression to gain his sympathy.

However, **Wilson showed** nothing but irritation. He threatened her in a wintry tone, "Look at me in that way again, and I'll gouge your eyes

out."

She couldn't believe he threatened her instead of showing sympathy after **she pulled a pitiful face**. She shuddered from head to toe at his

threat.

"Let's leave the three of them to Samuel. We should head back for dinner. I don't want Yvie to starve." Wilson's tenderness toward Yvette was

the extreme opposite of his heartless behavior toward Lynda

Green with envy, **Lynda** tried to suppress her jealousy. She called out to Wilson loudly, "Sir, Yvette is a vile woman. **She's** been getting cozy with other men aside from you."

She decided to expose Yvette's true colors, thinking that Wilson would definitely be enraged. After all, no man could stand being cheated on.

As expected, Wilson's expression hardened, much to Lynda's delight. She flashed a provocative grin at Yvette.

"When have I ever been cozy with other men apart from Wilson?" Yvette mused.

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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Frowning in confusion, Yvette immediately realized the root of the misunderstanding. The Murphys must have witnessed Sean picking her up from Elixirs Apothecary and came to the wrong conclusion.

Yvette was aware of Wilson's jealous disposition, not to mention when other men were involved. Right as she was about to clear the **air**, he spoke in a deep, alluring voice, "Looks like I'm not treating Yvette right. If not, she wouldn't have sought the company of other men."

Lynda froze when she heard Wilson's remark. A mix of bewilderment, fury, and envy replaced her gleeful expression.

Just what did that bitch do to charm him? He was siding with her unconditionally. How could he not feel an ounce of anger after **learning** that she cheated on him?

Blinking at Lynda's furious reaction, Yvette felt more relaxed and cheerful. She took Wilson's hand **and** said to **him**, "Let's have dinner. I'm starving."

Grasping her hand, he replied dotingly, "Sure."

Lynda's jealousy grew when she saw the couple leave. She **ground** her teeth and swore to get even with Yvette one day. She vowed to **expose** Yvette's true nature and make her fall out of Wilson's favor.

On their way back to the private lounge, Yvette glanced at Wilson. "Aren't you going to ask me why I hurt them?"

"I don't need **to** know," Wilson replied without hesitation while his gaze tenderly caressed her face.

He added sweetly, "I know for sure that it's not your fault. Whether you're right or wrong, my responsibility is to show you my support." Her rosy lips curled **into** a grin, and she wondered if this was how it felt to be unconditionally loved.

Meanwhile, Collin looked disgruntled at the sight of their public display of affection.

After dinner, Yvette received a call from Yara when she left the lounge.

Yara cautiously began, "Yvie, Yasmin was threatening to take her life. It took us a while to calm her down and talk her out of it. I'm begging you to forgive her this once. She knows **she's** at fault, and she promises she won't do it again."

Yvette snickered.

Yara carefully added, "Yvie, both you and Yasmin are my **good** daughters. I'll have a serious talk with her after what she has done. Can you forgive her this one time?"

In the end, Yvette was swayed by Yara's humility. She replied emotionlessly, "I'll leave this matter in your hands. I won't interfere."

In other words, she would be **fine** with covering up the scandal, but she'd never forgive Yasmin's actions.

"Alright. Yvie, I thank you on Yasmin's behalf!"

After hanging up, Yvette looked rather irritated. Her lips tightened into a line.

“What’s wrong?”

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Wilson slowly approached her and noticed her bad mood. Putting on a serious face, he held her hand. “Who upset you, Yvie?”

Yvette seemed to be fine before.

She refused to bring up the drama on campus and shook her head at him. “Everything’s fine.”

Yvette **decided** to let the incident slide for Yara’s sake, but she wouldn’t tolerate Yasmin’s future misbehavior. If Yasmin failed to behave, she would teach her a good lesson.

Since Yvette refused to elaborate, Wilson didn’t press on. He gently asked, “Shall I send you home?”

She answered casually, “I’m going to your place.” Knowing Yasmin must have been **throwing** a fit at **home**, she wouldn’t want to go home to

the drama

Wilson clenched his jaw **in agitation when** she delivered the suggestive remark in a flat tone. A playful, seductive look flashed across his eyes.

He wondered if Yvette even heard herself. Did she think Wilson was a gentleman? He had been yearning to make her his woman.

Noticing his lack of reply, she looked up at him and adorably wrinkled her nose. “Why? Do you not want me at your place?”

“No. That’s not it.” He bent over and closed in on her. Narrowing his eyes, he looked as beguiling as a siren. “But won’t your fiancé be angry if you come home with me?”

She thought, “Tsk, how double-faced of **him!** Where did he learn it from?”

Looking helpless, she was nonetheless cheered up. She cheekily fluttered her lashes at **him**. “Alright, then. I’ll go to my fiancé’s instead.”

With that, she turned to leave, but he grabbed her hand and pulled her toward **him**. He whispered in her ear, a dangerous edge in his tone, "Are you doing this on purpose? Trying to drive me mad?"

A smile flashed across her face. She gave him a look so innocent that it **was** impossible to raise his voice at her.

Wilson sighed **in** defeat and pulled her into a tight hug. He growled at her, "Do not go to your **fiance!**"

She **smiled** again when she heard that. Wilson probably was the only man who was un-wittingly jealous of himself!

Half an **hour** later, Wilson's black Maybach arrived at the entrance of the villa. Yvette was **no** stranger to his place.

His maids had recovered from their initial shock and adjusted to her presence, though they cast a rather accusatory look at Wilson for being thoughtless. He shouldn't have gotten involved with a woman as young as Yvette.

Still, they kept their thoughts to themselves.

Yvette picked up Ashton's incoming call.

"**Yvie**, when are you coming home? Do you want me to pick you up?" he asked gently,

Yvette pursed her lips before admitting truthfully, "I'm staying out tonight."

Hearing that, Ashton worriedly questioned, "Yvie, why aren't you coming home? Are you still **angry** about today?"

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"No," Yvette flatly replied to Ashton while shaking her head.

Yasmin wasn't worth getting worked up over. All Yvette wanted was to

end the d

drama at home.

Ashton sighed. "Fine. You can stay out if you want as long as you take good care of yourself. I'll support every choice you make."

Feeling moved, she nodded and replied warmly, "Got it, Ash."

The light in Wilson's eyes dimmed when he entered and overheard Yvette speaking to Ashton in a loving manner. Overcome by jealousy, he lamented silently, "She doesn't even speak to me like that! How could she do it with another guy?"

He assumed that Ashton was Yvette's fiancé **and** silently made Ashton his love rival.

After the call, Yvette was confused by Wilson, who stood frozen at the door. "Why aren't you coming in?"

Fixing a stern gaze on her, he said in envy, "Ash, huh?"

Was he jealous of Ashton? That was absurd.

Feeling resigned, Yvette rubbed her forehead. Nonetheless, she found the situation hilarious. **What** would he do when he learned of her five brothers?"

"Everyone else gets called by their first name, yet I'm 'Geezer' to you, huh?" The thought of Yvette deliberating calling him a "geezer" deepened his jealousy. His jaw tightened intimidatingly.

Unfazed, she looked at him softly. "I wasn't wrong, though. You are a geezer."

He was ten years older than her, wasn't he? She was technically correct.

He let out an angry chuckle, but his anger quickly dissipated **when** he met her tender **eyes**. Holding her **waist**, he pulled her into his embrace. Rubbing his fingers against her moist, rosy lips, he coaxed her, "Call me Will."

Every inch of her skin that he touched felt warm. Her long, thin lashes started fluttering. Her reaction made him swallow hard.

The look of desire in his eyes deepened as he continued coaxing her, "vie..."

She went jelly from his seduction.

Feeling an electric jolt across her body, she parted her lips and was about to let out a moan when the ringing phone interrupted them.

The sound jolted her out of his seduction. Blushing, she struggled to leave his arms.

Wilson clicked his tongue irritably. He picked up the phone with annoyance, "What's the matter?"

Jacob Murray frowned at Wilson's impatient tone. "Tsk. Just listen to your frustrated voice. Did I interrupt your fun?"

Narrowing his eyes, Wilson grew even more annoyed. "I'm hanging **up**."

Jacob's tone turned serious. "I have a question for you. I heard from Collin that you set your **eyes** on a **young** woman."

As the oldest Murray son, he needed to get to the bottom of the issue because Wilson had agreed to an arranged marriage with his sister.

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