

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 261 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 261

A Rose 261

“Okay.” Yvette nodded obediently. The three of them never once glanced at Yasmin, completely ignoring

her.

A scowl deepened on Yasmin’s face. When she saw Sean and Ashton head toward the Esports Department, she quickly pursued Yvette, who was heading to the Department of Medicine.

“Yvette, stop right there!”

Although she heard the barking behind her, Yvette didn’t even bother to look. She continued striding toward the classroom with her long legs.

It only made Yasmin angrier. How dare that bitch ignore her!

“Yvette, I said stop!” Yasmin rushed forward and grabbed her arm.

With a look of utter contempt, Yvette wrinkled her nose and flung Yasmin’s hand away. She couldn’t stand the thought of being contaminated by such filth.

When she saw people coming out of the classroom, Yasmin’s eyes flickered. She immediately pretended to lose her balance, stumbling and falling to the ground.

“Ouch! Yvie, why did you push me and make me fall?”

Tears immediately welled up in Yasmin’s eyes. She raised her scraped and bleeding arm, pitifully crying to the crowd. She appeared weak and delicate, invoking their sympathy.

With a nonchalant air, Yvette leaned against the wall. Her slender legs were crossed at a leisurely angle. She coldly watched Yasmin’s act.

Yasmin cried even more pitifully. “Yvie, I know you’re upset with me, but you didn’t need to push me and make me fall! Now that you injured my hand, how am I supposed to play the piano?”

There was a natural inclination to feel sorry for the weak. Given her fragile state and tears, they were bound to side with her!

Thinking about how Yvette would soon be despised by everyone, Yasmin felt a bit better.

But what she never expected was...

“What do you think you’re doing? Are you trying to frame Yvie?”

“Exactly, don’t even think about it. Hurry back to the Music Department! Stop being an eyesore here!”

“Do you think you can go around blaming Yvie for everything?”

Yasmin’s smug expression froze at once. This wasn’t at all how she had imagined it. Why were they defending Yvette so fiercely?

“I didn’t frame her; I’m telling the truth. Please believe me, she did push me...”

Yasmin sobbed, appearing weak and helpless. This trick had never failed her before. She couldn’t believe they would still trust that bitch Yvette over her.

To her surprise, as soon as she finished speaking, they all refuted her in unison.

“Yvie would never push you. She has severe germophobia; she hates it when others touch her. She especially dislikes touching others. How could she push you?”

“Exactly! Yvie’s germophobia is so severe that she thinks you’re filthy. There’s no way she would push you!”

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This was a conclusion they had reached after observing her for a long time. Hence, no matter what they did, they were very careful to keep their distance from Yvette. They wanted to avoid making her uncomfortable.

Yasmin was struck dumb and felt extremely humiliated.

“Yvie, let’s go into the classroom. We’ve cleaned your seat thoroughly, and no one has touched it!”

Everyone in the class couldn’t be bothered with Yasmin anymore. They all turned toward Yvette with starry eyes, not hiding their admiration for her at all.

Watching them crowd around Yvette as she entered the classroom, Yasmin burnt with jealousy.

Why?

Not only did all the Murrays like her, but now everyone at the university liked her too; everyone was fawning over her.

“Don’t get too cocky, Yvette!” Yasmin snarled, her eyes burning with venomous hatred.

The moment Yasmin transferred the 500 million to the Dark Organization’s account, Yvette would meet

her end!

A Rose 262

Today was another one of Charlie’s classes. With a face glowing with confidence, he strode up to the podium.

He had come prepared, certain he could attract Yvette’s attention to his lecture!

But Yvette merely lifted her eyes to glance at him once. Then she laid her head down on the desk to sleep.

Charlie’s fragile, tender heart shattered instantly. Was his lecture that unengaging? Why did Yvette always fall asleep in his class?

Yvette was completely unaware of Charlie’s thoughts. She had spent the previous day administering two acupuncture treatments to Yara. The sessions drained most of her energy. She needed a good amount of

rest to recover.

When Yvette woke up, the class had already ended. She stretched lazily, only to meet Charlie’s resentful gaze. She wondered what was wrong with him.

“Liam is here again...”

Suddenly, the classroom was abuzz with chatter.

“Of course, he’s here for Yvie again! I heard Ashton and Sean already warned him, but he still dares to come looking for Yvie. He’s so romantic, I can’t handle it! I’m going to cry.”

“Yes, exactly. Every day, he comes from Vista University to Jubilife University. I heard the chancellor of Vista University is terrified. He’s worried that Liam might transfer to Jubilife University for Yvie’s sake!”

Yvette’s indifferent gaze swept across the room. The chatter ceased immediately as everyone behaved

well.

As Yvette walked out of the classroom, Liam approached her with a faint smile on his face. Once again, he made everyone swoon.

“Oh my gosh, look at that... Liam’s eyes light up as soon as he sees Yvie. I ship them so hard!”

With a hint of resignation, Yvette said coldly, “From now on, wait for me at the lab.”

“Alright.” Liam’s eyes dimmed slightly. He only wanted to see her a bit earlier every day, which was why he waited outside her classroom.

Yvette didn’t linger, striding toward the lab. Liam obediently followed. Seeing the fatigue on her face, he couldn’t help but say, “You look very tired today. Why don’t we go to the lab tomorrow instead?”

Yvette pondered for a moment and then nodded in agreement. “Okay.”

She still had to go to the hospital later to check on Martha. Her energy was indeed running low.

“Watch out!”

In that moment of distraction, a car sped past her from the side of the road. Liam quickly pulled her into his arms.

From a distance, they appeared like an intimate couple, embracing. The man in the car a few feet away took it all-in.

Can he drive away now?

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Samuel shivered, sensing the chilling air radiating from the man.

“Mr. Quinn, I’m sure there’s been some mistake. There’s no way Ms. Yvette would be interested in a kid

like Liam! He’s just a young, good-looking guy who’s around her age. That’s all he is, nothing but a pretty boy. I’m sure Ms. Yvette prefers someone like you—mature, dependable, and older...”

Older?

Samuel’s words hit a sore spot, and Wilson’s anger was palpable.

Wilson's eyes narrowed, his face growing grim. A cold fury radiated from him. "Wakara is short-staffed. You can start work there as soon as you can."

Samuel was on the verge of tears.

A Rose 263

Liam's heart raced as he felt the soft sensation in his arms. He was so flustered that his ears turned red. He hastily tried to explain.

"Sorry, I just wanted to pull you away... I didn't mean to"

"Yvie doesn't need your help," Wilson cut him off. He had made his way toward them and pulled Yvette into his embrace.

His tone was domineering and assertive. It exuded a pressure that was quite intimidating.

If it were anyone else, they would have already been scared stiff by Wilson. But Liam suppressed his fear and looked directly at Yvette, who was now in Wilson's arms.

If she showed any sign of unwillingness, he would help her even if it meant offending Wilson!

Wilson noticed his gaze lingering on Yvette. His once charming features turned cold and menacing. It was as if a dark storm was brewing within him.

Liam had the nerve to stare at Yvette like that, right in Wilson's presence! Was Liam treating him as if he didn't exist? Liam was asking for a world of hurt for trying to take her away from him.

Knowing that Wilson was once again drowning in jealousy, Yvette obediently leaned into his arms. She then calmly turned to Liam.

"Thank you for your quick action, but there's no need next time. I can avoid it myself."

As soon as she finished speaking, she took the initiative to hold Wilson's hand. "Let's go."

"

Yvette's few words soothed Wilson's surging anger. His dark and sharp eyes flashed a warning at Liam before he allowed himself to be led away by the young woman.

Watching their backs as they walked away hand in hand, Liam's gaze turned completely bleak.

Inside the car, Wilson asked, "Are you close with Liam?"

Yvette looked up at him, her tone rather casual. "Not really."

Wilson lowered his mesmerizing eyes to look at her. His entire demeanor exuded dissatisfaction. "If you're not close, why do I always see you together?"

Yvette could hear the jealousy dripping from his voice. She clicked her tongue, finding his reaction quite amusing. She spoke slowly on purpose. "We had some matters to attend to."

As expected, Wilson was even more irritated now.

What matters required them to always be together?

Yvette slyly pursed her red lips, tilting her head innocently. "You seem to like being in control. Is that a common trait among older men?"

Older?

Wilson ground his teeth, his cold eyes flashing with a mischievous light. He was annoyed but couldn't stay mad at her, so he stewed in his own frustration.

He could change anything for her except his age.

Thinking of what Collin had said earlier, Wilson's anger flared up even more. "Wilson, this is what you get

for what you did to Sean. You stole his girl, and now Liam's doing the same to you. What goes around comes around..."

Collin was right. Yvette was someone he had stolen away, so there was no guarantee that she wouldn't be taken by someone else in the future.

Wilson's captivating eyes narrowed dangerously. Maybe it was best to get Liam out of Jubilife. "You're already starting to find me old, aren't you?"

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There was only one way to stop Wilson from making these sarcastic remarks.

Yvette's beautiful fox-like eyes blinked lightly. Then her pale fingers suddenly grabbed his tie, forcing him to lower his head. The next second, she kissed him, silencing all his words.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Samuel was stunned by what he saw in the rearview mirror. A moment later, he couldn't help but silently give a thumbs-up in admiration.

Yvette was so bold!

Wilson's body tensed as Yvette's lips brushed against his. He reached out and pulled her onto his lap, deepening the kiss.

Yvette found herself trapped in his embrace. Her delicate fingers pushed against him in resistance. "Stop... We're going to see Grandma later!"

"Okay, I won't kiss you anymore."

Wilson knew Yvette was shy, so he refrained from teasing her further. He buried his head in her neck, trying to calm the heat Yvette had stirred within him. His large hands held her small waist with a fierce grip as if trying to make her a part of him.

Samuel's eyes widened in the rearview mirror as a brazen thought struck him.

Why did it seem like Wilson was Yvette's lap dog?

As soon as this thought arose, Samuel shuddered in disgust and raised the partition.

Wilson was the one everyone in Jubilife feared, a real tyrant. How could he possibly be a little lap dog?

Wilson and Yvette were in Martha's room at the hospital.

"Grandma, I'll come back in ten days to give you the last acupuncture treatment. Then you can be discharged."

Yvette retrieved the silver needles and wiped the fine sweat off her forehead. Performing two sets of acupuncture the day before and one the next day had taken a great toll on her energy. Her stamina was also significantly depleted.

Hearing that she could be discharged soon, Martha was very pleased. She patted Yvette's hand lovingly.

"Yvie, thanks to you, I have recovered so quickly!" she exclaimed. "After taking the medicine you prescribed, I no longer have those occasional bouts of angina."

Yvette's voice took on a softer tone as she watched Martha's delight. "Grandma, with your medicine and one more acupuncture treatment in ten days, we can finally say goodbye to those chest pains."

"Okay! Good!" Martha nodded obediently. "I'll always follow your advice, Yvie!"

Samuel was stunned to see her being so obedient. When has Martha ever been this compliant?

It was clear that Yvette had both Wilson and Martha completely under her control.

As this thought occurred, Samuel's eyes lit up. If that was the case, then all he needed to do was to please Yvette to avoid being sent to Wakara!

"Yvie, what happened to your lips-" Martha stopped halfway through her question, and suddenly, her eyes

gleamed with understanding. She looked at Yvette lovingly and covered her mouth, giggling.

"It's nothing. I get it! I've been young and in love too. It's easy to get carried away by those feelings!"

Even though Wilson had been much more restrained this time, Martha still noticed.

Yvette's face flushed crimson at Martha's words. After coaxing Martha to sleep and leaving the hospital room, Wilson hugged her.

"My poor Yvie."

Seeing the fatigue in Yvette's eyes, Wilson's heart ached. He held her close, trying to offer comfort. His long fingers, exquisite in their shape, caressed her waist with a tender touch.

"It's okay, I'll be fine after some rest," Yvette said softly, leaning into his embrace. "Grandma's health comes first."

He thought, "I can't believe how sweet Yvie is..."

A Rose 265

Wilson's gaze grew even more tender and affectionate, his deep, magnetic voice gently coaxing Yvette.

"Once Grandma is discharged and I break off the engagement with the Murrays, I'll come to your home to propose, alright?"

He was eager to officially have Yvette by his side so he wouldn't have to worry about her being taken away by someone else.

"Hmm?" Hearing this, Yvette couldn't help but frown.

Breaking off the engagement and then coming to her house to propose?

That was quite something! But if he did that, Yvette's parents would probably throw him out!

Seeing Yvette frown, Wilson's heart tightened, a rare panic flickering in his deep, dark eyes. "Yvie, you don't want that?"

Yvette nodded, "That's right, I don't."

She certainly didn't want to see him getting thrown out by her parents.

"Ms. Yvette, you've worked hard treating Mrs. Quinn Senior. I brought a variety of drinks for you. Please, help yourself to whichever you like," Samuel said, hurrying over with an assortment of drinks, snacks, and pastries, his face full of eager anticipation.

If he could win over Yvette, he could avoid being sent to Wakara!

With this thought in mind, he became even more attentive. "Ms. Yvette, treating Mrs. Quinn Senior must have been exhausting. I also brought plenty of snacks and pastries. Please, have some to keep your strength up!"

Feeling the pangs of hunger, Yvette accepted the pastries with a polite smile and thanked him, "Mr. Jackson, thank you."

"No need to thank me! Ms. Yvette, as long as you're enjoying them!"

Just as Yvette began to eat a pastry, she received a message from Jake.

Jake: "Boss, we've received the 500 million dollars."

Jake: "Yasmin Murray is pushing us to capture you quickly. She's getting really anxious."

As she read the messages, Yvette's eyes turned cold, with a hint of murderous intent flashing before them. Her fingers moved swiftly as she typed a reply.

Yvette: "Proceed with the original plan. I'll be there shortly."

Jake quickly responded, "Understood, Boss."

Yvette put her phone away and turned to Samuel. "I have to go now, Mr. Jackson. Thank you for the pastries."

As he watched Yvette leave, Wilson's expression darkened. He was tempted to stop her and demand an explanation for her reluctance to accept his proposal. However,

knowing Yvette's temperament, he understood that forcing her to stay would only infuriate her.

Meanwhile, Samuel stood nearby, smiling brightly. It seemed Yvette liked the pastries he'd bought. He thought that if he could ask her for help tomorrow, he might avoid being sent to Wakara after all!

He prided himself on being clever!

But before Samuel could fully savor his triumph, Wilson's icy, menacing gaze fixed on him, unleashing a wave of anger that sent a shiver of fear down Samuel's spine.

"You've been quite attentive today. Are you also trying to steal Yvie away from me?"

Samuel was so frightened that his legs almost gave out, and he quickly shook his head frantically. "No, no, Mr. Quinn, you've misunderstood... I wouldn't dare try to steal Ms. Yvette from you..."

Wilson, showing no patience for explanations, his strikingly handsome face contorted with anger. "Tonight, you're going to Wakara."

"Mr. Quinn, please, no..."

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Samuel felt like crying but had no tears. What had he done to deserve this?

Why was he being sent to Wakara ahead of schedule?

Yasmin arrived at the meeting place early, her eyes glinting with malicious anticipation.

"Where's Yvette Murray? Dark Organization, you promised me that you'd bring that bitch here first! Why isn't she here yet?"

She was eager to humiliate Yvette thoroughly.

With his face hidden behind a golden mask that added an air of mystery, Jake spoke with cold disdain. "She'll be here soon. The Dark Organization always keeps its promises."

Reassured by the Dark Organization's solid reputation on the dark web, Yasmin pressed further. "What about the homeless men I requested?"

Jake responded coldly, "They're in the room behind you."

Yasmin immediately opened a window and peered inside. The room was filled with filthy, foul-smelling homeless men, clearly drugged and agitated.

Yasmin's lips curled into a sinister smile as she looked at the scene, her satisfaction palpable.

She had also contacted a large group of reporters. Once Yvette was assaulted by these filthy homeless men, it would all be caught on camera.

Such explosive news would undoubtedly make headlines, and the entire Jublife City would hear about Yvette's disgraceful behavior.

Yvette would become the greatest embarrassment to the Murray family!

Just thinking about it filled Yasmin with excitement. Simply killing Yvette wouldn't be enough to quench her anger. Only witnessing Yvette's public humiliation and total ruin would give her the satisfaction she craved.

As he observed her, Jake saw through her intentions and looked at her with increasing contempt.

Lost in her fantasy, Yasmin wore a smug smile, her face glowing with satisfaction.

"They've brought Yvette Murray," Jake announced.

Yvette's eyes sparkled with cruel anticipation. "Bring her here immediate

Soon, Yvette appeared before her, standing casually with an air of nonchalance, showing no signs of fear as if she were merely attending a show.

Yasmin frowned, puzzled as to why Yvette wasn't bound.

But she quickly reassured herself. With the Dark Organization's prowess, there was no need to restrain Yvette. They must have been confident enough to capture her without restraints!

"Yvette, you're finally in my grasp!" Yasmin's eyes gleamed with wickedness as she glared at Yvette, her face contorted into a vicious and grotesque grin.

She continued, "Let me give you a heads-up. Inside this room are some filthy, disgusting homeless men. You're going to have a horrific time!"

"Oh." Yvette's fair and delicate face remained expressionless, her tone cool and indifferent.

Yasmin's rage flared at Yvette's calm demeanor. Didn't she realize she was about to be ruined?

Shouldn't Yvette be begging for mercy, groveling, and pleading for her life? How dare she remain so calm?

"Yvette, you'll soon find out what it means to be thoroughly abused. Let's see if you can still be so arrogant after this," Yasmin sneered.

She turned to Jake and instructed, "Get her thrown in there quickly. The reporters are almost here!"

"Understood," Jake nodded and responded immediately.

Yasmin's arrogance swelled as she laughed triumphantly. "Yvette, this is the price you pay for crossing me! No matter how much affection and attention you've stolen from others, you'll be publicly disgraced today and become the Murrays' greatest embarrassment!"

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Yvette looked at her coldly, her delicate, fair face utterly expressionless. "Is that so?"

Yvette's calm demeanor only fueled the malice in Yasmin's heart.

"Hurry up and throw her in there! Let those filthy, disgusting homeless men ravage her!"

"Understood," Jake replied, nodding. He signaled to the guards behind him, who immediately moved toward Yasmin and restrained her.

"What are you doing?" Yasmin struggled, unable to move. "You've got the wrong person! You should be grabbing that bitch-"

Before she could finish, she was slapped hard across the face.

"Ah!" Yasmin screamed in disbelief, her eyes widening. "How dare you hit me?! Do you know who I am? I'm your employer! I've paid you a lot of money, and you should treat me with respect!"

Jake raised an eyebrow with a wicked smirk. "Yes, we took your money. But you're not fit to employ the Dark Organization."

"Why?" Yasmin shouted in frustration. "Did that bitch pay you more? I'll pay you even more if you follow my orders and throw her into the room with the homeless men. Let her be ruined and become a disgrace!"

As Yasmin spewed her venomous words, the chill in Yvette's beautiful eyes deepened.

She truly had no remorse!

"Damn it, throw her in!" Jake, clearly infuriated, commanded, "She came up with such a vicious plan, so let her suffer the consequences herself! Throw her in."

"Yes, sir!" the guards responded promptly and respectfully. Then, they began to drag Yasmin toward the

room.

"Are you guys insane? You're supposed to throw that bitch in there..."

Yasmin was truly terrified now. The room was filled with drugged, disgusting homeless men, and she knew the potency of the drugs since she had procured them herself. If she were thrown in there, it would be the end of her.

"Don't throw me in! I can give you a lot of money..."

As Yasmin's desperate pleas echoed, Jake scoffed, "No amount of money will make us betray our boss!"

What?

Yasmin's eyes widened in disbelief. How could Yvette be the boss of the Dark Organization?

Yvette looked down at her, her expression regal and cold, like a queen gazing at a lowly insect.

She said in an icy tone, "I originally didn't consider you worth my time. I had no intention of dealing with you,

but you crossed a line by attacking Mom and trying to use the Dark Organization to get rid of me."

Yvette was fiercely protective, especially because Yara had shown her unparalleled kindness and motherly love she had never felt before. She would not allow anyone to harm her.

"This is all your own doing."

Yasmin trembled with fear. Her mind couldn't wrap around the fact that Yvette was the leader of the Dark Organization!

She had foolishly spent a fortune trying to hire them to kill their own boss.

“Boss, I’ll handle things here. You should rest. There’s no need for you to witness this.”

“Alright.” Yvette nodded and turned to leave.

Had she been an ordinary girl without any hidden identity, she would be the one suffering today. Yasmin’s cruelty was incomprehensible, and she deserved no sympathy.

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Jake’s tone was icy and commanding. “Stop wasting time. Throw her in. The homeless men inside are already eager. Ms. Yasmin, you bought the drugs yourself, so you should know better than anyone how desperate they are.”

“Please, no... Don’t throw me in there. I was wrong...”

Despite Yasmin’s frantic pleas, the guards ruthlessly tossed her into the room.

The moment Yasmin landed in the room, the filthy, stinking homeless men inside lunged at her. With a tearing sound, they ripped her clothes apart.

“Ah!”

Yasmin’s shrieks of terror echoed through the room.

Half an hour later, the reporters Yasmin had contacted arrived. They were stunned to find Yasmin

tortured beyond recognition when they opened the door.

They had been informed that Yvette was in the room, so how did Yasmin end up there?

Nevertheless, it didn’t matter who was involved. This was sensational news, and once it was released, it was bound to be the top headline!

“Ah... Please don’t take pictures...”

Yasmin mustered her last bit of strength to shout, but the reporters ignored her pleas, their cameras clicking relentlessly.

Yasmin quickly made headlines in Jubilife, becoming a figure of widespread disdain and contempt throughout the city.

Upon hearing the news, Alex Murray's fury was so overwhelming that it triggered a health crisis, causing the butler to rush him to the hospital urgently.

However, when they arrived at the hospital to settle the bill, they discovered there was no money left in the bank account.

The butler anxiously reported, "Mr. Murray Senior, there's no money in the account..."

"How can this be?" Alex gasped, his face twisted in agony, and he struggled to breathe.

"Mr. Murray Senior, there truly isn't a single penny left!"

With each passing moment, Alex's suffering grew more unbearable. Unable to dwell on the missing funds,

everything. All my savings are there!"

he painfully instructed, "Go to my safe and

The butler immediately complied and rushed back to the Murray estate.

Sto

Due to the payment issue, the hospital refused to admit Alex. The lack of medical treatment intensified his suffering, making every moment a tormenting ordeal.

After 20 minutes, the butler finally returned. Alex Murray urgently urged, "Hurry and pay the bill. I can't hold on much longer..."

However, the butler's next words nearly made him spit blood in fury.

"Mr. Murray Senior, there's nothing in the safe..."

"How is that possible? That safe held all my retirement savings!"

The butler hesitated before adding, "Some of the household staff mentioned seeing Ms. Yasmin sneaking into your room yesterday... She might have taken the money..."

"What?" Alex was struck with a chilling sense of dread, and in his rage, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. "She stole all my retirement savings? After everything I did for her..."

"Without any money, you can't stay in the hospital. Get out, and don't block the entrance!" 1

Alex was forcibly removed by the hospital staff and was met with scornful looks and mocking laughter from the onlookers.

He had never faced such humiliation. His eyes rolled back, and he collapsed, overwhelmed by the disgrace and unable to remain conscious.

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The news quickly reached the Murray family.

After raising her for so many years, Yara couldn't help but lament upon learning of Yasmin's tragic fate. "How did it come to this? What happened to her?"

"That's enough, dear. You need to stop worrying and rest. Your body is still weak," Irwin said, comforting her. "She's lost her sanity and become mad. I'll arrange for her to be sent to a psychiatric hospital."

The Murray family would have no further ties with Yasmin from now on.

"Alright, let's do as you say," Yara agreed, deciding that this was Yasmin's comeuppance.

"Dear, you should rest now. I'll stay with you until you fall as-" Irwin's words were cut short as Yara pushed him away, dismissing him.

"I want Yvie to stay with me. You can sleep in the guest room," she said.

Irwin was speechless. Now that they had their precious daughter, was he being cast aside?

"Yvie!" Yara, looking pale, reached out to take Yvette's hand, her eyes filled with hope. "Can you stay with me?"

Faced with her mother's hopeful gaze, Yvette couldn't bring herself to refuse. She nodded, agreeing, "Alright."

"That's wonderful!" Yara was overjoyed, holding Yvette's hand tightly, unwilling to let go.

She had always wanted to be closer to Yvette, but Yasmin's constant presence made it difficult. She also worried that getting too close to Yvette might seem like favoritism, so she restrained herself.

But now, she could finally bond with her precious daughter without any reservations!

Standing there, Irwin seemed somewhat out of place.

Seeing this, Sean and Ashton couldn't resist teasing their father.

"Dad, Mom's really giving you the cold shoulder!"

"Yeah, Mom's totally pushing you away now."

Irwin glared at his two mischievous sons, then turned to Yara and Yvette with a soft, gentle smile. "Dear, Yvie, you two should rest early. We won't disturb you."

"Good night, Dad."

Hearing those words, Irwin felt especially comforted.

Having a daughter was truly amazing. She was so sweet and considerate, unlike those troublesome boys who only knew how to cause trouble.

"Good night, my precious daughter!" Irwin said with a warm smile to Yvette.

Then, he turned to Sean and Ashton and said in a disapproving tone, "What are you two still hanging around for? Hurry up and leave, and don't disturb your Mom and Yvie while they're trying to rest!"

Jacob gently patted Yvette on the head, his voice as tender as ever, "Good night, Yvie."

"Yvie..."

Sean and Ashton immediately tried to follow suit, clearly eager to pat Yvette's head as well. However,

Jacob's icy stare quickly put a stop to their attempts.

"Out. Yvie needs her rest."

Jacob's possessiveness was starting to annoy them. Why was he the only one permitted to pat their little sister's head?

Unable to voice their frustration, Sean and Ashton reluctantly withdrew their hands and left, visibly disheartened.

Watching this, Yara couldn't help but smile with a hint of exasperation. "Yvie, they each have their quirks, but they all share their assertiveness from a young age. If you ever bring a boyfriend home in the future, they're bound to make a scene!"

At her comment, Yvette clicked her tongue lightly, feeling a sudden concern for the future of a certain womanizer.

A Rose 270

Outside the room, the three brothers stood.

“Jacob, are we really not going to tell Mom and Dad that Grandpa was thrown out of the hospital and collapsed?”

“Yes.” Jacob nodded without emotion.

If Irwin and Yara found out, their strong sense of duty would surely cause them to soften their stance toward him.

“This time, let the old man suffer properly.”

“Got it, Jacob. We’ll keep this secret. Mom and Dad won’t hear a word about it.

“Exactly. Grandpa used to always bully our family and Yvie. This time, he deserves a harsh lesson!”

Ashton and Sean echoed in agreement.

Jacob adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses with his slender fingers, a faint, cold smile playing on his lips. The light accentuated his refined and distinguished appearance.

Anyone who dared to wrong his sister would not be spared, no matter who they were.

The next day.

“I can’t believe Yasmin Murray did something so disgraceful!”

“Yeah, we used to see her as the campus belle, a real goddess. Now, it just makes me sick!”

“Absolutely! Thank goodness Jublife University expelled her!”

The revelation of Yasmin poisoning Yara and her other sordid actions spread online, drawing widespread condemnation and scorn.

She was utterly disgraced, her reputation in ruins. Even if she recovered her sanity, she would still be treated like a pariah, reviled by everyone.

Uninterested in the ongoing gossip, Yvette lazily returned to her seat.

“Yvie, you’re here!”

As soon as Yvette entered, the class stopped gossiping and eagerly gathered around her.

“Yvie, Liam brought you breakfast earlier. Since you weren’t here yet, we took it for you!”

Seeing the breakfast in front of her, Yvette frowned. “Don’t accept it next time.”

“Got it, Yvie! We promise it won’t happen again!”

Noticing her frown, they quickly nodded respectfully but couldn’t resist probing further.

“But Yvie, Liam is the campus heartthrob at Vista University and a medical prodigy like you. Don’t you have any thoughts about him?”

Yvette’s voice was cool and firm. “There’s no chance for anything between us.”

Hearing her decisive tone, her classmates sighed in disappointment.

“Oh... my ship is sinking... I’m heartbroken!”

“Me too! This feels worse than being killed!”

Yvette’s elegant eyebrows lifted lazily. “You all shouldn’t be shipping people so randomly.”

Otherwise, a certain man might get jealous for no reason.

The first two periods of the day were Charlie’s lectures. As Charlie passionately delivered his lesson, Yvette found herself struggling to stay awake.

“Yvette Murray, do you have a problem with me?” Seeing that Yvette was about to fall asleep again, Charlie couldn’t contain his frustration any longer and slammed his hand on the desk.

“If you have any issues with me, just let me know so I can address them...” He uttered the humblest words with exaggerated loudness.

Yvette, puzzled by his outburst, responded truthfully, “I don’t have any problems with you.”

Charlie’s gaze grew even more resentful. “Then why do you always fall asleep in my class? Yvette, I’ve noticed you stay awake in other classes but consistently sleep during mine! You must dislike me. You must have a problem with me!”