

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 271 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 271

A Rose 271

Yvette was at a loss for words.

It wasn't her fault. Charlie's classes were always scheduled for the first two periods in the morning.

In the end, Yvette placated Charlie by giving him a rare, limited-edition anatomy book, which made him happily resume his lecture.

After class, Yvette stepped out and found Liam waiting for her again.

This time, her classmates didn't squeal at the sight of them. Instead, their conversation was tinged with regret.

"Tsk, poor Liam! He comes to Jubilife University daily, but it seems Yvie isn't interested."

"I'm still rooting for them! Liam is the heartthrob of Vista University,, and Yvie is the campus belle of Jubilife University. Both are medical prodigies. If they got together, they'd be unstoppable in the medical field..."

Had Yvette overheard, she would have pointed out that she was already a significant force in the medical field and didn't need a partner to enhance her standing.

"Alright, I've taught you everything you need to know. The rest is up to you to practice."

Yvette planned to leave straight after her tutoring session with Liam to avoid further misunderstandings, but he stopped her.

"Wait... There's something I need to tell you..."

Yvette paused and looked at him lazily. "Go ahead."

Liam frowned. His voice edged with Jenson. "What's your relationship with Wilson Quinn?"

Yvette's eyes narrowed with impatience. "That's a private matter, and it's none of your concern."

"I didn't mean to pry," Liam rushed to clarify. "But Wilson Quinn is dangerous and intimidating. He's not a good person..."

Before he could continue, Yvette cut him off with a cool, disinterested tone. "I'm aware."

"You are?" Liam looked at her in shock and confusion.

"Yes," Yvette nodded slightly, barely lifting her gaze. Her tone was nonchalant. "I actually appreciate that he's not a good person because I'm not exactly a saint myself."

"You should practice on your own." Yvette ignored Liam's stunned expression and strode out of the lab.

However, as soon as she stepped outside, her path was blocked.

"You're the shameless woman clinging to Liam, aren't you?"

Serena Sutton, adorned in glittering jewels, aggressively obstructed Yvette's way, her face a mask of blatant jealousy.

Liam was distant and aloof by nature. Despite Serena's attempts to get close, she had never exchanged a single word with him or even caught his attention.

Yet now, Liam was coming to Jubilife University daily for Yvette and even bringing her breakfast!

Serena's fury was palpable.

Yvette's eyes flashed with impatience. "Move aside."

"I won't!" Serena stubbornly blocked her path, speaking fiercely, "I'm warning you to stay away from Liam. He's the man I've set my sights on!"

"No one wants to compete with you for him."

Yvette's face remained composed, but an icy coldness radiated from her, sending a shiver down Serena's spine.

Feeling the weight of Yvette's intense air, Serena's legs wobbled momentarily. Mortified by her own reaction, her expression darkened. How could she be intimidated by a mere country bumpkin?

"Stop pretending. If you didn't want to compete with me, why are you seducing Liam? Making him travel from Vista University to Jubilife University daily and bringing you breakfast. Don't pretend you're not trying to steal him from me."

“Having a brain is a good thing. It’s a shame you don’t seem to possess one.”

Wary of Serena’s behavior, Yvette directly sidestepped her and walked away.

“Who are you calling brainless?” Serena, enraged, pursued her

relentlessly. “Do you know who I am? I’m the eldest daughter of the Sutton family. Cross me, and I’ll make sure your life becomes unbearable!”

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Yvette clicked her tongue, her voice laced with lazy sarcasm. “Ms. Sutton of the Sutton family, I’m so terrified.”

The mockery in her tone only intensified Serena’s rage. She raised her hand to slap Yvette. “You damn slut, how dare you mock me...”

Just as the slap was about to land on Yvette’s face, a hand suddenly reached out to stop it.

“Serena Sutton, what are you doing? Have you lost your mind?”

Yvette stood idly to the side, her gaze cold. Even without Liam’s intervention, she would’ve avoided the slap and ensured Serena’s hand would suffer.

After Liam blocked Serena’s slap, he immediately flung her hand away with a look of disgust, as if he had touched something filthy.

“I just wanted to teach her a lesson...”

“Who are you to teach her a lesson?” Liam’s anger was palpable. “From now on, stay away from both me and Yvette. I don’t want to see you again. Don’t bother me anymore!”

Liam, known for his good manners, had remained polite while addressing Serena’s relentless harassment. However, he couldn’t tolerate her coming over to bully Yvette.

“Apologize to Yvette right now!”

Liam’s defense of Yvette only fueled Serena’s jealousy. Her eyes darted toward Yvette with a hateful glare.

“Yvette, I’m sorry...”

The insincerity in Serena’s apology left Yvette unmoved. She simply turned and began to walk away.

She's too much..... I apologized, and he still makes me look bad!" Serena's expression darkened further as she turned to Liam with a grievance.

"Who says an apology guarantees forgiveness?" Liam's cold remark cut through the air as he swiftly turned and chased after Yvette.

Seething with anger, Serena clenched her teeth. She wasn't about to let Yvette, that audacious vixen, get away with this!

"Sorry for the trouble," Liam said earnestly as he caught up with Yvette.

Yvette's tone remained indifferent. "If you keep your distance, I won't have any trouble."

Left speechless by her response, Liam could only manage a resigned smile. "I promise this won't happen again."

"Mm." Yvette casually nodded. "I'm heading back now. You don't need to follow me."

"Alright."

Liam watched until her figure was no longer visible before finally looking away. His eyes were shadowed with regret, and he sighed deeply.

Why hadn't he met her earlier? Had their paths crossed sooner, might there have been even a glimmer of possibility between them?

A familiar black Maybach was parked near the campus gate. As Yvette got into the car, she noticed a new driver in the seat. She blinked and asked, "Where's Mr. Jackson?"

Wilson gently patted her head, his tone casual. "He has other matters to attend to."

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"Oh." Yvette replied with a hint of laziness, then asked, "What kind of matters does he have?"

Wilson's mesmerizing eyes narrowed slightly, a dangerous edge

creeping into his demeanor. "Are you particularly concerned about him?"

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A Rose 273

Wilson's eyes locked onto Yvette's expression as if a mere "yes" from her could ensure Samuel's permanent stay in Wakara, never to return.

"I sense jealousy." Yvette wrapped her arms around his neck and spoke softly, "I was just curious about the pastries Mr. Jackson bought yesterday. They were quite delicious, and I was hoping he could get some more for me."

As Yvette explained, the dangerous air around Wilson vanished instantly. His hands, elegant and sculpted like pieces of art, settled gently on her slim waist, caressing her softly.

He smiled lazily, and his deep, magnetic voice made her ears tingle with pleasure. "Baby, there's no need for Samuel to buy them. I'll go. get them for you myself."

The way he said "Baby" was incredibly tender and affectionate, flushing Yvette's earlobes with warmth that spread to her cheeks.

Baby... It's so endearing, even if it's a bit cheesy.

Seeing Yvette's reaction, a deeper smile crept into Wilson's eyes. His mesmerizing eyes narrowed lazily, exuding an air of both sensuality and restraint.

One simple "Baby" from him was enough to make Yvette blush, and he couldn't help but wonder how she'd react in more intimate settings.

When he realized that his thoughts were straying, Wilson's Adam's apple moved aggressively as he forced himself to dismiss the dangerous notions.

Ugh, he was turning into a beast again.

Watching his Adam's apple move, which she found strangely

attractive, Yvette couldn't resist reaching out with her slender fingers

to touch it.

As soon as her fingers made contact, Wilson's body tensed, and his grip on her waist tightened noticeably.

"Baby, you seem quite fascinated by my Adam's apple..."

His voice was now deep and husky, laced with danger. Yvette

obediently tilted her elegant neck and gently kissed his sensuous lips.

“Sorry.”

Wilson’s Adam’s apple moved even more violently as he felt the softness of her lips, his rising passion intensifying.

“Baby, let me teach you a bit about adult apologies…”

The atmosphere in the car grew increasingly intimate until it was suddenly interrupted by an unwelcome voice.

“Wilson!”

Jasper’s voice rang out from outside the car as he vigorously knocked on the window, his face full of excitement.

“Wilson, it’s me… your dearest, most beloved brother! Open the window!”

Wilson’s devilishly handsome face twisted with irritation, clearly displeased by the interruption. Reluctantly, he rolled down the window halfway.

Wilson’s tall figure shielded Yvette inside the car, preventing Jasper from seeing who was inside.

Jasper immediately flashed a wide smile at him. “Wilson-”

“Get lost,” Wilson cut him off, his voice cold and impatient.

Jasper was left speechless. Telling him to get lost right upon seeing him? This really was his damn brother!

Seeing that Wilson was about to roll the window back up, Jasper

quickly said, “Wilson, don’t close the window! Did you come to Jubilife University to pick up my sister-in-law today?”

Upon hearing him address Yvette as a sister-in-law, Wilson’s expression softened slightly.

Jasper seized the opportunity to ask, “Is my sister-in-law in the car? Let me meet her!”

He was very curious about this sister-in-law he had never met. He really wanted to know what kind of woman could win over his brother.

Wilson glanced back at Yvette, whose eyes were red from being

teased, and decisively refused Jasper's request.

"You'll meet her eventually. For now, get lost."

A Rose 274

As soon as the words left his mouth Wilson swiftly rolled up the window, giving Jasper no time to react. The car sped off, leaving Jasper choking on exhaust fumes."

Sean watched the scene unfold nearby and couldn't help but laugh. "I told you not to go, but you insisted on making a fool of yourself. Now look, you've got a mouthful of exhaust fumes!"

Jasper shook his head in frustration. "My brother doesn't care about me anymore. He told me to get lost as soon as he saw me and wouldn't even let me meet my sister-in-law! And to top it off, I ended up with a mouthful of exhaust fumes!"

"When has Mr. Wilson ever cared about you?" Sean brought him back to reality. "I remember Wilson always punishing you whenever he saw you."

"Stop talking. The more you talk, the more it hurts!"

Sean ruthlessly laughed at him. "Let's go. It's time to get back to the training match."

"We can talk about the match later!" Jasper said eagerly, leaning in. Even my brother, who's never been interested in women, is in a relationship now. I want to find someone, too! What if I go after Yvie?"

Sean's eyes narrowed dangerously at Jasper's words. Completely unaware, Jasper kept going with enthusiasm.

"Yvie's like a goddess and a fantastic gamer. We'd have so much in common—Ouch! Why'd you hit me?"

"What the fuck? Are you serious? We're supposed to be brothers!" Sean didn't hold back. "Don't even think about pursuing my sister!"

Anyone who dared to set their sights on his precious sister would get

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a beating, no-matter who they were!

Inside the car, Wilson asked, "Baby, when will you make it official ? Jasper and the others are eager to meet their sister-in-law."

He toyed with Yvette's delicate fingers, his deep, magnetic voice carrying a lazy, seductive tone.

Yvette shifted slightly, and a sharp pain shot through her lower abdomen, causing her to frown. "Ugh..."

Wilson's expression shifted instantly. His usually captivating face now showed clear concern as he reached out to steady her. "What's wrong? We should go to the hospital right away..."

"No need..." Yvette cut him off. Recognizing the warmth she felt, she quickly realized what was happening and firmly pressed her lips

together. "I've just started my period. We don't need to go to the hospital."

Her menstrual cycle was usually very regular, so the early arrival was unexpected.

Upon hearing this, Wilson immediately removed his suit jacket and placed it beneath her. He then turned to the driver and said, "Take us to the nearest shopping mall immediately."

The driver responded promptly, "Yes, Mr. Quinn."

"Ugh..." The pain in her lower abdomen intensified, draining the color from Yvette's face. "Why is it hurting so much?"

Seeing Yvette in such pain, Wilson frowned with worry. He gently enveloped her in his arms, his large hand resting on her abdomen as he began to soothe her with a tender massage.

Yvette quietly settled into his embrace, remaining silent.

During her earlier missions, she had once spent an entire night in a cold spring while on her period, which had since caused severe pain. every time her period arrived.

Despite trying numerous remedies and medications, the pain still persisted each month.

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A Rose 275

The car screeched to a halt, sending Yvette's body slamming forward. Luckily, Wilson reacted quickly, holding her as she lurched.

After making sure Yvette wasn't hurt the dark viciousness in his slender eyes dissipated somewhat, but they were still terrifying enough to send shivers down spines.

“What was that?”

The driver seemed to be in shock as well. “Mr. Quinn, a car suddenly drove out straight in front of us out of nowhere, blocking our way. If I hadn’t braked, we would’ve crashed into it...”

Before the driver could finish speaking, another car came hurtling toward the car they were in. The driver shrieked, going limp with terror.

Just as the car seemed like it was about to crash into them, Wilson set Yvette onto the seat gently. Making sure to comfort her, he whispered, “Don’t worry, baby. I’ll take care of it.”

Yvette winced through her cramps, blinking her huge eyes at him. She wasn’t scared. In fact, the feeling of having someone else caring about her felt new and exciting.

Icily, Wilson told the driver, “Allow me.”

The hapless driver scrambled into the passenger seat. After settling in the driver’s seat, Wilson immediately took control of the steering wheel.

In a beautifully executed drift, he swiftly dodged the incoming car.

Watching his expert maneuvering in silence, a gleam of admiration shone in Yvette’s eyes.

Each of his movements was absolute perfection and jaw–droppingly

awesome, but why did his technique seem so familiar?

Instead of hitting them, the incoming car collided with the car behind, which had been driving toward them in the first place.

The two cars crashed in a tremendous explosion.

Quickly, several more cars appeared, surrounding the black Maybach. Clearly, they were trying to force them to stop.

Wilson’s expression turned tense. His long, slender eyes narrowed dangerously.

If he had been the only person in the car, he would have crashed into them without hesitation. If he messed up a single thing, both the car and the passengers inside would be goners.

So it was a dangerous thing to do, but he was fairly confident that he’d be able to get rid of them that way.

But with Yvette in the car, he didn't want to put her safety on the line, no matter how small the risk of danger was. Yvette was his weak spot. He could never put her in danger.

"Wait for me here in the car, alright, baby?"

Wilson tenderly reassured Yvette, then stepped out of the car decisively. "Who sent you here?"

His lean and imposingly tall figure exuded a deadly, terrifying air of intimidation. "Sick enough of your pathetic little lives to attack me out here in Jubilife?"

The man walking toward them had a swagger in his step at first. But after recognizing it was Wilson, the man's knees grew weak, almost kneeling down in utter petrification.

"W-Why... if it isn't Mr. Quinn. What are you doing here?"

The information he received should have been reliable

Toli-

he was supposed to nab should have been in that car. So why was Wilson the person stepping out of the car?

The whole of Jubilife City knew all too well that one absolutely did not cross Wilson Quinn. With the unfathomable power and influence he wielded, it was a death sentence to get on his bad side.

The weaselly-looking man whispered to the henchman beside him, then approached Wilson with a smarmy smile.

"This is all a misunderstanding, Mr. Quinn, a huge misunderstanding! We're only here for the woman in your car. If you'd ever so graciously hand her over to us, we'll hit the road right away!"

"You want Yvette?"

The frostiness in Wilson's demeanor turned colder, sending chills down their spines.

A Rose 276

"In your dreams."

"Mr. Quinn, you..."

The weaselly-looking man looked conflicted. His eyeballs darted back. and forth in indecision.

There was no way this would turn out well now that they'd just offended Wilson Quinn. But he'd still be dead meat if he couldn't

accomplish the mission to capture Yvette.

However, if he did manage to capture Yvette and the higher-ups were feeling gracious, there was still a chance that they would have his

back!

Having made his decision, the look in the weaselly-looking man's eye turned ruthless.

"Mr Quinn, if you insist on protecting that woman, then I'm afraid your leave us no choice. Attack!"

The second the words were out of the man's mouth, his henchment charged toward Wilson, brandishing their daggers.

But as they rushed up to him one after another, they couldn't injure Wilson at all. Wilson knocked them all out with no problem.

"Keep stalling him, I'll go get the woman!"

The weaselly-looking man had silently made his way into the car while Wilson had been distracted by the fighting.

Wilson's unperturbed expression suddenly turned frantic. His captivating eyes burned with ferocity as terrifying as a demon from hell.

"Scram, or you'll be wishing that you were dead once I'm done with

You

Under the glare of Wilson's bloodthirsty eyes, the man trembled in fear. But he had already gotten this far. If he wanted to live, he had no other choice but to get that woman that his higher-ups wanted!

Brandishing the dagger in his hand, the man lunged for the pale-faced Yvette in the car, putting the dagger against her throat.

"You'd better get outta the way, Mr. Quinn, or the girl's gonna get it..." "Who's gonna get what?"

As soon as the words left Yvette's lips, the weaselly-looking man felt a sharp pain in his wrist. The next thing he knew, he'd been kicked onto the ground.

"Ow!" The man shrieked in pain as he slammed onto the ground.

The cramps in Yvette's midsection worsened, draining the color even more from her face.

If she hadn't been weakened this much from the pain, she would have broken all his ribs with a single kick.

Seeing that Yvette was no longer in danger, Wilson sighed in relief, and the vindictive desire for violence in his heart subsided. But the very next second, his pupils shrank. He leaped forward to

block the blade that was coming toward her.

Unwilling to admit defeat, the kicked man had gotten back on his feet and had picked up his dagger. Furious, he was now lunging to stab her with his dagger.

Wilson rushed over, reaching out to hold Yvette and take the slash from the dagger. He then grabbed the weaselly-looking man by the throat viciously.

"Do you have a death wish? I'll happily grant it."

The man coughed violently as he choked. Just as he was about to choke to death, Wilson let go of him, throwing him onto the ground like a piece of garbage.

Wilson immediately checked on Yvette, calming down only after making sure she wasn't hurt.

The blood dripping down his arm looked terrifying.

"You've hurt your arm..."

Meeting Yvette's worried eyes, Wilson gave her a reassuring smile.

"As long as you're alright, Yvie, none of that matters," he soothed her.

It was lucky that Yvette didn't come to any harm. He had no idea what other terrifying things he might have done otherwise.

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A Rose 277

A few dozen black cars soon surrounded the three previous cars. The guard who stepped out of the car turned to Wilson and said humbly, "Our deepest apologies for arriving late, Mr. Quinn."

Wilson glanced at the weaselly-looking man, his expression wickedly attractive even in its fearsomeness.

"Round them all up and use whatever means of torture you need to find out who sent them here," he said coldly.

Anyone who dared lay a finger on Yvette didn't deserve to remain on this earth.

"Understood, Mr. Quinn," the guards answered deferentially.

"You need to get your wound bandaged up immediately," Yvette said. She winced through the cramps in her lower body to get out so she could bandage his wound.

Wilson's heart ached as he looked at her pale face. He wanted so badly to tell her to go back into the car to rest. But he could tell from the determined look in her eye that Yvette wouldn't be listening to whatever he had to say.

Giving in, Wilson sighed, obediently stretching his arm out to Yvette to let her bandage it.

Luckily, his wound wasn't really deep. Not having any medical

supplies, Yvette simply tore off a strip of cloth from her clothes. She then wrapped it haphazardly around his arm to stop the blood first.

"I've stopped the blood. We need to go to the hospital now to get your wound treated."

Looking at Yvette's serious expression, Wilson lowered his voice and coaxed her gently, "I'm fine. I'll go to the mall with you first."

How sweet. He was still thinking of her even though he'd just been injured.

A surge of warmth came flowing unprompted from Yvette's chest. Don't you ever block a dagger for me again."

Wilson looked at her with his captivating eyes, smoldering with passion, and said gently, "It's my duty to protect my princess."

He would've done it all over again to protect her from any kind of harm.

Naturally, an explosion of that magnitude generated a huge buzz. The media representatives and journalists had all rushed to the scene.

As soon as they arrived, they saw the cold, ruthless Wilson, who was famed for not being particularly interested in women, acting ever so tenderly toward one!

Although only her side profile could be seen, her beauty was obvious.

The journalists stopped bothering themselves with photos of the accident. Instead, they swarmed over to Wilson to snap his photos.

After all, news about Wilson Quinn would gain way more traction than any other news!

Knowing that Yvette didn't like the cameras, Wilson took her into his arms, blocking her from view with his tall silhouette. The journalists would only be able to take shots of his back.

He gave his guards a look, prompting them to break up the mob of journalists.

Ten minutes later, the car stopped outside the doors of a mall. Suffering through the wagging eyebrows of passersby and

salespeople teasing him, Wilson bought a big bag of sanitary pads, women's intimate wear, and a change of new clothes.

He then went back into the car to bring Yvette up to the changing.

room in his arms.

"I didn't know which brand you use, so I bought a pack from each one.

"Thanks."

Yvette took the bags over obediently, then stepped into the changing room to change out of her dirtied clothes.

The underwear he'd bought came in a two-piece set, so Yvette

changed out of her bra too. After she changed, she snapped into a belated realization.

The measurements were just right. But how did he know her size?

Ten minutes later, Yvette walked out of the changing room. Her dirtied clothes were stuffed into a shopping bag. Wilson took it nonchalantly, then scooped her up into his strong arms.

Docilely, Yvette looped her arms around his neck, her body limp in his arms. Her voice was softer than usual from her cramps. "How did you know my size?"

Hearing Yvette's question, Wilson held onto her narrow waist, his magnetic voice low and seductive.

A Rose 278

"Oh, don't you remember what happened the last time?"

Suddenly recalling that mortifying incident in public, Yvette's hands flew onto Wilson's mouth to silence it. Her ears flushed red as she made her threats with endearing petulance.

"Shut up!"

Wilson let out a raspy chuckle. Then, he said in a soothing voice, "Okay, I'll shut up."

"We're going to the hospital right this instant."

Wilson hadn't really cared much about the insignificant injury, but since his beloved princess had given orders, he had no choice but to

follow them.

Halfheartedly, Wilson found the nearest clinic to bandage his wound. But with the imposing air he radiated, the doctor helping him with his wounds kept trembling nonstop. Even after what seemed like ages, he couldn't do a simple bandage.

With Wilson's face darkening even more, the doctor's fear mounted. His hands started trembling even more than before.

Getting impatient, Yvette turned to the doctor and said politely, "Let me do it."

A huge weight seemed to have been lifted off the doctor's shoulders at her words. He handed his things to Yvette, then shuffled out of the room as though he had some vicious beast tailing behind him.

Watching the doctor scurry away in fear, Wilson narrowed his eyes in displeasure. "What's he so scared of? I don't bite."

The guards standing beside them remained unanimously silent.

Wilson wasn't the most self-aware of people. Except for the

tendemess he showed to Yvette, when he was with others, his

imposing presence was oppressively strong.

Hell, even they felt scared of him sometimes, so imagine how that poor doctor must have felt!

Of course, the guards didn't dare to say that aloud. They followed the doctor as he rushed out, unwilling to be third wheels in that room.

"This is going to hurt a little, bear with it for a moment."

Yvette dabbed some iodine on a cotton swab to disinfect the wound before bandaging.

"Oh, Yvie, I'm kinda scared of it hurting..."

Wilson scooted closer toward her, his captivating eyes staring into hers. The magnetic buzz of his low voice sent electricity through Yvette's bones.

"Could you hug me?"

Smiling, Yvette gave in and hugged him, then let go. "Alright then, let's start bandaging it up."

Wilson's lazy, unhurried voice was threaded with teasing. "If my adorable Yvie could also give me a better."

This man was insatiable.

kiss, that would be even

Yvette blinked at him. Then, with a vindictive tug, she tightened the bandage around his arm just a little too tightly.

Wilson hissed with a mock expression of pain, but laughter seemed to dance in those slender, soulful eyes.

"Ahh, it hurts so, so bad. I need kisses from my dear, darling Yvie for it to get better."

Yvette knew he was obviously acting. He hadn't looked this hurt when he'd first gotten injured.

But unable to suppress the pity welling up inside her, she extended her long, graceful neck toward him. She left a soft, light peck on top of his thin lips.

Listening outside, the doctor shuddered despite himself.

Who would've thought that such a fearsome man could be such a whiny crybaby?

That injury was not minor by any means, but surely it couldn't have been that bad. Just what kind of man was this?

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A Rose 279

By the time they left the clinic, it was already getting late. Wilson took Yvette back to the manor.

Still in pain, Yvette didn't eat much during dinner. She dragged herself back to her room, looking pale and sickly.

Wilson frowned at the sight of Yvette in this state, unable to hide the worry in his eyes.

"Why don't I help you massage it a little?" he suggested. His large, warm hands reached under the hem of her shirt, massaging her

tummy gently.

Her skin seemed to be set alight wherever he touched her. Yvette felt herself shudder, but she definitely did feel much better.

Yvette nuzzled obediently into his arms. Before she knew it, she'd fallen asleep.

When he saw her peaceful face softened in sleep, Wilson's frown eased. Just as he was about to gently kiss her forehead, he was interrupted by the sudden ringing of a cell phone.

Roused from her slumber, Yvette frowned and let out a low groan. But with a few gentle words, Wilson had lulled her back to sleep again.

Noticing that the call had come from Liam, Wilson's face fell.

Calling Yvette this late? This man clearly had suspicious intentions with her.

Wilson gritted his teeth. With a cold, sinister glint in his eye, he picked up the phone.

"Hey there, Yvette..."

As soon as he picked up, Liam's clear, youthful voice came crooning

from the other side. Wilson's eyes narrowed slightly. His threatening air seeped across the line. Even on the other side, Liam could feel a strange chill.

"My baby's asleep," Wilson interrupted him coldly. "If you have anything to say to her, you can wait till tomorrow."

As soon as Liam heard Wilson's voice, his expression changed. "Why is Yvette's phone with you?" he asked, his jaw hanging wide in shock.

Wilson couldn't be bothered to reply. As soon as he made his claim over what was his, he hung up decisively, blocking Liam's number swiftly afterward.

Wilson's eyes darkened, looking even more terrifying than usual. If Liam still dared to desire his Yvette, he wouldn't hesitate to use some brute force to drive him out of Jubilife City.

"Mr. Quinn?"

Hearing the tentative knocking at the door and the guard calling him reverently, Wilson leaned down to kiss Yvette's forehead tenderly. Then, he made his way out of the room quietly.

"Mr. Quinn, those men we caught today were tough nuts to crack. We tried every means of torture on them, but none of them loosened their mouths. Every last one of them just offed themselves with poison," the guard reported, his head low with respect.

Wilson's demeanor grew even frostier at the news, sending chills down the guard's spine.

"Keep investigating."

Whoever dared to lay a finger on Yvette had to be found, even if it meant turning the world upside down!

The guard responded promptly. "Understood, Mr. Quinn."

The next day, the headlines shook the whole city of Jubilife.

The one picture that the journalists had published had become trending news, sparking widespread discussion. The only shame was that Wilson had totally blocked her face. Still, the photo unmistakably showed the deep, passionate love he had for her.

"Are my eyes playing tricks on me? Wasn't that lad from the Quinn family not particularly fond of women?"

“Yeah, he looks like he’s really in love with her in that picture! I wish I was the one holding that woman instead!”

“Same here!”

“But why didn’t he show her face? Perhaps they aren’t really a couple?”

A Rose 280

“Oh, that’s true. Is this some side chick that he doesn’t want to be seen with?”

“OP’s right! That must be it. So that’s why he isn’t showing her face!”

Watching the news go viral across the Internet, the butler couldn’t stop himself from asking Wilson, “Mr. Quinn, should I have all these news articles removed?”

Wilson had always hated this sort of frivolous headlines. He was certain he’d be asked to have them all deleted.

Wilson’s idle gaze rested on the photograph. The curve of his thin lips broadened unconsciously.

They’d sure taken a rather nice photo of him and Yvette.

“There’s no need for that. Let them be.”

He would be making things official soon with Yvette, anyway.

“Alright, Mr. Quinn, I’ll get these news articles removed right this instant-”

Realizing belatedly that Wilson had requested not to have them taken down, the butler froze in shock. He then quickly responded, “Yes, Mr. Quinn. Understood.”

Wilson’s liking for the photograph deepened the more he looked at it. Seeing the smile spread across his face, the butler couldn’t resist adding more to his words.

“However, people have been speculating on your relationship with Ms. Yvette. They’re saying that she’s a... ‘side chick’ of yours.”

“A side chick?”

Before the butler could finish speaking, Wilson's face fell, looking. impossibly frightening.

"Make a statement to the public that she is someone I like, and that she will be the future lady of the Quinn family household."

Seeing Wilson's terrifying demeanor, the butler shuddered in fear, then replied with humble deference, "Understood, Mr. Quinn. I'll get going right away."

"And one more thing, get all those blabbermouth accounts banned, will you?"

Wilson's anger was still burning, but once he heard footsteps coming down from upstairs, he restrained his temper. Gently, he turned to look at Yvette.

"You're awake?"

"Yeah." Yvette's face was still pale, but she looked much better than the day before.

The butler tutted inwardly at Wilson's immediate change of attitude. He excused himself immediately, then went about to do what he had been ordered to.

Yvette didn't have any morning classes. Wilson watched her finish up her lunch, then requested the household staff to take care of her before leaving to go to the company.

Yvette lay down idly on the sofa, thinking about everything that had happened the day before. Those people were clearly coming for her.

Her eyes narrowed icily. She'd been staying in Jubilife City all this time. She hadn't even done anything. So why were there people trying. to kill her?

She absolutely hated getting unlucky like this.

Yvette took out her phone and tapped into the Dark Organization's group chat. Her fingers fluttered across the keyboard.

"I have something for you to do," she typed out.

"Ms. Murray, your word is our command!"

Yvette smiled, then continued typing. "I want you to investigate which organization has a star- shaped mark as its symbol."

The previous day, when the weaselly-looking man had tried holding her hostage, she'd spied a mark in the shape of a star on his arm.

Every organization had their own special symbol. The star-shaped mark could be the symbol of the organization that the man had come from.

Once she found out who was behind the star-shaped mark, she'd know which organization was after her.

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