

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 381 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 381

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Yvette lazily leaned against Wilson's chest, enjoying herself as he fed her grapes one by one, relaxed and content.

"That's enough, no more eating."

With a single glance from Wilson, the waiter in the private room quickly removed the grapes.

Yvette lifted her beautiful eyes to look at him with dissatisfaction. Wilson couldn't help but pinch her cheek, his tone soft and doting.

"Baby, too many will make you sick."

The door to the private room burst open with a deafening bang

Jacob strode in with long, confident strides. But the moment he saw Yvette in Wilson's arms, his handsome face darkened.

That old lecher Wilson was preying on the Murrays' little princess again!

Jacob's temple throbbed with anger. "Yvie, what are you doing here? Sean and Ashton said they already took you home!"

"Jacob?"

Yvette blinked in surprise, not expecting to encounter her brother there. But when she saw how upset Jacob was, she obediently got up from Wilson's embrace.

Jacob truly cared for her and treated her as family; she didn't want to make him angry.

As the delicate form in his embrace slipped away, Wilson narrowed his eyes in irritation. But he could only suppress his displeasure, stood up, and greeted Jacob. "Jacob, my brother."

"Who the fuck is your brother?" Jacob snapped, fury blazing within him, feeling utterly betrayed. He ripped off the gold-rimmed glasses from his nose, his face filled with menace.

"Wilson, I told you to stay away from Yvie!"

“Jacob, I’m afraid I can’t comply with your request. I can’t bear to be apart from my fiancée.” Wilson’s deep, magnetic voice sounded unhurried, exuding an air of undeniable dominance.

“You promised me back then that we would break off the engagement!” Jacob’s penetrating, glacial stare seemed to cut right through him. “Yvie is not your fiancée!”

“I’ve changed my mind,” Wilson declared shamelessly.

Jacob’s anger flared even more, and he balled his fists. “You don’t get to change your mind!”

The situation was about to spiral out of control when Yvette quickly stepped forward. “Jacob-”

“Yvie, stay out of this,” Jacob gently interrupted her before she could finish. He was steaming mad, but his anger seemed to melt away the second he turned to Yvette. His eyes held the same tenderness as always.

He wouldn’t be satisfied until he’d given Wilson a good beating. As for Ashton and Sean, they would be in for it when he got back!

Jacob, please don’t be angry. I wanted to-”

“Baby, Jacob and I will handle this. You stay here in the room and wait for me,” Wilson cut her off in a low voice, gently coaxing her.

Jacob shared the same thought—if they were going to fight, it shouldn’t be in front of Yvette.

Not giving Yvette a chance to speak again, Wilson’s tone turned cold. “Samuel, keep an eye on her.”

Samuel immediately responded with great respect. “Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

As she watched the two of them walk out of the room, Yvette felt a sudden urge to chase after them. But Samuel quickly stepped in to block her path.

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“Ms. Yvette, please wait! Why don’t you rest here for a while?”

Yvette pursed her lips, her tone cold and commanding. “Get out of my way,” she snapped.

Despite her expressionless face, there was a sense of authority about her. There was something about her that made it impossible to disobey her.

Samuel felt a chill that went right to his bones. Swallowing his fear, he forced himself to speak.

“Ms. Yvette, Mr. Murray is furious right now. If you go, it won’t calm him down, but only make it worse. You should let Mr. Quinn and Mr. Murray handle this on their own.”

Upon hearing his explanation, Yvette’s long lashes fluttered slightly. She thought he made a good point. If she went to protect Wilson, it would only enrage Jacob even more..

Seeing that Yvette no longer intended to leave the room, Samuel finally sighed in relief. He hastily wiped the sweat from his brow, letting out a silent sigh.

Yvette was indeed the future lady of the Quinns. She was every bit as formidable as Wilson when she wanted to be!

As soon as Jacob stepped out of the VIP room, he swung a punch. It was fierce and fast, aimed directly at Wilson’s face. If it landed, it would surely leave a mark.

Wilson dodged the blow. His captivating eyes were devoid of emotion yet somehow instilled fear.

“Don’t hit my face.”

Yvette liked his face, so it must not be damaged.

“When did you start caring so much about your looks?” Jacob sneered.

Wilson’s tone was calm, which only made it more irritating. “If my face gets ruined, Yvie won’t like me anymore.”

“I’m going to fucking ruin your face right now! See how you’re going to seduce Yvie with that!”

As expected, Jacob was so angry his temple pulsed. He swung another punch at him with all his might. “Hey... Jacob, stop! Don’t fight!”

Collin rushed over as soon as he got the news. He caught Jacob’s punch just in time, his heart sinking at the tension in the air. With a forced smile, he tried to lighten the mood.

Imagine the spectacle if these two were to come to blows right here! The other wealthy families would surely laugh at them!

“We’re all friends here. Let’s talk this out. There’s no need for violence.”

A sinister, icy rage burned in Jacob’s eyes as he spoke between clenched teeth. “If he considered me a friend, he wouldn’t have hit on my sister!”

Yvette was still so young, and she had only been brought back to Murray Manor not long ago. All Jacob wanted was to spoil her and make up for the 18 years of hardship she endured while away.

Little did he know, his darling younger sister would be a target after her return to Jubilife.

Before he could even make up for her suffering, Yvette had been snatched away!

How could he not be furious?

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“He’s ten years older than Yvie! He’s an old lecher preying on a young lady.”

Such verbal abuse would have been fatal for anyone else. But because it was his fiancée’s older brother, Wilson had to swallow his pride.

Collin silently nodded in agreement. He understood why Jacob was angry. What Wilson did was indeed inappropriate. If it had been his sister being pursued by a man ten years older, he’d be furious too!

“Jacob, calm down. What Wilson did was wrong, but don’t forget, both of your families arranged this marriage years ago. Now that Wilson and Yvette like each other, it could be a good thing...”

Collin tried his best to soothe Jacob’s fury.

Jacob’s anger didn’t subside. “I had already reached an agreement with him to cancel the marriage between our families. He’s the one going back on his word! That old lecher!”

That was because Wilson didn’t know then that his fiancée was Yvette. That was why he had agreed to call off the engagement.

Wilson’s expression was cold and sharp as he spoke, each word firm and resolute. “There’s no way I’m calling off this marriage. I’m determined to be this lecher!”

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In the VIP room, Samuel noticed that Yvette was in a bad mood and tried to comfort her. "Ms. Yvette, don't worry. I'm confident Mr. Quinn can sort this out."

Yvette didn't agree with him. She pressed her delicate fingers against her temples, massaging them.

Jacob was so angry today. This matter won't be easy to resolve.

Seeing that Yvette was still upset, Samuel couldn't help but try to cheer her up. "Oh right, Ms. Yvette, there's something I've been wanting to tell you!"

Sure enough, Yvette's curiosity was piqued. She lifted her stunning eyes and looked at him. "What is it?"

"Ms. Yvette, you wouldn't believe this..."

Samuel immediately launched into an animated explanation, "Ms. Yvette, when you first returned to Jubilife and hadn't yet met Mr. Quinn, Mrs. Quinn Senior asked him to take some time to visit Murray Manor and meet you.

"Upon learning of the matter, Mr. Quinn exclaimed, 'If I'm not mistaken, she's barely 18. Do you think I'm a lecher?'"

Samuel's imitation was spot on, even mimicking the tone, which made Yvette smile faintly. She clicked her tongue lightly.

Well, he refused to be a lecher. Wasn't he acting like quite the lecher now?

Seeing that Yvette's mood had improved, Samuel finally relaxed. He still remembered Wilson's disdainful tone back then. How ironic that things have turned out this way!

"You're quite the mimic."

Wilson entered with a menacing stride, his eyes piercing over Samuel. A sense of impending danger hung heavy in the air.

"Mr... Mr. Quinn..."

Samuel hadn't expected Wilson to return so quickly. Caught in the act, he shrank back in fear, pitifully turning to Yvette for help.

Samuel was still bold enough to look at Yvette.

Wilson's gaze turned icy. A menacing air radiated from him, making one's skin crawl.

"Alright, stop scaring him," Yvette intervened in time. "Mr. Jackson, you may leave now."

“Right away! Thank you, Ms. Yvette!” Samuel, relieved, quickly fled the room as though the devil himself were chasing him.

Watching this, Yvette couldn't help but smile, amused. But in the next moment, a pair of strong, handsome hands gripped her waist tightly.

“Yvie, why are you defending him?”

Wilson's captivating eyes narrowed in displeasure as he forcefully pulled Yvette into his arms.

Was he jealous even over this too?

Yvette smiled, stood on her tiptoes, and gave him a quick peck on the lips.

“Don't be jealous over nothing.

Wilson's mood lifted immediately. The dark cloud that had been hanging over him vanished.

“Didn't you say you wouldn't be a lecher?” Yvette teased, her arms wrapped around his neck. “Then why did you ask for my number the first time we met?”

Wilson let out a low, husky laugh. Then he leaned in closer, his warm breath brushing against her soft earlobe. His deep voice was both seductive and alluring.

“Baby, from the moment I first saw you, I knew I was going to be that lecher.”

He approached her step by step, determined to make her his. And now, he had what he wanted. He would never let go—Yvette could only be his!

Faced with the man's intense gaze, Yvette felt her heart skip a beat. Wilson's eyes grew darker as his long, elegant fingers tilted her chin up.

As the distance between them closed, a loud kick on the door and Jacob's icy voice shattered the moment.

“Your five minutes are up. Yvie, come out.”

The atmosphere was instantly ruined. Wilson gritted his teeth in frustration but had no choice but to release Yvette.

“Baby, let's go.”

Suppressing the flutter in her heart, Yvette obediently followed him out of the room.

As soon as Yvette stepped out of the VIP room, Jacob pulled her over. “Yvie, come home with me.”

Yvette took a serious look at Jacob, noting that the anger had faded from his face. “Jacob, are you not mad anymore?”

Jacob raised his hand, gently ruffling her hair, speaking to her in an incredibly tender tone. “Yvie, I was never angry at you.”

How could Yvette be at fault? It was that lecher Wilson who had deceived her!

His precious little sister could do no wrong. If there was a mistake, it would always be someone else’s fault!

Seeing through his thoughts, Yvette felt a wave of warmth wash over her as she obediently let him lead her away.

Watching Yvette follow Jacob without even glancing at him, Wilson’s handsome face darkened. His fingers tightened, revealing a sinister glint.

She sure was heartless!

Collin, standing nearby, couldn’t help but laugh as he spoke. “Wilson, if you don’t meet Jacob’s demands, will you really call off the engagement with Yvette?”

Wilson responded without hesitation, his tone full of resolve. “No.”

No matter what happened, he would never agree to break off the engagement with Yvette!

In the car, Yvette couldn’t help but ask, “Jacob, what were you talking about earlier?”

Jacob didn’t want her to know about the arguments, so he glossed over the details. “I just talked with Wilson. I told him that if he can get the whole family to agree to the marriage, then I’ll approve as well. But if he can’t, then he must agree to call off the engagement and never bother you again!”

This wasn’t an easy task. Right now, no one in the family could stand Wilson. As the eldest brother, Jacob knew his siblings’ temperaments well.

Their protection and love for Yvette were no less than his own. There was no way they would ever agree to this marriage!

Wilson could forget about taking away the Murrays’ little princess!

Jacob was already looking forward to the day Wilson failed. He anticipated Wilson to come to Murray Manor to break off the engagement!

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

A Rose 384

At Murray Manor, Sean and Ashton were growing increasingly uneasy. “Why isn’t Yvie back yet? If Jacob returns and doesn’t see her, we’re in serious trouble!”

Their faces were etched with anxiety, and the blame game began.

“This is all your fault, Sean. You insisted on going with Jasper to try out the latest gaming gear. If it

weren’t for that, we’d have Yvie home by now and wouldn’t have to worry about Jacob discovering our lie!”

“How is it my fault?” Sean snapped back. “You wanted to go play too, so I just went along! If anyone’s to blame, it’s you!”

Ashton cleared his throat. “Alright, alright, let’s just blame Jasper for this!”

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Sean quickly nodded in agreement at Ashton’s suggestion. “Yes, exactly! It’s all Jasper’s fault!”

“Oh no, oh no! Jacob is calling...” Ashton panicked, and Sean fumbled to answer the phone.

“Jacob...”

Jacob’s voice on the other end was calm. “Are you sure you’ve brought Yvie home?”

“Of course, of course!” Sean and Ashton responded in unison. The two brothers were perfectly in sync for the first time, forcing themselves to sound confident despite their guilt.

“Jacob, we followed your instructions and picked Yvie up right after class...”

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Before they could finish speaking, the living room door was suddenly pushed open. Jacob strode in, his handsome face stern, with Yvette behind him.

“This is what you call bringing Yvie home?”

“Shit, we’re busted!” Sean and Ashton inwardly cried out in alarm, feeling a chill run down their spines.

“Jacob, why are you with Yvie?”

Jacob’s anger surged even more at the sight of his two foolish brothers.

“Yvie was taken to an auction by that old lecher Wilson. We’d still be in the dark if I hadn’t found out! Is this how you take care of her?”

“What?”

Sean and Ashton were no fools. They immediately realized they had been tricked. No wonder Jasper had insisted on dragging them along today. It was all a ruse to keep them occupied so Wilson could take Yvette away!

That scoundrel!

“Jacob, we were wrong...”

Sean and Ashton lowered their heads, obediently admitting their mistake while silently gritting their teeth. They were determined to give Jasper a good beating when they saw him tomorrow!

“So, you’ve started lying now. Go to the memorial hall and reflect. There will be no dinner for you.”

Sean and Ashton couldn’t help but groan, but they dared not argue in the face of Jacob’s authority and meekly complied. “Yes, Jacob.”

Yvette bit her lip. “Jacob, I lied to you too. I’ll join Sean and Ashton at the memorial hall for the punishment.”

“No way!” Jacob, Sean, and Ashton all objected in unison as soon as she finished speaking. How could Yvette possibly kneel in that icy cold memorial hall?

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“Absolutely not!”

“Yvie, this has nothing to do with you. It’s our fault. We shouldn’t have let ourselves be tempted by the gaming gear, and we definitely shouldn’t have lied to Jacob!”

“Yes, that’s right. We’re the ones at fault, and we deserve this punishment. You didn’t do anything wrong, so go and rest for now!”

Their precious sister could do no wrong. Even if she made a mistake, it was always someone else’s fault- never hers!

Sean, Ashton, and Jacob were all in perfect agreement, each a devoted protector of their sister.

“That’s right, Yvie. Go ahead and rest. Don’t worry about us!”

Despite the punishment, Sean and Ashton felt a warm glow in their hearts, touched by Yvette’s concern for their well-being.

And yet their considerate and kind sister had been taken by that scoundrel, Wilson Quinn!

Today was definitely another day to hate that old lecher!

After Sean and Ashton persuaded Yvie to return to her room and rest, they resignedly made their way to the memorial hall to face their punishment.

“Mr. Murray, the Violet Kiss necklace has been acquired by the Quinn family,” Adam Knott, his assistant, reported respectfully.

“Hmm.” Jacob’s dark eyes narrowed as he let out a cold chuckle. He mentally tallied another grievance against Wilson.

Not only had Wilson taken his precious sister, but now he had also outbid him on the Violet Kiss necklace meant for Yvette. This was a debt Jacob would not forget.

“If Wilson is giving the Violet Kiss necklace to Yvie, then my gift for her must be even more extraordinary!”

Adam hesitated. “But Mr. Murray, the Violet Kiss necklace is made from the finest gems, and its design is unparalleled. It’s difficult to find anything more precious.”

Jacob thought for a moment before speaking in a firm tone, “Contact YW Studio immediately. Make sure Ms. Yvy Weaver accepts our commission and designs a one-of-a-kind gemstone necklace exclusively for Yvie. Spare no expense!”

Yvy Weaver was a world-class jewelry designer whose pieces were always fiercely sought after by the elite of high society. However, she retired from the jewelry industry recently and no longer took on design

commissions. 1

“Mr. Murray, this might be challenging. Ms. Weaver has been retired for several years, and despite substantial offers from many wealthy families, none have succeeded in persuading her.”

“That’s because they didn’t offer enough!” Jacob said coolly, his eyes gleaming with determination. “If the price is high enough, I refuse to believe she won’t be tempted.”

Being the wealthiest in Jubilife, the Murray family certainly wasn’t short on money.

Jacob’s gift to Yvette had to be more valuable than anything Wilson could offer. A woman accustomed to luxury wouldn’t be easily deceived!

Seeing Jacob’s determined expression, Adam dared not say more and promptly replied, “Yes, Mr. Murray.”

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YW Studio: “Wow, boss, you’re really going all out!”

The shock was almost palpable through the screen. This was quicker than robbing a bank! Yvette was as ruthless as ever, showing no mercy.

Yvette’s exquisitely beautiful eyes lazily lifted as she responded with casual indifference. “What, do you have a problem with my decision?”

YW Studio: “No, no, no, boss, I would never question your decision! I’ll let the client know right away!” “Good.”

After sending the message, Yvette casually tossed her phone onto the desk, her finely arched eyebrows lifting with a relaxed grace.

Even though she hadn’t needed money lately, a chance to exploit such a naive and wealthy client was too good to pass up. She’d be remiss not to take full advantage of it.

Back in the living room, Adam’s phone chimed.

“Mr. Murray, YW Studio has replied...” Adam hesitated, stammering, “But they’re asking for 50 million to accept the commission.”

“50 million?”

Jacob narrowed his eyes, then spoke with unwavering resolve without the slightest hesitation.

“Tell them that 50 million is acceptable, but the jewelry must satisfy my sister.”

Jacob agreed to the 50 million without a second thought, demonstrating just how important Yvette was to him.

Adam was left speechless, and Jacob's indifferent gaze swept over him.

"Do you have anything else to say?"

"No... No!" Adam quickly composed himself and responded respectfully, "Mr. Murray, I'll relay your message to YW Studio immediately!"

Without further delay, he set to work, silently thinking to himself.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Mr. Murray's obsession with his sister has reached a terminal stage. There's no cure! It's the first time I've seen someone pamper their sister so extravagantly!"

Yvette had just come out of the bathroom when she received a new message.

YW Studio: "Boss, they agreed to the 50 million!"

Yvette clicked her tongue in mild surprise.

Do they actually agree to it? What a naive and wealthy fool! But at least he clearly adored his sister.

Yvette responded casually, "Alright, I'll take the commission."

YW Studio: "Perfect! Just so you know, the only requirement is that the jewelry must be something his sister will love!"

Yvette: "Got it."

YW Studio: "Ha ha, boss, that's no challenge for you. I'm sure no woman could resist your designs!"

Yvette dismissed the flattery and pulled out paper and a pen, preparing to sketch. It seemed she'd be pulling an all-nighter to finalize the design and secure that 50 million.

As she began to sketch, she received a video call from Wilson.

"Baby, why haven't you replied to my messages?"

Wilson's irresistibly handsome face appeared on the screen. He lounged lazily on the sofa, his suit jacket discarded and his white shirt casually unbuttoned at the collar, looking like a captivating, enchanting devil. Yvette realized she had been so engrossed in her work that she had forgotten to respond to him.

A Rose 387

“Is it Jacob who’s keeping you from contacting me?” Wilson’s deep, magnetic voice resonated with a hint of teasing.

“It’s okay, Yvie, I don’t blame Jacob. He’s just looking out for you. Please, don’t be mad at him.”

Wilson was at it again!

Yvette couldn’t help but smile, her red lips curving gracefully as she softly explained, “No, Jacob didn’t stop me from contacting you. I’ve just been busy making money and forgot to reply. I ran into some client who’s naive, wealthy, and not too bright.”

On the screen, Yvette’s long, dark hair cascaded over her shoulders, still damp from her bath. Her fair and delicate face was free of makeup yet stunningly beautiful.

Learning from her previous wardrobe mishap, Yvette no longer wore a bathrobe. Instead, she wrapped herself tightly in a pure white nightgown.

Was she guarding herself against him?

Wilson clenched his teeth., His cold eyes took on a hint of wickedness, giving him the look of a charming rogue, both irresistibly alluring and mischievous.

The last time he saw it... it was indeed an accident. He wasn’t that much of a beast!

Yvette didn’t notice the thoughts running through his mind. Her attention was entirely focused on the design plans. “I can’t talk to you right now. I need to work on my design.”

Even in silence, his mere presence could influence her. As soon as she finished speaking, Yvette hung up the video call without hesitation.

Wilson looked at the disconnected call and chuckled, both doting and helpless.

This heartless woman hung up just like that!

“Mr. Quinn...” Samuel’s respectful voice followed a knock on the door.

Wilson’s handsome face immediately lost its gentle, doting expression and was replaced by his usual cold and aloof demeanor.

“Come in.”

With permission granted, Samuel entered and reported, “Mr. Quinn, the items from today’s auction have all been delivered.”

“Good.” Wilson nodded casually. “Ensure those items are inventoried and send them to the Murray Manor tomorrow.”

“Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

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With no classes in the morning, Yvette slept in and woke up in the afternoon.

After freshening up, the first thing she did was send her design drafts to the studio, instructing them to begin production on the necklace.

YW Studio group chat exploded almost immediately.

YW Studio: “Boss, you finished the design in just one night?”

YW Studio: “Wow! If word gets out that you can complete in one night what takes other designers a month, they’ll be green with envy!”

Yvette: “It didn’t take all night, just three hours.”

YW Studio: “What? Is this the world of a true maestro? To produce such a stunning design in just three hours!”

YW Studio: “Boss, your retirement from the jewelry industry is a massive loss for everyone!”

Even through the screen, their genuine admiration was unmistakable!

Yvette ignored them and went downstairs. After having lunch, she made her way to class. As she approached the classroom, she heard voices raised in argument from inside.

“Alice Robertson, what are you doing? This is Yvie’s seat. You can’t just take it!”

Madison Kennedy glared angrily at Alice, who had claimed the seat.

Everyone in the class knew that Yvette had a severe obsession with cleanliness and disliked others touching her things. Thus, it was understood that this seat was Yvette’s exclusive spot.

Aside from cleaning the desk daily, no one would dare touch it, let alone sit on it.

Yet now, Alice had just plopped down in that very seat.

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“Who says this seat is reserved for Yvette?” Alice said dismissively, her tone dripping with arrogance. “I’m sitting here now. What of it?”

Aware of Yvette’s obsession with cleanliness from the previous day, Alice deliberately took Yvette’s seat to cause her trouble.

“Why you-”

Madison was so enraged she couldn’t find the words to express herself, while the other classmates looked at Alice with disapproval but felt powerless to intervene.

Alice’s arrogance only grew at the sight of their reaction. She looked down at them with a smirk and left a large footprint on the chair.

“I’m not just sitting here. I’m going to stomp all over it! What can any of you do about it?”

This bunch of fools always sided with Yvette. Today, Alice was determined to show them who really had the power in this class!

“Alice, you’re going too far!” Madison finally snapped. “Yvie won’t let you off when she arrives!”

Alice sneered disdainfully. “Who cares about her? I’m not going to grovel to Yvette like the rest of you!” She was the heiress of the Robertson family, while Yvette was just a pauper. Yvette should be flattering her, not the other way around!

“This seat is mine to sit or step on as I please, and no one can stop me!”

Alice stomped heavily on the desk and chair as she spoke, dirtying them with her footprints. Her provocative attitude was clearly intended to challenge Yvette.

“Planning to lose your legs?”

Yvette strode in with her long, fair legs. Her face was a mask of icy indifference, yet she radiated an unsettling air of authority.

“Yvie, you’re finally here!”

The moment Yvette appeared, Madison and the other classmates hurried over to her as if they had found their saving grace.

“Yvie, she’s made the seat we cleaned dirty again!”

“Yes, Yvie, we already told her this was your seat, but she wouldn’t listen!”

Yvette's gaze grew even colder. She had a strong aversion to others touching her things, especially when done intentionally, as Alice had.

Alice felt an inexplicable chill run from her feet to the top of her head under Yvette's piercing stare, and a deep sense of fear arose in her heart.

Was she actually intimidated by Yvette?

When she regained her composure, Alice's expression turned sour. If word got out that the heiress of the Robertson family was scared by a poor woman, it would be extremely humiliating.

"What are you staring at?" Alice fought to mask her fear, assuming the lofty attitude of an heiress. "Listen up, everyone. I'm the heiress of the Robertson family, and if you offend me-

Before she could finish, her words were abruptly interrupted by a cold, dazzling voice. "Clean the seat

you've dirtied."

Yvette's calm demeanor only fueled Alice's irritation. "Why should I listen to you? I'm not cleaning it. What can you do about it?"

Defiantly, Alice planted her foot on the seat, her tone dripping with arrogance. "Not only will I not clean it, but I'm going to keep stepping on it!"

Fed up with the pointless confrontation, Yvette kicked the desk with an emotionless expression. With a loud crash, the desk collided heavily with Alice.

"Ouch!" The iron desk struck with painful force, causing Alice to cry out in agony as her face turned pale.

Yvette looked down at Alice, who was sprawling on the floor, looking completely disheveled. Her voice was icy, with a dangerous edge.

"Touch my things again, and I'll make sure both you and this desk vanish from Jubilife University."

Who did she think she was, thinking she could make someone disappear from Jubilife University just like that?

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The thought immediately flashed through Alice's mind. "How absurd!"

Yet the pain was so excruciating that Alice couldn't utter a word. Instead, she glared fiercely at Yvette as though she wanted to rip her apart.

She couldn't believe Yvette had dared to humiliate her in front of the entire class, and she vowed not to let Yvette get away with it.

Struggling through the pain, Alice shoved the desk away and forced herself to stand. The entire class watched coldly, with no one offering to help, clearly sharing their contempt.

Feeling a sense of vindication, Madison huffed and said, "You got what you deserved!"

After all, Alice had been so arrogant, lashing out at everyone and even Yvette. Her downfall was nothing more than the result of her own actions.

"Why you-"

Alice's anger flared as her venomous gaze locked onto Madison. She would remember this and ensure neither Yvette nor Madison escaped her vengeance.

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Uninterested in continuing the argument, Yvette took out her phone and texted Matt, asking him to arrange for a new set of desks and chairs to be delivered to the classroom.

Matt replied almost instantly, without questioning her request, and readily agreed: "Got it, Yvie. I'll have the academic office send them over right away!"

"Yvie, what are you going to do now? Alice ruined your seat. Where will you sit today?"

"Yeah, Yvie, where will you sit?"

Knowing Yvette's obsession with cleanliness, they were all concerned.

"It's fine, don't worry," Yvette said casually. "The academic office will send new ones soon."

"Who do you think you are?"

It seemed Alice had a short memory. Despite still being in pain from earlier and having just been reprimanded, she continued provoking Yvette.

"New desk and chair from the academic office? How dare you act so entit-"

Before Alice could finish, a staff member from the academic office arrived with the new furniture. “Yvette, here is the new desk and chair you requested.”

“Thank you.” Yvette nodded casually and offered a polite thank you.

Seeing this, Alice felt like she had been slapped across the face with an invisible hand, her face burning with humiliation.

“See that? This is how much power and influence Yvie holds!”

Alice’s face twisted with disbelief, “How is that possible? I don’t even receive this kind of treatment. What makes Yvette deserve to receive one?”

Despite being the heiress of the Robertson family, Alice had no special privileges at Jubilife University. So why should someone like Yvette, whom she considered poor, receive such preferential treatment?

Madison and the other classmates looked at Alice as if she were a fool.

“Who do you think you are to compare yourself to Yvie? Yvie was personally invited by Mr. Rusell to study at Jubilife University.”

“Exactly! Yvie led us to victory over Vista University’s medical department. She even put Yael University in its place, showing that we students from Croedal are not to be underestimated!”

“Yvie is also the only apprentice of Eustace Marx, a true medical genius who is a hundred times more talented than Liam Jablon. She is a treasure of Jubilife University. What makes you think you can even compare to her?”

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What?

Alice couldn’t believe her ears. That bitch Yvette was actually that impressive? No wonder she dared to be so arrogant!

Yvette sat lazily at the new desk and chair, her expressionless face still breathtakingly beautiful.

Her classmates couldn’t help but stare in awe, their voices brimming with admiration.

“Yvie is so gorgeous. Is she even human?”

“We see Yvie’s face daily, but I still can’t get over it! She’s just too stunning!”

“Please, let me look like this in my next life, I beg you!”

Alice’s eyes flashed with jealousy as she sneered, “What’s so great about her? She’s just average!”

Madison immediately retorted, “Take a look in the mirror. With the way you look, you dare say Yvie is average?”

The other classmates quickly chimed in, “Exactly! Look at yourself before you talk about others!”

&

“Yeah, Yvie is stunning, unlike you, who look strange!”

“You little...”

Alice trembled with rage, unable to find words to respond. Her hatred deepened as she shot Madison a menacing glare before hurriedly changing the subject.

“Yvette, didn’t you say yesterday that you would get everyone in the class a ticket to Ashton Murray’s concert? Where are the tickets? Why haven’t we seen even one?”

She seized any opportunity to mock Yvette and immediately started ridiculing her.

“Were you just bragging yesterday? You probably couldn’t get Ashton concert tickets at all!”

Yvette lazily lifted her gorgeous eyes and glanced at her as if looking at an idiot.

Alice fumed at Yvette’s disdainful gaze. “Yvette, why are you looking at me like that? If you can’t get the tickets, just say it! Bragging about giving everyone a ticket is just ridiculous!”

Hearing this, the rest of the class became displeased.

“Even if Yvie can’t get the tickets, we wouldn’t blame her. We all know Ashton Murray tickets are hard to get. It’s normal if Yvie can’t get them!”

“Exactly! None of us have said anything. What right do you have to criticize Yvie?”

Seeing everyone defending Yvette nearly drove Alice mad with anger.

“You guys... Yvette doesn’t have the tickets, so she was just bragging-”

Yvette interrupted her calmly, exuding an invisible air of authority. “Who said I didn’t get the concert tickets?”

With that, Yvette picked up her backpack and casually poured a stack of concert tickets onto the desk.

“When I say I’ll do something, I do it. I promised each of you a ticket, and here they are.”

Yesterday, she had messaged Hank, asking him to deliver 45 Ashton Murray concert tickets to Murray Manor.

“Wow! These

are

really Ashton Murray concert tickets!”

Seeing the thick stack of tickets, her classmates nearly went crazy with excitement.

“Oh my God! Yvie, you actually got so many Ashton Murray concert tickets. You’re amazing!”

“Yeah, Yvie, you’re our goddess from now on!”

Watching their excitement, Yvette slightly curled her red lips and said lazily, “Distribute them among yourselves. Everyone gets one, except her.”

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 391 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 391

A Rose 391

Everyone in the class knew exactly who the “she” referred to.

“Got it, Yvie! We weren’t planning to give her any tickets anyway!”

“Yeah, only the people in our class get tickets, not her!”

Alice not only scolded them but also constantly made passive–aggressive remarks about Yvie. They clearly didn’t consider her part of their class!

Alice clenched her teeth in a surge of envy and jealousy as she gazed at the thick stack of concert tickets.

She was also an Ashton Murray fan and desperately wanted to attend the concert, but he was so popular that the tickets were incredibly hard to come by.

Yet that bitch Yvette managed to get so many!

“We’ll enjoy Ashton Murray’s concert while some people stew in envy and frustration!”

“Well said! Let them regret it!”

Listening to these mocking remarks only intensified Alice’s fury, darkening her expression with rage. “Yvie, how much did the concert tickets cost? Let’s all chip in and pay you!” Madison asked with concern. Ashton Murray’s tickets aren’t cheap. We can’t let you cover the cost alone!”

The rest of the class nodded in agreement.

“Madison’s right. Yvie, we should all pitch in. You spent so much on these tickets!”

“Exactly! We’re thrilled you got tickets for all of us. We definitely need to pay you back!”

11

Hearing this, Yvette felt a warm sensation in her heart but replied nonchalantly, “It didn’t cost me anything.

Ashton Murray was an artist under Starlight Entertainment, and his concert was organized entirely by them. Since Starlight Entertainment was under Yvette’s control, she didn’t have to spend a penny on the tickets.

“Eh? It didn’t cost you anything?”

Seeing their shocked expressions, Yvette didn’t elaborate further and casually said, “Class is starting soon. Keep the tickets safe and forget about paying me. Otherwise, I might get upset.”

Upon hearing she might get angry, the class quickly dropped the topic and returned to their seats.

Yet Alice stood still, her eyes darting around.

The tickets didn’t cost anything? There was no way all those concert tickets were free!

Oh! She figured it out. It must be that bitch Yvette’s sugar daddy who paid for them!

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Otherwise, how could a pauper who can't even afford designer clothes have the money to buy so many concert tickets?

With this thought, Alice's gaze toward Yvette grew even more disdainful. She glanced down at the bruises on her arms and legs, her resentment deepening.

She couldn't swallow this humiliation today. She wouldn't let Yvette or that gloating bitch Madison get away with this!

212

No one knew what Alice was scheming, but her eyes darkened with a sinister gleam. A self-satisfied smile spread across her face.

She had figured out a way to deal with that bitch Yvette and to punish Madison harshly as well. It was the perfect plan to kill two birds with one stone!

The malicious glint in Alice's eyes grew darker. She wished time would speed up, eagerly anticipating the end of her class.

Once class was over, Yvette and Madison would face her wrath!

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

A Rose 392

"Mr. and Mrs. Murray, the Quinn family has sent over a lot of things..." Larry hurriedly walked in to report to Yara and Irwin inside Murray Manor.

Yara and Irwin instantly frowned. "Just tell them we're not here and have them take everything back."

"But..." Larry hesitated. "Mr. and Mrs. Murray, I'm afraid that won't work. Mr. Quinn himself is at the door with the items. It seems he won't leave until he sees you both."

Yara and Irwin exchanged distressed looks, clearly not expecting Wilson to be so persistent.

Irwin pondered for a moment and said, "Bring him in."

Larry immediately responded respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Murray."

"What are you doing?" Yara, displeased, threw a cushion from the sofa at him. "Didn't you promise me you wouldn't have any more dealings with the Quinns?"

The last time they visited Quinn Manor to call off the engagement, Martha Tabor's unreasonable behavior had thwarted their efforts.

Yara had devised this plan to gradually weaken the relationship between the families, hoping Martha would no longer insist on Yvette fulfilling the engagement.

Irwin, heartbroken over his precious daughter, carefully considered the situation and finally agreed.

"Honey, don't be mad... Listen to me!" Seeing Yara's anger, Irwin quickly went over to calm her down.

"I only let Wilson in so I can tell him face-to-face that there's no way we'll agree to this marriage. We need to crush his hopes! Besides, having him stand at the door of Murray Manor for too long would be a bad look for us."

Yara's anger finally dissipated, and she nodded in agreement. Only then did Larry dare follow through with Irwin's instructions.

After all, Irwin was very much under his wife's control, and nothing was decided without her consent.

"Mr. and Mrs. Murray," Wilson said as he strode in, dignified and courteous, leaving no room for criticism.

If it hadn't been for that incident and the fact that he was considerably older than Yvette, he would have been their ideal choice for a son-in-law. They wouldn't have opposed the marriage so strongly otherwise.

Irwin cleared his throat lightly. "You are a busy man. There's no need to visit so often."

His words clearly conveyed a lack of welcome, but Wilson remained unruffled. Instead, he responded gently, "Mr. Murray, you're right. However, I was fortunate enough to acquire an antique at the auction yesterday and would like to invite you to appraise it."

With that, Wilson shot Samuel a glance, and he immediately stepped forward, carefully presenting the antique to Irwin.

Irwin, a passionate collector of antiques, lit up at the sight of the gilded shell carving. "Excellent, excellent! This gilded shell carving is of superb quality and exceptionally well-preserved. Truly top-

notch!" "Mr. Murray, your discerning eye is as sharp as ever. I'd like to give you this gilded shell carving." "This..."

Irwin hesitated. He was clearly enamored with the antique, but they were determined to sever ties with the Quinns. Accepting this gift would complicate things.

Seeing Irwin hesitate, Yara frowned in displeasure. As she was about to speak, Wilson interjected smoothly, maintaining his courteous demeanor.

“Mrs, Murray, I know you enjoy gardening, so I acquired a Philodendron Spiritus Sancti at the auction yesterday and brought it here today, especially for you.

A Rose 393

Wilson’s usually cold and aloof demeanor had vanished, replaced by a subtle smile highlighting his strikingly handsome features.

Even when not smiling, he was impressive, but his smile made him even more captivating!

Yara found his demeanor charming and couldn’t bring herself to utter a single harsh word.

Upon noticing their softened attitude, Wilson’s expression became serious and earnest. “I’m not sure what made Mr. and Mrs. Murray misunderstand me, but my intentions toward Yvie are sincere. Please feel free to test me.”

Not only was Wilson strikingly handsome, but he also spoke in a comforting manner. Despite their earlier coldness toward him, he remained unaffected.

Could their concerns about him and Victoria Olson be based on a misunderstanding?

Yara and Irwin exchanged a look, realizing they needed to investigate the matter further.

Standing aside and observing them, Samuel couldn’t help but silently admire Wilson’s skill. He had significantly softened Irwin and Yara’s initial hostility in a short time.

“Mom! Dad!”

Jacob hurried back from the office as soon as he learned that Wilson was at Murray Manor.

Upon entering and hearing Wilson’s comments, he scoffed in disdain, thinking, “So, this old scoundrel has come to win favor with my parents? I won’t let him get his way so easily!”

“Mom, Dad, I know you both love antiques and plants, so I specifically bought some at an auction abroad just for you. You don’t need to accept anything from others.”

Yesterday, Wilson had outbid him on items Jacob had set his sights on. In response, Jacob purchased a selection of even more valuable antiques and plants and had them airlifted overnight. They had just arrived.

As he spoke, Jacob signaled for Larry to bring in the items.

Yara and Irwin were visibly surprised and delighted.

“Oh, this is exactly what I’ve been wanting! Jacob, you’re so thoughtful!”

“I’ve been searching for this series of Victorian vases, and with this one, I’ll finally have the complete set. You’re truly a wonderful son!”

Wilson’s deep-set eyes narrowed dangerously as he tightly clenched his jaw.

Jacob was ruining his plans once again! If it weren’t for Jacob being Yvette’s elder brother, Wilson would really like to teach him a lesson.

Jacob smirked provocatively, making it clear he wasn’t giving Wilson any chance to win favor with his parents.

“Wilson, you can leave now if you have no other business here. And be sure to take your things with you!” “The gifts have already been given to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, so there’s no reason to take them back,” Wilson replied, his gaze dropping slightly.

He then added in a gentle tone, “It seems Jacob isn’t very welcoming of my visit. If Mr. and Mrs. Murray will excuse me, I’ll take my leave and visit another time”

Yara, unable to hold back, scolded Jacob with a frown. “What’s wrong with you? A guest is a guest. You shouldn’t treat him so badly!”

That damned schemer!

Jacob gritted his teeth in frustration. Not only was Wilson putting on an act in front of Yvette, but now he was also playing the part in front of his parents.

A Rose 394

After seeing Wilson off, Yara said, “But I must say, that Wilson is really quite handsome. If we’re talking about looks, he’s the only person in the whole of Jubilife who’s worthy of Yvie!”

Her beautiful, excellent, darling daughter deserved only the very best of men!

Upon hearing this, Jacob’s face turned uglier. “Well, at least we know now who Yvie takes after,” he muttered.

Yvie had been deceived by that brute Wilson's good looks. But now, even their mother was falling for his charms too?

"What's that attitude you're giving me?" Yara glared at Jacob, then thrust out her chin proudly. "Yvie's my very own daughter. Who else would she take after?"

"Besides, Wilson truly does look handsome. No wonder Yvie likes him! Back in my younger days, I'd have liked someone as handsome as him, too!"

"And I wonder who was the one who opposed their marriage so vehemently right before this," Irwin said bitterly. "You started singing a different tune right after you saw his face. It seems that you're just as shallow as you were back then!"

"You're calling me shallow? You really are itching for a good smack, aren't you?" Yara smacked him hard. "If I hadn't been shallow in my younger years, would I have fallen for you?"

Irwin looked pleased to hear this. "Seems like I was quite a looker back in the day!" he said jubilantly. The snarkiness was gone from his voice.

Bothered by his cockiness, Yara jibed, "What are you so puffed up for? As if an old geezer like yourself is in the same league as that Quinn boy!"

Irwin was left with nothing to say.

Well, they did say love doesn't last forever, didn't they?

"Ahhh! What are you trying to do?"

Passing through an alleyway on her way home, Madison found herself seized by some bodyguards dressed in black. Alice then had her dragged into a toilet cubicle with no chance of rescue.

Madison stared in fear at the bodyguards standing behind Alice, "What do you want with me? Let me out!" "What, are you scared?"

Seeing Madison tremble in fear, Alice smiled triumphantly. She fixed her with a venomous glare.

"You were pretty cocky back today, weren't you? You said I got what I deserved, that I was ugly?!"

Thinking back to the humiliation she had suffered in the classroom that day, Alice's fury rose like a stoked fire. She slapped Madison hard across her face, cursing her as she did.

“You fucking bitch. How dare you cheer Yvette on and mock me, when you come from some lousy mediocre family? I’ll teach you a lesson!”

Even after she’d said this, Alice’s anger was far from extinguished. She kicked Madison hard in the stomach, making the color drain from her face in pain.

“Ouch... That hurts...”

Seeing Madison suffer like this, Alice only felt pure elation. She tossed her phone at Madison.

“Right now, you’re going to call that bitch Yvette, and tell her to come here,” she threatened. “If you do as I say, I’ll let you go. But if you don’t, I have my ways to put you through hell!”

Yvette had a luxury car to come pick her up every day. Kidnapping her would be an extremely difficult task. The only choice left was to use some trickery to lure that bitch into coming to her!

The plan was to capture Madison before using her to lure Yvette over.

After whimpering in pain, Madison worked up the strength to speak. “You’re going to make me trick Yvie? No way, I’m never doing that—Ahh!”

Before Madison could finish, Alice grabbed her by her hair impatiently. “If you don’t call that bitch Yvette right this instant, I’ll strangle you!”

Madison cried silently, too pained to say anything else. Alice scoffed, chucking the phone at her. “Make that call. Don’t make me repeat myself, or I’ll make you wish you were dead!”

C

A Rose 395

In tears and with trembling fingers, Madison called Yvette.

Yvette picked up quickly. Madison heard her voice on the other side of the line.

“Hey, what’s up?”

Madison gripped the phone tighter. Sniveling, she got the words out with great difficulty. “Yvie...”

Yvette picked up the tears in her voice. Immediately, she frowned. “What’s wrong?”

Madison felt like crying even more after hearing Yvette's concern. Beside her, Alice was glaring at her to hurry up and make Yvette come over.

Madison's eyes were brimming with tears. But after gritting her teeth, she mustered up the rest of her strength to shout, "Yvie, run! Alice and her thugs are coming after you— Ahh!"

Before she could finish, Alice kicked her in the stomach again. She hung up as she seized back the phone. "You dumb whore, how dare you defy my order!"

Alice's face contorted in rage. She raised her hand and struck Madison's face with a heavy blow that made her see stars.

"Please, I'm begging you, stop hitting me!"

Seeing Madison beg for mercy, Alice didn't feel a shred of sympathy. Instead, her actions only grew crueler. She beat Madison until her face swelled and her body bruised black and blue.

By the end of it, Madison no longer had the strength to even stand up.

"I gave you your chance, and you chose to squander it." Alice's eyes grew cold with ruthlessness, evidently furious that Madison had foiled her plans. "If you're this hell-bent on protecting that bitch, then why don't you take her place in the boxing ring?"

The underground boxing ring provided its wealthy patrons with a special avenue to seek questionable thrills. The patrons loved watching the bloodbath. It was not uncommon for fighters to be beaten to death in the ring.

Alice's plan after luring Yvette had been to throw her into the underground boxing ring, letting her have a taste of living hell. And now Madison had gone and ruined it!

When the call was cut off suddenly, Yvette's face looked so menacing that everyone around her felt the chill.

"What's the matter, boss?" Jake asked tentatively. Despite working for her for a long time, Yvette still made him shrink into himself in fear.

"I need you to help me find someone!" Yvette's eyes were tinged with frostiness. "Find her as soon as you

can!"

The longer they took, the more danger Madison would be in while being in Alice's hands!

“Got it, boss!”

Jake immediately started looking her up using the details Yvette provided. But a moment later, his eyebrows knitted with concern.

“Boss, it seems that the person you’re looking for has been thrown into an underground boxing ring!”

That place was a rich man’s heaven and a poor man’s hell. It was a place where people got eaten alive.

“Huh,” Yvette said, her eyes turning spine–chillingly icy.

Jake shuddered. It had been a long time since he’d seen his boss this angry. Someone was going to be in trouble, some deep, deep trouble!

“We’re going to the underground ring immediately,” Yvette said aloofly.

“Alright, boss!”

A Rose 396

Half an hour later, the car was firmly parked at the entrance of the underground boxing ring.

Yvette strolled out of the car with her long, pale legs. Her exquisitely beautiful face had a bone–chilling expression of coldness.

As soon as she reached the entrance, she was stopped by some security guards.

“Whoa, hold it right there. This is no place for a young lady such as yourself.”

“That’s right. You should leave quickly. This isn’t a good place to be-”

Before the guards could finish, a sleazy male voice interrupted, “Shut up. Who asked you to chase her off? You wanna go in, little lady? I’ll take you in with me!”

As he spoke, a man with heavy jowls reached out to hold Yvette’s arm. He had an off–putting, lecherous look in his eye.

But before he could touch her, Yvette dodged him. She gave him a withering look.

“Get out of my face,” Yvette said, her voice tinged with annoyance.

A pretty face was a pretty face, but she sure knew how to make someone’s blood run cold!

Jared Scott shivered despite himself. Realizing what had happened, he felt utterly humiliated. If anyone found out that he, the heir to the esteemed Scott family, had been scared by a woman, it

would be absolutely mortifying!

He silenced his fear, putting on airs to make himself look loftier. "Shameless whore. You're coming with me whether you like it or not!"

As soon as he said this, he tried grabbing Yvette's arm again. Her patience was stretched thin, and Yvette frowned in irritation. She kicked him viciously in the knee.

Jared wailed in agony, feeling as though his kneecaps had been shattered. He fell to his knees in front of Yvette with a thud.

"You dare put your hands on me?" Jared winced through his pain. Reacting rather belatedly, the security guards ran over to help him up.

"You dumb whore, do you have any idea who my father is?"

The Scott family had been involved in shady business in their early days and had flourished in some dubious enterprises. They had business in the underground boxing ring, too.

"I'm telling you, my father is Richard Scott! Now get down on your knees, and beg for mercy. On account of that pretty face, maybe I could consider sparing your life..."

Ah, her old friend Richard again.

Yvette clicked her tongue, the contempt in her gaze intensifying. How on earth did Richard manage to raise such an idiotic son?

"Did you hear what I just said?" Jared was growing angrier at Yvette's flippant demeanor. Everyone else who had heard this before had trembled in fear once he had told them his father's name.

But this woman was completely unmoved!

Not willing to waste any more time on him, Yvette strolled inside, not sparing him a glance. Madison had already been thrown down there for an hour. This was not a good place to be, so she had to rescue her as

soon as possible.

Jared trembled in anger. He had never been treated this way before. How dare she ignore him?

“Stop her, now!” he yelled.

“Yes, sir.”

The security rushed to block Yvette’s path, but upon meeting her icy gaze, a chill crept up their spines.

The guards were so terrified that even their menacing voices softened unconsciously.

“We have rules here in our establishment. No entry allowed without a personal invite. So I’m afraid we can’t let you in...”

A Rose 397

“Yesh, that’s right, these are our rules down here, please don’t make this any more difficult than it has to be...”

“Cut the bullshit! She’s not gonna have an invite, is she? Hurry up and kick her out!” Seeing his security guards cower before Yvette, Jared growled through his gritted teeth.

Yvette narrowed her eyes contemptuously, then flipped out a golden invitation letter from her bag.

“Can I go in now?” she asked, apathetically.

As soon as the guards saw that golden invite, they stared in disbelief.

Only the most distinguished of quests could receive it. Anyone holding such a letter had to be designated as the quest of honor and certainly could not be treated carelessly.

There had only been three such invitations sent out to date.

The first had been sent out to the powerful kingpin Wilson Quinn. The other was to Jacob Murray, son of one of the wealthiest families in Jublife.

Nobody knew who the mysterious third letter had been sent out to.

But now that this golden invitation had turned up in this young lady’s hands, how could they not be surprised?

After turning the letter over repeatedly to verify it, they finally made their report to Jared, trembling.

“Boss, the letter’s genuine!”

“Boss, it’s a genuine invite. According to the rules, she is our guest of honor today. We can’t bar her from entering...”

Upon hearing this, Jared’s face fell. Clearly, he hadn’t expected Yvette to have this golden invite. His father had always warned him not to offend anyone with this golden invite.

But he had always been stubborn and headstrong. He had never suffered humiliation like this before, and he wasn’t about to take it sitting down.

Jared’s eyes shifted toward Yvette. She didn’t look a day above 18, meaning she was a few years his junior. There was no way she was the real addressee of the third golden invite.

Of the two other letters, one was with Wilson Quinn and the other with Jacob Murray. Therefore, she must have stolen the golden invite she was holding!

As soon as the thought fell, Jared no longer felt afraid. His eyes gleamed with malice.

“Let her in!” he said..

This was his turf. He’d show that dumb whore what he could do to her!

“Yes, boss.”

The security guards took on a more deferent attitude toward Yvette.

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Having just been informed that they had a golden–invith quest that day, the manager came to meet them personally. He was stunned to sen Yvette.

So this was the big shot with the golden invite? She was clearly just a young woman!

“I’m looking for someone,” Yvette said in a clear, elegant voice.

The manager immediately snapped into focus. Cloyingly, he said, “Very well, ma’am. And who might this person be?”

“Madison Kennedy,” said Yvette.

“Madison Kennedy?” The manager muttered before suddenly remembering the girl.
“Oh, she’s already in the ring...”

The manager trailed off under Yvette’s intimidating gaze, quivering in fear despite himself.

How on earth could such a young woman look so terrifying?

A Rose 398

Chapter r

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How on earth could such a young woman look so terrifying?

"I'll let her off the stage right away, will that be alright with you?" the manager asked, stammering.

Yvette nodded, "It'll do."

The manager wiped his shining forehead before replying humbly, "Very well then, I'll see right to tha-" Before the manager could finish, he was interrupted by a firm bark, "Absolutely not!"

Jared followed Yvette into the room, berating the manager at once.

"Boss..."

Seeing Jared emerge out of nowhere, the manager immediately looked conflicted, not knowing what to do. He couldn't offend either one of them, so who should he listen to?

"Our rules say that a person who has entered the ring is not allowed to leave it until the match has finished." Jared snorted at Yvette, trying to provoke her

"That is, unless someone fights the match for her. Do you have the guts to take her place?"

A lily-livered woman like her would never dare to go into the ring!

Convinced of this idea, Jared smugly said, "So if you beg nicely for my forgiveness and say how sorry you are, I might just possibly-"

"Lead the way." Yvette cut him off.

The manager was shaken by her terrifying air. He nodded dumbly. "Y-Yes... I'll take you there right away..."

So she actually did dare to go into the ring after all?

Jared's face darkened in anger. This filthy bitch had humiliated him once again!

Seeing Yvette's retreating figure, he started cursing again. "Fucking bitch, you really do have no respect for authority, huh? I'll just wait for you to get beaten to a pulp!"

In the arena, Madison had already been thrown into the ring. She was heavily injured, beaten black and blue without a single untouched part of her skin.

Her opponent was a hulking, bare-chested man whose biceps bulged fearsomely.

The audience started whispering among themselves at the sight.

“What the hell? Why did they give Tyson a female boxer? Look how shrimpy she is. Tyson’s gonna off her in a single punch, isn’t he?”

“Yeah. That woman in the ring doesn’t look much like a boxer, either. With that skinny little frame of hers, Tyson would take her out in one shot!”

“Heh, but don’t you think it’s exciting to see them face off? I just love seeing weak little things fight for their lives.”

“That’s true. I’m starting to look forward to the match myself now that you’ve said that.”

The bloodier the fighting got, the more excited the crowd became.

Tyson was the king of the underground boxing ring. His punches were cruel and equally merciless toward men and women. All he knew was that the harder he beat up Madison, the harder the audience would

cheer, and the more money he’d earn!

“Please, let me go...” Madison begged between coughs

She had already been dragged through cruel abuse before Alice had thrown her into the underground boxing ring. There wasn’t a single spot on her body that was untouched, which left her without the strength to even stand.

The hulking man didn’t have a shred of pity for her. He hurled a blow straight toward her face. As they heard Madison’s cries of pain, the audience’s excitement grew.

“Great hit! Keep it going!”

“Yeah! Keep it up! If you kill her with a single hit, I’ll give you 100 thousand dollars!”

Chanter 343

A Rose 399

“I’ll give you 200 thousand! Keep going at her!”

Yvette’s wintry expression sent shivers down the manager’s spine.

Alice was the one who had brought in Madison. She'd specially requested the manager to have Madison tortured thoroughly. It was for this reason that the manager had allowed Madison to be matched up with Tyson in the ring in the first place.

It was lucky that Yvette had arrived early. With Tyson's style, if they had arrived a moment later, Madison would have been beaten to a pulp.

"I'll stop the match immediate-"

Before the manager could finish, Yvette was already striding toward the ring.

He widened his eyes in shock. It was dangerous to enter the ring before the match had been called off. Accidents could happen all too easily.

"Eat shit, you filthy bitch!" Tyson grinned ghoulishly, sending a vicious fist straight toward Madison. He was earnestly looking forward to killing her with a single punch and getting his bonuses from the spectators.

But before the punch landed on Madison's body, a pair of smooth, fair hands blocked it.

Yvette seemed effortless as she clamped Tyson's hefty arms together, but the boxer was completely immobilized.

"Yvie..." Upon seeing Yvette, Madison couldn't hold herself back anymore. Tears began streaming down

her face.

"Don't cry, I'm here," Madison comforted her softly. "I'll make those who picked on you pay for it tenfold."

"Yvie..."

Somehow, Madison no longer felt as afraid as soon as she heard this.

"Where the hell did this bitch come from, ruining my game like that!" Tyson's face contorted in anger. He was so close to getting those bonuses. But now, this woman had ruined it all!

But here he was, pinned down and completely robbed of his ability to retaliate. Tyson got even angrier.

Yvette didn't spare him a second glance. She patted Madison's head, then reassured her gently.

"Wait for me, I'll take you home soon."

“Fucking bitch, you’re ignoring me!” Tyson’s fury peaked, sending tremors down his terrifying muscles. “I’ll kill you!”

Yvette’s sudden appearance had attracted everyone’s attention. The underground boxing ring was a place for deviant thrills, and while they did have female boxers, they had never seen such a beautiful one before.

“Whoa, where did they find this beauty? Sending her down to be a boxer in this ring is such a waste of a pretty face.”

“Exactly. If that pretty piece of flesh gets beaten to death, what a shame that would be.”

“But this does make it much more interesting, doesn’t it? Now things are getting exciting!”

As soon as one of them started flushing in titillation, the others started placing their bets.

“She doesn’t look like she could take a punch. I bet she won’t last two hits before she’s down on her knees begging for mercy!!

“Hahaha, I bet she’ll be out in three!”

Meanwhile, at Jubilife University, Wilson was waiting anxiously for Yvette.

Samuel made his report to Wilson meekly. “Mr. Quinn, we’ve checked the security footage. Ms. Yvette has already left the school grounds.”

The look in Wilson’s eyes darkened. Looking at his missed calls and unread texts, he tightened his fist.

Yvie had never missed his calls. Did something happen?

As he pondered the possibility, Wilson’s heart clenched.

“Investigate this, now!” he ordered furiously.

Looking at the displeasure written all over his face, Samuel did not dare to dawdle. “Understood, Mr. Quinn!” he replied.

A Rose 400

Back in the underground boxing ring, the audience members were craning their necks, looking forward to a good show. They waited eagerly to see Yvette have the daylights beaten out of her.

Tyson’s face twisted menacingly. “Filthy whore, you asked for this!”

With a sinister gaze, he sent a savage thrust at Yvette. If Yvette had been caught in the punch, she would have been injured severely, if not dead.

The voices in the audience grew louder with excitement.

“Woo–hoo, Tyson really shows no mercy! That punch is a death blow, looks like you’re all losing your bets! I’m winning this round!”

The losing bettors started swearing at the boxers.

“Fucking piece of shit, you’ll make me lose all my money again if you can’t even take one hit!”

“Yeah, useless trash, why bother getting into the ring if you can’t even hold a punch?”

Before they could curse even more, Yvette easily sidestepped Tyson’s fatal blow.

Yvette’s eyes gleamed in that familiar way that sent shivers down one’s spine. With a backhand strike, she landed a punch on Tyson’s face.

Tyson let out a blood–curdling cry, falling to the ground in a single blow. His hefty body made a resounding boom as he fell to the floor.

“Do you yield?” Yvette took her time putting down her fists, her voice sounding like she couldn’t care less.

Tyson’s face was white with shock. Clearly, he didn’t think he’d be beaten by such a young woman. His eyes turned terribly diabolical.

This was complete and utter humiliation!

“No!” Tyson gritted his teeth, scrambling to his feet. “I’ll kill you, you filthy bitch!”

He was the King of the Ring! He could never lose to some scrawny woman!

Yvette’s patience had reached its limit. Ruthlessness flashed across her eyes. Not wasting any more time on words, she delivered her punches with techniques that were even more savage than Tyson’s.

Blow after blow landed on Tyson’s face, leaving him unable to find an opening to retaliate.

The punches looked as though they should’ve been weak and feeble, but Tyson was beaten until his face was bruised and his mouth was bloody.

The audience stared in shocked disbelief as they watched this unnerving scene unfold.

“Good god, are you seeing what I’m seeing? Tyson’s being beaten up by a woman?!”

“He’s basically being strung up and walloped at this point. Tyson’s famous for his formidable punches in this ring, but he’s clearly no match for her...”

“Holy shit, where did she come from? That’s brutal...”

Jared, who had been watching the fight from the bleachers, shivered in terror. Fucking hell, this dumb bitch was terrifying!

Tyson choked. “Stop, stop! I yield!”

Tyson’s battered face swelled like a pig’s head, looking quite comical.

Yvette stopped her attacks nonchalantly. Her face was both cold and impatient as she scoffed derisively. “And you call yourself the King of the Ring?”

Those blows that Tyson had left on Madison had now been paid back tenfold.

Upon hearing this, hatred seemed to spill from Tyson’s eyes. How dare this ugly shrew say such

humiliating things after beating him to a pulp!

As Yvette turned to leave the ring, Tyson’s stare turned even more venomous. He lunged at her, drawing out a dagger that he had concealed on his body.

He did this in a smooth, practiced motion that showed that he had used such dirty tricks before in matches with other boxers. 2

“Die, you fucking bitch!”