

# **Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 401 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 401**

## **A Rose 401**

Tyson's face twisted into a sinister grin as he imagined the dagger plunging into Yvette's body.

"Oh, you're courting death." Yvette's words were cold, laced with a deadly threat.

Her next movements were so fast they were a blur, and by the time the crowd realized what had happened, the dagger was already in her hand.

"H—How did she do that?" The audience was once again stunned, shivering in disbelief.

Tyson was equally shocked, his crazed grin frozen in place. When his eyes met Yvette's murderous gaze, fear gripped him, and he immediately begged for mercy

"I'm sorry. Please, spare me..."

"Too late." With that, Yvette flicked the dagger from her hand. It flew straight into Tyson's hand, embedding itself deep.

If Yvette hadn't been quick and prepared, she could've been killed by this very dagger. But Yvette wasn't one to let things slide—she had to make sure Tyson paid for what he tried to do.

Tyson's agonized scream echoed through the underground boxing ring, making the onlookers sigh in pity.

"His tendons are severed. He's a cripple now," someone said.

"Mr. Scott is here!"

Jared's face turned smug as if he'd just seen his savior. He rushed toward Richard and said, "Dad, you came just in time! This bitch just crippled the King of the Ring. You've got to teach her a

lesson!"

Tyson was known for his viciousness. Each of his fights was brutal and ruthless. His savage style attracted wealthy thrill-seekers, bringing significant profits to the underground boxing ring.

Now that Tyson was crippled, the losses would be enormous. If Jared couldn't handle Yvette, surely Richard could.

"Dad, that bitch came to our turf and wrecked the place. We need to teach her a lesson—Ah!"

Jared's rant was abruptly cut off by a sharp slap across his face, making his head buzz.

"Shut your mouth, dumbass!"

Jared had never been hit by Richard before, nor had he heard him speak in such a harsh tone.

"Dad, what are you doing? Why did you hit me? She's the one who came to our boxing ring and caused

trouble—"

"Shut up!" Richard yelled once more, cutting him off with a murderous glare. "Don't forget what I warned you about—never cross anyone with a golden invitation letter."

Jared scoffed, dismissing Richard's concern. "How could a girl like her possibly have one of those invitations? She must've stolen it. Dad, we don't have to be afraid of a little brat."

"Why did I raise such an idiot?" Richard was so furious that he raised his hand to strike Jared again. But when he met Yvette's icy gaze, his legs went weak, and he dropped to his knees before her, his tone

utterly servile.

"Please don't be angry. It's all my worthless son's fault. I promise I'll punish him severely."

The onlookers were stunned, their eyes nearly popping out of their sockets.

"Why is Richard kneeling to her?"

"Yeah, Isn't Richard the kingpin of the underground world? Yet he's kneeling before a young woman? This is unbelievable!"

But no matter how shocked the crowd was, Richard remained respectfully on his knees. "As soon as I heard someone with a golden invitation had arrived, I rushed over immediately. I never imagined it would be you. You should have informed me sooner—I would have been here to welcome you."

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settle our score later. For now, keep your mouths shut, and don't reveal my identity in front of them."

"Of course! Master Xev, I swear, I won't say a word." Richard nodded frantically,

By the time he finished speaking, Wilson had already reached Yvette. The sight of blood on her hands made his already striking features darken with an ominous fury.

"Don't worry. It's not my blood," Yvette quickly assured him.

Wilson's expression softened slightly at her words, and he pulled out a handkerchief, carefully wiping her hands clean.

Yvette felt a warm flutter in her chest, but her thoughts were still on Madison, who was unconscious. Noticing her concern, Wilson turned to Samuel and ordered, "Take her to the car and get her to the hospital."

"Yes, Mr. Quinn," Samuel responded respectfully

Seeing this, Richard's face twisted in confusion. "Why is Mr. Quinn being so gentle with her?"

Collin said eagerly, "Let me fill you in—she's Collin's fiancée."

The moment those words registered, Richard's legs weakened and he could barely keep himself upright.

Still, Collin wasn't finished. With a mischievous grin, he added, "Oh, and by the way, she's also Jacob's precious sister."

Richard's knees buckled and he nearly fainted. He was utterly doomed.

Master Xev had many other identities, and Richard couldn't afford to offend any of them.

A quick 15 minutes later, the car came to a smooth stop at the hospital.

Wilson, fully aware of how worried Yvette was about Madison, had already taken care of everything. As soon as they arrived, Madison was rushed into the emergency room.

Thankfully, Yvette had arrived just in time; Madison's injuries were only superficial, with no threat to her

life.

“Jacob.” The call connected immediately when Yvette dialed for Jacob.

“Yvie, what’s the matter? Why are you calling me?” he asked in surprise. This was the first time his precious sister had ever called him.

Yvette didn’t bother with small talk. “Jacob, I want you to withdraw your investment in the Robertson family.”

She had just confirmed that the Murray family was the Robertson family’s largest investor. If they pulled out, the Roberstons would be in immediate financial trouble.

Without any hesitation or questions, Jacob agreed. “Alright, Yvie. I’ll take care of it right away.”

Yvette’s lips curved into a slight smile. “Thank you, Jacob.”

On the other end of the line, Jacob replied gleefully, “There’s no need to thank me.”

Madison, who had been lying in the hospital bed, had woken up at some point. After seeing that Yvette’s phone conversation had ended, she softly called out, “Yvie…”

Noticing Madison’s weak state, the coldness in Yvette’s eyes deepened. She had already pieced everything together. Most of Madison’s injuries were inflicted by Alice, who then had her thrown into the underground boxing ring.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure they pay for what they did. Pulling out the investment is just the start. Focus on recovering. Once you’re better, I’ll let you take your revenge,” Yvette said gently.

Tears welled up in Madison’s eyes as she uttered, “Thank you, Yvie.”

Alice was busy unwinding in a beauty salon, maintaining the poised demeanor of a lady from high society -but her mind was swirling with vicious thoughts.

She was absolutely glowing at the thought of Madison suffering a fate worse than death in the underground boxing ring. That was her punishment for crossing Alice.

The next person Alice was going to punish was Yvette. She had humiliated her too many times.

Chaplet 403

Alice was determined to make Yvette pay—more severely than Madison.

Before she could finalize her plans against Yvette, however, her mother burst into the salon in a panic and grabbed her arm.

“Alice, hurry! We need to get to the Murray family.”

Startled, Alice asked, “Mom, what’s wrong? Why do we need to go to the Murray family?”

“Don’t even ask! The Murray family suddenly pulled their Investment from our company, and now the Robertson family’s business is in serious trouble.

“We have to go to the Murray family’ and beg them to reconsider. You need to come with us. I’ve heard Ms. Murray is about your age and very well–loved. You have to get close to her, so she’ll speak up for us!”

Understanding the urgency, Alice quickly nodded. “Don’t worry, Mom. I’ll make sure to get on the good side of Ms. Murray.”

No matter what it took, Alice would find a way to win the favored Murray daughter over.

A Rose 402

Seeing Richard kneeling on the ground with a fawning expression, Jared almost lost his mind. “Dad, why are you kneeling to this bitch? If word gets out, It’ll be a disgrace to the Scott family!”

“Shut up!” Richard roared, cutting him off. He grabbed Jared and forced him to kneel as well. “Kneel before Master Xev.”

Master Xev? Everyone gasped in shock upon hearing the name.

The young woman turned out to be the infamous Master Xev, the ruler of the underworld feared by both the righteous and the corrupt alike.

“Weren’t you all just happily placing bets?” Yvette’s enchanting fox–like eyes glimmered as she lazily glanced around, exuding an overwhelming aura of intimidation!

“If I remember correctly, you were betting on how many punches it would take to kill me. Sorry to disappoint.”

As they recalled their earlier words, their faces turned deathly pale, and they began to plead for mercy.

“Master Xev, please forgive us.”

Yvette’s gaze grew colder as she delivered a fierce kick to Richard, who was still kneeling. The terrifying air around her intensified.

“I handed you the power to rule the underworld, and this is how you manage it?”

When Yvette was 15, she had been urgently called back to the Dark Organization. She had no time to manage both groups, so she had entrusted the underworld to Richard.

Since then, Yvette had devoted all her energy to medicine and chip development, completely forgetting about this. Even if she had remembered, she wouldn't have had time to manage it.

Richard nearly blacked out from the force of the kick, but he gritted his teeth and begged, "Master Xev please calm down."

Yvette looked at him icily. "What did I tell you when I left?"

Richard's fear deepened as he stammered, "Y-You said that even in the dark underworld, there should be no senseless killing."

Yvette let out a cold, biting laugh. "You remember that, yet you've turned this place into a hell where the rich satisfy their twisted desires."

Richard's body trembled as he dropped to his knees, bowing repeatedly. "Master Xev, I'm sorry."

Collin, who had rushed over with Wilson, stood dumbfounded by the scene unfolding before him. "Wow! Richard is quivering like a terrified child in front of Yvette."

Everyone knew that since Richard had been tasked to rule the underworld by Master Xev, he had grown arrogant and domineering. He feared no one except the Quinn and Murray families.

Wilson rushed to the underground boxing ring as soon as he learned that Yvette was there, fearing she might be in danger. But now that Richard was on his knees before Yvette, who would dare lay a finger on her?

Wilson glanced at Yvette's mesmerizing eyes and decided to approach her. He was unable to hide the concern etched in his eyes.

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Understanding the urgency, Alice quickly nodded. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll make sure to get on the good side of Ms. Murray."

No matter what it took, Alice would find a way to win the favored Murray daughter over.

## **A Rose 404**

After soothing Madison to sleep in the hospital, Yvette quietly left the room. She noticed a cold, distinguished figure standing by the balcony just then, his expression unreadable..

The man held a cigarette between his slender, well-defined fingers. The smoke curled around him, creating an air of palpable tension.

Yvette frowned and pursed her lips. He had quit smoking because she disliked the smell—so why was he smoking now?

"No smoking," she said firmly as she approached him. She then took the cigarette from his hand and tossed it into the trash.

Standing nearby, Samuel couldn't help but silently applaud Yvette. Only she had the nerve to treat Wilson this way.

"Are you upset?" Yvette asked with a hint of confusion. She couldn't fathom why he seemed so angry.

Wilson hummed as he nodded. He had seen the security footage—how she had stepped into the boxing ring alone, narrowly avoiding the dagger attack. The memory stirred a violent, uncontrollable rage within him.

"I've told you before, you can come to me for anything. But Yvie, you never do."

If Wilson hadn't noticed something was off and investigated it himself, Yvette wouldn't have mentioned a thing to him.

Wilson was right. Yvette wouldn't have told him if he hadn't figured it out himself. To her, it wasn't a big deal; she could handle the matter on her own.

"You're upset over this?" Yvette asked indifferently.

Wilson nearly lost his composure at her nonchalant attitude. He clenched his jaw, then gently tapped her forehead with his long, elegant fingers.

"Do you have any idea how worried I was when I couldn't reach you?"

Yvette suddenly recalled she had left her phone in the car during her rush to the underground boxing ring.

Wilson pulled her close. "Baby, I want you to rely on me a little more."

His deep, magnetic voice brushed against her ear as he coaxed. He didn't want to be kept outside the walls she had built around her heart. He wanted to be let in.

Yvette's long lashes fluttered as she listened to his words. A warm feeling spread through her. She was so used to handling everything on her own that she instinctively rushed ahead whenever something happened.

"My fiancée, you are so delicate. It would break my heart if you got hurt," Wilson purred.

Samuel's eyes widened in shock, completely baffled by what he was hearing.

What was the prideful Wilson Quinn talking about? How could Yvette be delicate? She could knock out the ruthless underground boxing champion with a single punch and force Richard to his knees.

And that's what Wilson called "delicate"? Wow, Wilson had truly redefined the meaning of the word!

"If there's a next time-" Before Wilson could finish his warning, Yvette abruptly cut him off by grabbing his tie and pulling him down to her level. She stood on her tiptoes and pressed a light kiss on his lips.

Yvette blinked and promised softly. "There won't be a next time."

Wilson's heart skipped a beat, his Adam's apple bobbing uncontrollably. His arm tightened around Yvette's slender waist, wanting to deepen the kiss. However, Yvette swiftly pushed him away.

“Take me home.” she firmly said.

By now, the Robertson family was probably at her house, begging her parents not to withdraw their investment. She needed to be there to watch the show

## **A Rose 405**

apter 405

Wilson forced back a low grunt. “Are you planning to leave after teasing me?”

Wilson’s captivating eyes darkened, his intense gaze drifting to Yvette’s soft, rosy lips. He had been under close watch by Jacob and the others, leaving him unable to get close to Yvette for what felt like ages.

You smell like smoke,” she noted.

he scent wasn’t unpleasant, but Yvette didn’t like it.

Seeing her look of disapproval, Wilson forced himself to push down the restless desire stirring within him. His long, graceful fingers gently traced the curve of her lips, the usual cool restraint in his demeanor replaced by a mischievous glint that was surprisingly enticing.

Okay. I’ll make up for today’s kisses next time.”

Please take a seat, Mrs. Robertson.” Given that Irwin wasn’t home, Yara had to host Molly and Alice. Her demeanor was composed, exuding the grace and poise of a refined lady of the house.

Mrs. Murray, I apologize for dropping by unannounced. I hope we haven’t caused any inconvenience.”

In spite of Molly’s flattery, Yara remained composed and replied politely, “Not at all. Guests are always welcome.”

Seeing Yara’s cool demeanor, Molly smiled even more ingratiatingly and attempted to strike up a

conversation.

Mrs. Murray, I heard that your daughter is also studying at Jubilee University. She’s of the same age as my daughter, Alice. She recently returned to Jubilee and hasn’t had the chance to make any friends yet. It would be wonderful if she could become friends with your daughter.”

ara raised an eyebrow at this suggestion. Yvette wasn't usually interested in socializing with the other lite young ladies in the country. It wouldn't be a bad idea for Yvette to befriend the Robertson family's aughter.

hat way, her beloved daughter would have a friend her age, and Yara wouldn't have to worry about vette feeling lonely

oticing the slight change in Yara's attitude, Molly quickly gave Alice a meaningful look.

lice immediately caught on and smiled gracefully. "Mrs. Murray, I've just returned to Jubilife and don't ave any friends yet. I truly hope to find a close friend here."

s soon as she finished speaking, a maid at the door respectfully announced, "Mrs. Murray, Ms. Murray as returned."

lice's eyes flickered as she feigned excitement and rushed toward the door, When she saw the familiar gure standing there, her smile instantly froze, and she stammered in disbelief.

-Yvette, what are you doing here?" Before Alice could finish speaking, Yara dashed over and embraced

vette tightly. "My precious daughter, you're back! I've missed you so much."

What? Alice felt like her head was about to explode. The insufferable Yvette was the pampered daughter f the Murray family? How was that possible?

vette smirked slightly, her cool gaze settling on Alice. "What's the matter? Are you surprised to see me

ere?"

Alice didn't know how to respond as she was still reeling from the shock. Molly, who was standing next to her, questioned, "Alice, do you know Ms. Murray?"

Alice's face drained of color as her voice trembled. "W We are in the same class."

Molly's face lit up with joy. "Oh, what a coincidence! You two must be fated to meet."

Yvette lazily raised an eyebrow and said with a wry s

## **A Rose 406**

Alice felt a chill creep down her spine daughter of the richest family in Jubilii

hands clenching tightly at her sides. How could Yvette be the he always dressed so plainly—she looked like a pauper!

Seeing Alice's stunned expression, Molly pinched her sharply on the arm and hissed, "Why are you in a daze? Why didn't you tell me you're classmates with Ms. Murray? You must build a good relationship with her. The Robertson family's survival depends on you. If you mess this up, I won't forgive you!"

Alice's face turned even paler at her mother's words. The thought of her previous actions worsened the cold sweat on her back. She silently breathed a sigh of relief since she had thrown Madison into the underground boxing ring, not Yvette; otherwise, everything would be ruined.

Molly suggested, "Mrs. Murray, why don't we let the two girls hang out in the garden? They might feel more at ease there."

Yara wanted Yvette to socialize more with her peers. Hence, she voiced her agreement. "Okay. Yvie, why don't you show Ms. Robertson around the garden?"

"Sure." Yvette nodded, though her gaze on Ali

was distinctly frosty. It sent shivers down one's spine.

"By the way, Mrs. Murray, there's one more thing I'd like to ask. Could the Murray family not pull out the investment in the Robertson family—"

Yara's demeanor grew icy as she cut Molly off with, "My eldest son handles the company's affairs. If you have issues, you should speak with Jacob, not me."

Upon hearing Yara's refusal, Molly grew even more anxious. They had already tried to meet Jacob, but he refused to see them. Thus, Molly decided to visit Murray Manor to try her luck.

Desperate, Molly whispered to Alice, "Look, Mrs. Murray won't help us. Now, our only chance is for you to get close to Ms. Murray and persuade her to plead for us. It's our only hope to

save the Robertson family."

Even though Alice grew more fearful, she had no choice but to reluctantly agree. "I... I understand."

If the Robertson family knew how badly Alice had offended Yvette, she would be in serious trouble. Had she known that Yvette was the daughter of Jubilife's wealthiest family, she never would have acted so recklessly.

Alice was consumed with regret and anxiety as she followed Yvette into the garden.

Murray Manor, a testament to the Murrays' affluence in Jubilife, was impeccably elegant.

Alice felt a pang of jealousy. She had once thought herself far superior to Yvette, envisioning herself in a position of dominance. But now, she had to swallow her pride and grovel before the very person she despised.

Even though Alice was reluctant to apologize to Yvette, she knew she had no other choice.

"Yvette, I'm sorry. Everything that happened was my fault. Please be magnanimous and don't hold it against me."

Apologizing to someone she hated was more painful to Alice than anything.

Yvette glanced at Alice with a cold smirk and asked with disdain, "This is your idea of an apology?"

"You-" Alice bit her bottom lip, trying to suppress her resentment. Yvette was just lucky to be born into the right family. How could she be so unforgiving, even after an apology?

Alice gritted out, "What else do you want from me? I've already said I'm sorry. Sure, we had our

## **A Rose 407**

Upon hearing Alice's shameless words, Yvette's gaze grew even colder. "You deserve far worse than what you did to Madison."

Yvette was fiercely protective of those close to her. If Alice had the nerve to harm someone she cared about, she had to be ready to face the brutal consequences.

Alice's eyes widened in disbelief as the truth dawned on her. "So, you are why the Murray family pulled out their investment. You did it to get back at me?"

Yvette nodded, her tone nonchalant. "Yes. And this is just the beginning."

Whatever Alice did to Madison, Yvette would ensure Alice paid for it a hundredfold.

"You... You wretched bitch! You've ruined my family!" Alice lost control and suddenly lunged at Yvette. Her

hands stretched to claw at the latter's face.

“You worthless-”

Just then, Yara appeared, her expression darkening as she took in the scene. She rushed forward, instinctively pulling Yvette behind her.

“Yvette, don’t be afraid. I’m here to protect you!”

Alice hadn’t expected Yara’s sudden appearance, and the shock of it snapped her back to reality. She froze, no longer daring to move forward.

Molly, who had followed closely behind, saw what was happening, and her face paled. She shot her daughter a furious glare before quickly stepping forward, trying to smooth things over.

“Mrs. Murray, there must’ve been a misunderstanding.”

Unlike the gentle tone she had with Yvette, Yara turned to both Molly and Alice with a fierce glare, exuding the authority of a true matriarch.

“Get out of my house! Let me make one thing clear—the Murray family will not only pull our investment in the Robertson family, we’re blacklisting you completely. Your family shall head for bankruptcy! How dare you lay a hand on my precious daughter? I’ll make sure you pay for this.”

“Mrs. Murray...” Molly tried to plead, but before she could finish, Yara had already called for security.

The guards quickly arrived and forcefully escorted Molly and Alice out of Murray Manor.

Molly had never been so humiliated in her life. Seething with rage, she turned to Alice and slapped her hard across the face.

“I told you to get close to Ms. Murray. You fool! Not only did you mess it up, but you’ve also made the Murray family hate us to the core!”

“Mom, it’s all that wretched Yvette’s fault.” Alice whimpered, clutching her face as she started to cry. She’s the one who ruined our family...”

“Shut up!” Molly snapped, her eyes filled with fury. “The Murray family dotes on Yvette, and you still dare insult her? Do you want to make things even worse for us?”

“The Murray family alone can push us to the brink of bankruptcy. Don’t forget they are engaged to the Quinn family. If the Murrays have the Quinns take action, we’ll be destroyed.”



Molly continued in frustration, “You’ve ruined any chance we had with the Murray family. Now, with the investment gone, you shall be married off to Mr. Luiz.”

“No! Mom, please...” Alice’s body trembled with fear, and she sobbed even harder. “Please, don’t make me marry Mr. Luiz.”

Benedict Luiz was in his 40s—old, ugly, and known for his violent tendencies. He’d already been through three wives, all dead. If she were to marry him, her life would be over.

“You don’t have a choice!”

## **A Rose 408**

Molly angrily stormed off after saying those words. She then turned around and got into the car without sparing Alice a second glance.

“Mom...” Alice chased after Molly, but Molly suddenly shoved her aside with force. “Get lost! You’re nothing but a useless failure!”

Alice was roughly pushed aside and fell to the ground, looking utterly disheveled. Hurt and humiliated, she bit her lip, the resentment welling up inside her. It was all that bitch Yvette’s fault.

Alice struggled to her feet, the malice in her eyes deepening as her pupils darted around.

The prestigious families of Jubilife were abuzz with rumors that Wilson was interested in Victoria. If Wilson called off the engagement with the Murray family, then Yvette would surely become the laughingstock in Jubilife.

Moreover, Victoria was a fool who treated Alice like a friend. If Victoria could get together with Wilson, Alice could beg her to help the Robertson family. After all, Victoria was easily manipulated, so she would surely agree to help.

That way, Alice wouldn’t have to marry that disgusting, obese man, Benedict.

After Jacob returned, he learned about the incident from Yara.

His face darkened with anger. How dare the Roberston family bully the precious daughter of the Murray family? He swore to make them pay for their actions.

“Jacob.”

Upon hearing the gentle voice, Jacob quickly wiped the scowl off his face and replaced it with an

I you-”

affectionate smile. His tone softened as he said, “Yvie, I have a gift fo

Before he could finish speaking, Yvette interrupted, “Jacob, I need to step out for a moment. We can talk

later.”

Yvette had just received a message from Winston, who was waiting for her at the back door of Murray Manor. She needed to meet him quickly so that he would leave. If Jacob learned that Wilson was here, they would surely get into another argument.

As Jacob watched Yvette walk away, he reluctantly put the exquisite gift box back into his pocket. He turned to his assistant standing nearby and whispered, “Do you think Yvie will like the necklace?”

His assistant couldn't help but wonder who wouldn't love the necklace. It was designed by Yvy Weaver and cost 50 million dollars. The gems were all of the highest quality, worth millions themselves.

“Mr. Murray, Yvy Weaver's designs are exceptional. The necklace she designed is even more stunning than the Violet Kiss necklace auctioned off earlier. You can be confident that Ms. Murray will like it.” Hearing this, Jacob's lips curled into a faint smile. Once Yvette saw this necklace, she would surely dismiss the Violet Kiss that Winston had gifted her.

But why was Yvette in such a hurry? Something wasn't right. A look of concern flashed across Jacob's face as he immediately chased after Yvette.

Meanwhile, Yvette had reached the back door. Just as she was about to glance back, a pair of hands suddenly gripped her waist tightly.

## **A Rose 409**

Yvette felt a warmth swell in her heart, and her lips curved into a smile. But before she could say anything, a frantic voice interrupted her.

“Yvie, we don't need his things!”

Jacob rushed over, opened the exquisite gift box he'd prepared, then presented it to Yvette. “Yvie, this is a unique necklace specially designed for you by the renowned designer, Yvy Weaver.”

Yvette found it hard to smile as she looked at the stunning necklace inside the box. So the person who had spent 50 million dollars was her brother.

And now, the necklace she had designed was being given to her. She had mixed feelings about the whole situation.

“Oh, so Jacob is the one Yvie referred to as someone foolish with too much money and little brains.” Wilson chuckled softly, his tone dripping with sarcasm and provocation.

“Jacob, you’re giving Yvie a necklace that she designed herself. You really know how to prepare a surprise,” he added.

Wilson recognized the necklace immediately since he had seen Yvette working on the design before. “What?” Jacob’s eyes widened in shock, causing him to momentarily lose his composure. His sister was the famous designer, Yvy Weaver; and now he had become a fool to her.

Seeing the expression on Jacob’s face, Yvette helplessly shot a glare at the gloating Wilson beside her, signaling him to be quiet.

“Don’t provoke Jacob!”

“Baby, he’s been giving me a hard time too!” Wilson’s deep, magnetic voice carried a pitiful tone, making it difficult not to soften toward him.

Jacob had been constantly mocking Wilson’s age and ruining his plans. Now that he finally had a chance to make Jacob feel bad, he naturally wouldn’t let it slip by.

“Yvie, come with me.” Jacob shot Wilson a displeased look before grabbing Yvette’s hand, intending to leave.

Yvette felt guilty and glanced back at Wilson before obediently following Jacob.

Seeing Jacob’s dejected expression, Yvette bit her lip and whispered, “Jacob, even though I designed this necklace, I still love it very much. I understand your intentions, so please don’t be upset, okay?”

Jacob’s anger melted away at her words. “I’m not mad. Am I still your favorite brother?”

Yvette clicked her tongue lightly, her slender fingers rubbing her brow with a hint of exasperation. How could Jacob ask such a childish question?

“Yes.” Yvette then blinked her eyes and nodded.

“Yvie, you said I was your favorite brother!” Sean came rushing down from the second floor with a hurtful expression at this moment.

“She said the same thing to me!” Ashton followed closely behind and continued with annoyance, “Yvie, which one of us is your favorite brother?”

Faced with their three intense gazes, Yvette pressed her tongue against her back teeth.

## **A Rose 410**

Jacob shot his two younger brothers a warning look, then gently ruffled Yvette's hair.  
"Yvie, tell them who your favorite brother is!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Ashton and Sean looked at her with eager anticipation in their eyes.

Feeling increasingly exasperated, Yvette rubbed her temples with her delicate fingers.  
When did her

brothers become so childish?

"I like you all," came her response.

Sean immediately protested, "No, Yvie! There has to be a favorite! It's okay, just say it out loud. No matter who you choose, we won't be upset."

He was confident in himself. After all, Sean was the first to come home, so Yvette's favorite brother had

to be him.

Ashton quickly nodded in agreement. "Yeah. Don't worry, Yvie. We won't be angry, so just tell us."

Yvette had once called Ashton her "piggy bank", so he had to be her favorite brother.

Jacob chimed in, "Go ahead, Yvie. It's fine." Although he wore a smile, he looked at Ashton and Sean with a cold gaze.

If Yvette's favorite brother turned out to be either of those two brats, he would teach them a lesson later.

Yvette knew that although they said it was fine, they would start arguing if she named any one of them

her favorite.

Having so many brothers seemed really troublesome at this moment.

"Get out! Get out! You three brats, stop making things difficult for my precious daughter!"

Irwin glared at the trio as he made his way down from the second floor. He shoed them away and continued, "All of you, leave. Don't just stand around being nuisances."

Irwin immediately turned to Yvette and looked at her with warmth and affection. His double standards were glaringly obvious.

"Yvie, don't worry about these three brats. Dad has your back."

Although Jacob and the other two were dissatisfied, they had no choice but to return to their rooms.

Irwin finally nodded in satisfaction. He was glad to have sent those three brats away so he could have a proper conversation with his daughter.

"Yvie-" Before Irwin could finish his sentence, Yara pushed him aside, "Go over there. Don't be a

nuisance."

Irwin was startled. That line sounded a bit familiar.

Yara took Yvette's hand and said gently, "Yvie, I want to talk to you."

Seeing the undisguised disdain in Yara's eyes as she looked at him, Irwin couldn't help but feel a twinge of jealousy. "Ever since Yvie came back, you've only had eyes for her and not me."

His words immediately caught Yara's attention. She shot him a playful glare. "Are you actually jealous of our daughter? Aren't you afraid of being laughed at?"

Irwin protested, "What's so funny about it? What can I do if you only care about Yvette now?"

They appeared to be bickering, but both wore smiles on their faces.

Watching their harmonious relationship, Yvette's lips curved into a smile. Not wanting to be a third wheel, she gracefully turned and strode after Jacob.

"Jacob!"

Upon hearing Yvette's call, Jacob immediately stopped in his tracks. "What's wrong, Yvie?"

She pulled out a black card from her pocket. "Jacob, this is the 50 million dollars that you gave me. I'm returning it to you."

While Yvette would take advantage of others without hesitation, she couldn't accept the money from Jacob.

However, Jacob refused to take it back. Instead, he affectionately ruffled her hair. "Yvie, consider this 50 million dollars as an allowance from me. If you ever need more, just let me know."

Yvette shook her head. "No, Jacob. You should keep it."

"It's just a small sum of money. Why do you need to be so polite to me? If you don't accept it, I'll be upset."

## **Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 411 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 411**

### **A Rose 411**

Was 50 million dollars a small sum of money?

Ashton and Sean, who were standing nearby, couldn't help but show their envy.

'Jacob, when will you give us an allowance too?'

"Yeah. Jacob, when will you pay attention to your two younger brothers? We need a little bit of money too."

"Get lost." Jacob shot them a cold glare. "What do you have to even compare yourselves to Yvie?"

It seemed the Murray family rule was to raise sons in poverty and daughters in luxury. Yvette had suffered so much while living away from home, so she deserved the very best to make up for it.

Even though Ashton and Sean were used to the double standard, they couldn't help but twitch their lips in frustration. Still, they agreed with Jacob's sentiment. Their precious sister deserved nothing but the best. "Alright, Yvie." Jacob took the black card and pushed it back into her hand. "It's getting late, so you should get some rest now."

Yvette could only tuck the black card back into her pocket. She felt warm and fuzzy inside as she smiled

at Jacob.

"Thank you!"

As Yvette walked away, Jacob remembered something he had forgotten to mention. “I just received news from Adam—he’s coming back to Jubilife.”

Ashton and Sean asked in unison, “Is he done with his mission?”

Jacob nodded. “Yes. You two should go pick him up.”

Ashton’s and Sean’s faces immediately darkened. They didn’t want to be put through the rigorous training that their strict brother would surely impose.

“What about you, Jacob?” Sean asked.

“Yeah. Why aren’t you coming with us to pick Adam up?” Ashton added.

Jacob didn’t even blink as he replied with conviction, “I’m staying here to accompany Yvie.”

He would never give the old pervert Wilson the chance to get close to Yvette again. The nerve of him to mock Jacob for being a rich fool moments ago.

Jacob narrowed his eyes menacingly. If he allowed Wilson to approach Yvette again, he would be foolish

indeed.

Feeling frustrated, Ashton protested, “We want to stay and be with Yvie too! You’re sending us away so you have Yvie all to yourself. That’s so unfair!”

Sean added, “Exactly. Jacob, you’re so unreasonable. We oppose this decision.”

Jacob shot them a cold glare before using his seniority to suppress them. “It’s useless to oppose. The decision is final.” He had to ensure that he was Yvette’s favorite brother.

Wilson casually leaned against the car. His deep, almond-shaped eyes were fixed on a distant room, his long fingers playing with a lighter.

He only withdrew his gaze when he saw the lights in Yvette’s room go out.

“Keep a close eye on Mrs. Murray’s actions these next few days,” Wilson instructed coldly.

Although Samuel was puzzled, he immediately responded respectfully, “Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

Wilson then tossed the lighter into the trash without even lighting a cigarette. He then turned to get into

the car.

Wilson quickly came to understand the hierarchy within the Murray family. Yvette and Yara belonged to the top tier, while the five sons occupied the lowest tier.

As long as Yara approved of his marriage to Yvette, Jacob and the others would have no choice but to agree, regardless of their objections..

## **A Rose 412**

The next day, as Yvette walked into the classroom, Alice immediately approached her.

“Yvette, I brought you breakfast. Would you like to try it?”

The slap mark that Molly had left still lingered on Alice’s face. Despite the thick layer of concealer she had applied, it was clear something was off.

With a cautious and overly flattering expression, she continued, “Yvette, I was wrong yesterday. I sincerely want to earn your forgiveness. I even stood in line to buy this myself. Please, give it a try!”

“Get lost.” Yvette didn’t even glance her way, her voice icy and detached.

“Anything that belongs to you is disgusting,” she added.

“Yvette, you-” Alice’s face turned pale with anger. She had lowered herself to please Yvette, yet she was still humiliated in front of everyone.

“And the person you should apologize to is Madison. I will take revenge for what you did to her,” Yvette hissed.

Alice’s expression darkened further, her resentment bubbling.

So what if she had beaten Madison and thrown her into the underground boxing ring? She hadn’t killed her, so why was Yvette so fixated on this incident?

Alice couldn’t understand why Yvette would go out of her way to help someone like Madison, who was just a poor girl from an ordinary family.

“Move aside! Don’t block Yvie’s path.”

Noticing the annoyance etched on Yvette’s face, her classmates quickly stepped in to push Alice aside.

Given Alice’s previous harsh attitude, the class had developed a strong dislike for her, and they weren’t shy about expressing it.



“Exactly. A good dog wouldn’t block the way. Hurry up and get lost.”

“Right! Don’t bother Yvie so early in the morning. Can’t you see she doesn’t want to deal with you?”

Once Alice was pushed aside, everyone turned their attention back to Yvette. Their demeanor was warm and friendly.

“Yvie, what’s up with Alice? She seems like a completely different person today. Bringing you breakfast

and all!”

“Yeah, it’s really strange! Wasn’t she looking down on everyone before?”

“I bet she has ill intentions.”

“Exactly! Don’t let her fool you, Yvie.”

As Alice stood rooted to the ground, rejected by her classmates, her expression grew even darker. She had always relied on her status as the daughter of the Robertson family to bully others and lead the isolation of her peers.

Never had she imagined that she would one day be the one ostracized. It didn’t feel good to be excluded.

With fierce determination, Alice clenched her teeth. As long as Yvette fell from grace, she would surely face a pitiful end!

212

Alice needed to think of a way to get Victoria and Wilson together. After all, the Robertson family didn’t

have much time left.

“Alice texted me, saying she would come find me later. You wait for her here while I go feed the kittens,” Victoria instructed Lionel.

Lionel nodded, concern evident in his tone. “Alright, Ms. Olson. Just be careful and don’t get scratched again.”

Victoria shook her head and replied, “I won’t. They’re used to me now and won’t scratch me anymore.”

Lionel finally relaxed. He was allergic to cat fur and couldn't be around her while she was with them. Knowing the kittens wouldn't hurt her put his mind at ease.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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## **A Rose 413**

As Victoria stepped outside, she noticed the stray cats gathering around Sean, happily munching on their food.

"Nice to see you again!"

Sean was pleasantly surprised to see Victoria again. A hint of joy flashed in his eyes as he smiled and greeted her.

Victoria nodded politely, then bit her lip slightly. "Have you learned anything about the incident?"

"There are no surveillance cameras here, so we couldn't determine who abused Ginger. But I won't give up on the investigation. I will find out who did this!" Sean replied, his brows furrowing in frustration.

f "I believe in you."

Sean felt his heart skip a beat as he gazed at Victoria. Realizing this, he quickly cleared his throat and averted his eyes, unable to look at her any longer.

"This is for you." As he tossed something her way, Victoria instinctively reached out to catch it. It was a small cat plushie that resembled the deceased Ginger.

She smiled brightly at him and said, "Thank you!"

Sean felt his ears heat up even more. "... I need to go back for a training match now. I'll see you next time!

11

With that, he covered his flushed ears and hurried away.

Once Sean was gone, Victoria poured cat food into a bowl, watching as the stray cats finished their meal before she left.

Noticing the plushie in her hand, Lionel frowned slightly. "Ms. Olson, what's this?"

Victoria replied cheerfully, "It's a gift I received."

Seeing her bright smile and obvious delight, Lionel's expression dimmed, and he fell silent.

"Victoria!"

Upon hearing Alice's voice, Victoria turned around and frowned at the sight of her slightly swollen face.

"What happened to your face, Alice? Did someone bully you?"

At the mention of her face, Alice's expression turned venomous. If it weren't for that wretched Yvette, she wouldn't have been beaten by her mother like this.

"I'm fine. Don't worry." Alice forced a smile and quickly added, "Victoria, you're still as kind and considerate as ever."

Before she could finish her flattering words, a commanding voice interrupted her, saying, "Come here." Yvette lazily stood a short distance away, her expression unreadable but somehow commanding respect. Upon seeing Yvette, Victoria's face lit up, and she hurried over. "Yvette, did you need something from me?" Yvette handed her a small porcelain bottle. "This is your medicine. Take it three times a day; it will improve your health."

Having reviewed her medical records, Yvette knew that the Five Soul Pills would be beneficial for Victoria.

Victoria's eyes lit up with surprise, and she smiled sweetly. "Thank you, Yvette!"

"No need to mention it; it's just a small gesture," Yvette replied casually. "By the way, try to avoid hanging out with stupid people. Their low intelligence can be contagious."

Alice heard every word and trembled with rage. That wretched Yvette dared to call her stupid?

## **A Rose 414**

lice trembled with rage, her eyes filled with venom.

ut when Yvette shot her a cold glance, Alice immediately looked down, too afraid to meet her

gaze.

seeing her cower like this, Yvette let out a cold snort. Her disdain was palpable as she turned on her heel and strided away.

Alice's resentment deepened, and she bit her lip in frustration.

How could Yvette be so proud? Once the time came for her to be rejected by the Quinn family, she would become a laughingstock in Jubilife. Alice looked forward to seeing Yvette lose that arrogance of hers when her downfall finally arrived.

"Alice, are you two having some kind of misunderstanding? You both seem to be at odds," Victoria remarked.

"It's just a small misunderstanding," Alice replied dismissively. She then put on a concerned expression.

"Victoria, you're not Yvette's pet. Why do you just listen to her? Just because she tells you to do something, does that mean you have to do it? You're too kind-hearted, and that's why she takes advantage of you. Next time, don't just do whatever she says."

Victoria replied, "But Yvette came to give me medicine. Alice, I think you've misunderstood her; she's been really good to me!"

"Victoria, how could she possibly be good to you? Don't be naive!"

Alice rolled her eyes internally, thinking how foolish Victoria was. Yvette was engaged to Wilson, and Victoria was the only woman favored by him. There was no way Yvette would tolerate her.

"Victoria, you should avoid taking the medicine she gave you. She's just a medical student; the medicine he prescribes might not even be safe. And besides, you're already in poor health. If you have any issues after taking her medicine, that would be disastrous."

Emmanuel, who shared Alice's concerns, chimed in, "That's right, Ms. Olson. You shouldn't take that medicine."

Yvette was definitely not so kind-hearted.

"Okay. I'll listen to you," Victoria replied softly. Her gentle nature made her easily swayed.

"But still, this is a gesture of Yvette's goodwill. I'll just keep it for now."

"You're too kind!" Alice patted Victoria's hand, her eyes glinting with mischief as she added, "But there's something I need to tell you. I overheard Yvette talking badly about you in class. She doesn't like you, so you should probably keep your distance from her."

She doesn't like me?" Victoria's eyes dimmed instantly, clearly disappointed. "So Yvette hates me."

Alright. Let's not dwell on these unhappy things." Alice quickly shifted into the role of a caring friend and added, "Victoria, I remembered that today is your birthday, so I specially arranged to celebrate it with you."

Alice, thank you so much!"

Alice couldn't help but inwardly sneer as she observed Victoria's delighted expression. Some things never changed—Victoria was still as gullible as she had been in childhood, easily manipulated by a few sweet

words.

Come now, we're the best of friends! No need to be so formal with me," Alice said with a warm smile.

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After a short pause, she continued, "Oh, yes. You can also invite Mr. Wilson to join us. It would be nice to have him celebrate your birthday with you!"

Alice was sure that Victoria had feelings for a man as outstanding as Wilson. Even if she hadn't

developed a crush, the fact that he had cared for her all these years would surely create a bond of reliance.

If Alice could use that to her advantage, she could make Victoria grow to dislike Yvette even more. This would allow her to manipulate the naive Victoria to deal with Yvette.

Alice felt incredibly proud of herself for thinking of a win-win situation.

Victoria replied with hesitation, "But Wilson is really busy. I don't know if he's free to come."

## **A Rose 415**

"Why don't you call Mr. Wilson and ask?" Alice suggested, her voice filled with enthusiasm. "No matter

how busy he is, I'm sure he will make time to celebrate your birthday with you."

"Is that so?" A glimmer of hope shone in Victoria's eyes. "I think I'll give Wilson a call later."

“Yvie!” Nancy squealed. She was eager to speak as she rushed over, linking her arm with Yvette’s.

“Come on, let’s go! We don’t want to keep Jacob waiting!”

Yvette rolled her eyes, helpless against her friend’s enthusiasm. “You’re just excited to see my brother, right?”

Nancy’s face turned bright red as she giggled. “Maybe a little—but you don’t have to point it out! Come on, let’s go!”

“Wait.” Yvette reached for the necklace around her neck. She removed the Violet Kiss she was already wearing and replaced it with a different one.

Nancy’s eyes widened in confusion. “Yvie, what are you doing? Why are you changing necklaces?”

“This one was a gift from Jacob.”

It was her design, but the necklace was essentially a gift from Jacob.

“I don’t want him to get jealous if I’m not wearing it.”

As they reached the school gates, they spotted Jacob waiting for them. His exquisite appearance drew admiring glances, yet the icy chill of his demeanor kept girls at bay.

As soon as Jacob saw the two girls, his cold demeanor softened. He reached out to gently ruffle Yvette’s hair. Without waiting for Nancy to lean in, he instinctively reached out to pat her head.

Nancy was taken aback for a moment, but then her face lit up with a bright red flush.

“Yvie, what do you girls want to eat?” Jacob asked, his voice filled with a newfound warmth.

Yvette’s gaze lingered on Nancy, her face radiant with delight. Yvette’s lips curved into a scheming smile as she said, “I’m game for anything, Jacob. Why don’t you ask Nancy what she wants to eat?”

With that, Yvette turned and walked toward the car, leaving the two of them alone.

Nancy was still reeling from the thrill of being patted by Jacob. Her eyes shone with happiness as she spoke. “Jacob, I... I’m not picky at all. Whatever you choose is fine with me.”

Jacob’s smile deepened. “Alright, I’ll choose the restaurant.”

He then reached into his pocket and pulled out a beautifully wrapped gift box.

"This is for you," he said.

As he had been browsing for a gift for Yvette, he had stumbled upon a rose-shaped brooch. For some reason, he had been drawn to it, and it reminded him of Nancy. She was like the brooch— beautiful and vibrant. On a whim, he had decided to buy it for her.

## Chapter 416

The ruby was exquisitely crafted into a rose-shaped brooch, with colorless diamonds embedded in the petals. It was a masterpiece of luxury and precision.

Nancy took an instant liking to it as she gazed at the brooch, her smile growing even brighter. "Thank you, Jacob! I love it!"

"I'm glad you like it." He reached out and ruffled her hair again, his voice low and soothing. "Let's get in the car. I'll take both of you to dinner."

"Okay!" Nancy felt like she was on cloud nine. Jacob had not only patted her head, but he had also given her a beautiful gift. She couldn't help but feel a sense of hope.

As they drove away, Jacob noticed a familiar black Maybach following them. His eyes narrowed, and he accelerated, expertly losing the tail.

Inside the Maybach, Samuel reported to Wilson, "Mr. Quinn, we've been spotted by Mr. Murray. He's trying to shake us off."

Wilson's expression remained impassive. "Keep following."

Samuel hesitated. "But Mr. Quinn, if we continue to follow them, we might provoke Mr. Murray."

Wilson's voice was cold and detached as he uttered, "I don't care. He's already hostile toward me, so what's the difference?"

Ever since Jacob had found out about Wilson's relationship with Yvette, he had been giving him the cold shoulder. He had never let up on the verbal abuse, always referring to Wilson as an "old lecher".

Jacob also hovered over Yvette like a hawk, making it impossible for Wilson to see Yvette. If he hadn't been Yvette's brother, Wilson would have knocked his block off!

Watching Wilson's face twist with irritation but unable to retaliate, Samuel was on the verge of laughter.

Wilson was used to having his way, , but this time, he'd bitten off more than he could chew. Just then, the phone rang, and Samuel conveyed, "Mr. Quinn, it's Ms. Olson on the line."

With the utmost respect, Samuel presented the phone to Wilson.

Wilson's expression remained uninterested as he accepted the phone. "Hello?"

"Wilson, do you have time today?" Victoria's sweet voice came through the line.

"It's my birthday, and I was hoping you could come over-"

"I don't have time," Wilson replied curtly, effectively cutting her off.

Samuel raised an eyebrow. Didn't they have a lot of free time today?

Wilson continued, his voice aloof. "If you want to throw a birthday party or something, you can ask Samuel to arrange it for you. He'll take care of everything."

The Olson family had once helped his parents, and Wilson felt obligated to repay that debt- but that was the extent of it.

"No, I don't want to host a party." Victoria's voice sounded disappointed. "I just wanted to spend my birthday with the people I care about. If you're busy, then never mind..."

Samuel felt a pang of sympathy for Victoria, but Wilson simply hung up without a second thought.

Samuel couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Quinn, you don't have any plans today. Besides, Mr. Murray picked Ms. Yvette up so you won't have a chance to see her anyway. Why not go to Ms. Olson's birthday party?"

Wilson gave him a cold, dismissive look as if he were some kind of idiot. "I'm engaged." Samuel was taken aback by the simple response.

## Chapter 417

Samuel couldn't help but think that Wilson was such a poster boy for masculine virtue.

At Haven's Cove Villa where Victoria resided, Alice eagerly approached Victoria as she emerged from her room.

"Victoria, how did it go? Did Mr. Wilson agree to come celebrate your birthday with you? I knew he would! You must be very special to him, Victoria."



Victoria's face fell, and she bit her bottom lip. "He didn't agree to come. He said he didn't have time."

"What?" Alice's eyes widened in shock. "That's impossible! Mr. Wilson would never refuse your request, Victoria."

Rumors had it that Wilson was head over heels for Victoria. And didn't he break off his engagement with the Murrays for her sake? Because of this, he had a falling out with Jacob.

But now, Wilson didn't even bother to show up on Victoria's birthday. It didn't make sense at all.

Alice's mind was racing with questions. Did Wilson not like Victoria after all? She quickly pushed the thought aside. It was impossible.

Wilson had always been known for his indifference toward women. Yet he had always made an exception for Victoria.

He had even assigned a bodyguard to protect her, a privilege he had never granted to anyone else. There was no way that Wilson wasn't fond of Victoria.

"Victoria, don't let this get you down," Alice said, trying to comfort her. "Mr. Wilson must have had something important to attend to. That's why he couldn't make it today. You're the only one who holds a special place in his heart."

A small smile finally graced Victoria's face as she said, "Alice, thanks for cheering me up!"

"Ms. Olson, cheer up! Have a piece of cake." Lionel's heart ached when he saw her looking so downcast. Without hesitation, he slid a plate of cake toward her.

He continued, "Mr. Quinn won't be able to make it, but I... we are here to celebrate with you." Victoria's eyes lit up as she said sweetly, "Lionel, you're so kind to me!"

Lionel's gaze softened as he looked at her. He vowed to always be there for her until she no longer needed his support.

Besides, he was determined to help her reclaim what was rightfully hers. As for Yvette, he would make sure she paid for what she had done to Victoria.

As the evening wore on, Alice excused herself, citing a prior engagement. She had been hoping to use Victoria's birthday party as an opportunity to get closer to Wilson. But now that he wasn't coming, she saw no point in staying.

As she left the villa, she couldn't help but feel a pang of jealousy. The Olson family had been in decline for a while now. But Victoria, an orphan, was still living a life of luxury, all thanks to Wilson's support.

While Victoria lived a life of leisure, Alice was struggling to escape an arranged marriage to Benedict.

The thought filled her with resentment. She tossed the skincare products Victoria had given her into the trash.

"Who needs your cheap skincare products anyway?"

In the trash can, she noticed a small orange cat-shaped toy and a packet of medicine that Yvette had given Victoria.

Alice frowned in confusion. Didn't Victoria treasure those two things? Why would she throw these away? Was it Lionel who had thrown them out?

The thought sparked a devious plan in Alice's mind. Lionel was certainly going all out to protect Victoria.

In a way, it was fortunate that Lionel disposed of it.

She would use this opportunity to drive a wedge between Victoria and Yvette.

## **A Rose 418**

he manager of Jacob's chosen restaurant had been waiting at the door. As soon as Jacob arrived, the anager greeted him with a bow.

Mr. Murray, everything is ready as you requested. Please, come this way."

acob gave a slight, indifferent nod. His expression softened as he turned to Yvette and Nancy. "Yvie, I how you both like spicy food, so I've ordered a few Southwichian dishes for us to try-

ut before he could finish speaking, Nancy interrupted him. "But Jacob, I thought you couldn't handle >icy food?"

acob raised an eyebrow as he looked at her. "How did you know that?"

is dietary habits were only known to those close to him. So, how did she know about it?

amn, she gave herself away. Nancy's face flushed with embarrassment. She ducked her head, avoiding

s gaze.

s she felt her panic rising, Yvette's calm voice cut through the tension.

told her."

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ancy's eyes lit up with gratitude as she looked at Yvette. "That's right, Yvie told me!"

acob's expression remained skeptical, but he didn't press the issue. He soon led them toward the private dining room.

s they walked, Yvette's eyes flicked to her phone, and her lips pursed slightly. "Jacob, you guys go ahead. I need to take care of something. I'll be right back."

'vie, what is-

ut before Jacob could ask her what was wrong, Collin popped up out of nowhere and threw an arm 'ound Jacob's shoulder. "Hey, Jacob! What a coincidence running into you here!"

acob's eyes narrowed dangerously. "What are you doing here?"

is timely arrival was too suspicious to be ignored.

Oh, me?" Collin grinned. "I brought my new girlfriend along for dinner. Fancy running into you here, Jacob! 'ant me to introduce you?"

Jo, thanks."

ne lingering doubts in Jacob's mind were finally laid to rest. By the time they finished talking, Yvette was nowhere to be seen.

ll go ahead and wait inside." Nancy politely excused herself.

Okay, I'll be right there," Jacob replied.

ollin's eyes landed on the brooch Nancy was wearing, and a sly grin spread across his face. "Hey, Jacob, see you finally gave the brooch to the pretty lady. No wonder you didn't let me outbid you."

ollin had taken a liking to the brooch back then and had asked Jacob to let him win the bid. However, Jacob flat-out refused.

t the time, Collin had been puzzled. Jacob didn't have a girlfriend, so what was the point of buying the rooch? Even if Jacob did win the bid, it would just end up collecting dust at home. It would be better to et Collin have the brooch so he could use it to impress the ladies.

But little did he know, Jacob did give the brooch away.

"Cut it out," Jacob snapped, giving him an irritated look. "She's a good friend of Yvie. I consider her nothing more than a sister."

Collin chuckled. "Oh, I see. First, she's a friend, then a little sister. Next thing you know, she'll be your darling."

Jacob's eyes flashed with annoyance. "Get lost!"

Jacob shot him a cold glance and spoke in an annoyed tone. "She's the same age as Yvie. I'm not some kind of old lecher like Wilson!"

How could he possibly be like Wilson with his penchant for younger women? Jacob had always despised men who preyed on younger women. He would never let himself become one of them.

Collin raised an eyebrow at Jacob's vehement denial and teased, "Jacob, you never know. What if you end up just like Wilson, dating someone much younger? That would be a huge plot twist, huh?"

"I would never."

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## **A Rose 419**

cob outright dismissed the idea. Images of Wilson, that pervert, taking advantage of his young sister ade his face darken further.

treat her like a sister," Jacob growled, his voice low and menacing. "I would never be like Wilson, that i lecher who preys on young girls."

incy, who had been standing near the door to the private room, overheard their conversation. Her steps me to a stiff halt as her face scrunched up.

>w could he think of her as a sister? She had always presented herself as an elegant and refined young

>man in front of him.

don't want to be your sister," Nancy muttered to herself, her voice barely audible.

She bit her bottom lip then, thinking she needed to come up with a different approach.

Outside the private room, Jacob was getting impatient. "It's been 15 minutes, and Yvette still hasn't come back," he said, frowning. He pushed Collin aside and was ready to set off. "I need to find Yvette. You can

not be lost now."

Collin's face turned pale, and he quickly grabbed Jacob's arm. "Jacob, don't go!"

Jacob caught Yvette and Wilson together, Wilson would surely get beaten up. Collin wouldn't be able to escape a beating either!

Jacob's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You seem pretty nervous..."

Collin hastily shook his head. "I am not. I just think you're being too controlling with Yvette. Young girls these days don't like being controlled, and I'm worried she'll start to dislike you."

Jacob hesitated upon hearing this. His determination to find Yvette wavered.

He managed to lose Wilson on the way here, so there was no way he'd be here now. As such, he didn't

want to worry too much. The last thing he wanted was for Yvette to hate him.

Meanwhile, Yvette had made her way to the second-floor balcony of the restaurant. Yet, she couldn't spot

the man she was expecting. With a puzzled frown, she was on the verge of leaving.

Suddenly, a pair of strong, sculpted arms grasped her waist and pulled her into a hidden corner.

If you didn't look closely, you wouldn't even notice anyone there.

Yvette's reflexes were quick. She was about to strike back when she caught the scent of a familiar, pleasant aroma. She relaxed, leaning into the man's warm and broad chest.

"What do you want?"

"I missed you, Yvette," Wilson replied, his warm breath sending shivers down her spine.

rette's eyelashes fluttered. With Jacob watching her so closely lately, they hadn't been able to see each other much.

"We're engaged, and yet we're sneaking around like we're having an affair." Wilson's voice was deep and husky, tinged with frustration, making it hard to resist.

Yvette reached out and hugged his waist, trying to placate him.

"How do you plan to make it up to me, my fiancée?" Wilson's gaze was fixed on her, his eyes dark and

intense. His voice, both deep and alluring, sent shivers down her spine. He was a dangerous siren, luring her closer.

He then suggested, "How about a kiss?"

Yvette bit her lip. "I can't stay too long, or Jacob will worry."

"It's okay," he whispered, his breath hot against her ear.

"Baby, Collin's got him distracted."

It was then that Yvette realized he had planned everything out in advance.

But before she could even process this thought, she found herself trapped in the corner. The man's scorching kiss descended upon her like a storm. It was a kiss that was both possessive and demanding, leaving her no room to escape.

Chapter 420

## **A Rose 420**

As the kiss ended, Wilson's tie was loosened, revealing his chiseled collarbone. It was clear that the kiss

had been intense.

Yvette could only mutter, "Jerk..."

Wilson's eyes lingered on Yvette's inviting, crimson lips. A satisfied smirk played on his lips.

"Yes, maybe I am a jerk. Baby, don't be angry." Wilson hushed her with a gentle, soothing tone.

Yvette's eyes flashed with annoyance, but her expression only amused Wilson.

he gulped, his gaze growing intense. "Baby, do you want to do it again?"

Yvette's face grew hotter, and she bit down on Wilson's collarbone in a fit of frustration.

His sharp intake of breath sent a shiver down Yvette's spine. Her delicate ears burned as she realized just how suggestive his tone was.

Her flushed ears only deepened the playful smile on Wilson's face as he began to tease her.

"Baby, you can do whatever you want to me..."

u

Yvette's ears burned with embarrassment. Wilson was impossibly overbearing, saying such indecent things in a secluded corner like this.

Her ears felt like they were on fire. Yvette shyly shoved him away. "I must take my leave."

"Okay." Wilson reluctantly released Yvette's slender waist. He knew that if she didn't return soon, Jacob would grow suspicious.

"Baby, just wait a little longer. I'll make sure your family accepts me soon," he whispered.

Yvette curved her lips into a knowing smile. "I believe you."

After Yvette left, Wilson emerged from the corner, his long legs striding forward.

"Wilson, your neck..." Collin rushed over at this moment, his eyes widening in surprise as he took in the deep bite mark on Wilson's neck.

"My fiancée did that," Wilson said, his deep, magnetic voice a low chuckle. It was obvious he was feeling

quite content.

His tone was dripping with pride.

Collin rolled his eyes, his expression incredulous. He thought to himself, "Damn it. What's there to brag

about? It's not like I don't have a girlfriend."

Shaking his head, Collin said, "Wilson, please don't involve me in this again. If Jacob finds out, I'm a goner!"

cob was so protective of his sister that if he knew Collin had helped Wilson secretly meet up with her, 'd go ballistic. Collin shuddered just thinking about it.

ou did well, Collin. The land in Weston is yours." Wilson's deep, languid voice drawled out his words.

ollin's face transformed in an instant, his eyes lighting up with excitement. He immediately changed his, ne, saying, "Wilson, please don't hesitate to ask me for any help in the future."

ist then, Samuel rushed over and respectfully reported to him, "Mr. Quinn, I received news that Mrs. urray is at a gathering with other socialites at Sherman Villa."

"Let's go to Sherman Villa now, then," came Wilson's response.

Samuel nodded right away. "Yes, Mr. Quinn."

Wilson was going to make another effort to impress his future mother-in-law.

After having dinner with Jacob, Yvette ordered some of Madison's favorite dishes to go and brought them to the hospital.

"Yvie, I love you to death! These are all my favorites!"

Seeing Madison's beaming smile, Yvette couldn't help but smile too.

Madison began to eat with gusto, but after a few bites, she let out a long sigh. She muttered, "Alas..."

Yvette's eyes met hers, as she asked, "What's wrong?"

Madison shook her head. "I can't make it to Ashton's concert. I was so excited about it, but now I can't

even go. What a bummer!"

"No big deal," Yvette said, shrugging it off. "I'll have the concert postponed so you won't miss it."

Madison's eyes widened in shock, and she laughed. "Yvie, come on! A concert by someone as popular as Ashton? That's not going to be postponed!"

Hearing the regret in Madison's tone, Yvette's voice remained nonchalant. "I said I postpone it, so I will."

There was an unmistakable firmness in her tone.



Despite her calm demeanor, her words were profoundly compelling.

“But Yvie, postponing a concert like that would cause so much trouble and result in additional expenses. Ashton’s company would never agree to it. You don’t know how ruthless Starlight Entertainment is. They’re notorious for being cutthroat so they wouldn’t risk losing money.”

She continued, “And it’s so odd. Ashton was so eager to leave Starlight Entertainment, but now he’s had a complete change of heart and wants to stay there forever! We fans are all baffled.”

Madison’s eyes filled with sympathy as she spoke. “Poor Ashton! He will be overworked by Starlight’s ruthless boss for the rest of his life!”

Yvette pressed her lips together. “Ruthless?”

Madison nodded vigorously, her voice indignant. “Yes, she’s the worst! The Starlight boss is such a money-grubber. She’s totally exploiting Ashton! As Ashton’s fans, we should let her have it every chance we get!”

Yvette was rendered speechless.

“Yvie, what’s wrong? Why are you so quiet?” Madison asked, puzzled.

Yvette’s voice was calm when she replied, “Because I’m the ruthless boss you’re talking about! I’m the CEO of Starlight Entertainment.”

Madison’s face froze, her eyes widening with shock. “Yvie, y–you’re the CEO of Starlight? How is that possible? You’re so young, and Starlight is the biggest entertainment company in the country. Oh my God, that’s amazing!”

Yvette said, “I can make your dreams come true, Madison. What else do you want?”

“Yvie, you’re such a sweetheart!” Madison exclaimed, grinning. “If I could get Ashton’s autograph, that would be great. And maybe a signed photo too?”

“No problem,” Yvette replied nonchalantly. “You can even ask him for an autograph on his nude photo.”

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