

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 441 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 441

It was just as Alice expected. Wilson cared about Victoria more than he cared about Yvette. When Victoria asked him to help the Robertsons on her behalf, he agreed right away!

Victoria was a fool who thought of Alice as her best friend. With a connection like this, Alice wouldn't have to fear Yvette at all.

With that in mind, Alice began smiling gleefully. After Wilson revoked their marriage agreement because of Victoria, Yvette would become the laughingstock of the entire city!

"Look at how happy Alice looks right now, Yvie. How nasty!"

"Yeah, she ruins my mood. I can't believe we're in the same class as someone so wicked. Talk about bad luck!"

Ever since the class learned about what happened between Alice and Madison, they developed a strong hatred toward Alice.

"I wish we could kick her out of the class!"

Upon hearing this, Yvette said casually, "Don't worry. She won't be around for much longer.

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When Madison recovers from her injuries, Yvette would make Alice pay for her actions. She'll just let her have her way for a little while more.

Her classmates placed their full trust in Yvette's words. They immediately began nodding in joy. "Okay, Yvie. We'll wait for her to finally get out of our classroom!"

At a high-scale restaurant, Jacob was invited to a luncheon. Nancy and her father, William Smith, were present as well.

"Hello, Mr. Murray." When Jacob walked into the restaurant, all the other CEOs hurriedly got up to greet him.

Jacob instinctively headed straight toward Nancy. He found her with her head lowered and her eyes glued to her phone screen. She seemed to be texting someone. She didn't even bother to look at him.

Exasperated, he pursed his lips.

Who could she be talking to? She seemed pretty invested in the conversation.

She hadn't even replied to his messages yet! How rude of her!

Upon noticing Jacob's stare, William hurriedly intervened. "Don't be rude, Nancy! Hurry up and say hello to Mr. Murray."

"It's okay," before Nancy could get up, Jacob reassured William in a gentle voice. "You don't need to be so harsh on her, William."

William?

Everyone else froze. The Murray family and the Smith family weren't exactly close friends. Hence, it was extremely odd for Jacob to address William in such a friendly manner.

William himself had paused for a brief moment as well. When he snapped out of it, he felt more than happy about the situation. Being acquainted with the Murrays was always beneficial to the family.

"Do you want to have dinner with me tonight, Nance? Yvie will be there too." Jacob walked over to her and reached out to pet her head.

He was about to pet her head in front of all these people. He didn't just think of her like a sister; he was treating her like a child too. To Nancy, this felt embarrassing.

Hence, she moved away from his hand and gritted her teeth. Then, she pursed her lips and didn't say a word.

Why was she acting so cold toward him? She didn't even let him pet her head anymore.

Jacob couldn't help but narrow his eyes. Despite this, he was still speaking to her in a gentle and loving manner.

"What's wrong, Nance?"

When she still refused to respond, he started to sound slightly resigned. "Did I upset you? Why are you ignoring me?"

When he sent her home after their last dinner together, he noticed that something was off. Initially, he thought that she was just tired. Although he didn't understand why, he now realized that she was actually mad at him instead.

Upon seeing this, the CEOs in the room became even more shocked.

Despite his young age, Jacob was a skilled and ruthless businessman. His abilities were on par with the rest of them, who have been in this industry for a long time. Hence, it was unlike him to lower himself for a woman in this way.

The men shot each other knowing looks. They understood why he was acting so friendly with William now Jacob liked Nancy Smith!

"Stop being rude, Nancy!"

William adored his daughter, but he couldn't let her disrespect Jacob in front of so many people. Everything aside, he found it strange that the latter was doting on his daughter so much as well.

Nancy unwillingly turned toward Jacob before offering him a brisk hello.

"Hello, Mr. Murray."

First, she didn't let him touch her. Now, she wouldn't even call him by his name! It looked like she was extremely upset at him.

Jacob rubbed his forehead in resignation. He didn't know what to do. He had little experience with cheering people up.

Yvette was mild-tempered. She'd never give him the silent treatment. On the other hand, if his younger brothers were upset, a couple of drinks were enough to cheer them up. Unfortunately, Nancy wasn't one of his younger brothers. He would have to come up with something else to quell her anger!

Maybe Yvette would have an idea on what to do.

Nancy wasn't interested in socializing. She was only present at the luncheon because her father insisted she attend. So, she came up with an excuse and excused herself from the venue.

She couldn't help but frown at the way Jacob treated her like a child. "I have stunning features and a gorgeous figure-how could he treat me like a child? His taste in women is clearly lacking!" she grumbled.

She couldn't believe that she had a crush on such a knucklehead for so many years!

The more she thought about it, the more irritated she became. She'd like nothing more than to give him a piece of her mind right now.

After an extended period of time, she finally got a chance to approach him. In hopes of winning his affection, she tried her best to make herself look more mature. To her dismay, he only saw her as a younger sister!

She was infuriated!

"Aren't you supposed to be overseas, Ms. Smith? Why are you back in the country? You've gotten prettier since the last time I saw you."

Nancy was still fuming when a shallow voice rang out from behind her.

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Nancy's face darkened further upon hearing the new voice. She turned toward it. It really was that nuisance who sickened her the most!

"None of your business!" she said harshly, rolling her eyes at him.

Her dislike of him was obvious.

"Come on, don't be so harsh, Nance. We haven't seen each other for so long. This is a great opportunity to catch up with each other..."

Stanley Jennings's eyes were fixed obsessively upon her.

"Don't call me that! You haven't earned that right!" Nancy yelled at him, her disgust growing. "Please just get as far away from me as you can. I don't want to see your face!"

Stanley frowned. "No matter what, we're still childhood friends. Why are you so put off by me, Nance?"

"Hah! Bullshit!" Nancy rolled her eyes so hard one could only see the whites.

"Don't make me sick! We were only neighbors!" she yelled. "Neighbors and childhood friends are two completely unrelated things!"

This nuisance had been trailing behind her like a persistent fly ever since they were kids. He always followed after her so he could bully her, which caused many fights between them back then.

She'd finally managed to shake him off when she went abroad. However, she didn't think she'd run into him again today. How unlucky!

Nancy had absolutely no desire to say another word to him. She turned to leave, but she had barely taken a step before her arm was grabbed tightly.

"Stanley, you—Let go of me..."

She tried to shake him off forcefully, but he was stronger than her. Not only did she fail to throw him off, he held on even tighter.

“Nancy, I have something to say to you! You can’t leave!”

“I don’t want to hear it, so get lost!”

Nancy struggled with all her might and finally managed to escape his grasp. She quickly attempted to return to her private room, but Stanley chased after her desperately.

Just as it seemed like he would grab her again, a pair of slender hands intercepted him. They stopped him from touching a single hair on Nancy’s head.

“Has nobody ever told you not to force women into doing something they don’t want to?”

Jacob’s eyes narrowed dangerously beneath his gold–wire glasses. He squeezed Stanley’s arm in one hand while keeping Nancy safely behind his back with the other.

“M–Mr. Murray...”

Recognizing Jacob, Stanley’s expression changed drastically, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

“Mr. Murray, you’re mistaken. I didn’t force her into anything,” he hurriedly explained. “Me and Nance know each other. We’re childhood friends...”

Childhood friends?

For some reason, Jacob found that term extremely unpleasant to his ears. His grip on Stanley’s arm tightened.

With a snap, they heard the sound of breaking bone.

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Stanley cried out in pain. Immediately after, he was scared right back into silence by Jacob’s imposing air, too afraid to cry out again. He could only bite down the pain and speak up in a small voice.

“Mr. Murray, I just had something to say to her,” he said weakly.

Jacob’s eyes regained some of their warmth as he turned to look at Nancy. “Do you want to hear him out?” he asked her softly.

Nancy immediately shook her head. “No.”

She didn't want to say a single word more to this nuisance!

"You hear that? She doesn't want to hear what you have to say."

Jacob's eyes were cold as ice when he looked at Stanley. His icy tone carried a heavy hint of warning.

"Don't bother her again in the future."

As soon as he was done speaking, Jacob led Nancy away hand in hand. They left Stanley standing where he was with a pained face, cradling his broken arm.

His expression was ugly, a strong sense of crisis rising in his heart. A crisis of love.

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Stanley wondered when Nancy and Jacob had met—and why they seemed so close.

Nancy let Jacob guide her away, their fingers locked together, her face turning a deep shade of red.

They were holding hands...

But before Nancy could fully enjoy the moment, the memory of that day outside the booth with Collin hit her like a ton of bricks.

Jacob only saw her as sweet and treated her like a little sister. The thrill she'd just felt evaporated in an instant, and she wrenched her hand free from his grasp.

She had no intention of being his "sweet little sister"!

"Don't you want to go back to the room?" Jacob's voice was tender, his misunderstanding clear. "How about I take you home instead?"

Nancy turned her face away, her voice cold. "No, Mr. Murray. I can get home by myself."

Ugh, he realized she was still mad at him.

Jacob removed his gold-rimmed glasses, rubbing his brows with a sigh. As he leaned in close toward her, his voice took on a warm, indulgent tone. "Nance, what's got you worked up this time?"

With his glasses on, Jacob seemed reserved and polished, but without them, he exuded a more assertive, confident energy.

They were so close now...

Nancy's heart pounded as she met his intense, gentle gaze. Her thoughts were spinning out of control. She already had feelings for him, and now he was being so tender? That was downright unfair! How was she supposed to stay mad at him like this?

Seeing her anger fade, Jacob gently patted her head and spoke softly, trying to calm her down, "Nance, was wrong. Can I apologize? Please don't stay angry..."

He wasn't sure what he'd done to upset her, but he figured apologizing was a good start.

The moment the words left his lips, Nancy snapped out of her daze, her frustration building. She was even angrier now.

"You don't even know what you did wrong! You're just dismissing me!"

Jacob hadn't expected his apology to make things worse, and he was at a loss for words.

"I hate you!"

Nancy yanked her hand away and stormed off. Jacob felt a headache coming on—how had his attempt to make things right only made them worse? He quickly followed, trying to catch up.

But just then, a mocking voice cut through the tension. "This is priceless."

Wilson, standing a short distance away, wore a lazy smirk. He was clearly enjoying the spectacle.

"Jacob, looks like you're having a rough day."

It was rare to see Jacob, usually so in control, getting put in his place like this. Wilson found it deliciously satisfying.

Samuel, nearby, almost burst into laughter. Wilson's gloating was too blatant to ignore.

Jacob's face darkened immediately. "Get lost! Who do you think you are?"

Jacob wasn't surprised to see Wilson. This was the top restaurant in Jubilife City, a favorite for the elite to do business and socialize.

Wilson's devilish eyes glinted with even more amusement. "Jacob, didn't quite manage to cheer her up, did you? Want me to give you a few pointers?"

For a brief moment, Jacob was tempted. But then he remembered how Wilson had used these same tricks to win over Yvette, and his fists itched to knock that smug grin off his face.

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As soon as the bell rang, Yvette was swarmed by her classmates.

“Yvie, we’re going to visit Madison at the hospital. Want to join us?”

Yvette shook her head, remembering her promise to wait for Adam after school. “You guys go ahead. I’ll visit another day.”

“Okay!” Her classmates nodded and didn’t press her further. “Yvie, we’re heading out now!”

“Mm.”

Yvette lazily grabbed her backpack and started toward the school gate. As her classmates left, Alice quickly fell in step behind her, a self-satisfied smirk on her face.

“Yvette, you might not know yet, but the Quinn family has invested in my family! Hahaha, with their support, how can the Murray family possibly bring us down now?”

“The Quinn family invested in the Robertson family?” Yvette mused to herself. Her eyes narrowed slightly. Noticing Yvette’s lack of reaction, Alice’s smugness only grew. She couldn’t help but flaunt her victory. “I heard you’re engaged to Mr. Wilson, but when Victoria spoke to him, he agreed to invest in my family. “It seems you’re not as important to him as you thought. Clearly, Victoria means more to him than you do. It’s only a matter of time before he calls off the engagement, and you’ll end up as the joke of Jubilife City”

The thought made Alice practically giddy with delight.

Yvette had once humiliated her and nearly forced her into marrying that loathsome Benedict. Now, seeing Yvette face a similar fate was the sweetest revenge.

“Are you done talking?” Yvette stopped dead in her tracks and shot Alice a frosty glare. Despite her calm demeanor, an unmistakable air of intimidation surrounded her.

Alice’s body trembled involuntarily, but she quickly masked her fear with an arrogant smirk, pressing on with her taunts.

“What’s the matter, Yvette? Did I hit a sore spot? Can’t handle the truth? Look at yourself -you’re just a country bumpkin, far from being worthy of Mr. Wilson. Only someone as polished and sophisticated as Victoria is fit for him!”

Yvette's impassive expression only served to enrage Alice further. It felt like her words were bouncing off a wall—Yvette wasn't reacting as Alice had hoped, making her even more furious.

Alice's face flushed with anger, and she lashed out, "I heard you sent your adoptive parents to prison. You're such a heartless ingrate!"

"That old woman must regret ever taking you in. You put her son and granddaughter behind bars. If she knew, she'd be cursing the day she ever took in such a troublemaker!"

Before Alice could finish her sentence, she let out a shriek of terror at the sight of Yvette's rage.

Kayla was Alice's weak spot, any insult about her was unbearable.

Yvette's delicate face remained composed, but her air was suffused with a chilling, menacing intensity.

"You're looking for trouble?" Yvette's voice was ice-cold. "I'll be happy to oblige"

She had intended to let Madison handle her revenge once she recovered, but with Alice actively seeking confrontation, Yvette decided to take matters into her own hands,

"What... What are you doing?" Alice's voice trembled, her fear palpable as she tried to flee.

"Trying to run, are you?" Yvette's lips curled into a cold, mocking smile. Her eyes flashed with a dangerous glint as she released a flurry of silver needles from her slender fingers.

In a heartbeat, Alice's body went rigid, paralyzed and unresponsive, as if she had lost all control.

"What... What's happening?" Alice's fear was evident as she struggled. "Yvette, what did you do to me? Why can't I move..."

"You're too noisy," Yvette said, her face impassive. The coldness around her seemed to intensify, sending a shiver down Alice's spine.

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Alice's fear reached a fever pitch, her voice climbing to a panicked shriek. "Yvette, what did you do to

me..."

Before she could finish, a vice–like grip tightened around her throat, making her choke violently.

“I told you you were too noisy,” Yvette said coldly, her eyes as frigid as a winter’s night.

Alice coughed. Her terror was palpable. Her face twisted in sheer panic as she stared at Yvette. The suffocating lack of oxygen left her desperate and flailing, but Yvette’s hold remained unrelenting.

“Y–Yvette, please... let me go...”

”

Yvette’s expression was steely, her striking fox–like eyes glittering with ruthless intent.

Just as Alice was on the brink of suffocation, a familiar voice cut through the chaos.

“Yvie, what are you doing?”

Victoria, her face a mask of horror, rushed forward, desperation in her eyes. “Let Alice go! You’re killing her

“Get out of the way,” Yvette snapped, her fury blinding her as she shoved Victoria aside.

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“Ah...” Victoria fell hard to the ground, her already pale face becoming even more ashen. She looked agonized, her condition evidently worsening. It was a clear sign that her illness was flaring up.

Yvette’s attention wavered as she saw Victoria’s distress. She started to move toward her, but just then, Lionel arrived on the scene.

His face went from calm to panic as he saw Victoria on the ground. “Ms. Olson... Ms. Olson, what happened?”

Seizing the moment when Yvette was distracted, Alice wriggled out of her grasp and yelled, “Lionel, you’re just in time! It’s Yvette—she’s the one who shoved Victoria and caused all this. I saw it with my own. eyes!”

“How dare you harm Ms. Olson!” Lionel’s face darkened with fury. His eyes burned with a dangerous fire as he glared at Yvette.

“If you hurt her, you’ll pay the price,” he vowed, delivering a brutal palm strike aimed directly at Yvette’s vital points. The force behind his attack was ruthless, intended to either kill or severely cripple.

Yvette's expression hardened, her gaze icy. She was about to retaliate when another pair of hands moved even faster, intercepting Lionel's strike and delivering a crushing kick to his abdomen.

"Ah!" Lionel crashed to the ground like a ragdoll, his scream piercing the air as he spat out blood.

Wilson's eyes were as cold as ice. The thought of Lionel almost harming Yvette ignited a ferocious rage within him.

"Mr. Quinn..."

Even Lionel, writhing in agony, couldn't help but shiver in fear. He struggled to his knees, desperately begging for mercy, but Wilson was unmoved.

He advanced with a deliberate stride, his gaze was as unforgiving as a death sentence. "Wilson, please don't..."

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"Wilson, please... don't..." Victoria's voice cracked as her face her eyes, and she was barely holding herself together.

Wilson was impossibly pale. Tears were pooling in

Wilson didn't even flinch. His cold, strikingly handsome face remained hard as stone, showing no mercy.

"Wilson." Yvette's voice was soft, but it cut through the tension like a knife. Instantly, the fury that

surrounded him vanished, and without a word, he was back at her

Lionel, still on his knees, let out a shaky breath. His face was ghostly white, his body trembling with relief.

Wilson had been seconds away from ending him. Lionel knew that if Yvette hadn't called him off, he'd be dead already.

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And the thing that terrified him the most? He hadn't even needed Yvette. The murderous intent Wilson

had unleashed was just from the threat. If he'd actually laid a hand on her...

He didn't even want to imagine what would've happened. Who knew Yvette had such a hold on Wilson?

"Take her to the hospital," Yvette said coolly.

Her fingers slipped into Wilson's larger hand, a small gesture meant to calm him down. She glanced at Victoria, pale and trembling, blood seeping from her scraped knees.

Yvette had pushed her, sure, but it hadn't been that hard. Just a nudge. Still, Victoria had fallen harder than expected. Yvette wasn't about to walk away from that without owning up.

Wilson's fury simmered but didn't die out completely. His cold, dangerous gaze remained locked on Lionel, practically daring him to make a move.

"Lock him up in the dungeon," Wilson ordered. "Let him pay for this."

Everyone knew what that meant—unimaginable torture, the kind that would leave one praying for death. Only the worst offenses were punished that way.

Samuel's skin crawled at the thought of it. He shot Lionel a glance of pure pity before nodding. "Understood, Mr. Quinn."

Lionel might survive, but if he did, he'd never be the same again.

"Wilson, please," Victoria's voice trembled, her eyes red with unshed tears. "Lionel only acted out of fear for me. He wasn't thinking. If you need to punish someone, punish me. Just... Don't hurt him."

Her soft, broken sobs made her look so fragile, the kind of sight that would make anyone's heart soften. "Wilson, he's already injured. If you send him for punishment, it'll kill him! He can't survive it!"

But Wilson remained cold, unmoved by her pleas. His jaw tightened, and without even sparing her a glance, he turned to Samuel. "Take her to the hospital."

Samuel, clearly uncomfortable but knowing better than to argue, gave a respectful nod. "Yes, Mr. Quinn." Victoria was practically forced into the car, her tear-filled eyes wide with desperation. She

opened her mouth as if to say something else, but Samuel swiftly closed the door, and her words were swallowed by the slam.

"You're not going to check on her? She looks pretty bad..." Yvette's voice faltered as Wilson's hand clamped down on her chin.

“Do you even hear yourself?” Wilson’s eyes narrowed into dangerous slits, his anger palpable. “You want

me to go be with another woman?”

Most women would be seething with jealousy, but not Yvette. Instead of feeling betrayed, she was actually suggesting he comfort Victoria. Did he really mean so little to her?

“Are you trying to drive me crazy?”

Yvette hadn’t anticipated her words would strike such a nerve. Realizing her mistake, she quickly pressed herself against him, her slender arms wrapping around his firm waist.

“I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I didn’t mean it. Please, don’t be angry with me.”

“Don’t think this gets you off the hook,” Wilson said, his hands gripping her waist with a firmness that made it clear he was still upset.

Yvette, sensing his anger, bit her lip and then stood on her tiptoes to give him a quick, gentle kiss. She really knew how to calm him down.

Wilson’s irritation seemed to melt away almost instantly. His grip on her waist tightened, and his voice, though still deep and gravelly, held an edge of vulnerability.

“Baby, don’t ever push me toward someone else again, he said.

Yvette nodded, her eyes earnest. “I won’t.”

Wilson’s gaze softened as he looked at her, but the gravity of the situation soon returned to his features.

He spoke in a low, unwavering tone, “I promise you, Yvie, something like this will never happen again.”

A sleek black Porsche eased to a halt in front of Jubilife University. The door swung open, and a group of imposing men stepped out. At the head of the group was Adam, whose commanding presence was impossible to ignore.

“You all insisted on tagging along to pick up Yvie,” Adam said. “But let me warn you—act civilized! Don’t scare her!”

Civilized?

The group of tough guys exchanged puzzled glances, clearly bewildered by the term. Did Adam even know what that word meant?

“If any of you mess up my flawless image in Yvie’s eyes,” Adam warned, his voice low and intense, “I’ll deal with you myself!”

“Got it, captain!” they responded, half-heartedly.

Though they agreed, whispers of disbelief and amusement quickly spread among them.

“Captain, with Yvie looking like she does, I bet she’s got a bunch of guys after her at school, huh?”

“That’s a given! Yvie’s like a goddess—she’s got that fierce, cool vibe. It’s, not just the college guys who’d be into her.”

“Cut it out!” Adam snapped, his irritation clear. “Yvie’s still a kid. She’s not getting into relationships yet!” His sister was too remarkable for anyone to be worthy of her. Any guy who dared to get close would have to deal with him.

Seeing Adam’s rising anger, the rest of the team quickly shifted the topic.

“Man, these college kids today, making out right by the campus gate—talk about a public display of

“Yeah, talk about being hit with a face full of PDA... Wait a minute—Captain, isn’t that our sister over there?”

“Who the hell said she’s your sister? She’s my sister, and mine alone!”

Adam’s anger erupted. When he saw Yvette’s face, his rage intensified even more. “What the hell? Who’s the idiot hugging my sister? I’m going to break his damn hands!”

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“Yvie, shall I send you home?”

Just as Wilson let go of Yvette’s hand, his keen senses detected someone closing in on him quickly. His eyes narrowed.

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Adam’s strike was quick, precise, and packed with incredible explosive This fist that came flying toward him wasn’t something the average person could dodge.

However, Wilson not only avoided it but was also quick to counterattack. He struck back, aiming to break the other man's arm.

"Adam!" Yvette cried out.

Hearing her call out her brother's name, Wilson immediately froze and pulled back. He greeted Adam politely, all traces of hostility erased.

"Adam, long time no see."

Adam had also finally gotten a good look at the other man. Disbelief was written all over his handsome face, as it was the first time he had made such a blunder.

"Wilson?"

The Murrays and the Quinns were on good terms with each other. Naturally, this meant that he and Wilson were acquainted, but they weren't particularly close.

He was also stationed at the base camp, carrying out missions all year round, and spent very little time in Jubilife City. Therefore, it made sense that he didn't recognize Wilson from the back.

As he recalled Wilson's age, Adam's irritation increased. He just barely held himself back from pointing a finger directly in the other man's face.

"What the heck do you think you're doing, hugging my sister? I'm warning you. Don't you dare make any moves on her or I'll make you pay!"

Wilson raised an eyebrow. "Adam, seeing as you just returned to

have heard that Yvie and I are engaged. I have every right to Jubilife City, I'm afraid you might not

"What?"

my fiancée," he said steadily.

Adam was shocked. He immediately turned to Yvette to verify Wilson's words.

"Yvie, please tell me it's not true. He's spouting nonsense, right?"

Yvette pursed her lips. "Adam, he's telling the truth."

Adam couldn't accept what he had heard.

“Break off the engagement!” he demanded. “Break it off immediately! I don’t agree with this marriage!”

He had only just returned to Jubilife City. How could his darling sister have become someone else’s fiancée while he had been away?

Wilson’s face darkened at the mention of breaking off the engagement. off an inexplicable sense

“Adam, I’m afraid I can’t agree with you on this,” he said.

Adam glared at him. “I don’t care if you agree or not! Either way, I’m not going to agree with this marriage! You’re marrying my sister over my dead body, Wilson!”

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Yvette was still so young, yet he dared to make a move on her?

Adam was seeing Wilson as more and more of an eyesore. He wanted nothing more than to give him a good beating.

“Do you dare accept my challenge? If you lose, you have to break off your engagement to Yvie!”

Adam was like an irritated, raging bull, whereas Wilson was unnervingly calm, at least on the surface. Sparks flew as they stared each other down, each with their own agenda.

“What happens if I win, Adam?”

Adam snorted coldly. “If you win, then I won’t interfere with your engagement anymore!”

Wilson’s eyes narrowed. “Alright. It’s a deal,” he agreed without hesitation.

Adam’s subordinates, having witnessed the entire scene, were excited to watch the sparks fly.

“Ohoho, this is going to be fun to watch!”

“Haha, I know, right? Our captain is no pushover. There aren’t many people throughout the entirety of Croedal who can go toe-to-toe with him!”

“That’s right. This’ll be entertaining...”

Yvette’s brow furrowed as she looked at the two men, neither of which was willing to back down. “Adam, you two shouldn’t fight-”

But she was gently cut off by Adam, “Yvie, this is a matter between the two of us. You don’t have to worry about it!”

Wilson reached out to stroke her head as well. His low voice was filled with affection.

“Be good, baby. You head home first. I’ll go look for you later.”

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Adam’s irritation only grew stronger at Wilson’s words,

Hah, Wilson wanted to visit his beloved sister again? He was going to beat the other man up so badly later he wasn’t going to be able to even stand!

Adam sneered coldly.

“All of you escort Yvette home while I deal with him!” he commanded his men.

“Aye, captain!”

Meanwhile, Alice was examining her injuries at the Robertson Mansion. She pulled a mirror out of her pocket and examined her purpling bruise. The hatred in her heart continued to grow.

“Ouch... that bitch Yvette certainly didn’t pull any punches!”

It was a good thing that she had taken advantage of the chaos and slipped away while nobody was paying attention to her. Otherwise, her fate would have been horrible.

Thinking about everything that had happened just now still terrified her. At the same time, she felt incredibly confused.

Wilson had moved to help the Robertson family the moment Victoria asked him to. Logically, he wouldn’t have let Yvette get off scot-free after seeing her cause Alice to get hurt.

But just why had he been so protective of that bitch Yvette just now?

“Alice, you’re back!”

Seeing Alice standing at the entrance, Molly greeted her warmly. There was no trace of the disgust from before.

“My daughter is amazing! To think you managed to convince the Quinns to invest in our family! We’re saved!”

In the face of Molly’s complete change in attitude, Alice immediately shoved the incident with Yvette to the back of her mind. Her ego was sky-high. She didn’t mention a word about Victoria’s contribution and instead claimed all the credit for herself.

“Mom, now you and dad won’t force me to marry Mr. Luiz anymore, right?”

Molly was all smiles. “Of course we won’t! You’re our family’s savior! You can tell me anything you want, Alice. I’ll get you anything you want!” she declared.

Alice’s face was filled with greed. “Mom, I want Chanel’s latest fashion!”

She would wear the trendiest clothes and put on the nicest makeup. All so that she could show that bitch Yvette up!

Molly immediately hesitated. “Ah, well... the prices for Chanel’s latest clothing has been hiked up to unreasonable prices! They would cost a lot to buy!”

“I don’t care! Chanel’s latest fashion is what I want!” Alice insisted. “Didn’t you just say you’d get me anything I want? I’ve even gotten the Quinns to invest in our family! I deserve a huge reward for such a great feat, Mom!”

That bitch Yvette already had those clothes. She wasn’t about to lose to her!

“Alright. I’ll buy them for you, Alice!”

Molly had no choice. She could only place an immediate order via phone call and reluctantly transfer the

money.

“Mom, you treat me so well!”

Alice was elated just thinking about the fact that the Chanel shop assistants would be sending their latest

fashion over very soon.

“Haha...” Molly’s smile was forced. Her heart was still aching at the huge sum of money she had just transferred away. “As long as you like it!”

“Mr. Robertson has returned...”

Alice ran out excitedly at the household staff’s announcement.

“Dad, you’re back! I got the Quinns to invest in our family!” she rambled. “Now that we’re under the protection of the Quinns, even the Murrays can’t do anything to us! I’m our family’s savior, Dad! How are you planning to reward-”

Before Alice could finish her smug speech, Frank slapped her heavily across the face. “You still have the nerve to claim yourself as our savior? You’re no savior, you’re a jinx! Our family is doomed because of you! I should’ve strangled you to death as a baby!”

“Ah...” Alice was disoriented by the slap, but she pushed through the pain.

“What’s wrong, Dad?” she asked quickly, “Haven’t the Quinns invested in us? Why did you hit me...”

Frank looked at her with hatred in his eyes. “The Quinns did indeed invest in us, but KW Corporation stepped in. They mentioned you by name, making it clear that you offended someone you never should have offended!”

KW Corporation was one of the top four global financial conglomerates. They even had the top global organization Shadow Alliance backing them!

The Quinns would never choose to get on the Shadow Alliance’s bad side just for the Robertsons’ sake! The Robertson family was doomed, completely doomed!

A Rose 449

THIC Nice was dumbfounded. “How can this be?”

They’d fallen into crisis after being targeted by the Murrays and had finally found a way to solve it. But now KW Corporation was coming after them too?

What had she even done to offend them? As far as she knew, she hadn’t done anything.

“First you offended the Murrays, causing our family to be targeted and dismissed from our positions. And now you’ve gone and offended KW Corporation. I swear I’m going to beat you up, you jinx!”

In his rage, Frank grabbed a wooden stick and started beating Alice up. He was practically spitting flames from his eyes.

“Argh!” Alice screamed and sobbed in pain. It was a sorry sight to see.

“Dad, please stop hitting me... I—I don’t even know anyone from KW Corporation? How could I possibly have offended them?”

KW Corporation was one of the top four global financial conglomerates. How could she possibly dare

offend them?

“You tell me! They specifically mentioned you by name, saying you offended someone you shouldn’t have. Are you trying to say that KW Corporation is trying to slander you?”

“You jinx! You caused our company to go bankrupt, and now you’ve landed us in heavy debt! Tell me how I’m supposed to pay it off!”

Molly’s expression darkened at his words. She slapped Alice over and over again.

“You landed our company in this state, yet you still dared demand things from me! You made me waste five million dollars buying Chanel’s latest fashion... I’m going to beat you to death, you jinx!”

“Argh! Don’t hit me anymore...”

Alice cried bitterly at the beating she was receiving. She was a complete mess, but no matter how much she pleaded, her parents didn’t let up in the slightest. In fact, they beat her even harder.

As she endured the incredible pain going through her body, her heart burned with hatred.

This was all that bitch Yvette’s fault! If not for her, would she have been reduced to this mess? No, she

couldn’t admit defeat like this!

Alice chewed on her lip. Her eyes darkened. She had to think of a way to get Victoria to help her one more >> time, or she was doomed!

“Stop the car.”

A cold but pleasant female voice rang out. Her tone was mild yet gave off an oppressive feeling.

The men in the car were stunned by the imposing air she gave off.

‘As expected of the captain’s sister! She’s more imposing than the captain!’ they silently thought to

themselves.

Come on, please don't make things difficult for us, Yvie. The captain ordered us to escort you home. If we don't complete the mission he gave us, we'll be punished!"

"That's right! You don't know how harsh the captain's punishments are, Yvie!"

"Yeah, we really don't want to be punished! Please Yvie just take pity on us!"

"I'll speak to Adam about it," said Yvette. "You guys won't be punished."

The men were in a dilemma. "But..."

Yvette spoke up again without waiting for them to finish. "Don't forget, you guys still owe me."

They immediately became serious at that. Indeed, they still owed Yvette two huge favors. If it hadn't been for her help back then, they wouldn't have caught the drug trafficking leader so quickly.

There was also the medicine she had developed. Any injuries they received from carrying out missions would recover much faster thanks to it, which was a big help to them.

"Alright, we'll send you there, Yvie! But remember, don't tell the captain that we were the ones who got you there!"

Yvette nodded. "No problem."

"Hail Yvie!"

Adam's subordinates immediately changed course, driving toward the boxing gym instead.

Before Yvette could relax, she received a phone call from Nancy.

"Yvie, come drink with me at Royal Pavilion! I ordered a whole lot of wine. Let's have a good time..."

Yvette frowned at the sound of Nancy's drunk voice. "Nancy, are you in a bad mood?" she asked worriedly.

Nancy's muffled voice sounded from the other end of the phone. "Mhm, a little! Yvie, I hate how thick-headed he is. I have the looks and the figure, yet he only treats me as a younger sister. I really feel like strangling him..."

Before Yvette had the chance to reply, Nancy hung up.

Her frown deepened. She was becoming more and more worried for Nancy, but she wouldn't get to her in time even if she rushed over right now...

After a moment's thought, she picked up her phone and called Jacob. The call connected instantly.

"What's up, Yvie?"

Jacob was both surprised and flattered that Yvette would contact him. This was the first time she had actively reached out to him!

"Jacob, Nancy is at the Royal Pavilion alone, and she's drunk. I'm worried about her, but I have something else to take care of right now. Can you pick her up for me?"

Jacob's expression instantly became serious when he heard about Nancy's state.

"Alright. I'll head over there right now, Yvie."

Jacob wasted no time. Right after hanging up, he grabbed his coat and turned to leave the house.

All sorts of people frequented the Royal Pavilion. It was dangerous for a young lady like Nancy to remain in a place like that while drunk.

"Where are you going, Jacob?"

Yara rarely saw her level-headed eldest son in such a hurry, so she couldn't help but be curious.

"I'm making a trip down to the Royal Pavilion. You get some early rest, Mom!"

Upon hearing that he was headed to the Royal Pavilion, Yara's curiosity was mostly satisfied. But then she seemed to think of something and waggled her eyebrows at him suggestively. "Oh? Come to think of it, I heard that you were showing a lot of care toward a certain young

lady today, Jacob. Are you interested in her, perhaps? Do you need me to start engagement talks with the Smiths?"

"Mom, stop talking nonsense." Jacob frowned, his expression serious. "She's Yvie's friend. I told you before that there's no way I'm going to be a shameless lecher like Wilson!"

"Why are you finding fault with my son-in-law all of a sudden?" asked Yara, her amusement fading. "Other than the fact that he's slightly older than Yvie, he's the perfect fiancé!"

Jacob squinted disbelievingly at her.

"Mom, what kind of brainwashing magic did Wilson cast on you? Why have you become so supportive of him so quickly?"

"What can I say, he's grown on me! Besides, Wilson is just an outstanding kid all around, so of course I like him!"

Yara glanced at Jacob. "On the other hand, when are you going to bring back a girlfriend? You aren't getting any younger, you know."

"I'm in a hurry, Mom. I have to go, " Jacob interrupted. "You get some rest."

He then left hurriedly, worried for Nancy.

"What exactly has him in such a rush?" Yara wondered aloud.

"Why are you standing in the doorway, dear?" asked Irwin. He walked over and circled his arms around her shoulders.

"It's nothing!" Yara quickly dismissed her own curiosity. "I was just thinking that Wilson is only a year older than Jacob, and yet he already has a girlfriend. It's about time we find Jacob a girlfriend as well!"

"After all, he's not young anymore. We need to start setting up some blind dates. We can't delay his marriage any longer!"

A Rose 450

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