

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

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A Rose 451

A quick 15 minutes later, the car rolled to a stop in front of the boxing gym.

Yvette stepped out and walked gracefully, Just as she entered the gym, she bumped into Adam, who was

on his way out.

“Yvie, what are you doing here? I told those guys to take you home.”

Adam’s expression turned uneasy at the sight of her. He instinctively raised a hand to cover his right cheek, clearly trying to save his pride.

“Put your hand down,” Yvette said.

Adam attempted to laugh it off. “Yvie, I’m fine. Let’s go home now, it’s getting late-”

Before he could finish, Yvette interrupted him with a cool, commanding tone. “Don’t make me say it twice.

Adam cautiously glanced at Yvette’s expression. Though still reluctant, he obediently lowered his hand, wary of upsetting his sister.

The other team members watched in disbelief. When did their captain become so obedient? And why did Yvette have such a powerful presence? She didn’t even need to be angry to command respect. Anyone

would want to submit to her.

Seeing the wound on Adam’s face, Yvette’s brows furrowed. Her displeased gaze fell upon Wilson who had come out after them.

“Who told you to mess around with Adam?” She didn’t want to see either of them get hurt.

Seeing that Yvette was really angry, Wilson abandoned his casual demeanor and became visibly flustered. He lowered his stance and apologized sincerely. “Yvie, I was wrong.”

Adam was initially taken aback by Wilson's attitude, but he couldn't help feeling a sense of delight as Yvette defended him. As her older brother, it seemed that he mattered more to her than Wilson did.

If Adam had a tail behind him, he would be wagging it with pride right now. The frustration from his previous loss had vanished completely.

Before he could enjoy it for long, Yvette looked at him indifferently. "Why are you laughing, Adam? Do you really like to fight?"

"No. I don't like fighting," came his immediate response.

Upon noticing Yvette's icy stare, Adam grew nervous and started stammering. "Y-Yvie, don't be angry."

"Captain, who won between you two in the end?" The team members standing by couldn't help but ask out of curiosity.

They thought Adam would win, but they saw Wilson free of injuries, while Adam had a wound on his face. It was so strange!

"Yeah. Who won?"

"Um... well..."

At the mention of the match, Adam's expression faltered, and he stumbled over his words. He wasn't one to shy away from losing; he just didn't want to embarrass himself in front of Yvette.

"It was a draw." Wilson's deep, resonant voice broke the tension.

Adam instantly sighed in relief, feeling a bit more favorable toward him. At least Wilson had the sense to spare him the embarrassment in front of Yvette.

"Yvie, don't be mad at me. I promise I won't fight him again."

Yvette didn't respond. She simply turned and walked into the boxing gym.

"What do I do? Yvie's upset with me! How can I make it up to her?" Adam fretted, panic rising in him. "This is bad! I've only just returned, and I've already made her angry. What if she doesn't like me as her brother anymore?"

"Captain, don't worry. Yvette isn't the type to hold grudges. How about I grab some ointment from the car to treat your cut?"

"Now's not the time for treatment! It's just a small scratch, it'll heal on its own."

A Rose 452

Adam's impatience was evident. Before he could finish speaking, however, he saw Yvette walking toward him with a first-aid kit in hand.

His expression froze, and he quickly cleared his throat, changing his tone. "Even small injuries need to be treated

so that they will heal faster."

The team members exchanged glances, surprised by how quickly Adam's demeanor shifted.

Meanwhile, the manager of Royal Pavilion was already waiting at the entrance. As soon as he spotted Jacob—having received the news—he approached Jacob respectfully.

"Mr. Murray."

Jacob shot him a glare, his commanding presence sending a chill down the manager's spine.

"Which private room is she in?"

"Ms. Smith is in Room 403. Mr. Murray, I ensured no one approached Ms. Smith before you arrived, just as you instructed."

Jacob nodded and strode purposefully toward Room 403. As he pushed the door open, a strong smell of alcohol hit him, causing him to frown instinctively.

When Jacob saw Nancy sprawled on the couch completely intoxicated, he stepped inside without a hint of disgust.

"Why did you drink so much?" Jacob furrowed his brows, ready to scold Nancy. But as he heard her groan in discomfort, he hesitated.

"Ugh... I feel so dizzy... Don't move..."

Seeing her in such a state made Jacob's heart soften, and he found it hard to say anything harsh.

"You're not allowed to drink so much next time." Jacob sighed before reaching out to help her up. "Nance, be good. I'll take you home."

"I don't want to go home. I want to keep drinking," Nancy mumbled.

She was intoxicated and couldn't hear Jacob. She started throwing a tantrum, waved her arms, and reached for the wine glass on the table again.

Jacob felt a pounding headache coming on. He never expected the usually sweet and obedient Nancy to be such a handful when drunk.

"I want to drink until morning. Bring me another dozen drinks," Nancy slurred, reaching wildly for her glass. Before she could grab it, Jacob reached out—ignoring her struggles—and scooped her up effortlessly in his arms. He then strode out of the club without a second thought.

The manager was shocked as he watched the scene unfold. Jacob usually despised noisy scenes, yet despite Nancy's antics, he hadn't abandoned her. It was clear she held a special place in his heart.

"Sit still. I'm taking you home." As soon as Jacob carried Nancy into the car, she began to act up again. "You bad man. I'll bite you." Nancy was clearly drunk as she clumsily fumbled at his shirt with her hands. "Why are you biting me and tugging at my clothes?" Jacob couldn't help but laugh. His slender fingers gently caught her wandering hands. His deep, magnetic voice held a mix of exasperation and indulgence

that even he hadn't noticed.

"Nance, just where do you think you're biting?"

"Your abs!" Nancy mumbled, her thoughts muddled by the alcohol. She buried her face against his chest, nuzzling into his firm chest through the thin fabric of his shirt.

"I'm going to leave my bite marks all over your abs..."

That way, Jacob would finally be hers!

A Rose 453

As Nancy nuzzled against him, Jacob's body went rigid. He glanced down, suppressing a surge of unfamiliar emotions, and gently tapped her forehead with his long, graceful fingers.

"No biting. Sit still, and I'll take you home," he reprimanded.

"If you won't let me bite, I'm not going home with you." Nancy pouted in defiance and turned to dash out of the car, but her drunken state got the better of her. She wobbled after just one step and nearly fell flat on the pavement.

"Watch it." Jacob's reflexes kicked in as he caught her, pulling her back firmly. His tone was low and commanding as he said, "Sit tight and stop messing around."

“Don’t tell me what to do. Let go of me.” Though completely intoxicated, Nancy fought against him with surprising force.

“You’re asking for trouble-”

Before Jacob could finish, Nancy sank her teeth into his hand.

Jacob hissed in pain, instinctively letting go. Nancy seized the opportunity, jumping out of the car and tossing him a smug look as if daring him to try and stop her.

Jacob’s patience thinned as his dark eyes narrowed dangerously. Not only was she acting up, but now she was outright challenging him. She was courting punishment.

As Nancy staggered toward Royal Pavilion, Jacob extended his arm and swiftly pulled her back into his hold.

“Let go of me.”

Seeing Nancy still struggling restlessly, Jacob’s gaze darkened. Without a second thought, he swatted her lightly on the butt. It wasn’t hard, but the embarrassment it stirred was unmistakable.

Nancy’s dazed eyes locked onto his, brimming with hurt. “You... you hit me,” she said pitifully.

Hearing her frail protest, Jacob snapped back to reality. His brows furrowed tightly as surprise and regret flickered in his eyes.

This wasn’t how an older man should act toward a younger lady.

A deep flush spread across Jacob’s ears. For the first time, he found himself at a loss. He was unsure why he’d acted so out of line.

“I’m sorry...”

11

“Even my mom and dad never hit me, but you did.” Nancy’s voice cracked, tears welling up as she sobbed softly.

Jacob’s flush deepened as he scrambled to console her. “Nance, it’s my fault. When you sober up, you can punish me however you want, okay?”

After much coaxing, Nancy finally drifted off to sleep, her breathing even and calm. Jacob’s eyes were a stormy abyss as he took off his gold-rimmed glasses and rubbed his brow.

A rare hint of confusion clouded his handsome features. What on earth was wrong with him?

Back at Murray Manor, Wilson blocked Adam's path as he tried to take Yvette back inside.

Adam clicked his tongue impatiently. "You've got ten minutes, no more. It's late, and Yvie needs her rest."

"Okay, Adam." Wilson smiled obediently.

Adam didn't bother with further argument and simply turned away, striding back into the house. Inside, he immediately bumped into Sean and Ashton.

"Adam, what's up with you? How could you leave Yvie alone with that old lecher?"

A Rose 454

"Exactly! None of us agree with Yvie and Wilson being together. Adam, you're not thinking of being a traitor, are you?"

noyance

Adam's impatience deepened, his clear as he resisted the urge to argue further. Even if he wasn't thrilled about accepting Wilson as his brother-in-law, he had to admit that he'd lost.

But what really surprised him was just how skilled Wilson was in a fight. He was far more formidable than the rumors suggested.

Yvette lifted her eyes and met Wilson's gaze. "Say what you need to. You've got nine minutes left."

"Still mad at me, little one?" Wilson asked, pulling her into his arms, his voice low?

to coax her.

"What would it take for you to stop being mad at me?"

Yvette shook her head. "I'm not angry anymore."

and soothing as he tried

Yvette had been furious back then, but now the anger had faded. Besides, when it came to Wilson, it was hard for her to stay mad for long.

Hearing this, Wilson's lips curled into a pleased smile, the corners of his eyes crinkling with joy.

His deep, magnetic voice hummed softly, unhurried and coaxing. "Yvie, Adam hit me pretty hard—it still

hurts...."

He paused deliberately as his warm breath grazed her delicate ear. Next, his tone dripped with feigned

grievance. "I'm so jealous of him. At least he has you to help him with his words."

Yvette clicked her tongue in disbelief. This sly fox was at it again, expertly playing up his charm.

She eyed him playfully, her bewitching gaze glinting with amusement. Adam had visible bruises on his face. Wilson, on the other hand, looked perfectly fine.

"There isn't a single wound on your face. You don't need any treatment."

Wilson let out a low chuckle—the kind that sent a shiver down one's spine. His enticing voice resonated in Yvette's ear once more. "No need for treatment. Just one kiss from my fiancée will make it all better."

Yvette blinked in exasperation, knowing full well the sly fox had ulterior motives.

"Yvie, it hurts so much..." Seeing Yvette's lack of response, Wilson acted more convincingly, drawing her in with his silent allure.

Yvette bit her bottom lip, her pale arms wrapping around his neck. Wilson obligingly leaned down.

Everything seemed to be going smoothly. But just as their lips were about to touch, an annoyingly timed voice interrupted.

"Yvie, time's up. Come inside with me."

Adam stormed over as if on cue, grabbed Yvette, and dragged her back into the house. Wilson gritted his

earlier. teeth in frustration, wishing he had gone a bit harder on Adam in the boxing gym

After Wilson watched Yvette disappear into Murray Manor, he reluctantly shifted his gaze away. Only then did Samuel dare to approach him with a report.

“Mr. Quinn, Lionel was sent to the dungeon for punishment. He’s still in the hospital and hasn’t woken up since.”

“Got it. Tell him that if he dares show disrespect to my future wife again, it’ll be a death sentence,” Wilson instructed calmly, his eyes brimming with an icy menace.

Despite having served Wilson for many years, Samuel still felt a chill at the ruthless air his boss exuded. He quickly nodded and replied, “Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

As Wilson turned and got into the car, Samuel cautiously said, “Mr. Quinn, should we have your injuries examined at the hospital?”

Yvette might not have known, but Samuel had witnessed everything at the boxing gym.

Wilson had indeed suffered injuries. After all, Adam was no pushover.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

X

A Rose 455

“No need. It’s just a minor injury,” Wilson said, his earlier gentleness replaced by his usual cold detachment. “I heard Adam is searching for the whereabouts of Master Xev from the underworld?”

Samuel nodded. “Yes, but Master Xev can’t be found so easily. It will be extremely difficult for him to locate Master Xev.”

“Help him out,” Wilson replied flatly.

“Yes, Mr Quinn,” Samuel said respectfully.

Master Xev had always been on good terms with Wilson. Yet, Wilson was willing to offend them just to please Adam.

At the hospital, Lionel began to rouse.

“Lionel, you’re finally awake.”

Seeing Victoria’s red, tear–streaked face, Lionel’s heart ached. He whispered, “Ms. Olson, please don’t cry.

I’m fine.”

“Fine? The doctor said your injuries are severe.” Victoria sobbed with a guilty expression. “It’s all my fault. If it weren’t for me, you wouldn’t have been punished by Wilson.”

Hearing this, Lionel’s sympathy for Victoria deepened. He replied firmly, “Ms. Olson, this wasn’t your fault. Please don’t blame yourself.”

It was all because of that scheming woman, Yvette, who had Wilson wrapped around her finger.

Even though Yvette was the one who caused Victoria’s injuries, Wilson still showed such favoritism

toward her.

Lionel felt increasingly frustrated for Victoria, his expression darkening with each passing second. Just then, he recalled Victoria’s bloodied and scraped knees after being pushed down by Yvette.

“Ms. Olson, have you treated the wounds on your legs?” Lionel asked with concern.

Victoria nodded. “I’ve already taken care of it. Lionel, I suffered a minor scrape, but you’ve been seriously injured. Please get plenty of rest.”

Lionel was heartened by Victoria’s concern. “Okay. I’ll heed your advice, Ms. Olson.”

A faint smile appeared on Victoria’s face, but she soon looked worried again, her voice tinged with

concern.

“Lionel, remember to be respectful to Yvette in the future. Otherwise, Wilson definitely won’t let you off

the next time.”

Lionel’s gaze grew somber, and he fell into an extended period of silence.

If Yvette dared to hurt Victoria again, Lionel swore he would risk everything to remove her from the equation.

Victoria said gently, “You’ve just woken up and are still weak. You need to rest. I’ll come back to check on you later.”

Lionel felt a pang of reluctance as he watched her prepare to leave. He wanted to prolong the moment. However, he quickly reined in these inappropriate thoughts and nodded in agreement.

“Okay, Ms. Oslon.

As he watched her exit the room, Lionel clenched his hands by his sides, forcing himself to suppress his

feelings.

Victoria was not someone he should harbor such thoughts about. His greatest fortune was simply being able to stay by her side and protect her.

A kind-hearted person like Victoria deserved someone truly worthy of her—like Wilson. With that, Lionel vowed to separate Wilson from Yvette.

“Victoria!”

A Rose 456

The moment Victoria stepped out of the hospital, Alice rushed over, clutching her arm and crying out, “Victoria, you must help me! I’m doomed otherwise.”

Victoria was puzzled to see Alice in such panic. “Alice, didn’t Wilson already invest in your family business?”

“Yes. Mr. Wilson did invest in us but now KW Corporation has suddenly targeted our family, and we’re facing bankruptcy again!”

The thought of her family’s dire situation made Alice cry even harder.

Victoria bit her bottom lip. She was shocked to learn that Wilson would do something like this. He had promised to help the Robertson family by investing in them. Yet, he secretly used KW Corporation to suppress them.

“KW Corporation is one of the top four global financial conglomerates! They have the Shadow Alliance behind them. How can our family afford to offend them?”

Alice clutched Victoria’s arm tightly and continued, “Victoria, please ask Mr. Wilson to help us again. Can you save the Robertson family?”

Victoria frowned, feeling troubled. “Alice, I really can’t help you anymore.”

“Why not?” Alice clearly didn’t expect Victoria to refuse her. Her emotions spiraled out of control as she shouted with frustration.

“Why can’t you help me once more? Wilson is so good to you. All you need to do is to ask for his help and I’ll be saved. I’m so disappointed in you. You’ve let me down! You said I was your best

friend, but it was all a lie.”

“I wasn’t lying.” Victoria hurriedly grabbed her hand, desperately trying to explain.

“Alice, I’ve been sickly since childhood and never had a single friend. I truly consider you my best friend. However, to help you the last time, I had to beg Wilson and even bring up my deceased parents. That’s the only reason he reluctantly agreed.

“But you saw what happened today. Wilson cares so much about Yvie. This time, he won’t help unless you get Yvie to forgive you and drop the matter.”

“That bitch Yvette will never let me off!” Alice screamed, her voice breaking as she stumbled. Her face and body were covered in bruises, and she looked both disheveled and frantic, barely able to stand.

“It’s over. Everything’s over!”

“Alice, calm down.” Victoria reached out to steady her, but Alice shoved her away.

“Get away from me! Just leave!”

How could someone like Victoria, a friendless orphan, live so well, while she had to endure her family’s bankruptcy and be forced to marry a disgusting old man? Why wasn’t she the one Wilson protected?

Consumed by anger, Alice stormed out of the hospital. Just as she hit rock bottom, her phone rang— an unknown number flashed on the screen.

“I can help you through this, but you’ll have to do something for me in return,” the familiar voice said as soon as the call connected.

Alice widened her eyes in surprise. “Is that you, Lionel?”

The silence on the other end confirmed her guess.

Alice’s expression darkened after recovering from the shock. “Why should I trust you?”

Lionel was just a lowly bodyguard. How could he possibly help her?

Lionel scoffed and replied with contempt, “Because you don’t have any other choice but to trust me.”

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

A Rose 457

“Get rid of Yvette, and I guarantee the Robertson family will thrive like never before. You’ll be the beloved daughter of the Robertson family once more, envied by all.”

Lionel’s words carried an inexplicable charm, making it hard not to fall for his seductions.

“I’ll give you time to think it over. Once you’ve made up your mind, call me.”

Alice stared at her phone in silence after the call ended abruptly. Her eyes flickered, clearly tempted by his offer.

But the image of Wilson fawning over that wretched Yvette earlier today haunted her. If it were discovered that she was behind it all, she’d be utterly ruined!

Alice’s eyes glinted with malice as a plan began to form. If she could manipulate Victoria into making a move against Yvette, then even if things went wrong, it would have nothing to do with her.

“Alice!” Victoria hurried after her with a worried expression. “Please calm down. There’s got to be a way. Don’t let your emotions get the best of you—you shouldn’t do anything reckless.”

Seeing Victoria’s anxious face, a flash of spite flickered in Alice’s eyes. However, she quickly hid it behind a mask of remorse.

“I’m sorry, Victoria. I lost control just now. I shouldn’t have snapped at you.”

“It’s okay, I’m not upset. I know you lost your temper because you were overwhelmed,” came Victoria’s response.

“I’m so glad you understand me. You really are my best friend.” Alice linked her arm with Victoria’s. Although the former’s expression was affectionate, her mind was already calculating her next move.

“You saw what happened today, didn’t you? Wilson only has eyes for Yvette now. She’s the one who pushed you and caused your injury, but Wilson still defended her.”

Alice let out a sigh, her voice dripping with feigned concern.

"I worry for you, Victoria. Yvette is vindictive. She's gone after my family for one small mistake I made. You've been the only woman who received Wilson's care all these years. With Yvette's jealous nature, she definitely won't let you off easily."

"Alice, don't say that. Yvie isn't that kind of person." Victoria bit her bottom lip, and before she could continue, Alice interrupted her coldly.

"Victoria, you're just too kind. That's why Yvette snatched Wilson away from you! Think about it— hasn't Wilson's attitude toward you changed since Yvette appeared?"

Hearing this, Victoria lowered her head in silence.

Noticing Victoria's demeanor, the malice in Alice's eyes deepened as she quickly continued, "Victoria, I'm worried that she'll use underhanded tactics against you in the future. You're kind, so you definitely can't compete with her. She'll always find ways to drive you away from Wilson."

Victoria's face instantly turned pale, tears welling in her eyes as she realized the gravity of the situation. Wilson wouldn't do that to me."

Seeing the worry and fear etched on Victoria's face, Alice continued to intimidate her. "That's not necessarily true. You've seen the attention Wilson pays Yvette now.

"Victoria, you have no one else to rely on besides Wilson. You can't just stand by and watch Yvette take

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him away from you. If you lose Wilson's protection in the future, your fate—"

"Alice, please stop. I... I don't want to hear anymore!" Victoria pushed her away, her cheeks stained with tears.

"Lionel is still in the hospital. I need to go back now. Be careful on your way, Alice."

As she watched Victoria hurriedly leave, Alice let out a cold snort, her eyes gleaming with determination.

If she could brainwash Victoria a few more times, she would surely make her obedient. Using Victoria to deal with Yvette would be killing two birds with one stone.

A smug smile crept across Alice's lips. She believed herself to be the most clever person there was.

The next day, Madison's injuries had healed, and Yvette personally accompanied her back to school. "You've finally returned. We missed you so much!"

“That’s right. You’re finally back! We just couldn’t get used to not having you around.”

When Madison returned from the hospital, her classmates enthusiastically approached her, except for Alice, who was nervous in her seat.

“Thank you all. I missed you too while I was in the hospital,” Madison said warmly.

When she looked at Alice, her gaze instantly turned cold. “Alice, why didn’t you welcome me back? It seems like you don’t want to see me.”

Alice’s expression faltered but she had to force a stiff smile. “Welcome back to school.”

“Your welcome doesn’t seem very sincere at all.” Madison touched her arm purposefully. Although her injuries had healed, many scars remained. It reminded her of how Alice had humiliated her.

“I’d really like to see you kneel to welcome me back.”

“You-” Alice’s face turned deathly pale with anger. How dare this lowly person from a mediocre family talk to her like that?

She was the esteemed daughter of the Robertson family. How could Alice kneel to such a worthless person?

“Yvie, look at her!”

Yvette lazily cast Alice a sideways glance. Although she said nothing at all, Alice felt an invisible pressure permeating the air. Her back suddenly chilled, and her hatred deepened.

Alice cursed inwardly, that bitch Madison dared to act so arrogantly because of Yvette’s support.

In the past, Alice would have had someone kill Madison. However, the Robertson family owed huge debts and faced bankruptcy, teetering on the brink of ruin. She could no longer act as recklessly as before. Every second in the classroom was akin to torture for Alice. As soon as the bell rang, she quickly packed her things and tried to rush out of the classroom.

But before she could take a step outside, a book came crashing down on her head with a heavy thud. Alice let out a miserable scream, her face contorted in pain. She turned back to find Yvette’s icy gaze on

her.

“Trying to leave? No way. It’s time for me to settle the score with you,” Yvette hissed.

A Rose 458

Yvette's delicate features hardened into an icy expression that sent shivers down one's spine.

A wave of dread washed over Alice as she trembled and cried out, "Yvette, you've already ruined my family and driven us to bankruptcy! What more could you possibly want?"

Yvette didn't even care to look at Alice and dismissed her entirely.

"She's all yours now." When Yvette shifted her gaze to Madison, the latter unexpectedly felt a surge of confidence.

"An eye for an eye; make her pay."

Upon hearing that, Madison felt warmth flood through her.

Yvette had told Madison to focus on healing and promised that once she was better, she could take her revenge. Now, Yvette was making good on that promise.

"I know exactly what to do, Yvie."

"Okay." Yvette nodded lazily before crossing her long legs as she settled in to watch the unfolding drama

with keen interest.

"D—Don't come any closer," Alice stammered, her face paling as Madison approached.

"Madison, don't think that you're special just because you have Yvette's backing! Once she stops protecting you, you'll regret crossing me. There will be no escape for you—"

Before Alice could finish her threats, a loud slap rang out as Madison struck her hard across the face.

Alice stumbled back in shock, staring wide-eyed at Madison. "You bitch! How dare you hit me?"

Even though the Robertson family was bankrupt, Alice still believed she was superior and looked down on those from humble backgrounds. Hence, being slapped in the face by someone she considered beneath her was a humiliation she simply could not accept.

"Bitch?" Madison scoffed as she raised her hand and struck Alice's face again.

"Only someone as malicious as you deserves that title!"

Madison unleashed all the pent-up anger she had been harboring. Alice's face swelled, transforming into a grotesque mask of pain as she cried out for mercy.

"Ouch! It hurts. Please stop slapping me. I was wrong. Just let me go!"

Madison's voice was icy and unyielding. "You can't handle this? This is nothing compared to what you did to me!"

Back then, Alice had cornered her in a dark alley with a group of bodyguards, subjecting her to humiliation and beatings before tossing her into an underground boxing ring—a hell on earth.

Madison hadn't even come close to inflicting that level of suffering on Alice.

Alice's face twisted in agony, her eyes narrowing with venom as she glared at Madison.

"Who told you not to cooperate with me back then? You brought this on yourself!"

If only Madison had helped her deceive Yvette sooner, then Alice wouldn't have had to resort to such brutal measures.

Madison bellowed, "How dare you bring up the past? If I had gone along with your plan to harm Yvie, that

would make me just as cruel and selfish as you!"

"I'm cruel?" Alice's expression contorted further, her voice rising in a frantic scream.

"This is all your fault! I just transferred to Jubilife University and all of you isolated me. Yet, you fawned over Yvette. If you hadn't turned your backs on me and only supported her, I wouldn't have acted like this!"

Madison was taken aback by Alice's words. "You really are shameless."

Alice had arrived at Jubilife University with an air of superiority and had deliberately targeted Yvette. That was why everyone felt repulsed by her. Yet here Alice was, flipping the narrative and blaming everyone else for isolating her.

"You always blame others and never reflect on your own mistakes."

A Rose 459

"What did I do wrong?" Alice could hardly believe she was being blamed. In her mind, her only mistake had been acting against Yvette without first uncovering the truth about her background.

Given another chance, Alice would have made sure to investigate thoroughly before plotting her revenge, ensuring no one could trace it back to her.

“Why are you wasting your breath for her?” Yvette smirked and turned to Jake, who’d arrived just earlier.

“Take her to the underground boxing ring. Let her experience what it’s like to be thrown into that hell,” she instructed coldly.

“Got it, boss,” Jake replied respectfully.

The moment Alice heard she was being sent to the underground boxing ring, fear gripped her, and she trembled uncontrollably.

“No! I don’t want to go to the underground boxing ring-

“You have no choice,” Jake interjected since he knew that Yvette despised noise. With swift efficiency, he stuffed a rag into Alice’s mouth and carried her away.

“Thank you, Yvie,” Madison said gratefully. She could have died at the underground boxing ring or become crippled if it hadn’t been for Yvette’s help.

Not only had Yvette saved Madison, but she had also given her the chance to take revenge with her own hands. With her ordinary background, Madison would never have been able to confront Alice on her own.

“There’s no need to be so polite,” Yvette said warmly as she pulled a small jar of ointment from her pocket. “This is for scar removal. Apply it once a day, and in about a month, the scars will fade completely.

“Yvie...” Madison’s eyes welled up with tears. She hadn’t expected Yvette to be so considerate. No girl wanted to live with scars, and she was no exception.

Madison had already made peace with the idea of wearing long sleeves for the rest of her life, so this unexpected kindness felt like a gift from Heaven.

“Yvie, from now on, you’re like a real sister to me! I’ll do whatever you say.”

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After Madison left, Jake shuffled into the classroom once more.

“Boss, someone’s been quietly digging into your whereabouts, trying to uncover Master Xev’s true identity.

Yvette pursed her lips, a flicker of annoyance crossing her face. She had stayed under the radar for so long, but it seemed one brief appearance as Master Xey was enough to attract attention.

“Find out who’s investigating me, and once you do, you know what to do.”

If they were foolish enough to come after Yvette, she wouldn’t hesitate to strike back.

“Understood, boss. I’ve got it covered.” Jake nodded firmly. After all the years of working by her side, he knew exactly how she operated.

“Oh, and there’s something else unusual happening. KW Corporation has started targeting the Roberston family. I looked into it, and there’s no apparent grudge between them. It doesn’t make sense.”

KW Corporation was backed by the Shadow Alliance. Hence, whatever the corporation did was usually on the alliance’s orders.

“Why would the Shadow Alliance suddenly waste their time on a small, insignificant company?”

A Rose 460

Hearing Jake’s bewildered mumbling, Yvette narrowed her eyes. The whole situation was indeed strange. There was no way the Shadow Alliance would have the time or interest to meddle in this.

Before Yvette could ponder further, her phone buzzed in her pocket, snapping her out of her thoughts.

“Fiancé?” Jake caught a glimpse of the caller ID and felt like he’d just swallowed a bug.

“Boss, you saved Wilson as ‘fiancé’ in your phone?”

Yvette replied nonchalantly, “He changed it himself.”

“Right, of course. There’s no way you’d save Wilson as fiancé’ in your contacts.”

Jake sighed in relief, but then something clicked. “Wait, no! Boss, you let him touch your phone?”

Yvette ignored him and walked down the hallway to answer the call.

“Baby, I’m here.” Wilson’s smooth and magnetic voice came through the phone causing her heart to skip a

beat.

“Okay. I’ll be right out.” Yvette hung up and returned to the classroom. When she grabbed her bag to leave, Jake stepped in her way.

Thinking about how Yvette had been completely swept away by Wilson, a surge of jealousy bubbled up inside him. Hence, he couldn’t help but blurt out, “Boss, all you think about now is Wilson. The moment he calls, you leave. Seriously, boss, when was the last time we hung out?”

“Aside from being somewhat good-looking, what else does Wilson have going for him? He’s older, and looks fierce; he can’t compare to Mr. Phillip at all!”

Seeing Jake’s outraged expression, Yvette quietly watched him. A mischievous glint flashed across her

Eyes as she said, “I haven’t hung up yet.”

So Wilson had heard everything Jake just said? The thought sent chills down Jake’s spine. His legs felt weak, and he nearly collapsed. He was done for now.

On the other end of the line, Wilson radiated a menacing presence. It was that Xavier again.

Although Yvette had explained to him before that she and Xavier were just friends, he still felt a surge of anxiety.

“If you have a problem with me, you can tell me in person,” Wilson said just then.

At those words, Jake trembled even more. He wouldn’t dare tell Wilson to his face what he had just said, even with a hundred times more courage. He only had the guts to gossip behind his back.

But who knew that talking behind someone’s back would be heard by the person in question? Jake was truly unlucky.

Jake awkwardly cleared his throat. “Boss, I suddenly remembered I have something urgent to attend to. I’ll leave now.”

With that, Jake bolted out of the classroom as if his pants were on fire. If he didn’t hurry and Wilson caught him, he’d be doomed!

Yvette smiled sheepishly and strode out to avoid wasting any more time.

As soon as she exited the school gates, she saw the familiar black Maybach waiting outside. Wilson stood next nearby with a stoic expression.