

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 461 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 461

A Rose 461

As soon as Wilson saw Yvette, all his hostility faded, and a touch of tenderness appeared in his eyes. He instinctively raised his hand, wanting to pull her into his embrace.

But just before he could reach Yvette, Adam suddenly rushed out, getting to her first and wrapping his arms around her.

“Yvie, I’m here to take you home.”

Adam ignored Wilson’s darkened expression and gently patted Yvette on the head.

“Jacob has a banquet planned tonight, so I’m here to pick you up. Let’s go home!”

Seeing Adam try to take Yvette away, Wilson’s eyes narrowed instantly, and he immediately called out, “Adam.”

Even though Adam felt annoyed at having lost to Wilson in the match, he greeted Wilson albeit reluctantly. “Oh, Wilson, you’re here too! I didn’t see you just now.”

Could this sound any more insincere? How could he possibly have missed Wilson given his large build?”

Standing nearby, Samuel silently chuckled to himself, almost bursting out laughing.

Wilson reached out and pulled Yvette to his side. He then intertwined their fingers to assert his dominance.

“Adam, I’ll take Yvie home. You can go about your own business.”

Seeing Adam’s unwilling expression, Wilson casually added, “Don’t forget what you promised before.” As long as Wilson won the competition, Adam wouldn’t interfere with him and Yvette anymore. Adam gritted his teeth hard, wishing he could grind them into dust. How could he have lost that day?

Meanwhile, at the Murray Corporation building, Jack greeted Nancy respectfully upon seeing her arrival. ‘ Ms. Smith.’

“Is Jacob busy right now? I need to talk to him.” Nancy anxiously bit her lip. She knew Jacob was attending a business banquet today and needed to bring a date. She had come to find him hoping to be that person.

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Since the day he had sent her home when she was drunk, she felt that Jacob had been distancing himself from her.

Nancy didn't know what she had done while drunk, but after much thought, she decided to seize this opportunity and confess her feelings.

Jack replied, "He is available, Ms. Smith. Mr. Murray's meeting has just ended and he's in the office right now."

Hearing this, Nancy's eyes lit up. "I'll go see him!"

Jack wasted no time and quickly led her up, well aware that Jacob had always been close to Nancy.

Nancy tightly clenched her fists at her sides, trying her best to calm her nerves. But as she reached the office door, she saw a woman inside Jacob's office.

Jacob had his hand on her shoulder, and from a distance, they looked quite intimate.

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Nancy stiffened instantly, all her courage fading away. A sharp pain gripped her heart. Fearing she would lose her composure, Nancy turned around and left, holding back her sadness.

Inside the office, Jacob's face was cold, and his tone carried a strong warning.

"Stop playing these little tricks with me."

"Jacob." The woman felt embarrassed and lowered her head in shame as Jacob ruthlessly exposed her

intentions.

She had just pretended to trip, hoping to fall into his arms, but she hadn't expected Jacob to react so quickly, evading her and only lending a hand.

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"Ms. Smith?" Jack was puzzled to see Nancy come out of the office. Didn't she just say she had something to discuss with Jacob? Why had she come out so soon?

Nancy's eyes were slightly red, but to avoid showing her distress, she tightly squeezed her fingertips.

“Don’t tell him I was here.”

“Of course, Ms. Smith.” Though Jack didn’t know what had happened, he respectfully obliged.

Nancy didn’t linger any longer and quickly walked into the elevator. When the elevator stopped on the fifth floor, a group of gossiping employees entered the elevator.

“Have you heard? Mr. Murray has a girlfriend now!”

“Really? Mr. Murray has a girlfriend? Isn’t he usually nonchalant toward women?”

“Yeah. Are you sure this isn’t just some false rumor?”

“Definitely not! I heard it from the front desk. That young lady from the Lyold family is Mr. Murray’s girlfriend. She even came to find him today.”

“Right! I also heard that she would be attending today’s banquet with Mr. Murray.

As Nancy silently listened in on their conversation, the pain in her heart deepened. No wonder he had been so distant lately. He had a girlfriend and didn’t want her to misunderstand.

Fortunately, she hadn’t expressed her feelings to him yet. Otherwise, she would have made a fool of herself.

Suppressing her bittersweet emotions, Nancy pulled out her phone and blocked Jacob on WhatsApp.

Although she had liked him, she wasn’t the type to cling desperately.

“Nancy, what are you doing here?”

As soon as Nancy stepped out of the elevator, she bumped into Stanley. Seeing his surprised expression, she gave him a slight nod and turned to leave.

But Stanley immediately reached out to stop her, a bright smile on his face. “I’m here with my dad today to discuss some business. Little did I know I would run into you. We must be fated to meet!”

Ever since Jacob’s warning to him the last time, Stanley had refrained from pursuing her. However, he seemed to have forgotten about Jacob’s warning after running into her today.

“Nancy, I happen to need a date for tonight’s banquet. Would you do me a favor and be my date for tonight?”

Nancy tried to suppress her emotions and put on a nonchalant facade. "Sure, I can do that."

Surprised by her agreement, joy erupted in Stanley's heart. "Great, Nancy! Then, it's settled. I'll come pick you up tonight!"

Meanwhile, in Jacob's office, Tina bit her lip and put on a pitiful look that would make anyone's heart soften.

"Jacob, I didn't intend to. I just lost my balance for a moment. It wasn't intentional, promise."

Unfortunately, Jacob was unmoved. His expression remained icy and his tone was impatient.

"Get out. Don't enter my office without permission again, or don't blame me for being ruthless to your family."

Hearing Jacob's merciless words, Tina's expression darkened. Yet, she still mustered the courage to speak gently. "But Jacob, your mom asked me to be your date today."

"Get out." Jacob's patience was wearing thin, and he shot her a cold glare. "Don't make me say it again."

Intimidated by Jacob's demeanor, Tina didn't dare to linger any longer. She covered her mouth and fled, tears streaming down her face.

Jack had long since grown accustomed to watching women like Tina run out of the office in tears. After all, aside from Yvette, Jacob had always been cold and distant toward other women.

A Rose 463

Jacob pulled out his phone but hesitated, unsure if he should send the text. He looked visibly irritated.

Nancy had crossed some boundaries the last time she was drunk. But he too had stepped out of line- and he was sober. Even though she had completely forgotten about the incident the next day, he couldn't forget that night.

Jacob knew he could no longer say he thought of her as just a friend. He didn't know how to face her, so he chose to avoid her instead.

"Mr. Murray, your suit for the banquet has arrived: Would you like to take a look?" Jack entered his office and asked respectfully.

“No need,” Jacob declined flatly.

Just then he caught a faint scent of perfume that made him frown instantly. The fragrance was familiar, but he couldn't quite place it.

“Did anyone else come by?”

“N–No. Nobody has come by.” Remembering Nancy's instruction before she left, Jack mustered his courage to lie to Jacob.

Jacob's eyes narrowed, clearly disbelieving his words. Before he could ask further, his phone suddenly started vibrating.

Jacob collected himself and answered the call.

“Mom, what's up?”

As soon as he picked up, Yara's dissatisfied voice came through.

“What's going on with the banquet? Tina was supposed to be your date. Not only did you not appreciate her gesture, but you also made her cry!”

Jacob frowned. “Mom, please don't take matters into your own hands again.”

Yara huffed defiantly. “You think I want to? It's because you're not making an effort! I was worried you wouldn't have a date for the banquet today. If you don't want Tina to be your date, the Zeigler's and

Lowe's do 45-”

Jacob's furrow deepened with frustration as he interrupted her, “I already have a date lined up.”

Hearing this, Yara's mood instantly brightened. “Really? It's rare for you to take the initiative! This is great! My son finally has a date.”

Yara was clearly excited. “Honey, did you hear that? Our son is finally bringing a date! It looks like we won't have to wait long to have a daughter-in-law. And with a daughter-in-law, how far off can grandchildren be?”

Listening to her increasingly outrageous comments, Jacob felt a headache coming and rubbed his temples.

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After ending the call, Jacob thought for a moment before sending a text message.

“Nance, are you free tonight?”

As soon as the message was sent, a red exclamation mark appeared.

Jacob furrowed his brows in confusion. He had never seen a red exclamation mark before.

“Mr. Murray, you’ve been blocked?”

Standing nearby, Jack couldn’t help but laugh at the sight. Who would dare block Jacob Murray?

“Is this funny to you?” Jacob shot a sharp glare in Jack’s direction, his presence radiating an intimidating chill that sent a clear warning.

Jack immediately fell silent, not daring to make a sound.

Staring at the red exclamation mark, Jacob pressed his lips tightly with a grave expression.

That ungrateful person actually blocked him!

A Rose 464

Inside the car, Yvette leaned lazily against Wilson’s chest. She pulled out her phone and deftly logged into a game. As soon as she entered the in-game waiting room, she received an invitation from Jasper.

“Yvie, please help me!”

Yvette casually responded, “Okay.”

Jasper grew more excited. “Yvie, you’re my hero! I’m all set.”

As the game started, Yvette chose the jungler position, and Jasper picked a support role.

Jasper chirped, “Yvie, I’m all ready to support and watch you get a lot of kills.”

“Okay. Get ready.” Yvette lowered her gaze, and her expression turned serious as her slender fingers danced across the screen.

“First blood.”

“Double kill.”

Hearing the announcements, Jasper couldn't help but clap and cheer. "Yvie, that's awesome! You got a double kill even before hitting level four."

Yvette was fully engrossed in the game and had forgotten about Wilson beside her.

Watching her so absorbed, Wilson clenched his teeth. The cold, reserved look in his eyes was now tinged with a hint of anger.

It was rare for Wilson to have some time alone with Yvette but she was too busy playing the game to even spare him a glance.

Was he really so unappealing to her? Had she grown tired of him after getting what she wanted?

Yvette was completely unaware of the simmering resentment radiating from Wilson as she calmly directed Jasper in the game.

"Triple kill."

Jasper's voice grew even more excited. "Haha! Yvie, our coordination this round is perfect! We even secured a triple kill!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the announcer called out, "Quadra kill."

"Wow, Yvie! You got a quadra kill!"

Wilson found it particularly grating to listen to Jasper's overly enthusiastic voice. Now even Jasper was trying to steal his woman.

Yvette pursed her rosy lips and remained focused on the game. Just as she was about to get a pentakill, she suddenly felt a tight grip around her waist as Wilson pulled her closer into his embrace.

In that moment of distraction, the enemy took the opportunity to escape.

"Woah, Yvie, did you just lag? You didn't move at all. The chance of a pentakill just slipped away," Jasper said in disappointment.

Yvette lightly pressed her lips together and shot a look at Wilson.

"Are you upset?" Wilson tightened his embrace around her with a look of innocence. "I didn't mean to."

Who could resist that? Besides, Yvette wasn't really angry. She blinked and said, "I forgive you."

“Yvie, hurry! The enemy mage and marksman are out to defend the tower. Let’s coordinate and take them down,” Jasper said eagerly again.

“Okay,” Yvette responded nonchalantly and continued with her gameplay.

“Baby, stop playing the game.”

Wilson’s warm lips brushed against her soft earlobe. His deep, magnetic voice sent shivers down her spine.

“Is the game more fun than being with me?”

Yvette’s ears suddenly flushed with heat. This charming rogue was being mischievous again!

“Shut up.”

A Rose 465

Wilson’s low, husky voice was full of seduction as he whispered, “Come on, baby. Let’s play.”

Yvette’s delicate ears were already flushed bright red. She was about to remove herself from his lap when he tightened his grip around her slender waist.

“Damn! Yvie, is your Internet acting up again? Why are you frozen in place?”

Jasper’s voice grew more frantic as he didn’t receive a response from Yvete.

“Yvie, don’t tell me you’re actually gone? Oh no, Yvie, don’t disconnect... This is my chance to climb the rankings... I need you as my support, how can I survive without you?”

“Yvie, you can’t just leave me like this...”

But Yvette didn’t hear a word of Jasper’s ranting. Wilson had completely captivated her, and the phone slipped from her hand.

Wilson’s large hands gripped Yvette’s waist tightly. The kiss was a whirlwind, yet beneath the storm was a gentle caress.

Their lips met in a heated embrace, yet he craved more and delved deeper into the kiss.

As Yvette moaned, the lust in his captivating eyes grew even more intense with desire. His rationality began to slip. His hands, still gripping Yvette’s waist, started to wander.

The atmosphere in the car was thick with tension. Just as things were getting out of hand, the phone suddenly rang, shattering the intimate mood.

Yvette came to her senses and pushed Wilson away. Then, she picked up the phone from the floor and

answered the call.

“Yvie, because you went AFK, we got crushed.” Jasper’s hysterical shriek filled her ear as soon as the call went through.

“I was trying to rank up!”

Jasper was about to complain further when Wilson snapped, “Get lost!”

The wailing on the other end of the line stopped abruptly.

“Oh shit. Wilson, are you with Yvie?”

Jasper felt a sudden chill and quickly said, “I’ll hang up right away, I won’t disturb you-”

Wilson cut him off mid-sentence, ending the call with a cold expression.

Despite the barrier between them, Samuel could sense the chill radiating from Wilson. Taking a deep breath, he began to say, “Mr. Quinn, Ms. Yvette, we’ve arrived.”

“Okay, got it.” Yvette nodded and was the first to get out of the car.

“Yvie!”

The moment he saw her, Adam rushed over to greet her. But when he noticed her flushed cheeks, he asked in confusion, “Yvie, why is your face so red? Why do your lips look a bit swollen too?”

Adam had spent years in the military, surrounded by men. He had no experience with women, so he didn’t think of anything else.

Hearing Adam’s questions, Yvette’s ears grew even redder. But before she could respond, Yara rushed

out and swept her into a tight hug.

“My precious daughter is back!”

Yara hugged Yvette for a while before noticing Wilson standing beside her. She immediately welcomed him warmly.

“Oh, Wilson’s here too! Come on in, make yourself at home!”

“Thank you, Mrs. Murray.”

Wilson smiled politely, his demeanor respectful and courteous. Every move was the calculated kind that was intended to impress.

“Wilson, we appreciate all the gifts. But please don’t send any more, we’re running out of space!”

Wilson showered Yara with a constant stream of lavish gifts. He would bring something new and unique each day. One day, it was pricey beauty and health supplements; the next, it was expensive jewelry. Her handsome and attentive son-in-law grew on her with each day.

Adam was getting pretty annoyed about being left out. With the way Yara was acting, one would think Wilson was the Murrays’ long-lost son.

A Rose 466

“What are you doing here again?”

Irwin’s good mood took a nosedive as soon as he caught sight of Wilson coming in with Yvette. He made it clear that he didn’t welcome Wilson in his home.

“Stop being so rude! It’s bad enough you didn’t welcome your son-in-law in, but you even chased him away!” Yara scolded, slapping Irwin’s arm.

“He’s not my son-in-law!” Irwin muttered under his breath.

Every time Wilson came, he would steal the attention of his wife and daughter.

“That’s right, Dad is right!” Adam chimed in, seizing the opportunity to agree with his father. “I think you come to our house too often. You can leave now!”

As long as he could get rid of Wilson, he could spend more quality time with his precious sister.

Wilson’s face remained impassive, his lips curving in a faint smile. He spoke in a calm and unhurried tone as he addressed Irwin. “Mr. Murray, I recently acquired an ancient pottery made of red clay. I’m not very familiar with antique pieces so I’ll have someone bring it over tomorrow for you to appraise.”

As soon as Irwin heard about the rare red-clay antique, his eyes lit up, and he quickly changed his tune.

“That’s so thoughtful of you. Why don’t you stay for dinner tonight?”

Given Irwin’s love for antiques, who could blame him?

Adam looked at Irwin with disdain, disapproving of his father’s sudden change of attitude.

He wasn’t to be so easily influenced, no matter what petty bribes Wilson offered!

“Adam, I hear you’ve been on the hunt for Master Xev, the ruler of the underworld. I’ve found some information and was looking for an opportunity to tell you.”

With a hearty cough, Adam couldn’t hide his excitement. Master Xev had been notoriously difficult to track down. Despite all their efforts, his team still came up empty-handed.

“Don’t get ahead of yourself thinking I’ll approve of you as my brother-in-law just because of this! I only lost to you by chance last time. I’ll show you who’s better next time!”

Wilson languidly raised an eyebrow, his deep, resonant voice unhurried. “If you want to spar, I’m always up for it.”

“Keep your voice down!” Adam’s eyes darted around the room. Seeing that Yvette was oblivious to them, he felt a wave of relief wash over him.

“Yvie hates it when we fight. Let’s keep this from her.” If his sister got mad at him and ignored him, thereafter, it would be more painful than death!

At the banquet hall, the executives swarmed Jacob as soon as he entered. They were eager to leave a good impression.

“Mr. Jacob, it’s great to see you here.”

“Jacob, you’re so young and accomplished! The Zenith project was a massive success. You’ve made another couple hundred billion, haven’t you?”

“Tell me about it! Mr. Murray is so lucky to have Jacob as his son. He’s brilliant and destined for great

things. Compared to my son who’s such a disappointment, I can’t help but feel jealous. If only he could be more like Jacob, I’d be over the moon!”

“Indeed, my kid’s a disappointment too. If only he was as promising as Jacob, I would be extremely grateful.”

"I'm flattered by your kind words." Jacob was going through the motions, making small talk with the executives. But it was obvious to everyone he wasn't really engaged.

The executives couldn't help but wonder what was wrong, as they had never seen Jacob like this before.

Only Jacob's assistant, Jack, who was following closely behind him, knew the truth. His employer was still puzzled and upset that Nancy had blocked him.

Speaking of which, this was the first time Jack had ever seen Jacob so out of it. In the past, no matter what difficult situations arose, he had always remained calm and composed.

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Jack couldn't help but think that this proved how special Nancy was to Jacob.

Then, he spotted Nancy out of the corner of his eye. He couldn't help but speak up, "Mr. Murray, isn't that Ms. Smith over there?"

Startled by Jack's words, Jacob jerked his head up to follow his gaze. His eyes landed on a figure in red.

Nancy was wearing a red backless evening gown with her long brown hair pinned up. Every move she made was captivating.

The red gown accentuated her beauty, making it impossible for anyone to look away from her.

Jacob's eyes widened in surprise, and for a moment, he was taken aback by her beauty. But when he noticed other men staring at her, his expression turned cold, and his eyes narrowed.

The men were intimidated by Jacob's powerful bearing and quickly looked away.

He recognized the man standing next to Nancy as the same one who had claimed to be her childhood friend. A shadow crossed his eyes at that moment.

"Mr. Murray, it seems like Ms. Smith is the companion of Mr. Jennings. They seem to be getting along quite well."

Zack's words were cut off as he felt a chill run down his spine. He met Jacob's emotionless gaze and

swallowed the rest of his sentence.

Looking at Stanley Jennings standing next to Nancy, Jacob felt a surge of annoyance. His grip tightened around the red wine glass, and a palpable tension filled the air.

Why had Nancy agreed to be Stanley's companion when she had clearly been annoyed by him before?

On the other side of the room, Stanley reached out to take Nancy's hand.

"Nance, how about we dance?"

Nancy felt uncomfortable with his forwardness. Frowning, she avoided his outstretched hand and coldly refused. "I don't want to dance. Please ask someone else."

She had only agreed to be Stanley's companion on a whim, and now she regretted it. But she was a person of her word, so she had come to the event despite her reservations.

Nancy just wanted the evening to end already. She didn't want to stay here a second longer.

"Nancy, do me a favor and dance with me. My friends are all watching..." Stanley's face turned red with embarrassment as he tried to persuade her.

Nancy glanced at the group of men standing nearby, her expression growing even more annoyed.

They were all a bunch of spoiled rich kids, and Nancy had no positive feelings toward them. She wasn't going to give them the satisfaction of having her dance with Stanley.

"I only agreed to attend this event with you, and I've already done that. Don't bother me with anything else. "She then turned to leave.

After she spoke, Stanley's friends gathered around, chiming in with their opinions.

"Stanley, Nancy is embarrassing you in front of everyone!"

"Look at her, she's so arrogant. So she's a famous designer—big deal! What's she being so cocky about anyway?"

"I know, right? Even though she comes from a good family, Stanley, you're no slouch either. You're a Jennings, for goodness sake! For her to treat you like that is an insult!"

Stanley's face turned a deeper shade of red with embarrassment. "Enough, guys. She's always been like this, ever since she was a kid."

The group of rich bachelors snickered and winked at each other, making suggestive comments.

“Stanley, why don’t you slip her a roofie? Once she’s under your control, she’ll do whatever you want.”

“Yeah, and once she’s yours, she’ll be begging for mercy. I’ve got some pills right here, mix them into her drink and she’ll be putty in your hands.”

Stanley hesitated for a moment. “I don’t think this is a good idea...”

“What’s wrong?” They kept urging Stanley. “You’ve liked her for years, and she’s still not giving you the

someone else will snatch her from you and you’ll be left with time of day. If you don’t take action now nothing but regret.”

With that, Stanley’s doubts instantly disappeared, and he took the pills from his friends.

They were right; he had liked her for so long, and she still didn’t care about him. Tonight, he was going to make her his!

A Rose 468

Nancy sat alone in a corner, sipping on a glass of champagne that a waiter had brought her. She looked down, her eyes cast downward, and her heart heavy.

Stanley had been watching her from the dance floor. He couldn’t help but smile when he saw her take a sip of the champagne.

His friends, who were standing nearby, started making lewd gestures.

“Stanley, the effects of the drug will kick in soon. This stuff is potent, so just wait a bit and you’ll be able to take her away.”

“Yeah, once she’s under your control, she’ll do whatever you want. Congrats in advance, buddy, you’ll finally be getting the girl!”

Stanley’s eyes lit up with excitement as he listened to his friends. He didn’t waste any more time and briskly made his way over to Nancy.

Nancy was feeling downcast and had been drinking more than usual. Her eyes were slightly glazed over in her drunken state.

“Nancy, you look a

As soon as Stanleyk. Let me
take you to the lounge to rest.”

As soon as Stanley spoke, he grabbed Nancy’s arm. His mind raced with the thought that she would be his once he got her out of the ballroom.

“Take your hands off me!”

Nancy scrunched her face in disgust, trying to shake off his hand. But Stanley was too strong, and she couldn’t break free.

“Nancy, stop struggling. You’re drunk, I’ll take you to the lounge.”

When Nancy refused to go with him, Stanley became even more agitated. He dragged her toward the exit his grip on her arm tightening.

“Stanley, let go of me!” Nancy’s instincts were screaming at her that something was wrong. She struggled even harder.

Stanley’s face twisted in frustration, worried that he would attract attention from the other guests. He forcefully dragged her out of the ballroom.

“It seems you didn’t take my warning to heart.”

Jacob approached with long, purposeful strides at this moment. His icy bearing sent shivers down Stanley’s spine.

“M–Mr. Murray...”

The moment Stanley saw Jacob, he shuddered, recalling the time Jacob had broken his arm.

Jacob’s icy stare settled on Stanley’s hand gripping Nancy’s arm. A hint of rage flickered in his gaze. “Let her go!”

A violent tremor racked Stanley’s frame. Yet, with his plan on the brink of success, he couldn’t give up. Mustering all his courage, he spoke.

“Mr. Murray, this is between me and my companion. Please stay out of this-”

But before he could finish, Jacob kicked him to the ground. He grasped Stanley’s collar, his dark eyes

blazing with a menacing fury.

“What if I insist on interfering?”

Stanley’s legs went weak with fear. He never imagined Jacob would resort to violence for Nancy, Stanley’s legs went weak with fear. He never i disregarding his reputation.

“Mr. Murray, please don’t get physical. Let’s talk things through!”

“Yes, Mr. Murray, calm down! Let’s talk this out!” The other executives promptly stepped in to mediate the dispute.

“Get lost!” Jacob’s voice was cold and dismissive, and he tossed Stanley aside like trash. Then, he pulled out a handkerchief, wiping his hands clean.

The gesture was humiliating, causing Stanley’s face to twist in anger and shame. But he knew better than to cross Jacob, so he slunk away with his tail between his legs.

Witnessing the scene, Jack became even more convinced that Nancy meant a lot to his employer. He had never seen Jacob so emotionally invested in anyone before. The moment she was harassed, Jacob dropped everything and raced to her rescue.

Jack thought to himself, “Mr. Murray cares a great deal about Ms. Smith.”

Jacob managed to quell the rage in his eyes as he looked over at Nancy. But before he could even get a word in, she spun on her heel and began to stride away

“Nance...”

A Rose 469

Jacob’s face flashed with surprise, and he instinctively reached out to stop her.

Nancy bit her lip hard, avoiding his gaze. She’d embarrassed herself in front of him again. Why did she always have to do that?

As he perceived the growing detachment in her demeanor, Jacob’s eyes narrowed. A look of concern crossed his face.

“Sit down. We need to talk this over,” he said.

Even though Nancy didn’t want to, she sat down anyway.

Jacob picked up a champagne glass from the table and took a sip, his eyes fixed intently on her. “Nance, why did you block me?”

As soon as he spoke, he noticed something amiss with her expression, so he asked with concern, “What’s wrong?”

Nancy's face turned slightly red, and she frowned. "You... you're drinking from the same glass I used..."

He realized with a start that he'd taken the wrong glass. His features tightened as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

He had been so flustered by her that he didn't even notice. The glass had her lipstick stain on it, which pretty much made it an indirect kiss.

She would have been thrilled if this had happened any earlier. But with him having a girlfriend now, it wouldn't be appropriate.

Nancy glared at him, her eyes blazing with anger. She wanted to yell at him for being unfaithful.

Jacob's expression turned even more apologetic. "Nance, I didn't mean to..."

She looked down, avoiding his gaze. She knew he had a girlfriend now. She had no intention of being the other woman, no matter how much she liked him.

Just as Nancy was about to get up and leave, she suddenly felt weak and dizzy.

She had only drunk half a glass of champagne, but it seemed to hit her hard.

"What's wrong, Nance?" Jacob asked, immediately standing up to support her, his face filled with concern.

"I feel dizzy..." Nancy pressed her hand to her forehead, fighting back the discomfort. "I need to rest for a

bit."

The business banquet was being held at the most luxurious hotel in Jubilife. The organizers had arranged for each of the executives to have a room to rest in.

Thus, Jacob personally led Nancy to the room that had been reserved for him.

"Nance, get some rest. I'll send you home after the banquet is over." He was about to leave, not wanting to disturb her rest. But as he took a step out, his sleeve was tightly grasped.

"Don't go..."

Nancy's consciousness was hazy, and her rationality had disappeared. Her once bright and beautiful face was flushed a deep red. The intense effects of the drug tormented her, leaving her in desperate need of solace.

Jacob didn't realize until that moment that something was amiss with her. But as he saw her vulnerable

Chaple

expression, his heart skipped a beat, and he quickly averted his gaze.

"Nance, hold on. I'll call a private doctor right away!"

Feeling a sense of urgency, he quickly made his way to the door. But she held him in a tight embrace.

"I'm in pain... I can't take it anymore... Help me..."

Nancy was completely unaware of her surroundings and didn't know what she was doing. Her instinct was to seek comfort from someone.

The soft touch against his chest sent a jolt through his tall and lean physique. A wave of heat surged through his body.

The desire was so intense that it made his usual self-control crumble.

What was happening? He couldn't control himself.

Chapter-470

A Rose 470

Jacob's throat tightened as he struggled to suppress the intense desire surging within him. He tried his best to stay calm and rational but to no avail.

Something had to be wrong with that glass of champagne!

Someone had dared to spike Nancy's drink right under his nose.

Jacob's eyes flashed with a murderous intent. He vowed to make the person responsible pay dearly for

this.

But before he could react, Nancy had already wrapped herself around him. Her hands roamed all over his body, wrinkling his suit and slipping inside his jacket.

"Nance, stop..."

Jacob's desire grew more intense. His hands, hanging loosely at his sides, were balled into fists. The veins on his hands bulged with the effort of restraint.

He feared that if something terrible happened tonight, she would resent him when she woke up in the morning.

But Nancy didn't seem to hear him, her hands continuing to explore his body. Her fingers traced the contours of his muscles and then moved to his belt.

He felt like he was about to snap, his control slipping away from him. He took a deep breath, his hands gently cupping her face, and his eyes burning with desire.

"Nance, do you still know who I am?" His voice had gotten hoarse.

"Jacob..."

Nancy had completely lost her mind. Acting purely on instinct, she cried out the name she had come to depend on so much.

"Jacob, help me..."

Her whimper ignited the final fuse. The lust in his eyes intensified, and his remaining sanity vanished.

"Nance, I'll take responsibility for you!"

As he spoke, Jacob's lips claimed Nancy's in a tender kiss. It quickly deepened into a passionate flame, threatening to engulf them both.

Meanwhile, dinner had come to an end at Murray Manor.

With a heavy heart, Yara accompanied Wilson to the door.

"Wilson, come visit us again soon. I'll make you your favorite dishes!" Yara said.

Wilson ignored the disapproving gazes of Adam, Ashton, and the others, choosing instead to smile at Yara.

"Okay, I'll make sure to visit you and Mr. Murray again soon!"

Yara was becoming more fond of her future son-in-law. Aware of her sons' tendency to keep a close eye on Yvette, she took it upon herself to arrange chances for the couple to spend time alone.

She gently patted Yvette's hand. "Yvie, why don't you walk Wilson out?"

Before Yvette could even respond, Adam and the others chimed in unison.

“Mom, we’ll see him off! There’s no need to trouble Yvie!”

“Yeah, we’ll take care of it. Yvie is tired. She can stay here and rest.”

They were not about to give Wilson, that old lecher, any time alone with their precious little sister!

Yara was oblivious to their intentions. She frowned and stopped the three of them. “Get back here, all of you!”

She then turned to Yvette and flashed her a warm smile. “Yvie, you go on ahead. Go see Wilson off.”

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 471 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 471

A Rose 471

“Okay, Mom.” Yvette nodded obediently and stepped out of the door. As soon as they were out of sight, Wilson took her hand, their fingers intertwining in a possessive gesture.

Yvette didn’t resist, allowing him to lead her. She lifted her stunning fox-like eyes to meet his, asking, “What did you do? Why is Mom so fond of you now?”

Wilson’s gaze fell upon her face, filled with tenderness and affection. “I simply displayed my feelings for you to Mrs. Murray.”

Ultimately, it was Yara’s deep love for Yvette that made her accept and approve of Wilson.

A wave of warmth washed over Yvette’s heart as she looked at Wilson. Jacob and the others had been giving him a hard time lately. She couldn’t help but say, “You’ve been through a lot lately.”

Wilson chuckled lazily, his captivating eyes filled with tenderness as he looked at her. “It’s nothing, it’s what a fiancé should do.”

After all, he had stolen their precious little sister, so it was only fair that they came after him.

Wilson's fiery gaze involuntarily drifted to her luscious, crimson lips. He swallowed hard at the sight.

Her lips were so perfectly shaped and beautiful, luring him in to kiss them.

Yvette felt her ears burn under his intense gaze. She blinked shyly and, on impulse, tiptoed

and kissed him lightly on the lips.

"Alright, I have to go back now!"

Adam and the others would surely come looking for her soon. Without giving Wilson a chance to speak, Yvette slipped away.

Wilson could only watch her retreating figure with a resigned fondness. An endearing smile graced his lips. His fiancée was getting bolder, teasing him and then running away.

How he wished he could catch and "punish" her where she stood.

Yvette had just entered Murray Manor when she received a call from Jake.

"Boss, bad news! One of our bases was raided by those people who were investigating you!"

Jake was fuming and bewildered on the other end of the phone.

"Boss, they didn't find anything last time, but they somehow managed to locate one of our bases. It's so strange!"

Her exquisite, porcelain features hardened at the news. The speed at which they'd uncovered

everything was too fast to be a coincidence. Someone had to be tipping them off.

Yvette's fine features twisted in bitter anger. She was going to find out who played dirty and make them pay!

Wilson stood unmoving outside, his eyes following Yvette until she disappeared from view.

Without delay, Samuel gave him a polite report. "Mr. Quinn, Mr. Adam is quick on his feet. No sooner had you sent him the message than he had Master Xev's base wiped out. Talk about swift! Unfortunately, Master Xev wasn't there. Mr. Adam's men came up empty-handed."

Wilson wasn't surprised by the outcome. He said casually, "He's not that easy to catch."

Those who rose to power in the underworld and held onto it for years would not be ordinary people.

"We'll hunt them down, come hell or high water.

Samuel responded respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Quinn."

Wilson was going all out to please Adam, choosing to go as far as burning bridges with Master

Xey.

A Rose 472

The next morning, Nancy slowly opened her eyes and moved her sluggish body. She wasn't fully awake yet when she suddenly felt a man's hand around her waist. She was instantly jolted

awake.

When she saw that it was Jacob holding her, she first breathed a sigh of relief. But her relief was instantly shattered as her face drained of color.

How could this have happened? Nancy felt her body ache all over, and the events of the previous night slowly came back to her.

"Jacob, go easy on me..."

As she recalled what had happened, Nancy's face flushed red with shame. She wished she could find a hole to crawl into. She shouldn't have agreed to go to the banquet with Stanley. Then, this wouldn't have happened!

"Awake?"

Jacob had already woken up, but he stayed in bed, enjoying the warmth of her in his arms.

He instinctively reached out and stroked her head. His dark eyes filled with tenderness as he recalled the wild night they had shared.

"Does it still hurt?"

A blush crept across Nancy's cheeks as she shot him a furious look.

Jacob was caught off guard by her glare. He glanced at her nervously, his eyes filled with sincerity.

“Nance, I’ll take responsibility for what happened last night-”

Before he could finish, she interrupted him coldly. “We both know this was an accident, so let’s not talk about it anymore.”

She didn’t want him to be with her because of what happened last night—out of a sense of responsibility.

“Nance...” He didn’t understand why she seemed even angrier than before.

She ignored him, picked up her clothes from the floor, and quickly put them on. With a bright smile on her face, she turned to him. Her next words were a cruel blow.

“Jacob, don’t worry. I’m not interested in older men like you.”

His dark eyes flashed dangerously at those words. The temperature in the room seemed to plummet.

212

Nancy was a little scared, but she still mustered her courage and said, “We’re done. Let’s pretend we never met.

”

He was so furious that his temples throbbed, and he nearly ground his teeth to dust. Were all young women so irresponsible these days?

Having slept with him, she dismissed him due to his age. Then, she went a step further by pretending to be strangers.

Nancy could feel the fury radiating from Jacob. Though she didn’t quite understand, she instinctively chose to run.

“Let’s pretend we never met and cut all ties!” With those words, Nancy, despite the soreness in her body, ran out of the room.

Jacob instinctively got up to chase after her. But as he pulled back the covers, he realized he was completely naked. By the time he picked up his scattered clothes, she was already gone.

Fifteen minutes later, Jacob emerged from the room, fully dressed.

Jack was already waiting respectfully at the door. With Jacob radiating such a dark mood, he

couldn't shake the feeling of dread

"Mr. Murray..."

Jacob's handsome face was marred by a heavy, menacing bearing that made one's blood run

cold.

"Find out who spiked the champagne last night.

Jack gave a respectful nod of assent. "Yes, Mr. Murray!"

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A Rose 473

The weekend eventually arrived. Yara and Irwin, feeling sorry for Yvette, didn't allow anyone

to disturb her rest.

Nancy's call came in just as Yvette woke up. She was still glazed with sleep, but her beauty was breathtaking nonetheless.

She asked groggily, "What's up, Nancy?"

"Yvie, I slept with Jacob..."

Leaving the hotel, Nancy's prior confidence in front of Jacob deflated like a punctured balloon. Yvette was stunned for a moment, but quickly recovered and said, "Congratulations."

She'd always suspected that Nancy had a crush on Jacob. It was obvious to her that Jacob felt the same way. So, she thought it would be perfect if Nancy became her sister-in-law.

"What's with the congratulations?" Nancy, on the other end of the phone, was about to cry. "Yvie, your brother already has a girlfriend. I'm a side chick, and it only happened because I was drugged. But still, I can't believe it happened!"

Yvette frowned. "Who told you Jacob has a girlfriend?" She could hear Nancy's sadness over the phone.

"I went to his office yesterday to tell him how I feel, but I saw him being very close with a woman. The employees there were also saying he has a girlfriend!"

"Nancy, don't just believe the rumors." Yvette comforted her in a gentle but firm voice. "Jacob doesn't have a girlfriend."

"Really?" Nancy let out a surprised gasp. Her sadness and disappointment vanished in an instant. A bright smile spread across her face.

"There's still hope for me if he doesn't have a girlfriend!"

Nancy's joy was short-lived as she recalled her earlier words to Jacob at the hotel. Her smile froze on her face.

It was all over. She insulted him by calling him an old man and saying they were through. "Nancy, Jacob just texted me, asking if I know where you are. He's really worried about you." Hearing Yvette's voice, Nancy finally snapped out of her thoughts. She quickly said, "Yvie, keep it from him! Let him stew over it for a while!"

"I want to play hard to get. After all, people don't appreciate what they don't have to work for.

Having said that, Nancy immediately turned on the charm, acting all innocent and adorable." Yvie, you'll support me, won't you?"

"Yeah." Yvette nodded, unable to refuse her. She would have to apologize to Jacob for this

later.

After ending the call, Yvette washed up and went downstairs. Seeing her descend, the maids immediately brought out the breakfast they had kept warm in the kitchen.

After eating, she was about to head to the research institute. Just as she reached the door, however, her phone rang—it was a call from Jasper.

"Yvette, help me!"

Hearing the frantic voice on the other end of the phone, her delicate eyebrows rose lazily. Her tone was laid-back as she asked, "What happened?"

"Yvette, c—can you..." Jasper stammered, feeling embarrassed.

Her patience was wearing thin. "Just say it. Don't beat around the bush."

Jasper awkwardly cleared his throat. He mustered up his courage and spoke up. "Well, Yvie, can you lend me some money? I'll pay you back as soon as I have the money!"

"How much?"

"Three billion dollars!" Jasper quickly replied, his voice as flattering as it could be.

"Yvie, I know you're the best and wouldn't leave me to die..."

A Rose 474

Jasper hadn't even finished his flattery when Yvette coldly interrupted, saying, "I'm hanging up."

Although Yvette wasn't short on money, she only spent it where needed—case in point,

Jubilife Research Institute's chip development, which was a bottomless pit. Just yesterday, she had poured in 50 million dollars.

Yvette definitely didn't have spare money to lend Jasper.

"Yvette, please, you can't just leave me hanging like this..."

Yvette was annoyed by his sobbing. She said, "Go ask Wilson."

"I wouldn't dare..." The mere mention of Wilson's name caused Jasper's expression to fall, revealing his guilty conscience.

He couldn't bring himself to tell Wilson that he had entered a car race and ended up losing 5% of Quinn Corporation's shares. It was simply too humiliating!

Yvette raised an eyebrow. "What did you do that you need so much money?"

"I—I raced cars at an underground racing track and made a bet, but I lost. The wager was 5% of Quinn Corporation's shares," Jasper admitted, his regret palpable. "If I don't hand over the shares, I'll have to pay them in cash instead..."

An underground racing track?

Yvette was quite familiar with such settings. They were basically places of utter chaos and mayhem, full of shady characters. The people there likely won using underhanded tactics.

She didn't usually meddle in such matters, but she was protective of her own. Since someone had the audacity to mess with her people, she was going to handle it herself.

“Give me the address.” Yvette’s tone was indifferent, but it somehow made people want to comply with her instructions.

“Yvette, I’m right at

I’m right at-” Jasper began to provide the address, then suddenly realized what he was doing. He asked, “Yvette, you’re not coming, are you? You’re just a fragile girl, you won’t be able to solve anything-”

Yvette couldn’t be bothered to talk further and hung up.

A quick 20 minutes later, her motorcycle stopped steadily at the entrance of the underground racing track.

“Yvette, you really came?”

Jasper felt a headache coming on as soon as he saw her. He looked utterly dejected. “Yvette, there’s nothing you can do here. I really did lose to them!”

If only he had controlled himself earlier instead of impulsively betting in response to their provocation, then he wouldn’t have dragged Yvette into this mess.

“I made this mess, so I should clean it up myself” Jasper’s words were cut short by an arrogant voice.

“Jasper, you promised you’d honored the bet, but now you’ve brought a chick here? What’s the meaning of this?”

Yvette’s eyes turned colder at that disrespectful remark. She removed her helmet, and her long, wavy hair fell on her shoulders, accentuating her already stunning features. It wouldn’t be an exaggeration to say she was breathtakingly beautiful.

Carson Shaw and the others who had been jeering earlier were now utterly astonished. They were unable to tear their eyes away.

“Where’d you find such a gorgeous woman, Jasper?”

“Yeah, we’ve seen plenty of beauties, but never one like her...”

Carson’s eyes gleamed with lust. “Jasper, if you hand her over to me, I’ll give you an extension. You can take your time repaying the debt-”

“Do you want to die or something?” Before Carson could finish his sentence, Jasper stormed over and kicked him in the shin.

“That’s my sister–in–law!”

Carson and his men were notorious playboys in Jubilife, relying on their powerful families to get away with almost everything. They didn’t fear Jasper, but they were terrified of Wilson.

When they heard what Jasper said, their faces turned pale with fear. If this happened under any other circumstances, Carson would’ve jumped up and fought Jasper after being kicked. But now, he was too scared to do anything.

A Rose 475

Carson muttered in a hurry, “Sorry for my big mouth, saying things I shouldn’t have said. Please forgive me!”

Yvette’s beautiful fox–like eyes glinted coldly. “Since you know you have a big mouth, go ahead and slap it.”

“W–What?”

Carson couldn’t believe his ears. He hadn’t expected Yvette to disrespect him like this. After

all, the Shaws were a prominent family in Jubilife, and it was the first time someone dared to

treat him like this!

Yvette casually bent her long legs, her delicate brows showing signs of impatience. “Do you want me to slap you myself?”

Even though the one standing before him was merely a young girl, Carson felt intimidated by

her presence and couldn’t bring himself to look up.

Seeing this, Jasper felt immensely satisfied. He excitedly spoke up, “Yvette, you’ll dirty your hands if you do it yourself. Let me do it and slap him for you instead!”

Carson gritted his teeth in humiliation but had no choice but to slap his own face repeatedly

After all, Wilson Quinn was the “Grim Reaper” of Jubilife City. He was not someone Carson

could afford to offend.

“Did you skip your meals? Your slaps are so weak—hit yourself harder!” Watching this scene unfold, Jasper felt all the pent-up frustration inside him disappear.

“Keep slapping! What’s the matter, do you not have the strength? Then let me do it, I have more than enough strength!”

Under Jasper’s supervision, Carson ended up with a swollen, red face that looked utterly

ridiculous.

“I’m done slapping myself, so when are you going to give me the 5% of Quinn Corporation’s shares you owe me?” Carson gritted his teeth.

As soon as this matter was brought up, Jasper visibly deflated.

Jasper did indeed hold shares of the company; but if there were any changes in ownership, Wilson would find out very quickly, and then Jasper would be in big trouble.

“Do you dare make another bet?” Yvette’s cold voice rang out, slow and steady.

“Of course!” Carson quickly replied, unwilling to back down. “But this time, what will you wager? I should warn you, I only like to bet big. Let’s see if you dare bet against me!”

“If I lose, I’ll give you 20% of Quinn Corporation’s shares.” Yvette’s tone was calm, but her words shocked everyone present.

“What? 20% of Quinn Corporation’s shares?”

Carson looked at her with disbelief. “Can you actually make decisions on behalf of Mr. Quinn?”

20% of the shares was no trivial matter. He bellowed, “That’s ridiculous!”

Before Yvette could respond, Jasper chimed in. “My sister-in-law is at the top of the family hierarchy. My brother listens to her. If she says east, he wouldn’t take a step westward!”

Never mind 20% of the shares, Wilson wouldn’t hesitate to offer the entire company to her on a silver platter!

When Yvette saw their incredulous expressions, she didn’t bother with any more words. She pulled out her phone and called Wilson.

“Baby, you’re awake?” The call connected instantly, and a deep, magnetic voice responded. He sounded very gentle.

That was the infamous Wilson Quinn? Carson and the others gaped in disbelief. The “Grim Reaper” of Jubilife was actually capable of being this gentle? It was beyond shocking! Yvette spoke her next words slowly. “Let me ask you, can I make decisions for you?”

A Rose 476

When Wilson heard Yvette’s question, his thin lips curved into a delighted smile. His tone was indulgent to the extreme. “Of course, I’ll listen to everything you say.”

Yvette’s red lips curved slightly at his response. “Alright, that’s all.”

Watching the call end just like that, Wilson raised an eyebrow slightly. The corners of his eyes were full of mirth. He was clearly in a good mood

“Mr. Quinn, the meeting will begin in 10 minutes...” Samuel began, but Wilson interrupted him nonchalantly.

“Postpone it,”

Samuel was initially shocked but quickly suppressed his confusion. He responded respectfully,

“Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

Wilson said, “Prepare the car. We’re going to Murray Manor.”

Since it was the weekend, he originally thought of letting Yvette rest. But since she was already

awake, naturally, he would go and accompany her.

When Yvette made the call earlier, she had it on speakerphone, so Carson and the others clearly heard the entire conversation.

Yvette glanced at the dumbfounded Carson and company, lazily putting her phone away. “You heard that, right? Are you betting or not?”

“Bet!” Carson’s eyes turned red with excitement. That was 20% of Quinn Corporation’s shares! Only an idiot wouldn’t bet!

Moreover, judging by her frail appearance, she was clearly someone who didn’t know how to race. They were sure to win this one!

“I’ll bet against you, but we need to sign an agreement in advance. Otherwise, what if you lose and refuse to pay up?” Carson’s eyes gleamed with calculation.

Yvette smiled. "Fine, but if you lose, your bet with Jasper is nullified, and you'll also give me 20

% of your family's company shares."

When Carson heard this, hesitation flashed across his face. Although the Shaw family's shares weren't as valuable as Quinn Corporation's, 20% was still no small amount. That was the

extent of the shares he held!

"If you're too scared, forget about it," Yvette clicked her tongue, her tone mocking as she said, "How boring."

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With that, she turned to leave.

"Wait..."

Carson and his men panicked. They couldn't let this golden opportunity slip away.

"Who said I won't bet? I'll take the bet!" Carson was goaded into agreeing immediately. His eyes gleamed with greed for the 20% of Quinn Corporation's shares.

Carson was a professional racing driver with a good reputation in the racing community. There was no way he could lose to a delicate woman like her!

Yvette raised her finely arched eyebrows lazily, her tone indifferent but with an air of arrogance. "Alright, just don't cry when you lose."

What an arrogant, cocky young lady!

Carson's face darkened as he reached up to touch his swollen cheek. A hint of hatred flashed in his eyes.

Hmph, this foul woman had used Wilson's influence to force him to slap himself in front of everyone, thoroughly humiliating him. He wouldn't let her off so easily!

If something happened to her during the competition, even if Wilson pursued the matter, they could wash their hands of it completely!

'Wait... Yvette, why did you agree to race them? Do you even know how to drive a race car?' Jasper finally snapped out of reality, immediately speaking out in protest.

Yvette ignored him and walked over to inspect the race car. With just one glance, she could tell something was wrong with Jasper's car. It had been tampered with—the drifting and acceleration would face resistance, slowing it down.

It was obvious they had set a trap specifically to fool the idiotic Jasper.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

A Rose 477

Jasper kept rambling, "Yvette, this isn't like playing video games. Racing is really dangerous...."

He knew she was good at video games, but racing was a whole different thing. He had never heard of her racing before!

"You're noisy," Yvette interrupted him. "Step back."

"No, no, Yvette, you can't race them! If anything happens to you, Wilson will kill me!" Without lifting her head, Yvette responded nonchalantly, "Relax, I'll make sure you stay alive."

But Jasper wasn't comforted at all; in fact, he became even more worried. "Yvette, this isn't a joke. If you so much as lose a single hair, Wilson won't let me off!"

Given how precious Yvette was to Wilson, even a minor injury to her would spell the end of him!

"Shut up." Yvette, losing her patience, shoved him into the passenger seat. "If you're so worried, then come along with me."

Carson watched her pick the car and immediately let out a cold laugh. What an idiot!

All those cars had been tampered with. The moment they accelerated or drifted, there would be issues, slowing them down.

Racing was all about speed. Even if you lost just one second, it was hard to catch up.

Besides, she clearly didn't know how to race. They were bound to win this round!

The more Carson thought about it, the more the smugness on his face deepened.

Soon, he'd be getting his hands on 20% of Quinn Corporation's shares!

Yvette sat in the driver's seat and lazily glanced at Jasper. She kindly reminded him, "Buckle your seatbelt."

Jasper didn't take her seriously, replying instead, "Yvette, can you even drive a race car? Maybe I should drive. What if I actually win this time?"

"You?" Yvette's red lips tugged into a slight smirk, and she chuckled softly. "And lose 20% of Quinn Corporation's shares to them again?"

Jasper was silent. Ouch, that stung!

"The race begins..." As the host's words fell, Carson and his group slammed on the gas, their cars roaring off into the distance.

Only Yvette remained, lazily reclining in her seat. Her car was still parked at the starting line.

#F

This move left everyone at the scene stunned, and they quickly burst into laughter.

"Mr. Shaw, look at her car! It hasn't even started!"

"This is hilarious! What does she know about racing! Who gave her the confidence to race against you, Mr. Shaw?"

Listening to these comments through his earpiece, Carson couldn't suppress

his

smug grin.

Just as he expected, that woman didn't know how to race at all! 20% of Quinn Corporation's shares were his now!

"Yvette, the race has started. Why aren't you going?"

Jasper was getting anxious, but Yvette remained as relaxed as ever.

"I'm giving you one more chance—buckle your seatbelt."

"Yvette, how can you still be worried about seatbelts at a time like this?"

Watching the distance between them and the other cars widen, Jasper became even more frantic.

“Oh no, we’re so far behind already! There’s no way we can catch up now! It’s over, it’s over. We’re going to lose again... And this time, it’s 20% of the shares on the line...”

A Rose 478

“Ah...”

Before Jasper could finish his sentence, Yvette slammed on the gas, and the car shot forward instantly.

“Oh no, Mr. Shaw, they’re catching up!!”

“How is she doing that? She was so far behind before!”

“And that car was tampered with beforehand. How can this be?”

As the shocked voices came through the earpiece, Carson’s expression changed instantly, disbelief washing over him.

How was this possible?

Not only could she drive, but she was also driving so well that she was about to overtake him!

If he lost to a woman, how could he ever show his face in the racing scene again?

Moreover, they had a bet going. He absolutely had to get his hands on 20% of Quinn

Corporation’s shares. He could not lose, no matter what!

“What should we do, Mr. Shaw? She’s about to overtake us...”

A sinister look flashed in Carson’s eyes as he gritted his teeth. He said, “You two block her path with your cars. Smash her car!”

If her car was wrecked, how could she possibly overtake him?

“But Mr. Shaw, she’s one of Mr. Quinn’s. What if we cause an accident?”

Carson’s eyes darkened further at their hesitation. “What are you afraid of? She was the one who challenged us to this race! Racing is dangerous; injuries are just part of it!

“Just wreck her car. After we win, I’ll make sure you all get your rewards for helping me get 20 % of Quinn Corporation’s shares.”

When they heard this, greed immediately flickered across the face of the others, and they spoke up.

“Mr. Shaw, we know what to do!”

“Yes, yes! Don’t worry, we’ll definitely wreck that woman’s car!”

Carson grinned with satisfaction, casting another sinister glance at the red car not far behind.

She was just way too inexperienced to compete with him!

Yvette hadn’t raced in a long time, and her beautiful fox-like eyes glimmered with excitement.

She enjoyed the thrill, though the only downside was that Jasper’s yelling was a bit annoying.

“Ah... ah... ah...”

Jasper’s voice had cracked from screaming. The entire racetrack echoed with his terrified cries. He was absolutely terrified, gripping the door tightly.

“Yvette, slow down... I’m scared...”

Yvette lazily glanced at him, a wicked smile curving her lips. She had given him a chance; it was his fault for not listening.

“Yvette... please stop and let me buckle my seatbelt!” Jasper pleaded weakly, feeling like he might be thrown off at any second. “My heart can’t take it anymore... I might pee myself from fear!”

“I told you to buckle up before, didn’t I?”

At her words, Jasper wished he could slap his past self. He never expected she could drive so well. Even though she started later than Carson, she was effortlessly catching up to them!

“Yvette, you’re my idol now... I shouldn’t have doubted you! Just please, please give me one more chance to buckle my seatbelt!”

“Pathetic,” Yvette said, getting annoyed by his yelling and preparing to slow down.

“Oh no, Yvette, watch out!” Jasper’s expression changed dramatically, and he shouted, “They’re trying to crash into your car!”

The black and yellow cars ahead were deliberately slowing down to block her path. They were clearly waiting to crash into her car as soon as she came close.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

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Jasper's voice had cracked from screaming. The entire racetrack echoed with his terrified cries. He was absolutely terrified, gripping the door tightly.

"Yvette, slow down... I'm scared..."

Yvette lazily glanced at him, a wicked smile curving her lips. She had given him a chance; it was his fault for not listening.

"Yvette... please stop and let me buckle my seatbelt!" Jasper pleaded weakly, feeling like he might be thrown off at any second. "My heart can't take it anymore... I might pee myself from fear!"

"I told you to buckle up before, didn't I?"

At her words, Jasper wished he could slap his past self. He never expected she could drive so well. Even though she started later than Carson, she was effortlessly catching up to them!

"Yvette, you're my idol now... I shouldn't have doubted you! Just please, please give me one more chance to buckle my seatbelt!"

"Pathetic," Yvette said, getting annoyed by his yelling and preparing to slow down.

"Oh no, Yvette, watch out!" Jasper's expression changed dramatically, and he shouted, "They're trying to crash into your car!"

11

The black and yellow cars ahead were deliberately slowing down to block her path. They were clearly waiting to crash into her car as soon as she came close.

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A Rose 479

Watching this scene, Jasper's face turned ashen, and he felt a deep sense of despair.

It's over... there was no way to avoid the crash!

Unlike Jasper's panic, Yvette remained calm, her slender hands skillfully maneuvering the steering wheel. Just as the collision seemed inevitable, Yvette executed a perfect drift, successfully avoiding the two cars and leaving them behind.

Not only did the cars fail to hit Yvette's car, but they also collided with each other, resulting in

a loud crash.

Carson, who had been watching his behind, stared in disbelief. How could this happen?

"Mr. Shaw, her drift just now looked like a move often used by Shadow God."

When Carson heard this through the earpiece, he snapped back to reality, instinctively reprimanding, "What nonsense! How could she be compared to Shadow God?"

Shadow God was a top figure in the racing world, dominating with unmatched skills. But he had always remained a mystery, never revealing his true identity.

"Mr. Shaw, you're right. She doesn't deserve to be compared to Shadow God! But what should we do now? She's about to overtake us..."

Carson felt the pressure mounting, but he had no plans anymore. He simply pressed the gas pedal harder, grinding his teeth. "I refuse to believe she can overtake me..."

Before Carson could finish his sentence, a sudden blur zipped past him. By the time they realized what had happened, Yvette had already pulled ahead.

"Damn it! Did she just overtake us?"

"Oh my god, her speed is unbelievable!"

"Exactly! And to think that her car had been tampered with..."

When Carson heard these comments, his expression darkened further. He stubbornly continued to accelerate, trying to catch up with Yvette's car.

But she offered him no opportunity, even giving him the middle finger. Her delicate face brimmed with confidence.

This infuriated Carson and his team, their faces turning red with anger.

Once the race ended, Jasper immediately climbed out of the car and ran to a trash can to vomit. "Ugh..."

Yvette, unfazed, leaned casually against her car. She showed no signs of discomfort.

"You Wo

amazing, Yvette! I'm so in awe of you. From now on, I'll be one of your men. Wherever you tell me to go, I'll go without question!"

Recalling his earlier arrogance in trying to chase her away, Jasper wished he could disappear into the ground.

After ten minutes, Carson and his group finally crossed the finish line, their expressions grim. They had arrived a whole ten minutes after her, a humiliating defeat for professional racers.

"What's your relationship with Shadow God? Why did you use his signature drift?" Carson demanded harshly. His expression was hostile.

He had wanted to learn that drift for a long time, practicing countless times in secret but never mastering it. Yet now, this young woman had pulled it off flawlessly. It struck him as odd.

"What Shadow God?" Yvette's tone was quite casual, fabricating lies with a completely calm demeanor. "I don't know him."

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"How do you not even know Shadow God, Yvette?" Jasper immediately jumped in to explain, "Shadow God is a legend in the racing world! Besides the genius Esports player Rebir, Shadow God is my idol! If I ever got to meet Shadow God in my lifetime, I'd wake up smiling from my dreams every day!"

Watching his excitement, Yvette replied casually, "You can already wake up smiling now."

"What? Yvette, I haven't even met Shadow God yet. How could I wake up smiling?"

Seeing Jasper's naive expression, Yvette clicked her tongue. This further confirmed that the entire Quinn family's intelligence had been passed down to Wilson only.

"What are you looking at me like that for, Yvette?" Jasper asked, confused about why she was looking at him as if he were a fool. He wasn't an idiot!

Yvette ignored him and turned her indifferent gaze to Carson and his group. Slowly, she said,

You've all lost."

At the mention of this, Carson's expression darkened immediately. That was 20% of the shares! If his father found out he lost such a significant amount, he would definitely break his legs!

He quickly retorted, "You don't even know Shadow God! It's clear you're not a real racer! But you somehow went so fast—you must have cheated!"

Her chosen car was clearly one they had tampered with beforehand, and despite starting late, she still managed to win. It was utterly absurd!

"Carson, do you have no shame?" Jasper shot back. "Yvette won because she's talented! You're just trash trying to slander her. Ugh, what a sore loser!"

"What did you say? Do you want to fight?"

Jasper stood his ground, unafraid. "Did I say something wrong? You just can't handle losing, you losers!"

"You..." Carson's face darkened with fury, barely holding back his anger. "I'm not a sore loser, but you won because you cheated! The bet is invalid!"

"You're saying Yvette cheated just because you lost? What proof do you have?" Jasper challenged.

Carson's eyes narrowed at her car. "There must be something wrong with her car! She must have tampered with it to win against us!"

Perhaps she tampered with the race car while they weren't paying attention, which was why

she won!

11

Once that idea settled in, Carson felt more assertive. "If you're saying you didn't cheat, then do you dare let us check your car?"

Yvette leaned lazily against the wall. Her long legs were casually crossed, exuding an air of confidence. "Why should I let you check?"

To Carson, this sounded like Yvette was nervous. It only strengthened his belief that she had indeed tampered with the car to win.

He sneered, "I bet you're feeling guilty about cheating, which is why you won't let us check your car!"

"You're talking nonsense! Yvette wouldn't feel guilty!" Jasper argued, hands on his hips. Let's let them check so they can accept their loss!"

Yvette shot him a disdainful glance, her cold voice steady. "I'll let you check, but what if it turns out I didn't cheat? What will you do then?"

11

Carson replied without hesitation, fully convinced that Yvette had cheated. "If it turns out you didn't tamper with anything, I'll kneel and call you a god!"

There was no way she hadn't tampered with anything; otherwise, how could she have beaten him?