

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 501 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 501

A Rose 501

Wilson didn't expect Jacob to find Yvette so quickly.

"Baby, wait for me in the car. I'll be right back, Wilson said reassuringly as he stepped out.

As soon Jacob saw Wilson, his anger flared even more. His hands clenched into fists, and he felt an overwhelming urge to punch Wilson.

"How dare you fool me? All those tricks you taught me were just nonsense. Playing hard to get? It was all a load of crap!"

Jacob had clearly lost his usual composure. It was Wilson's fault he had gotten blacklisted by Nancy, after all.

Listening to the exchange outside, Yvette rubbed her temples in frustration. No wonder Jacob hadn't reached out to Nancy these past few days. It turned out Wilson had been leading him

astray.

"Jacob," Yvette said as she got out of the vehicle.

Upon seeing her, the anger on Jacob's face subsided slightly, and his tone softened. "Are you going to defend him?"

Yvette glanced between the furious Jacob and the innocent-looking Wilson. With a resigned sigh, she decided to take a laid-back approach. "Go ahead, fight it out. I don't care."

"Yvie?"

Jacob and Wilson turned their gazes toward her. Jacob's expression was a mix of confusion and

curiosity.

Wasn't his precious little sister always protective of that old lecher, Wilson? Why was she not defending him today?

Wilson's eyes were filled with sorrow and grievance. Paired with his extraordinarily handsome face, it was hard not to feel sympathy for him.

"Baby, you don't care about me anymore."

Yvette glared at Wilson and replied, "You brought this on yourself. Who told you to teach Jacob such nonsense?"

"Baby..." Wilson softly called her name but fell silent after, his gaze fixed on her with an even deeper sense of grievance. His pitiful expression was hard to resist.

Watching the scene unfold, Jacob couldn't help but scoff. He gritted his teeth in frustration.

Look at Wilson putting on an innocent act in front of Yvette! Having not seen Wilson for a while, it seemed his acting skills had improved. He was becoming quite the master at playing

212

the victim.

Jacob had calmed down by now. He knew that if he hit Wilson, it would only make Yvette feel sorry for him. He couldn't give Wilson that opportunity. Besides, beating Wilson up wouldn't appease Jacob. He needed to think of another way to take revenge.

With that in mind, Jacob's anger dissipated entirely. He looked at Wilson disdainfully, and sneered, "We'll see about that."

Jacob then turned to Yvette, his tone instantly softening. "Yvie, come on. Let's go home."

Yvette looked at Wilson, who was still holding her hand tightly, and sighed in resignation.

"Jacob, Nancy went to Royal Pavilion and probably drank quite a bit. You should go pick her up.

11

Upon hearing this, Jacob's expression wavered with hesitation.

She repeated herself, this time more firmly. "Jacob, you should pick Nancy up. I can head back by myself later."

“Okay.” Concerned about how Nancy behaved when she was drunk, Jacob finally relented.

A Rose 502

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Jacob shot Wilson a fierce glare before getting into the car and driving away.

Wilson paid no attention to Jacob. Instead, he looked at Yvette cautiously and immediately pulled her into his arms.

His deep, magnetic voice resonated in her ear. “Baby, I was wrong.”

Yvette allowed Wilson to hold her, lazily glancing at him without responding.

Wilson lowered his gaze and showed a pitiful expression. “Baby, I only retaliated a little after how harshly Jacob treated me.”

If it weren’t for Jacob constantly getting in the way, Wilson would have been officially engaged to Yvette long ago.

Yvette felt helpless against him and poked his chest playfully with her delicate fingers.

“You can’t do that again.”

Wilson felt a tingling sensation where she touched him, and he involuntarily swallowed hard, his gaze darkening. Still, he obediently nodded.

Once back in the car, Yvette pulled out her phone and received a message from Jake.

“Boss, the two billion dollars you allocated to the research institute last time has already depleted. They’re running low on funds again...”

It had only been 15 days since she last transferred money. What a rapid use of money!

Yvette clicked her tongue lightly against her teeth, then transferred another three billion dollars to the research institute’s account. After winning against Carson, she had sold his family’s shares for seven billion dollars. Hence, she still had some funds left to support them.

Meanwhile, Wilson watched from the side, his eyes narrowing dangerously as he tightened his

embrace around Yvette.

“Baby.” His tone was filled with a hint of grievance.

“Hmm?”

Yvette put her phone aside when she realized she had neglected Wilson. A coy smile played on her lush, glossy red lips as she turned to face him. Her delicate fingers hooked under his chin, and her lips covered his in a soft kiss.

Feeling the tender touch on his lips, Wilson’s gaze darkened further. Just as he was about to deepen the kiss, Yvette gently pushed him away.

“Let’s go to Quinn Manor.”

Yvette had been quite busy lately and hadn’t had much time to keep Martha company. If she didn’t visit soon, Martha might get upset with her.

Samuel was unaware of what was happening behind him. He simply responded respectfully, “Yes, Ms. Yvette!”

Yvette hummed in response and nodded, then lazily leaned back in her seat, closing her eyes

to rest.

“Wake me up when we arrive at the manor.”

Wilson clenched his jaw tight, a mischievous glint entering his usually aloof and impassive gaze. He fought the urge to click his tongue. Yvette was deliberately tormenting him.

Meanwhile, Nancy already had quite a few drinks at Royal Pavilion. Her pretty face was flushed with a light blush.

“Nancy, you lost! Truth or dare?”

Hearing this, Nancy focused her gaze and realized the dice she had rolled indeed had the

lowest number. She raised a hand to rub her forehead. “Dare!”

“Okay, then go to the entrance and kiss the first man you see.”

“What?”

Nancy instinctively furrowed her brow. How could they make her do such a thing, even if this was a dare?

“Are you afraid, Nancy?”

“Yeah! Do you lack the guts to play, Nancy?”

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A Rose 503

“It’s just a game. Are you really scared of this?”

Hearing the crowd’s teasing, Nancy didn’t want to appear weak. She lifted her chin defiantly and replied, “Who says I’m afraid? I’m just thinking about who to kiss, alright? How hard can that be?”

Nancy figured she would just pretend to kiss someone and trick the group. It wasn’t like she really had to go through with it.

“Woo-hoo! Nancy is so courageous. She’s not like the others who are so shy and hesitant!”

“Yeah! Let’s go, Nancy! We’re all waiting for a show.”

With the encouragement ringing in her ears, Nancy had no choice but to stand up and head toward the exit of the private room. She silently hoped she would run into a woman outside so she wouldn’t have to pretend to kiss a man for this dare.

“Nance.”

Just as Nancy stepped out of the room, she spotted Jacob rushing toward her, and her expression froze.

Jacob caught a whiff of the alcohol on her and frowned. “What are you doing, drinking so much?”

“Nancy, why are you just standing here? Don’t forget your dare to kiss the first man you meet! Hurry up!”

Inside the room, everyone was too drunk to recognize Jacob and continued urging Nancy on.

Hearing this, Jacob’s expression darkened further. If he hadn’t arrived in time, would Nancy have really gone through with kissing some random guy?

Seeing his displeased demeanor, Nancy blurted out, “He’s not good enough!”

Not good enough? Jacob's eyes narrowed and he smirked dangerously. "I'm not good enough? Nancy, your back isn't hurting anymore, is it?"

"Shut up!" Nancy's face flushed a deep red, disbelief washing over her as she gaped at Jacob. She couldn't believe he said such brazen words.

Jacob had spoken quietly enough for only the two of them to hear, but the crowd in the private room began urging her on again.

'Nancy, what are you doing? Don't forget what you have to do. A bet is a bet!"

Flustered, Nancy exclaimed, "I want to change my partner!"

"Who do you want to exchange me with?" Jacob's eyes narrowed further, the air around them growing tense with danger.

"That's none of your business!"

Thinking about how he had been cold to her lately made Nancy even angrier, and she snapped back defiantly. "It's just a game! I have the right to decide who I want to play it with."

"You can play with me," he said coolly.

Jacob's expression darkened as he removed his gold-rimmed glasses from the bridge of his nose. The calm demeanor he usually maintained vanished, replaced by a palpable aggression. Nancy felt like prey being stalked by a wolf, fear creeping into her heart. Instinctively, she wanted to run, but before she could take a single step, a strong pair of hands gripped her waist tightly.

Before she could react, her chin was tilted up, and Jacob's heated lips descended upon hers.

Nancy's pupils dilated in shock. She was too stunned to respond.

"Be good, Nance. Open your mouth," came Jacob's alluring voice in her ear. For a moment, she was entranced and obediently parted her lips.

The next second, Jacob's kiss turned fervent and demanding. Their lips and tongues entwined as he stole her breath away, leaving her powerless to resist.

go, Jacobs

A soft moan escaped Nancy's lips as she struggled to keep up with the intensity of the kiss. Instead of letting her deepen their connection. The sounds of their kiss echoing

anyone listening blush. with an intimacy that made anyone listening blush,

A Rose 504

At Quinn Manor, Victoria said gleefully, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I heard you like the pastries from Crown Bakehouse so I brought some for you. Would you like to try them?"

Seeing Victoria's sweet and innocent expression, Martha was happy to oblige her. "Of course! Let's take them out and give them a try."

Victoria smiled brightly and began to open the pastry box when a maid respectfully entered.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, Mr. Quinn and Ms. Murray have arrived."

"Yvie is here?" Martha's eyes sparkled with excitement as she immediately headed toward the door, instantly forgetting about Victoria.

Victoria's hands froze over the box. It was the first time she had seen Martha so fond of someone.

"Yvie, my darling, you're here! I missed you so much!"

Yvette had barely stepped into the house when Martha rushed out to wrap her in a warm hug. "You haven't visited in so long! I thought you'd forgotten all about me," she complained.

Yvette quickly reassured Martha. "Grandma, I've been busy lately, but I promise I'll visit you

more often from now on."

"That's great! I'm happy that you came to visit." Martha beamed with delight, then pulled Yvette toward the living room. She blatantly ignored Wilson, who was standing nearby.

Wilson had grown used to his grandmother's unwavering focus on Yvette. He quietly followed them inside, choosing not to interrupt their conversation.

"Wilson!" Victoria smiled and greeted him before turning to Yvette. "Yvie, it's nice to see you again."

Seeing Yvette nod in response, Victoria felt a twinge of disappointment. It seemed Yvette really didn't like her, just as Alice suggested.

Victoria quickly composed herself and said to Martha, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, didn't you say you wanted to try the Crown Bakehouse's pastries? I've prepared them for you."

"Yes! I can't wait to taste them." The thought of the delicious pastries made Martha feel nostalgic.

Yvette glanced at the treats on the table and frowned slightly. "Grandma, you shouldn't eat those pastries."

The high sugar and oil content in Crown Bakehouse's pastries wasn't suitable for someone of Martha's age. Consuming them could only worsen her condition.

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Though tempted by the sweets, Martha respected Yvette's advice and nodded obediently. "Okay. I won't eat these pastries, then. I'm still looking forward to seeing your and Wilson's children. I need

to take care of myself to live a few more years."

Children? Yvette felt her cheeks flush.

Noticing her embarrassment, Wilson quickly interjected. "Grandma, let's not talk about that. Yvette is still quite young."

Martha said confidently, "What's wrong with what I said? Once Yvie graduates in a few years, you two can get married and then have children."

"Grandma!" Yvette's face turned even redder as she tried to steer the conversation in a different direction. "I'll ask Crown Bakehouse to make some pastries with less sugar and oil in the future so you can enjoy them occasionally."

As expected, Martha shifted her focus to the pastries. She nodded enthusiastically and replied, "That sounds wonderful! But I remember how eccentric the Crown Bakehouse owner can be, so getting them to adjust their recipe might be tricky. Let's not worry about that for now. I'll just have to control myself and avoid pastries altogether."

A Rose 505

"It's okay, Grandma. It's no trouble for me at all, Yvette said casually.

Martha's heart swelled with affection. "My precious Yvie, you don't need to tire yourself out for my sake. I can manage my cravings and skip die pastries for now."

Victoria felt ignored as Martha showered Yvette with love and affection. Hence, she couldn't help but say, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, Yvie is actually the owner of Crown Bakehouse."

"What?" Martha's eyes widened in surprise before quickly turning to pure delight. She clasped Yvette's hands while exclaiming, "Yvie, you're the owner of Crown Bakehouse? How wonderful! I'm in for such a treat!"

Yvette smiled warmly. "Grandma, you can have anything from Crown Bakehouse delivered to you whenever you like from now on."

Martha beamed with joy. "You're giving me special privileges! You must stay for dinner, Yvie. I have so much to talk to you about."

Yvette nodded with a smile. "Of course."

"

Feeling overjoyed, Martha hurried into the kitchen, instructing the staff to be extra careful with dinner prep.

As soon as she left, Wilson took Yvette's hand, their fingers naturally intertwining. His deep, soothing voice whispered in her ear, "Don't feel pressured by what Grandma said."

He didn't want Yvette to feel any pressure about their future. Even if they got married in a few

years,

he wasn't in a rush to think about children. Her happiness was his priority.

Yvette nodded and replied, "I know."

Yvette didn't mind as she knew Martha hoped for a large, bustling family, full of children and grandchildren alike.

Meanwhile, knowing Yvette loved spicy food, Martha had made sure the dinner table was mainly covered with fiery dishes. There were only a few light dishes prepared.

After looking at the spread, Victoria glanced nervously at Wilson. "But Wilson can't eat spicy food."

He can't eat spicy food?

Yvette turned to Wilson, her eyes narrowing slightly in confusion. Since they'd started eating together, he had always joined her for Southwichian cuisine.

Noticing her gaze, Wilson grinned and ruffled her hair.

"It's okay. I can handle my spice," he said reassuringly.

A gentle warmth flowed through Yvette, intensifying the flutter in her heart.

"That's right! A husband and wife should have matching tastes." Martha laughed as she happily piled more grilled chili peppers on Wilson's plate. "Come on, eat up! You'll grow to love it!"

Wilson glanced at the mountain of peppers now filling his bowl and clenched his teeth slightly in resignation.

Only his grandmother would do this to him.

"Grandma, that's enough. Don't give him any more," Yvette spoke up.

"Oh, look at that! Yvie is worried about him." Martha chuckled and continued, "Okay, I'll stop since Yvie is looking out for Wilson."

A smile blossomed on Wilson's face, warmth radiating from his eyes, and the corners of his mouth curling upwards. Yvette was worried about him.

As Victoria watched their exchange, her appetite waned. Alice's words replayed in her mind.

Not only was Wilson gentle and indulgent with Yvette, Jasper also seemed to hang onto her every word. Martha adored her, too.

Victoria felt like an outsider, completely out of place.

A Rose 506

Chapter bus

After dinner, Martha was reluctant to let Yvette leave. She pleaded with Yvette to stay the night at Quinn Manor.

"Yvie, you haven't visited me in so long. Stay the night, won't you?"

Seeing the hopeful look on Martha's face, Yvette couldn't bring herself to refuse. She nodded with a smile. "Okay."

The moment Yvette agreed, Martha lit up with joy. “Wonderful! I’ll have them prepare a guest room right away.”

Standing nearby, Victoria watched Martha beam with happiness, her smile impossible to hide. Victoria could only lower her gaze.

Martha always preferred peace. She was never one for overnight guests at the manor. But now, she insisted that Yvette stay over. It was a privilege that Victoria never had.

“I’ll stay tonight to accompany you too, Grandma,” Wilson said seriously.

Martha saw through Wilson’s intentions and teased with a grin, “Are you staying for me or Yvie? You never stay over at Quinn Manor, but today you’re suddenly so eager! Worried I might steal your precious fiancée away? Look at you, keeping such a close watch on her!”

Wilson remained unfazed by Martha’s teases. He held Yvette’s hand, his fingers intertwining

with hers.

“Grandma, I only have one fiancée, so of course I have to keep a close eye on her,” he responded with a relaxed smile.

This was especially true since Yvette was so outstanding. There were plenty of men out there hoping for a chance with her.

Seeing the affection between the two, Martha couldn’t contain her joy.

Observing their warm interaction, Victoria felt like an outsider. She bit her lip before saying, Mrs. Quinn Senior, it’s getting late. I’ll head back so I don’t disturb your rest.

Martha nodded. “Okay. You’re so considerate, Victoria. You came all this way to see n appreciate it. However, your body is still weak. You must prioritize your recovery over visiting. Rest is what you need most.”

truly

In Jubilife high society, rumors were as common as the changing seasons. In the past, unfounded gossip had strained the Murray family’s approval of Wilson and Yvette’s engagement. Now that they had finally consented, Martha was determined to stave off any further misunderstandings.

It was wiser to avoid unnecessary speculation before more rumors could take root.

Victoria sensed the polite dismissal woven into Martha's words. Lowering her head to conceal her emotions, she nodded in agreement.

"Thank you for your concern, Mrs. Quinn Senior. I'll focus on my recovery."

"Great!" Martha responded warmly, then turned to instruct the butler. "Please see Victoria out."

"Yes, Mrs. Quinn Senior," the butler replied.

As Victoria followed the butler out of the manor, her smile faded, and her mood visibly dampened.

"Victoria!"

Just then, Alice hurried over to Victoria and started complaining. "I tried telling them that I'm your good friend but they wouldn't let me in. It's so unfair! You have to scold them for me."

Alice had rushed over as soon as she learned Victoria was visiting Martha. If she won Martha's favor, Yvette would no longer be able to act arrogantly in front of her.

To Alice's dismay, the security guards stopped her at the entrance, even after she mentioned her connection to Victoria. This left Alice fuming.

Victoria looked at her in surprise. "Alice, what are you doing here?"

Sensing Victoria's low spirits, Alice quickly put on a caring expression. "I came to pick you up. What happened, Victoria? You look unhappy."

Victoria lowered her head. "I went to visit Mrs. Quinn Senior. Yvette and Wilson were there too. Yvette had Mrs. Quinn Senior's full attention after she came, so I felt like an outsider."

"Yvette did it on purpose! As soon as you went to see Mrs. Quinn Senior, she brought Wilson along. Yvette wants to take everything that belongs to you. You can't let her keep doing this or you'll end up with nothing!"

A Rose 507

Victoria bit her bottom lip, choosing to remain silent. Meanwhile, Alice couldn't help but smirk, eagerly anticipating the moment she could manipulate the foolish Victoria into confronting Yvette.

Later that night, Yvette continued chatting with Martha. She only left the room when Martha was ready for bed.

“Ms. Murray, staff members can’t enter Mr. Quinn’s room. Please go on ahead,” a maid informed Yvette as they reached the door to Wilson’s room.

“Okay,” Yvette replied casually. She then pushed the door open and strode in confidently.

“Baby?”

Wilson had just emerged from the shower, wearing nothing but a loosely tied bathrobe that accentuated his well-defined physique. His chiseled abs were tantalizingly visible, making him incredibly alluring.

Yvette hadn’t expected to walk in on such a scene. Her brows arched lazily as her gaze fixed on his sculpted abs, momentarily forgetting the reason for her visit.

Noticing the glimmer in Yvette’s eyes, Wilson chuckled softly. He had no intention of fixing his loose robe. Instead, he pulled it open a bit more.

“Baby, do you want to touch me?” Wilson teased with temptation.

The sly fox was at it again! Yvette felt her ears heat up.

When she caught the playful look in his eyes, she lifted her chin with a hint of defiance and agreed boldly. “Sure. Why not?”

Wilson raised an eyebrow, a deep, rumbling laugh escaping his throat. “Baby, I’m ready.”

He was in for it now! Yvette’s eyes sparkled mischievously as her fingers slipped under his loose robe. She traced random patterns on his abs and poked at him with wicked intent. After all, it wasn’t her who would have to take another shower later.

Wilson’s body tensed when he felt Yvette’s soft, slender hand wandering over his firm muscles. A sudden heat rushed through him. He hadn’t expected her to be so daring.

Wilson’s Adam’s apple bobbed, and he fought the urge to react, biting down hard on his molars. He had truly set himself up for this.

“So hard.” Yvette couldn’t resist commenting when she felt the taut muscles under her touch.

Wilson’s throat tightened even more. His dark, smoldering eyes were fighting to maintain

control. Did she even realize what she was saying? This was torture.

Seeing his strained expression, Yvette's mischievous intent deepened. Her fingers continued their exploration, drifting lower.

"Yvie!"

A Rose 508

Wilson's breathing grew ragged as he caught Yvette's wandering hand, his eyes darkening with restrained intensity. If he let her continue, his control would snap like a twig.

Yvette shot him a smug look. "Weren't you the one who told me to touch you? You can't handle it, huh?"

Wilson's restraint finally broke. He pulled her close, capturing her in his arms as his scorching lips claimed her skin. He kissed her neck with fervent lips, leaving a trail of possessive marks, each a bold declaration of his possession.

Yvette gasped, pushing against him.

Wilson reluctantly pulled back. His usually calm, captivating eyes now burned with fierce hunger, and his deep voice was rough with desire.

"Baby, I don't feel like being a nice person anymore."

Yvette glanced at her reflection and noticed the new red marks blooming across her collarbone. She lifted her eyes, shooting him a soft glare. "Oh? Being a dog would suit you."

Wilson let out a low, husky laugh, his fingers tilting her chin up with effortless control. "Calling me a dog now, huh?"

He stretched out the words, each syllable dripping with a dangerously seductive edge that sent tingles through her.

Yvette blinked, feigning innocence. "Well, aren't you? What else bites like that?" she muttered, knowing she'd need a high-collared top tomorrow to cover all traces.

Before she could protest further, his mouth was on hers again. This time, the kiss was deeper, more consuming, and almost punishing in its intensity. It was as if he was determined to make her regret every teasing word.

By the time Wilson finally released her, Yvette's eyes were tinged with an alluring red. She felt weak, melting into his warm, broad chest.

“Baby, it hurts there.” His deep, raspy voice brushed against her ear, making her heart race and her cheeks burn with a warmth that seeped to her bones.

Fighting the heat on her face, Yvette pushed him away. “Deal with it yourself.”

Wilson chuckled at the sight of her flushed face before letting go of her slim waist. Though tempted, he wasn’t that much of a beast. He’d wait until she was older. Still, the shower he took earlier now felt utterly pointless.

“Wait for me, baby,” he murmured while struggling to suppress his desires. He then pressed a kiss to her forehead before striding into the bathroom.

Yvette’s cheeks burned even hotter as she watched him go. She had just come by to ask about his grandmother’s preferences for her upcoming birthday. How had it turned into this big of a

mess?

When Wilson returned from his second shower, Yvette was already fast asleep on his bed. Her silky hair fanned out like a halo, highlighting her porcelain features.

The slight shift in her sleeping position caused her neckline to dip slightly, revealing soft, fair skin that was impossible to ignore.

Yvette really trusted Wilson, didn’t she?

His Adam’s apple bobbed, and he forced himself to look away, fighting down the heat threatening to consume him again. If he kept staring, he’d have to make another trip to the

bathroom.

Carefully, he pulled the blanket over her, his gaze softening as he watched her sleep.” Goodnight, Yvie. Sweet dreams.”

When Yvette woke up the next morning, she blinked in confusion as she realized she was still

in Wilson’s room.

Memories of last night trickled back. She had only meant to ask him about his grandmother’s birthday, but she’d fallen asleep while waiting.

Yvette glanced at the faint marks on her neck, sighing in exasperation. They hadn’t faded at all, and she rubbed her temples in mild annoyance

“Ms. Murray, are you awake?” A maid’s polite voice called from outside the door.

Yvette got up and went to the door. “What is it?”

“Ms. Murray, Mr. Quinn prepared these clothes for you.”

Yvette’s eyes widened as she watched a procession of maids wheel in racks upon racks of clothes— more than enough to wear a new outfit every day for an entire year. Every style imaginable was laid out before her, including plenty of high-necked options.

Once dressed and ready, Yvette headed downstairs.

“Yvie, my dear, you’re awake!” Martha’s face lit up with a warm smile the moment she saw Yvette. She quickly turned to the butler and instructed, “Serve breakfast!”

“Right away, Mrs. Quinn Senior.”

The butler moved swiftly, bringing in the breakfast spread in no time.

“Yvie, these were all prepared according to your tastes. Wilson made sure to tell the kitchen what you liked before heading to the office so you wouldn’t have to eat something you didn’t

like.”

Yvette’s heart warmed at the thoughtfulness. She was used to simple breakfasts – donuts and pancakes, not fancy sandwiches or the like. Yvette nibbled on her breakfast gleefully.

Martha watched Yvette with fondness. She looked lovely even when eating quietly. Her grandson had truly found a gem.

It was a good thing Martha arranged this marriage early on. Who knows how long it would have taken Wilson to find a wife otherwise?

As she silently praised her foresight, Martha’s eyes caught the faint marks peeking from beneath Yvette’s high collar. Her smile deepened with amusement.

“Wilson, that little!” Martha pretended to scold, though the grin on her face was impossible to hide.

Yvette’s ears burned as she caught sight of Martha’s knowing look. She hurriedly stood up and said, “Grandma, I have to get to school. I’ll come back to visit you soon!”

“Of course, Yvie. I’ll have the butler take you,” Martha replied, unable to hide the smile on her face.

“And next time, don’t let Wilson get carried away like that. Okay?”

There were so many marks on Yvette’s neck—just how wild had things gotten yesterday?

A Rose 509

Yvette hurried away as Martha smiled in amusement.

She arrived at school just in time, and heard someone exclaim, “Yvie, you’re here!”

Her classmates immediately swarmed her, their faces lit with excitement.

“We went to Ashton’s concert last weekend—it was amazing!”

“Seriously, Yvie, thank you! Without you, we’d never have gotten in.”

Tickets to Ashton’s concerts were notoriously hard to come by. They were expensive and almost impossible to secure with his enormous fanbase. If it weren’t for Yvette, they wouldn’t

have stood a chance.

As her friends gushed over the experience, Alice sat in the corner, feeling the sting of being sidelined.

What was so special about the concert, anyway? She couldn’t care less! Still, she hated how easily Yvette stole the spotlight over something so trivial.

“They’re just concert tickets. You probably got seats way in the back, right? There’s no way you could have secured that many good tickets.” Alice scoffed.

Before Yvette could say a word, Madison rolled her eyes and shot back.

“What’s your problem? Yvie got us front–row seats!”

Alice widened her eyes in shock. She knew better than anyone how difficult it was to get Ashton’s concert tickets, let alone front–row seats. It was also exorbitantly priced. Yvette had just handed those out to poor people like it was nothing?

Bitterness surged through Alice, her fists tightening at her sides. She was in the same social class as Yvette, but the latter hadn’t even considered getting her a concert ticket.

It was infuriating! How could Yvette leave her out like that? She missed the one concert she’d been dying to see.

“Exactly! The seats Yvette got us were in the front row—the best in the house! No one else could’ve snagged those.”

“Someone’s just mad because they couldn’t get what they wanted,” another classmate added.

Alice’s face flushed red, but no one paid her any more attention. Instead, they turned back to Yvette, eager to show their gratitude.

“Yvie, you really came through for us. Let us treat you to a meal. It’s our way of saying thanks!

11

Seeing their hopeful gaze, Yvette didn’t want to disappoint them. Hence, she nodded with a

smile.

“Sure.”

“Yes! It’s settled then!” Madison and the others cheered, and soon the conversation shifted

back to the concert.

“It was amazing to see Ashton live. He’s even better looking in person than on TV. But why did he have to dress so conservatively? I was hoping to see his abs just once!”

“Yeah! Ashton is always dressed so properly, even at his concerts. I’d kill for a glimpse of those abs!”

Madison’s cheeks turned bright red as she giggled. “Seriously, if I ever get to see those abs, my life will be complete!”

Yvette raised an eyebrow with an amused expression. “You all really want a picture of Ashton’s abs?”

“Of course we do!” Madison and the others chorused in unison, their excitement palpable.

“His stylist always covers him up. With a body like that, it’s a crime to keep it hidden,” Madison lamented.

Yvette couldn’t help but laugh at Madison’s indignant expression. With her round face and flustered demeanor, she looked even more adorable than usual.

Yvette reached out and playfully pinched her cheek. "Okay, I can make that happen."
"Huh?"

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Claim

A Rose 510

The girls exchanged looks of surprise, then broke into excited grins.

"Seriously? Yvie, you're amazing!"

They chirped, though the idea seemed too far-fetched to be true. Everyone knew Ashton was famously conservative with his image, never flaunting his physique like other male celebrities.

However, they trusted Yvette. She wasn't one to make empty promises, and when she said she'd do something, she meant it. Their anticipation only grew.

Watching from the sidelines, Alice couldn't help but sneer. "What a joke. Just because you've got money doesn't mean Ashton will strip for you."

Ashton was a top celebrity now, so there was no way Yvette could buy him off with a sum of

money.

"You're really something, aren't you? No one asked for your opinion, but here you are, spewing garbage," Madison shot back.

Yvette remained calm, but the approving gleam in her eyes suggested she had Madison's back.

Alice's face twisted in anger, but she didn't dare respond. All she could do was swallow her curses as she silently fumed.

Even Madison, a girl from an average family, dared to stand up to her now. If her family hadn't gone bankrupt, Alice would never have let these nobodies get away with insulting her

like this.

Meanwhile, Ashton was overjoyed when he saw Yvette's name flash on his phone screen. He didn't expect her to call him.

It seemed like Ashton still held a special place in Yvette's heart. He wasn't just her cash cow. Yvette cared about him, he was sure of it.

Feeling both flattered and relieved, Ashton answered the call immediately.

"Yvie, I've missed you so much!" he exclaimed.

Lately, he'd been swamped with concert tours. He barely spent time at home, let alone found time to accompany his beloved sister.

Yvette couldn't help but smile, a warm feeling spreading through her as she heard his voice. "I haven't spent much time with you lately. Adam is not your favorite brother now, is he?" Ashton grumbled, recalling the bragging photos Adam had sent him recently.

"I must always be your favorite brother! I'm out here working my butt off to earn money for you, so you can't like Adam more than you like me."

"Of course. You're the best!" Yvette soothed Ashton to keep him happy. After all, he was the company's golden goose, and she still needed him to keep raking in the cash.

"So, what's up? What do you need from me?" Ashton eagerly asked, his mood instantly lifted.

"I need a few photos of your abs."

Ashton blushed slightly at the odd request. Though he was embarrassed, he'd do anything for her. If she wanted pictures of his abs, she'd get them, no questions asked.

"Sure thing, Yvie! I'll send them over right away!"

Yvette nodded, her tone nonchalant. "Take a few extra. They are for my classmates."

"Got it!" Ashton nodded obediently, unable to refuse anything Yvette asked of him.

A few moments later, Ashton sent over the ab shots, and Yvette's classmates squealed in delight, their excitement palpable.

"Oh my gosh, are these really Ashton's abs?"

"Wow! Just as I imagined—his body is perfect! So hot!"

As their chatter filled the room, Yvette's mind wandered to a different set of abs altogether. It was defined, and dangerously tempting.

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 511 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 511

A Rose 511

“You’re the best, Yvie! From now on, you’re our one and only queen!”

The girls quickly saved the photos to their phones, giddy with excitement. Knowing Nancy would love these, Yvette forwarded the photos to her as well.

Nancy’s response arrived almost instantly. “Who knew Ashton had a body like that? Nice, very nice!”

Nancy was lost in thought while admiring the photos on her phone when it was suddenly snatched from her hands.

“What?” She looked up, meeting Jacob’s dangerously narrowed eyes.

“Do you like seeing such things?” Jacob thought Nancy was engrossed in something important, given how intently she was staring at her screen. But abs? Seriously?

Nancy instinctively wanted to nod, but her survival instincts kicked in. Swallowing hard, she stammered, “T—They’re okay, I guess. It’s not that big of a deal!”

Jacob found Nancy’s flustered look adorable. He gently ruffled her hair.

“If you like looking at abs, just look at mine,” he said seductively.

As for anyone else’s... Jacob’s eyes narrowed slightly, and without hesitation, he deleted the

photos.

Nancy had been momentarily dazzled by his tenderness, but when she saw all her saved photos vanish, she snapped back to reality. Her expression darkened, and she pouted in`

protest.

“Hey! Why’d you delete all my photos?”

“Nance, you’re not allowed to look at stuff like that anymore,” Jacob said gently, though his tone left no room for argument.

“Why should I listen to you?” Nancy’s rebellious streak flared as she lifted her chin defiantly. “I’ll look if I want to! You... You can’t control me!”

“Oh, so you won’t even listen to your boyfriend?” Jacob’s tone was deceptively calm, but there was an edge to it.

Nancy’s cheeks flushed a bright red at the word “boyfriend“, but she kept her resolve firm. “I never agreed to be your... girlfriend!”

No way was she going to let him have the upper hand so easily. He’d been playing it cool for too long, so it was time to make him work for it.

“Oh, really?” Jacob’s eyes darkened dangerously, and his voice dropped to a chilling whisper,

laced with a hint of a threat. “So, you aren’t going to take responsibility?”

“I told you, that was just an accident!” Nancy’s gaze flickered away, trying to mask her flustered state. “We’re both adults, Jacob. It’s no big deal.”

“No big deal, huh?” Jacob smirked. His expression was unreadable as he reached up, fingers poised to remove his glasses.

“We can always do it again.”

Nancy’s eyes widened in panic, and she instantly grabbed his arm, stopping him from taking off his glasses.

A Rose 512

After class, Nancy received a voice message from Nancy. When she heard it, she was surprised to hear Jacob’s voice instead.

“Yvie, don’t send her those kinds of things again.”

Yvette couldn’t help but smirk as she listened, letting out a soft click of her tongue. Who knew Jacob could be so possessive?

“Yvie, let’s go. We promised to treat you to lunch!” Madison and the others eagerly gathered around her.

“Okay.” Yvette nodded, slipping her phone back into her bag before following them out of the

classroom.

As soon as they stepped outside, however, Yvette spotted Jasper and Victoria chatting nearby. She wasn't about to interrupt them, so she turned to leave when Jasper caught sight of her.

"Yvie! Yvie!" Jasper dashed over, practically tripping over his feet in his haste. "Where are you headed? Take me with you! I've been waiting here for you!"

"No. I already promised to eat with them." Yvette shook her head and turned Jasper down without hesitation. He talked way too much, and his constant chatter was exhausting.

Though he was turned down, Jasper wasn't one to give up easily. He turned to Madison and the others, asking, "You guys don't mind if I tag along, right?"

Given Jasper's notorious reputation as Jubilife's fyerant, Madison and the rest quickly nodded, not daring to refuse.

Jasper grinned triumphantly, relentless as ever. "See, they don't mind! Come on, Yvie, just take me with you. I ran over as soon as class ended just to wait for you."

Yvette was speechless. Not far off, Victoria stood and watched the unfolding scene. It was the first time she'd seen Jasper so shamelessly persistent. She assumed he must really like Yvette. "Victoria, did you see that? Yvette is a master at winning people over! She's charmed everyone in our class and turned them against me," Alice complained. She tried to paint herself a victim, and Yvette in a sinister light.

"Victoria, now she's using those same tactics on you. If you don't act fast, you'll lose your standing in the Quinn family. She won't let you stay with the Quinns or remain close to Wilson with the way things are going."

As Alice's words echoed in her mind, Victoria lowered her gaze, her thoughts hidden beneath a calm facade.

Meanwhile, Jasper continued to plead, "Yvie, please take me with you!"

Growing weary of his persistence, Yvette finally relented with a nod. "Fine. Just keep up."

"Great!" A wide grin broke across Jasper's face. "Yvie, could you teach me that drifting technique you used in your last race?"

Just then, a black Hummer sped toward them and screeched to a halt. A man stepped out of the car, clad in leather. His eyes were cold and dangerous, and he exuded an intimidating presence.

"So you're the woman who beat Carson?"

“Carson?” Yvette arched an eyebrow lazily, her tone nonchalant. “Who’s that?”

“Yvette, he’s the idiot you beat last time! You not only helped me win back 5% of the Quinn Corporation shares, but you also took 20% of his family’s shares.”

Seeing Yvette’s lack of recollection, Jasper whispered to her, “You sold those shares to their rival and caused his company’s stocks to plummet. Carson got beaten half to death by his father because of it.”

“Oh, him. I have too many defeated opponents under my belt, so it’s normal not to remember all of them,” she said dismissively.

Just then, Carson limped out of the car and glared at Yvette with menace. “Don’t get too cocky! So what if you win against me? Why don’t you try beating Zeke? Do you dare challenge us again?”

After losing 20% of his family’s company shares last time, Carson returned home to a harsh lesson. He couldn’t let the humiliation slide, so he persuaded Zeke Lockwood to help him.

Carson was determined to make Yvette suffer this time.

A Rose 513

Jasper’s face paled upon hearing Zeke’s name. He was a famed racer in the streets, and all who

raced knew of his name.

Before Jasper could speak, Carson challenged arrogantly, “Are you scared? Pathetic! If you don’t have the guts to race against Zeke, just kneel and admit you’re useless. I might just let you off.”

“Scared?” Yvette replied, lazily arching an eyebrow. That word didn’t exist in her vocabulary.

“And what if you lose again?”

Infuriated by her casual attitude, Carson lost his cool. “What do you want?”

“I want the newest medical equipment that the Shaw family purchased recently.” Yvette enjoyed the idea of snagging something for free. What a clever way to save a hefty amount of money!

“Fine! If I lose this time, that batch of medical equipment is yours!”

Brimming with confidence that Zeke would win, Carson agreed without hesitation.

Yvette nodded in satisfaction. "Okay. I'll race you."

"Great!" Carson grinned, a mix of pride and malice on his face. "See you at Serpentine Speedway."

Finally breaking his silence, Zeke looked at Yvette intently and said, "I hope you don't disappoint me."

He had agreed to Carson's request after seeing footage of Yvette's previous race. Her drifting technique was a mirror image of the legendary racer known as Shadow God.

Besides Kaise and Shadow God, Zeke had no real rivals left in the racing scene. Unfortunately, Kaise had long since retired, and Zeke was eager to find someone to compete against.

Now that a racer with Shadow God's skills had emerged, Zeke was determined to seize the opportunity, no matter who she was.

"Why did you agree to race Zeke?" Jasper exclaimed while watching them walk away. "Zeke isn't like that idiot, Carson—he's a tough opponent!"

Zeke was notorious in the racing world as a madman, known for his reckless driving and death-defying approach to racing. Aside from the legendary racer Shadow God and Kaise, no one dared to compete against him.

Kaise was a name that stood shoulder to shoulder with Shadow God, having raced longer and boasting an unmatched skill set. To this day, he had never lost a race, and he was the founder of many renowned racing clubs—a true veteran in the scene.

Despite Jasper's panic, Yvette maintained her casual demeanor.

"What's there to be afraid of?"

"Afraid? I'm really afraid. Yvie, please don't race him! He's a lunatic—he drives like he has nothing to lose. If anything happens to you, Wilson will kill me," Jasper pleaded.

Seeing Jasper so worked up piqued Yvette's interest. "He's that impressive?" It had been a while since she raced, and she wasn't up to date on the racing scene anymore.

"Yes! He's incredibly skilled!" Jasper quickly nodded, eager to dissuade her from the race.

"People in the circuit are saying he's even more talented than Shadow God. So please, don't race him."

“All the more reason why I should race him.” Yvette’s lips curled into a smirk. Competing against someone with such formidable skills sounded thrilling.

Jasper was taken aback. “What?”

That wasn’t the reaction he had expected. He wanted her to back down, not get more excited.

“Yvie, you can race, too?” Madison and the others looked at Yvette with even more admiration.

A Rose 514

Yvette nodded and replied, “Yeah. Would you like to see?”

“Yes!” Madison and the others nodded in excitement.

“Okay. I’ll treat you all to dinner next time, but for now, let’s head to the track,” Yvette said.

“Yvie...” Jasper tried to say more, but Yvette didn’t even glance his way. She was already leading Madison and the rest to the car.

Meanwhile, Alice felt a surge of malice as she watched the scene unfold. “Victoria, let’s go watch the show!” she said eagerly.

How could that arrogant girl dare to race Zeke? She couldn’t fathom where Yvette got her

courage.

“Alice, maybe we shouldn’t...” Victoria hesitated. However, Alice was consumed with thoughts of seeing

Yvette embarrass herself. Just the idea thrilled her, and she firmly pulled Victoria along.

“Let’s go! We’re just going to watch!”

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This was a rare chance to see Yvette humiliate herself, and Alice couldn’t let it slip away!

Half an hour later, the car glided to a halt at the winding mountain racetrack.

Yvette stepped out and walked with profound confidence. Zeke was already waiting for her, knowing smile on his face. "It's not too late to back out."

The mountain track twisted perilously, with sheer cliffs lurking below. A single misstep could lead to disaster, making this an incredibly dangerous setting for a race. Few dared to compete. here, and only those who thrived on thrills would even consider it.

"Yvie, let's not do this." Jasper blurted out, anxiety etched on his face. Zeke was already reckless, but racing here was downright insane!

The excitement in Yvette's eyes only deepened, she replied, "Why not? I'm definitely racing."

A wicked smile spread across Zeke's face. "That's the spirit. I can't wait to see your - performance on the track."

"Back at you," Yvette said.

"You have to beat her. Just beat Yvette, and I'll pay you whatever you want." Carson couldn't let her get away with what she'd done to him last time. This was personal.

Zeke's expression remained unreadable, seemingly uninterested in Carson's reward. His gaze locked onto Yvette's retreating figure. All he wanted to know was whether she was truly the

legendary Shadow God.

Seeing Yvette so determined to race Zeke, Jasper felt his head spin with worry. He muttered to himself, "No way. right away." Only Wilson could convince Yvette to back

I need to tell Wilso

down.

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A Rose 515

Over at Quinn Corporation, Wilson had stepped out of the conference room when Samuel hastily approached him.

"Mr. Quinn, something's wrong! Mr. Jasper couldn't reach you so he texted me. Ms. Yvette has agreed to a race with Zeke Lockwood, and the location is Serpentine Speedway!"

Serpentine Speedway was notorious for its treacherous track. One wrong move could lead to a fatal crash. And to make matters worse, Yvette was racing against Zeke, that infamous lunatic!

“What?” Wilson’s chiseled features darkened. His entire demeanor radiated an intense chill

that sent shivers down Samuel’s spine.

Yvette had told him she was meeting friends for dinner, so he didn’t go pick her up. Why was she suddenly at Serpentine Speedway?

“Get the car ready! We need to get going!” Wilson looked more menacing than ever, his expression severe and chilling.

Though he knew Yvette was more capable than he had thought, he couldn’t shake off his concern. He would never allow her to be put in harm’s way.

Samuel didn’t dare delay, promptly responding, “Yes, Mr. Quinn!”

Yvette emerged from the dressing room, her sleek racing suit accentuating her flawless physique. Her long, straight legs were particularly eye-catching, making it impossible for anyone to tear their

gaze away from her.

Madison and her friends were mesmerized, squealing with delight.

“Yvie, you look so cool! You have a beautiful figure!”

“Wow! Yvie looks so hot! She’s making me weak in the knees!”

“Indeed, a badass woman can outshine any man!”

“I’m a girl, but I’d like to date you, Yvie! Please give me a chance!”

Yvette chuckled, her eyes sparkling with amusement. She playfully pinched each of their cheeks. Her tone was relaxed and carefree, yet there was a sense of confidence when she spoke.

“Wait till I bring home that trophy to let you all play with,” she uttered.

“Awesome! Yvie’s the greatest, I know you’re going to win!”

“I’m telling you, Yvie is going to crush it!”

Yvette had cast her spell over Madison and the others. Her friends were so enamored that they

Chantel 515

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A Rose 516

turned into her biggest admirers, nodding obediently.

As she listened to their praises, her lips curled into a charming smile. Her voice took on a hint of indulgence as she said, "I'll be back with the trophy soon, so wait for me!"

"Okay!"

Madison and the others nodded eagerly, their eyes fixed on Yvette as if they couldn't bear to look away.

"I'm totally crushing on Yvie!" one of them whispered.

Jasper watched this unfold and couldn't help but smirk. Holy smokes, his sister-in-law was a walking magnet! It seemed like she had everyone wrapped around her finger, regardless of gender. He had his work cut out for him in keeping all the suitors at bay!

But where was Wilson? The race was about to start. Jasper was getting anxious, though there was nothing he could do to stop it.

Meanwhile, Alice seethed with jealousy. She watched as Yvette basked in the attention of her friends. How dare Yvette think she was so special?

Today's race was against Zeke, a renowned racing champion, and she was bound to lose.

The Serpentine Speedway was notorious for its treacherous curves. If Yvette had an accident during the race, she would be doomed to death.

The thought sent a malicious glint into Alice's eyes. She hoped that Yvette would lose control and veer off the track, meeting a grisly end.

"The race begins!"

The moment the flag was waved—signaling the start of the race—Zeke's race car surged forward, leaving Yvette in the dust. He frowned in disappointment as he glanced in his rearview mirror.

“What a slow star

A Rose 517

“Number 2 is flooring it, trying to overtake number 1 on the next turn. Oh no, what a shame! Number 2 is being held back by number 1 and can't seem to catch up!”

The commentator's voice echoed through the speakers as the audience watched in rapt attention. Their eyes were fixed on Yvette's car as displayed on the big screen. She seemed nonchalant, deliberately slowing down to toy with Zeke. He was struggling to keep up.

“Looking at the situation, it seems like Zeke is going to lose. He's being held back and doesn't have a chance to overtake her!”

“Who would have thought that Zeke would lose to a delicate girl? This is unbelievable!”

On the racetrack, Zeke's expression darkened as he grew both frustrated and flustered. No matter how hard he pushed himself, he remained behind Yvette at a significant distance. It seemed she was intentionally toying with him now.

Zeke had never been humiliated like this before. His eyes flashed with a fierce and crazy glint. He floored it, accelerating straight toward Yvette's red car with reckless abandon. He was determined to find out if she was truly Shadow God.

The audience gasped in shock as they watched the scene unfold on the big screen.

“Oh my God, Zeke is a madman! There are no guardrails on Serpentine Speedway. He plans to

crash into her car!”

“This is insane! Someone's going to get killed!”

The winding Serpentine Speedway hugged the edge of an endless abyss. Should Yvette fail to evade Zeke's impact, she would plummet to her death.

The crowd was on the edge of their seats, anxiously watching Yvette.

Wilson rushed to the scene at this exact moment, his handsome face cold and menacing. He radiated an intense chill, preventing the onlookers from approaching.

“Wilson, it's about time you got here!”

Upon seeing Wilson, Jasper felt an immediate sense of relief and hurried over to him. “Yvette insisted on racing against Zeke. I couldn't stop her!”

“Wilson...”

Victoria approached Wilson, her voice soft and gentle, but he didn't even glance at her. His voice was icy as he questioned, “Is the car ready?”

Samuel immediately responded, “Mr. Quinn, we had the race car all set up by the time you arrived!”

“Wilson, you're going to get on the track too?” Jasper was shocked by what he heard. He intended to talk his brother out of it when Wilson got in the car.

Victoria's eyes were cast downward. Wilson was usually stoic, but he'd always lose composure

whenever it came to Yvette.

“Oh my God, what is Yvette doing?”

A collective gasp rose from the audience as they watched on the big screen how Yvette did the unexpected. She didn't accelerate to avoid Zeke's collision. Instead, she reversed her car and crashed into him head-on.

“Oh my God, she's even crazier than Zeke is!”

“They're both insane! This is too exciting!”

Zeke hadn't expected her to collide with him head-on. His face contorted in shock. There were only two types of people who would dare do that. Those who were reckless and didn't care about their lives, and those who were supremely confident in their skills.

It was evident to Zeke that Yvette fell into the latter category.

The two cars crashed into each other with a loud bang, and the audience erupted into chaos. However, Yvette's face remained calm. She expertly controlled the steering wheel, performing a flawless drift jump. Then, she smoothly stabilized the car on the track.

But, Zeke was not so lucky. Half of his car was hanging off the cliff, and one wrong move would send him plummeting to his death.

“Holy crap! Did I just see what I think I just saw? That move Yvette just made was Shadow God's signature technique!”

The audience was beside themselves with excitement.

“That’s right! The drift jump she did is Shadow God’s exclusive move. No one else can do that!”

“But she’s just a young girl! There’s no way she’s Shadow God, the legendary racer!”

A Rose 518

“Yvette has to be Shadow God. Who else could execute that high–difficulty drift jump with such perfection?”

“That’s right! Only Shadow God can do that!”

“Shadow God truly lives up to her name! What an incredible skill for someone so young”

The audience was electrified and completely absorbed in the competition. After all, it wasn’t every day they got to witness Shadow God in action.

Mere moments later, the crowd was thrown into another frenzy as a Gavro Racing, car roared onto the track.

“Gavro! The Gavro Racing car is on the track! That’s Kaise’s signature car. It hasn’t been seen since he retired from racing!”

One of the judges was unable to contain his excitement, shouting out loud. “I can’t believe my eyes! Kaise is back on the track!”

The crowd was filled with die–hard racing enthusiasts who erupted into a frenzy upon spotting the famed car. They were beyond lucky to witness Kaise and Shadow God racing together once more.

Jasper was stunned, his mouth hanging open in shock.

His brother was the renowned Kaise, and his sister–in–law was the legendary Shadow God! They were undoubtedly the perfect pair.

But why hadn’t they told him about this earlier? He had been on edge for so long.

Though Madison and her friends were not familiar with racing, they were still impressed by Yvette’s earlier moves. Their cheers reached a fever pitch.

On the track, Zeke was drenched in sweat, gritting his teeth as he fought to keep his car from sliding further down the cliff. He was convinced that she was indeed Shadow God,

The rescue team arrived quickly, pulling Zeke to safety and towing his damaged car away.

"I lost!" Zeke's expression darkened, but his eyes shone with respect. He conceded gracefully. "You're every bit as good as they say you are. It's an honor to have raced against you!"

Indeed, Shadow God's skills were unmatched, leaving him in awe.

The Gavro Racing car roared to a smooth stop on the racetrack. The aloof and dignified Wilson stepped out of the race car. The moment he saw that Yvette was unharmed, the tension he'd been holding finally eased.

It seemed Yvette didn't need his help, after all.

Wilson couldn't hide the pride in his eyes as he looked at her. His woman was indeed outstanding!

Yvette didn't seem surprised to see him, her eyes drifting to his athletic physique. Wilson had rushed to the scene without even changing into his racing suit.

Her eyes flickered as a sudden desire to see him in a racing suit washed over her.

"Shadow God?" Wils

A Rose 519

A Rose 519

Yvette cast Wilson a languid glance, drawling as she spoke her next words. "My first international race was against you. You crashed my car."

Back then, still young and full of herself, Yvette had yet to make a name for herself. Her confidence in her own abilities was so strong that she believed herself unbeatable. Hence why she didn't expect to be taught a lesson by him.

Wilson's smile froze on his face. He had no idea about this. Did he wreck her car back then?

"Baby, it turns out we met so long ago." His mesmerizing, almond-shaped eyes were fixed on her, every bit the alluring devil.

There he went, pulling out all the stops with his charm offensive.

Yvette gave him a little chin raise. "How about a race? If you lose, you'll have to wear your racing suit for me tonight."

Only for her to see, of course.

With a doting smile, he didn't hesitate for a second. "Sure," he replied.

He wouldn't refuse her request.

Yvette slipped back into the car, counting under her breath."

"3, 2, 1..."

As soon as she finished counting, both cars shot off like arrows, their speed so fast that the drone couldn't keep up. The 43-mile track had 99 turns, but they completed it in 15 minutes,

The two race cars—one red and one black—crossed the finish line at nearly the same time.

The fans were ecstatic, screaming and cheering nonstop.

Yvette emerged from the car, her long, graceful legs turning heads. She casually tossed off her helmet, and her stunning, porcelain complexion sent the crowd into a frenzy.

"Shadow God! Shadow God!"

"Yvie is so cool!"

As Yvette watched Madison and the others cheering for her, she smiled, her eyes crinkling at the corners. Her fingers brushed against her lips before she blew them a kiss.

The crowd erupted into even more hysterical shrieks at that moment.

"Ah, I'm dying! I'm going to be killed by Yvie's charm!"

"Yvie, kiss me on the lips! Kiss me on the lips!"

"I wish Yvie could be my wife! I'd love to snuggle with Yvie."

513

"Yvie, do it again! We want more kisses!"

As she listened to their enthusiastic cheers, Yvette smiled indulgently, ready to blow another kiss. But before she could, she was suddenly swept into a warm, broad embrace.

Wilson's low, husky voice whispered in her ear, "Baby, who are you blowing kisses to?"

Yvette's lips curved into a smile as she detected the hint of jealousy in his tone. She playfully touched her lips with her fingers, then pressed them against the man's.

The man's eyes lit up, and his lips curled into a smile. His hands, strong and artistic, lifted Yvette's chin, and he deepened the kiss, silencing her altogether.

"I'm going to die from all this sweetness!"

A Rose 520

"I don't know whether to envy Yvie or Mr. Quinn right now!"

"Wait, I remember now! It was Yvie all along! That's the girl we saw in those pictures with Mr. Quinn!"

"Wow, you're right! Yvie's back looks exactly like the one in the paparazzi photos! So they've been a couple for quite a while!"

She as awesome as Yvie would end

"I ship them so hard! It's only fitting that up with Mr. Quinn."

"Exactly! They're a match made in heaven, a perfect couple!"

Alice watched the scene

with growing jealousy in her eyes. She had come to see Yvette

humiliated, but instead, Yvette was stealing the show!

Noticing Victoria's low spirits, Alice's eyes narrowed with malice. She wasted no time in
Noticing Victoria's low spirits, Al

remarking, "Victoria, didn't I tell you? Yvette is a master manipulator. If you don't do

something soon, she's going to get away with it. I know how to get rid of her. Just do as I say, and we can ruin her reputation-

Before Alice could finish speaking, Victoria interrupted her, frowning. "I'm jealous of Yvie, she has so many people who love her. As for me, all I had to rely on were the Quinns. But I * would never do anything to hurt her."

"Victoria, don't be so naive. Listen to me. We're the closest of friends, and I hate to see Yvette steal everything that's yours."

Alice feigned concern for her, but Victoria had had enough. "Alice, I don't want to hear any more of this! I'm leaving!"

No sooner had she spoken than Victoria spun on her heel and stalked away. Alice was livid, her face flushing a deep crimson. The glare she shot Victoria's retreating figure was enough to chill anyone's blood.

This stupid woman was impossible to reason with!

Since Victoria refused to take action against Yvette, she had no choice but to take matters into her own hands.

Alice's eyes grew even more sinister as she thought about Yvette, who had ruined her life. Vowing revenge, she would stop at nothing to see Yvette's reputation destroyed, making her suffer the same indignities she had.

The moment this idea occurred to her, Alice grabbed her phone and dialed an unknown number.

"Hey, you finally called me!" a sleazy voice answered on the other end.

"I've been waiting for your call," Benedict continued. "You must be tired of running from your debtors. If you had agreed to my terms, I would have paid off all your family's debts by now. You wouldn't have to live in hiding.

"As long as you behave and take care of me, I guarantee you'll continue to live co won't shortchange you, I swear!"

ortably. I

Alice's face twisted in disgust as she listened to the voice on the other end. She remembered the man's ugly face and tried to push aside her revulsion.

"Mr. Luiz, it's not that I don't want to serve you. But I have someone more beautiful in mind, who I think you'll find more appealing than me." She tried to sound sweet and demure.

As she spoke, Alice sent him a photo of Yvette that she had secretly taken earlier. Although it was only a side profile, Yvette's beauty was still stunning.

Even though she hated Yvette with a burning passion, Alice couldn't deny her beauty. If she had a face like that, Wilson would surely be interested in her.

As expected, Benedict was immediately captivated by Yvette's photo.

“If you can get this woman into my bed, I’ll pay off all your family’s debts!” he said, his voice filled with excitement.

Alice’s eyes narrowed as she listened to the man’s eager tone. She looked at Yvette’s photo again, her jealousy growing even stronger.

Yvette was a true vixen. One photo of hers was enough to enthrall men completely!

“Don’t worry, Mr. Luiz, I’ll make sure to get her for you.”