

## **Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 521 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 521**

Chapter 521

"Yvie, I caught that idiot, Carson, trying to run away!" Jasper exclaimed, tossing Carson to the ground. He then turned to Yvette, seeking praise.

Yvette responded nonchalantly, "Good job."

Jasper's face lit up with a bright smile, and he became even more obsequious. "Yvie-I mean, Shadow God! My idol! Can you teach me how to drift around corners? I'm itching to learn!

Yvette replied, "We'll talk about it later."

Jasper grinned even wider, glancing down at Carson on the ground who looked utterly miserable.

"Yvie, what if Carson tries to back out again like last time?"

Her response was casual. "I'll break his legs."

Jasper felt a chill run down his spine as he looked at her with even more admiration.

She was truly ruthless and efficient, just like his brother. She didn't hesitate to take drastic measures, and Jasper couldn't help but feel a sense of awe as he looked at her.

It was no surprise they made such a perfect pair.

Their exchange terrified Carson. He had been completely set on going back on his word.

"No, please don't. I don't want to be a cripple!"

A commanding male voice suddenly barked, "I'll see who dares to break my son's leg!" Right after that, a middle-aged man walked in with a furious expression.

Carson, who had been trying to get up, saw his father, Orlando Shaw, and rushed toward him. But his relief was short-lived as he cried out in pain and collapsed back to the ground.

"My legs-I can't move them!"

Yvette's silver needles flew out of her hand and sank into his legs. The movement was so fast that no one saw it happen.

Her lips curled into a cold smile, and her eyes seemed to gleam with a hint of hostility. "Are you going to back out on a deal? Who do you think you are?"

If he wanted to play her game, he would have to abide by her rules.

"Carson, what's wrong with you?" Orlando rushed over, his face filled with concern. "What have you done to my son?"

"Dad, please save me... I can't feel my legs!"

Seeing Carson like that, Orlando's heart ached. He turned a furious gaze on Yvette, his voice

dripping with threat. "I'm friends with your father, and you should respect me. Carson is my son, how could you do that to him?"

"It's always been the rule that you stick to your word." Yvette watched them with a cold stare, her haughty voice laced with a casual, arrogant tone.

She continued, "Who are you to command my respect?"

"Oh, you're so smart, huh? So insolent for someone your age! I'm going to call your father and have him straighten you out!"

Orlando quickly pulled out his phone and dialed Irwin's number. The call was swiftly answered, and Irwin's voice came through the speaker.

"Orlando, what's going on?" Irwin asked.

His voice was heavy with sarcasm. "Irwin, you've raised a wonderful daughter!"

Irwin's response was filled with pride. "Right? My daughter is one-of-a-kind. You can't even compare!"

Stunned into silence, Orlando quickly found his voice and spoke again.

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"Your daughter is a spoiled brat with no manners. Despite my being her elder, she has no respect for me."

Orlando's words were crudely cut short by Irwin.

"How dare you insult my precious daughter! Are you trying to pick a fight? Even though I'm getting up there in years, I could still knock your lights out.

"If I hear another word against my Yvette, I'll make sure the Shaw family disappears from Jubilife! Our previous deals are off. From now on, keep your distance, or you'll get a beating every time I see you!"

Irwin was beyond enraged. His darling daughter was the apple of his eye. He cherished her more than anything in the world. How dare Orlando speak ill of her! He was asking for it.

Anyone who dared to criticize Yvette was a sworn enemy of the Murrays.

"Irwin, we've been friends for years! How can you treat me like this?"

Irwin scoffed coldly over the phone. "I don't care who you are. If you say one bad word about my daughter, you'll answer to me!"

Orlando stared at the disconnected call, dumbfounded. He'd never met anyone so fiercely protective.

He had only made a negative comment about Yvette, and now Irwin was cutting off all ties with him. He was effectively terminating the collaboration between the Murrays and the Shaws. The potential losses would be enormous!

A warm glow filled Yvette's heart knowing her family loved her so steadfastly.

"Hand over the medical equipment, or I'll break your son's legs."

"You-" Orlando's face contorted in a mask of fury. "Yvette, don't push it! You don't want to mess with the Shaw family."

Her patience wore thin as he droned on, and an irritated look flitted across her porcelain features.

"Looks like you've chosen to have your son's legs broken. Get to it."

"Yes, Ms. Murray." The black-suited bodyguards behind Yvette immediately obeyed, advancing on Carson and his father.

Seeing that Yvette meant business, Orlando exploded in a fit of rage. "I can't believe someone so young could be so vicious!"

"You have no right to talk about my fiancée like that!"

Wilson strode in, his handsome face clouded with anger, his presence instantly intimidating.

"M-Mr. Quinn..."

Orlando hadn't expected Wilson to be there. His face went pale. The Shaw family could perhaps weather the storm of their conflict with the Murrays. But the addition of Wilson to the equation meant certain trouble.

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Murray. I really put my foot in my mouth. I didn't mean to offend you with my remark."

Orlando's expression transformed instantly. A forced, sycophantic grin replaced the brooding look he previously wore.

Yvette's eyes flashed with icy contempt as she sneered at him. "It's a shame, but I'm a bit of a grudge holder. I'm not very forgiving, you see."

Wilson reached out and took Yvette's hand, his demeanor affectionate, yet his eyes held an intense coldness.

"I'll make life hell for anyone who makes my fiancé unhappy."

Listening to their back-and-forth banter, Orlando couldn't force a fawning smile onto his face. He felt like slapping Carson silly.

If it weren't for Carson's stupidity, the Shaws wouldn't be in this mess. Now they had got the Murrays and the Quinns breathing down their necks.

"Ms. Murray, I'll have the medical equipment delivered immediately!"

Orlando's expression was now a picture of servility.

"To prove my sincerity, I'll transfer 10% of my shares to you. Ms. Murray, will that appease you?"

Only then did Yvette give a casual nod. "That'll do."

"Dad, we've already lost so much because of her. Now you're giving her "

"Shut up!"

Orlando harshly cut Carson off before he could finish.

The tides had turned in Jubilife, and Yvette was now the one to fear.

A Rose 523

Yvette had the support of the Murrays and the Quinns. It would be unwise to cross her. Compared to the massive losses, Orlando was more concerned about preserving his family.

The Shaws acted quickly. The medical equipment and share transfer agreement were soon delivered to her.

“Yvette, you’re amazing! In the blink of an eye, you made billions!”

Her elegant eyebrows lifted lazily as she shrugged and said, “No big deal.” She was all for getting things free of charge.

Wilson chuckled and whispered, “Baby, let’s get something to eat.”

“No, I promised I’d join them,” Yvette replied, her tone firm. “You go back home.”

“Are you ditching me for them?” Wilson’s eyes sparkled with mischief as he gazed at her, his voice laced with persuasion. “My fiancée is so heartless...”

Yvette avoided his gaze, not wanting to fall for his tricks. She didn’t want Madison and her group to think she was

putting her fiancé before her friends.

Seeing she remained, unmoved, Wilson’s eyes narrowed, his expression taking on a hint of wickedness.

“Then, can I tag along?”

“No.”

Yvette shook her head again, refusing his request. She didn’t want to scare off Madison and the others.

“You’re so clingy,” she remarked. Wilson was being rejected!

Watching from the sidelines, Jasper was taken aback but couldn’t hide his glee.

Feeling increasingly dejected, Wilson looked more and more miserable. But Yvette didn’t want to keep Madison and the others waiting any longer, so she gently pushed him away.

“I need to go now. You can go back.” With that, she turned and strode off, joining Madison and the others.

As soon as she caught up with them, Madison and her group swept her up in a flurry of hug and laughter.

“Wilson, it seems you’re not as important to Yvette as her girlfriends,” Jasper teased, unab to resist.

Wilson’s icy gaze fell on Jasper, his voice cold and detached. “Go ahead and laugh, it’s okay

“How kind of you, Wilson!” Jasper burst out laughing, no longer able to continue ” was fighting so hard not to laugh just now. I had to pinch myself to keep from vzdung

Wilson cast a cold, indifferent glance his way, and slowly spoke. “Say goodbye to your allowance.”

Jasper’s laughter stopped abruptly. How could anyone do such a thing?

Sean received a video and text message from Jasper.

The latter had met his idol, who was none other than his sister-in-law!

After watching the video, Sean was over the moon. He immediately shared the news and the video in the Murray brothers’ group chat,

Ashton: “Our baby sister is the Lord of the Tracks, Shadow God!”

Ashton’s response was filled with shock and awe

Adam: “No surprise there, she’s always b

amazing! I’m so proud of her!”

Jacob: “Yvie is indeed awesome, way better than all of you!”

Ashton: “Jacob, although this is true, please don’t say it out loud. It hurts our pride.”

Sean: “Oh man, Yvie has so many identities! She’s a genius gamer, piano master Mischa Rachmaninoff, the famous jewelry designer Yves, Shadow God... I’ve lost count!”

As Adam drilled recruits at the base camp, he let out a scornful snort upon reading the message.

These identities were nothing. If they found out Yvette was also the famous ruler of the underworld, Master Xev, they’d be shocked.

But that had to be kept a secret. He had no intention of revealing this to his brothers. It was a secret only he and Yvette knew.

Ashton: "Yvie is so talented, it makes me feel like a failure as her brother!"

Adam: "What the? Go back to the last minute of the video. Is that someone's hands on Yvie's waist?"

Ashton: "Damn! I rewatched the video, and Adam is right! That old lecher, Wilson must be taking advantage of Yvie again!"

Sean clenched his teeth. He typed out, "I'm so angry that I want to chop his hands off!"

Adam was seething with frustration at the base camp, desperate to rush back and protect his

sister.

Adam: "Tan, have you developed anything to keep Wilson away from our Ter

Sean: "Why isn't Ian replying?"

Ashton: "He's probably buried in another research project. You know very well the len treky checks his phone. He's practically living off the grid! He's on the verge of dediny, his Me to

his work."

Adam: "The more I think about it, the angrier I get. I want to fly back now and chop off Wilson's hands!"

Sean and Ashton both replied at the same time. "Absolutely!"

Jacob scanned the messages, picking up on the undercurrent of anger. He responded calmly, "Don't worry. I've figured out how to deal with Wilson."

Ashton: "I feel much better now that you've said that. Jacob, you've got to being

Wilson down a

peg and teach that old lecher a lesson. With Yvie and Mom sticking up for him, we're being pushed to the side. Our standing in the family is taking a nosedive!"

Sean: "Yeah, Wilson is so full of himself. It makes me sick!"

Jacob put down his phone, adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses, and smiled coldly,

This was the perfect opportunity to settle both old scores and new grudges, Wilson had tricked him last time, causing Nancy to block him again.

“Have we reached out to all the promising young men from the different families?”

Jacob asked his assistant, emphasizing the word “young”.

Jack replied, “Mr. Murray, I’ve extended invitations as you instructed. All the young bachelors from prestigious families I have invited are under 24 years old. I’ve strictly excluded anyone older.”

Jacob smiled with satisfaction. “Good job! Inform them that the banquet will start on time, so they must be punctual.”

“Yes, Mr. Murray.” Jack nodded, but his heart was racing with worry. Jacob was basically hosting a matchmaking banquet for Yvette.

If Wilson found out... Jack shuddered involuntarily as the thought occurred to him. The potential consequences were too terrifying to contemplate.

A Rose 524

After finishing their meal, Yvette and Madison each went back home.

Just as Yvette walked into the living room, Jacob approached. His tone was as gentle as ever, saying, “Yvie, you’re back! Why don’t you accompany me to a banquet?”

“Why don’t you ask Nancy to go with you?” Yvette wasn’t fond of attending banquets, so she softly declined.

But as soon as the words left her mouth, she saw the disappointment on Jacob’s face, his tone filled with sadness. “Yvie, it’s so rare that you have time off. I just wanted to spend more time with you, but you won’t even give me the chance

Jacob was becoming more manipulative by the day. Who did he learn this from?

Yvette gently pressed her tongue against her back teeth and helplessly rubbed her forehead. She finally agreed. “Fine, Jacob. I’ll go with you to the banquet.”

“Yvie, you’re the best!” A smile reappeared on Jacob’s handsome face, and his tone was both gentle and indulgent. “I’ve already prepared a gown for you. Go upstairs and try it on!”

Yvette couldn’t help but frown. If the gown had already been prepared in advance... She could sense some sort of scheme going on.



Half an hour later, a black Rolls–Royce smoothly pulled up at the entrance of the banquet.

Jacob stepped out first. He opened the car door like a gentleman and extended his hand to help

Yvette out.

Yvette wore a white evening gown, her hair simply tied up. She only had some lipstick on, yet even with such a simple look, she was breathtakingly beautiful.

All the men in the banquet hall were visibly stunned. They all eagerly but politely stepped forward to greet Yvette.

Yvette responded courteously to each of them, but soon realized something was off.

All the men at the banquet were young, oddly so. This wasn't a business banquet at all. It was more like a matchmaking banquet!

When Jacob noticed Yvette's gaze on him, he smiled warmly at her. "Yvie, you're still young, and you have plenty of choices. Besides, you're the cherished little princess of our Murray family. You should take your time and choose carefully to find the best one!

"Each of these young men was personally selected by me from distinguished families. Every single one of them is outstanding, and most importantly, none of them are over 24 years of age."

Hearing the way Jacob deliberately emphasized the age factor, Yvette couldn't help but smirk.

Jacob sure knew how to get under Wilson's skin.

If a certain someone found out about this, he'd definitely get jealous again.

"Jacob, I've already found the best one. There's no need to look further." Yvette said calmly, "I'll be heading back now."

Wilson's jealousy was a serious issue, and he was a hassle to placate.

When Jacob saw that Yvette was ready to leave, he hurriedly stopped her. "Yvie, just do it for me. Stay a little longer, okay?"

"Yvie, the last time he tricked me, I ended up being blocked by Nancy again. Yvie, you can't be so biased toward Wilson!"

Jacob continued, "Yvie, if you keep favoring Wilson like this, I'll get jealous too!"

Yvette sighed and said, "Alright."

After all, Wilson did trick Jacob first. Letting him get jealous for a bit today wouldn't hurt.

"Wilson!" Collin rushed into Wilson's office, clearly out of breath. "I just got some news

"Get out." Wilson coldly interrupted him, his devilishly handsome face full of irritation. He was in a foul mood. Just the thought of Yvette disliking how clingy he was made Wilson restless.

Was Yvette already taking him for granted now that she had him? Was she already starting to dislike how close he was? Would she soon be looking for a new fiancé?

Normally, upon seeing Wilson in such a bad mood, Collin would've already made a run for it. But today, he let out a carefree laugh and casually said, "Wilson, are you sure you don't want to hear the news I just received?"

"Do you want to be shipped off to Wakara again?" Wilson, clearly fed up, shot him a cold glance.

Standing nearby, Samuel gave Collin a look full of sympathy.

Collin sure knew how to pick his moments, choosing to show up just when Wilson had been sent away by Yvette for being too clingy. Wasn't he just asking for trouble?

When Collin heard this, his laid-back attitude vanished in an instant. "No, Wilson, I definitely don't want to go back to that dreadful place! I just got my complexion back to normal, and I need it to woo the ladies! Besides, I really have important news this time!"

Collin quickly became serious, no longer acting nonchalant. "Wilson, I just found out that Jacob took Yvette to a matchmaking banquet. And all the young men he picked are under 24 years of age, not a single one older!"

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"A matchmaking banquet?" Wilson's handsome face instantly darkened, his eyes flashing with a cold gleam. The temperature in the room dropped rapidly.

"Wilson, you wouldn't believe it! There were at least 50 young heirs from prestigious families invited. Jacob really pulled in half the young elite of Jublife!" Collin clicked his tongue. "With so many men, Yvette is sure to be overwhelmed with choices!"

"And they're all under 24. Jacob is clearly mocking you for being older!" At this thought, Collin couldn't help but burst into laughter,

Jacob sure knew how to hit where it hurt. He knew Wilson was most sensitive about his age, and he jabbed right at that sore spot.

But just as Collin laughed, Wilson's icy gaze shot over.

Collin shivered and quickly straightened up, saying righteously, "Jacob is truly out of line! Yvette is already engaged to you, and yet he still took her to a matchmaking banquet. This kind of behavior is unacceptable!"

"But don't worry, Wilson, Yvette will never go for those young brats! They can't compare to you!"

With every word Collin spoke, Wilson's expression grew darker, and the air around him turned colder.

"Prepare the car. We'll get there as fast as possible."

Samuel didn't dare delay and respectfully responded, "Yes, Mr. Quinn!"

A Rose 525

Inside the banquet hall, Yvette dealt with one mug after another trying to strike up a conversation, feeling increasingly irritated. If not for Jacob's sake, she would have left long ago.

"Ms. Murray!" Yet another handsome young man named Erik approached her.

"I heard from Mr. Murray that you studied medicine. Coincidentally, I have a great interest in medicine as well. I hope we can exchange ideas sometime."

Yvette casually swirled the wine glass in her hand, her voice cold and aloof. "You've got the wrong person. I don't know a thing about medicine."

As soon as those words fell, Erik's expression turned into an awkward one.

Standing nearby, Jack couldn't help but silently remark that Yvette was really good at lying.

When Yara was poisoned, even the famous Gideon couldn't save her, but Yvette easily neutralized the poison. Besides, she was the one who cured Martha's illness. If she knew nothing about medicine, then no one in the world could claim they understood it.

Despite the awkwardness, Erik didn't give up. "Ms. Murray, could I at least have your contact information?"

"How bold of you, trying to steal from me."

A deep, magnetic voice suddenly sounded, and the banquet hall doors were pushed open. Wilson strode in, his handsome face shrouded in a layer of coldness, emanating a terrifying air.

The moment he stepped into the banquet hall, a suffocating atmosphere enveloped the entire room. What had been a lively event instantly fell into a deathly silence.

“M–Mr. Quinn...” The people in the room couldn’t help but gasp, shocked by his appearance, but even more so filled with fear.

Wilson didn’t even spare them a glance. He walked straight toward Yvette in the center of the banquet hall, his cold, piercing gaze falling on Erik who had been talking to her.

Erik, already intimidated by Wilson’s presence, began trembling uncontrollably.

Wilson’s cold eyes bore into him, exuding an overwhelming pressure. “Do you want my contact information instead?”

Erik’s fear deepened, his legs shaking as he frantically shook his head. “N–No... Mr. Quinn..... I- I’ll leave right away!”

Watching Erik flee in panic, Wilson sneered coldly. “Is this the best Jacob could find? Not a single one is worth looking at.”

Hearing the jealousy drip from his words, Yvette couldn’t help but smirk slightly,

“yvie, you came to this matchmaking banquet behind my back?” Wilson’s gaze landed on her, his voice laced with frustration. “Are you trying to change flances?”

Yvette’s fox-like eyes were filled with a bit of mischief as she tilted her head at him, “Cant change him if I wanted to?”

“Not a chance!” Wilson’s expression darkened instantly, his jaw clenching tightly as he looked at her, exuding danger. “I’m sticking to you for life. Don’t even think about shaking me off.”

Yvette chuckled softly, wrapping her arms around his neck. “Don’t be mad, I didn’t come here for a matchmaking banquet behind your back. I was tricked by my brother.”

As soon as she said that, the anger in Wilson’s eyes faded, and he gently pulled her into his embrace. He knew it wasn’t her choice to attend this ridiculous matchmaking event. It was all Jacob’s doing.

Thinking of everything Jacob had orchestrated, Wilson’s narrowed eyes became dangerous again. Jacob was really pushing it! He’d settle this score with him later.

“Baby, let’s go.” Wilson was not letting her stay in this place for even a second longer. His long, beautiful hands possessively took hers as they prepared to leave,

Yvette obediently let him take her hand, following him out without a word.

“Wait...” A trembling voice called out as Jack, trying to muster the courage, stepped forward.” M—Mr. Quinn, Mr. Murray gave orders that no man over 24 years old is allowed to attend today’s event. Your age exceeds the limit, so... please... leave...”

As soon as the words fell, the air in the banquet hall suddenly turned cold, as if everyone had

been thrown into an ice cellar.

Yvette rubbed her temples in frustration. Jacob really knew how to hit someone where it hurt.

“Move aside.” Wilson’s voice was bone—chilling, his expression as cold as death.

Everyone present trembled in fear, not daring to utter a word, terrified they’d somehow become involved.

“I’ll go

with you, “Yvette softly reassured him, holding his hand tighter. “Let’s head home.”

With just a few gentle words, she soothed the fury raging inside him. When he turned to look at her, his menacing air disappeared, replaced only by tenderness.

“Alright, I’ll take you home.”

But just as they were about to take a step forward, Jacob rushed down from the second floor, stopping them.

“Yvie, you promised me you’d stay! The matchmaking banquet isn’t over yet, so you can’t

leave.”

With that, Jacob’s provocative gaze landed on Wilson.

Wilson had stolen away his precious Yvette, then nearly caused him to lose his own lover. Today, Jacob intended to settle both old and new scores at once.

Wilson's eyes narrowed dangerously. If this weren't his fiancée's brother, he would have already beaten him beyond recognition.

"Yvie, you promised me. Don't be so biased toward Wilson!" Jacob said, stepping forward to pull Yvette back. But Wilson was faster, pulling her into his arms, preventing Jacob from even touching her.

Jacob huffed in frustration, his icy gaze stabbing into Wilson like a dagger. "Yvie, will you stay with me or leave with him?"

Yvette felt a headache coming on. On one side was her brother, and on the other was her fiancé. It was really hard to choose between the two.

Whichever side she picked, the other would definitely be jealous.

Just as she was caught in this dilemma, Wilson whispered in her ear, "Baby, do you want to come with me?"

His deep, magnetic voice carried a seductive tone as he gently caressed her waist. "If you come with me, I'll put on my racing suit for you."

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Hearing that, Yvette blinked her eyes. In truth, she actually wanted to see him in that racing suit again.

A Rose 526

"palty." Wilson lowered his voice and called out to Yvette again, his voice tingling softly. Yvette found her heart leaning a bit more toward him.

Seeing her eyes wavering, Wilson's lips curled into a pleased smile, unable to hide his smugness. "Haven't you noticed yet? Yvie chose the "

Jacob's face turned red with anger, the jealousy in his heart about to overflow. "What the hell did you say to Yvie? What tricks did you use to confuse her?"

"That's a secret between me and my little fiancée" Wilson said, his tone becoming more serious seeing Jacob's fury.

And the more delighted Wilson became, the angrier Jacob grew. "Don't get cocky!" he yelled. "I absolutely won't let you take Yvie away today!"

"Stop him," Wilson ordered.

Samuel's response was immediate, and he rushed forward with a group of bodyguards to block Jacob. Instantly, both sides were tangled in a scuffle, and the banquet hall descended into

chaos.

Casting a devilish, provocative smile at Jacob, Wilson led Yvette out in high spirits.

"Stop leasing my brother!" Yvette said, glaring at him in displeasure.

"Yvie, he was the one who started it! And you're still taking his side?" Wilson's eyes drooped, looking aggrieved and sad. It was enough to make anyone's heart soften.

Yvette clicked her tongue, slightly exasperated. "Haven't I already agreed to leave with you? Stop getting mad at my brother!"

Wilson scoffed, staring at her with resentment. "Baby, you only agreed to come with me because you wanted my body!"

Yvette didn't respond.

She admitted she was enticed by his promise to wear the racing suit! But so what if a woman had desires?

As soon as the thought crossed her mind, Yvette lazily raised her enchanting fox-like eyes at him and drawled, "Is it wrong for me to want my fiancé's body?"

Upon hearing her call him her fiancé, Wilson's lips instantly curled upward. His lazy, magnetic voice, laced with laughter, was irresistibly seductive.

"Of course it's fine. My body belongs to you. You can want it all you like, baby."

This foxy man was starting to act up again!

Yvette's long lashes quivered as she changed the subject. "When are you going to wear the racing suit for me?"

"Right now." Wilson ruffled her hair affectionately. "As soon as we get back, I'll change into it."

Yvette couldn't help but feel excited. She had to admit that his figure was excellent, with broad shoulders and a narrow waist. He had the perfect frame for clothes. He'd definitely look amazing in a racing suit!

She had felt a bit disappointed that he didn't win the race, but now, she was about to see him in the suit anyway.

With that thought, Yvette suddenly realized something. “You already had this planned, didn’t you? But you didn’t lose to me!”

They had reached the finish line at the same time earlier, ending the race in a tie.

“Can’t I wear it for you even if

I didn’t lose?” Wilson’s lips curled into a lazy smile, his entire demeanor oozing seductive charm.

Anything his Yvette wanted, he would make sure she would get!

Half an hour later, the black Maybach pulled up steadily in front of the villa.

As they stepped into the living room, Wilson received an urgent call from the company. Not wanting to disturb him, Yvette returned to the bedroom alone.

After taking a bath, Yvette lazily climbed into bed and checked her phone, where she received a message.

Xavier texted, “Yvie, I’ve found some clues about that organization with the star symbol you were investigating.”

Upon reading the message, Yvette’s expression immediately grew serious. She quickly dialed his number.

X

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

A Rose 527

As soon as the call went through, it was instantly answered.

“Yvie,” A soft and pleasant male voice came from the other end of the line.

Upon hearing the familiar voice, Yvette’s expression softened slightly. “Xavier, what did you find?”



Across the ocean, a man with sharp, well-defined features and deep, brooding eyes stood tall, exuding an air of noble elegance. The coldness in Xavier's gaze dissipated when he heard Yvette's voice, and he spoke slowly and gently.

"The organization with the star symbol is part of the underground forces in Zaria, known as the DY Organization. They've committed many heinous acts in the past, conducting insane experiments, even using hundreds of infants as test subjects. The public were outraged by their actions."

"DY Organization?" Yvette murmured, her eyes turning cold. "Did you find out why they're hunting me?"

She had no grievances with the DY Organization, yet they suddenly targeted her, which was

very strange.

"Not yet."

A murderous intent flickered through Xavier's deep, captivating black eyes as he spoke of this

matter.

They dared to harm Yvette. He would never let them off!

"But don't worry, Yvie, I'll continue investigating. I'll inform you the moment I find anything.

"No need, let the others handle it," Yvette declined calmly. She didn't want to involve him in the first place, as he had more important matters to attend to overseas.

"Yvie, we haven't seen each other for a while, and now you're treating me like a stranger." Xavier's gentle voice carried a hint of stubbornness. "Your safety is too important. I don't trust leaving it to anyone else."

"Fine." Yvette didn't argue further and agreed. She had full confidence in Xavier's capabilities and felt reassured leaving this task to him.

"Yvie..." Wilson's deep, magnetic voice echoed from outside the door. Yvette immediately set her phone down and walked toward it.

On the other end of the line, Xavier also heard this intimate call. His eyes narrowed slowly.

Was that Yvette's so-called fiancé?

Yvette had always been aloof, yet she allowed this man to address her so intimately. It was clear that she didn't reject him.

Xavier's gaze darkened, his grip on the phone tightening as he slowly hung up. It seemed he needed to return to the country soon.

When Yvette opened the door, her eyes widened in shock

Wilson had clearly just showered. His black hair was damp, and water droplets clung to his neck, sliding down in an inexplicably sexy and alluring way.

But the most important thing was what he was wearing—his black and red racing suit perfectly outlined his broad shoulders and narrow waist, showing off his flawless figure. However, this racing suit was unlike any she had seen before.

The material was semi-transparent, and his sculpted abs and V-line were faintly visible. Even through the thin fabric, the powerful lines of his muscles were evident.

It was irresistibly seductive, filled with raw sexual energy.

Wilson's thin lips curved into a smile, but when he noticed the phone on the table displaying the recent call, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

Why was Xavier calling Yvette this late? He was definitely up to no good!

"What are you wearing?" Yvette's ears turned red, and her face flushed with embarrassment.

This racing suit wasn't proper at all! It was more like a risqué, fetish racing outfit!

Where on earth did he get such an indecent getup?

Wilson chuckled lowly, his warm breath brushing against her soft ear. His deep, magnetic voice was teasing her, making her ears tingle unbearably. "Don't you like it, baby?"

A Rose 528

hapter 528

The next morning, Yvette arrived at the classroom right on time. She lazily slumped over the desk, her eyes looking drowsy.

"Yvie, did you have breakfast? I brought some donuts. Do you want to try them?"

Madison and the others gathered around her, clearly enjoying being near Yvette.

She remained sprawled on her desk, speaking in a lazy tone, "I've already had breakfast. You all enjoy it."

"Got it!" Madison and the others obediently nodded. When they spotted the hickeys on Yvette's neck, a mischievous grin spread across their faces.

"Hehehe... Yvie, just rest, we won't disturb you!"

With that, Madison and the others returned to their seats, though they immediately began whispering to each other.

"Did you all see that? Yvie had a lot of hickeys on her neck!"

"I know right! It's obvious that Yvie and Mr. Quinn were... busy last night..."

"No wonder Yvie looks so tired today... Let's make sure not to bother her!"

Seeing their behavior, Yvette knew exactly what they were thinking. She sighed and rubbed her temples in exasperation.

She was just tired from not sleeping well last night, that was all!

But she couldn't be bothered to explain. Even if she tried, they wouldn't believe her.

Meanwhile, in the corner, Alice watched all of this unfold. She was so jealous that she felt as if she could ground her teeth to dust from how angry she was.

That shameless Yvette! She already hooked up with Wilson? Disgusting!

"When are you going to bring her to me? Don't tell me you're trying to trick me, you bitch!" As she read the text from Benedict urging her again, her expression became even more

venomous.

She quickly replied, "Don't worry, Mr. Luiz. After class today, I'll bring her to you. Just wait!" Sure enough, Benedict replied as soon as she sent the message, "Good. I'm waiting for you to bring her to me. If she satisfies me, you'll be rewarded handsomely!"

He seemed very pleased.

Alice pocketed her phone, her eyes gleaming with malice. As long as she handed that bitch

Yvette over to Benedict, not only would she clear her family's debts, but she'd also ruin Yvette's reputation!

A man as noble as Wilson would never want a tainted woman! She would make sure Yvette experienced the misery of losing everything.

After class, Yvette lazily stood up, feeling much better after a good nap.

Jake's slightly excited voice suddenly sounded in her earpiece. "Boss, we just received another job offer. Someone is offering one billion dollars for you to treat them, and if you can cure them, they'll add another five billion!"

Yvette's interest was piqued, but Jake continued, "The only thing is... the job is in Yenosha..."

Yvette didn't hesitate and responded immediately, "Decline it."

She had already promised Ian that she would help out at the base camp; she didn't have time for Yenosha..

Though Jake felt it was a pity, he still nodded and said, "Understood, boss, I'll refuse them right away!"

Yvette hummed nonchalantly in response as she walked toward the campus gate. Just then, someone suddenly called out behind her.

"Yvette..."

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Alice hurriedly caught up and blocked Yvette's path.

"Get lost."

Yvette's delicate eyebrows showed traces of impatience. Her expression was cold and irritated. It made her seem quite formidable.

Alice, overwhelmed by Yvette's intimidating air, couldn't help but tremble. She barely managed to suppress her fear and avoided collapsing to the ground.

Despite her resentment, Alice put on an apologetic expression, looking at Yvette pitifully. "Yvette, I now realize just how terrible the things I did before were. I truly recognize my errors and sincerely want to change. I hope you can give me a chance to make amends!"

"I'm your classmate too. I've seen how nice you are to Madison and the others, but you treat me with disdain. It hurts so much... I don't want to be isolated anymore..."

Yvette coldly watched Alice's tearful performance. Her voice was icy as she responded, you done acting? If so, then get lost."

Seeing Yvette remain unmoved, Alice glared at her, her eyes filled with venom. Still, she pretended to be pitiful on the surface.

"Are

"Yvette, I've already admitted my faults and sincerely apologized. I'm begging for your forgiveness. Why can't you give me a chance? My family went bankrupt because of you, I have nothing left! Why won't you forgive me? Are you trying to push me to the brink?"

It had been a long time since Yvette had encountered someone so shameless!

Her bright red lips curved into a cold smile. "Don't try to guilt trip me. The situation you're in now is all your own doing. Who says that just because you apologized, you deserve to be forgiven?"

"Why you..."

Alice was left speechless, her face contorting with anger.

Yvette couldn't be bothered to waste more time with her and turned to leave.

However, a sinister glint flashed in Alice's eyes. She quickly pulled out a cloth dusted with powder that she had prepared in advance and tried to press it against Yvette's nose and mouth.

"Die, Yvette!" Alice shouted viciously, a twisted smile spreading across her face.

The cloth was covered in a large dose of anesthetics. A normal person would fall unconscious

as soon as they inhaled it.

Sure enough, after inhaling the powder, Yvette's body wavered, and she collapsed, unconscious.

Seeing Yvette knocked out, the smugness on Alice's face deepened.

She thought, "You thought you could be arrogant around me? Now you've fallen into my hands!"

But soon, jealousy filled Alice's heart once again, Even unconscious, Yvette still looked stunning. Alice wanted to slash her face so badly!

If it weren't for the fact that Benedict was waiting, Alice might have let her jealousy take over and scar Yvette's face right then and there.

Still, Alice sneered to herself. Benedict was almost 50 years old. He was fat, with a greasy, ugly face that was downright revolting.

Once Yvette was defiled by such a disgusting man, that fate would be worse than death for her!

Just thinking about it filled Alice with a sense of satisfaction.

A van emerged from the shadows, and Alice quickly loaded the unconscious Yvette inside. The van sped off toward a hotel.

Once they arrived and had dragged Yvette into a room, Benedict hurried over.

"What took you so long? I've been waiting forever..."

Before he could finish, Benedict's gaze was drawn to the unconscious Yvette. He was in awe for a moment before his eyes were filled with lust. He rubbed his hands together eagerly.

"She's even more beautiful than in the photos you sent me! I really hit the jackpot, hahaha!"

"Mr. Luiz, now that I've brought her to you, don't forget your promise to settle my family's

debts!"

"Of course!" Benedict was barely able to contain himself. "Now leave. Once I've had my fun, I'll send the money to your family!"

Alice glanced at the still-unconscious Yvette, then at Benedict, who was practically drooling. A satisfied smirk appeared on her face as she turned and walked out.

Benedict's gaze became even more lecherous. "Hehehe, gorgeous, here I come..."

lips

Alice quickly walked out of the room, a stiletto onto her heel as she heard Benedict's lead voice. She immediately took out her glove to combat Verbie's who, Pacha

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Hachel was a notoriously jealous woman and would deal with any women around Benedict ruthlessly. Soon, she would arrive with people to teach him in the

At that time, not only would Rachel thoroughly punish Yvette, but their affair would also come to light.

Terms like “disgraceful” and “seducing a married man” will be relentlessly associated with Yvette, making her a scorned figure throughout Jubilee!

Once this scandal broke out, the Murray family would surely sever ties with Yvette, and Wilson would definitely come to loathe her deeply!

Just thinking about it filled Alice with excitement, but she soon furrowed her brow, a unease creeping into her heart.

sense of

Why was there no sound coming from the room? By now, the effects of the anesthetic should have worn off, and Yvette should have woken up. Moreover, Alice had also lit the aphrodisiac candles in the room...

The silence felt unsettling!

Alice's unease deepened as she hurriedly pushed open the door and stepped inside.

She had meticulously arranged everything, and she absolutely couldn't allow any mistakes. Today, she had to ruin Yvette's reputation!

But as soon as she entered the room, a pair of delicate hands gripped her throat tightly. Meanwhile, Benedict was lying on the floor, unconscious.

Yvette's hands were beautiful, appearing weak and fragile, yet they held Alice in a grip so strong that no matter how much she struggled, she couldn't break free. The pressure made it hard for her to breathe, and she was close to suffocating.

“How... How could this happen...”

The anesthetic she had forced Yvette to inhale should have left her weak even after waking up. Why did it seem like she wasn't affected at all?

Yvette's icy gaze fell on Alice. A mocking laugh escaped her lips, dripping with sarcasm. “With your little tricks, you think you can scheme against me?”

Alice struggled, unwilling to be defeated. “But you clearly... already inhaled my drug...”

“Do you really think your little drug can take me down?” The derision in Yvette’s eyes deepened. “I just wanted to see what you were up to, so I played along with you.”

Who knew that Alice had such lowly schemes?

What!

Alice’s eyes widened in shock and malice. Yvette had never fallen into her trap; instead, she had been toying with her from the start? How dare she play with her like this!

“Yv... ette, let me go...” she said, choking with every breath.

She glared venomously at Yvette, but the grip around her neck only tightened, making it harder for her to breathe. If this continued, she would definitely die!

“Fine,” Yvette lazily replied, almost carelessly tossing Alice to the ground as if she were trash. She took out a handkerchief and meticulously wiped her hands.

Alice coughed violently, greedily gasping for air, looking utterly pathetic.

Yvette leaned against the wall, her long, straight legs casually bent as she drawled, “Does the scent of the aphrodisiac smell good?”

Alice suddenly remembered that she had intentionally lit a large amount of aphrodisiac candles in the room to humiliate Yvette. And she had inhaled it...

Her face turned pale as she tried to escape the room, only to find that her entire body felt weak and she couldn’t muster any strength. A tingling emptiness surged through her body.

“You brought this on yourself,” Yvette said, her eyes showing no emotions.

The effects of the aphrodisiac candles Alice had lit were potent, but unfortunately, it had no effect on Yvette. However, it was particularly effective on an ordinary person like Alice.

“Ah...” As the effects of the aphrodisiac took hold, Alice writhed in discomfort, her resentful gaze fixed on Yvette. “Yvette, I’ve already ended up like this because of you. What else do you want?”

“Nothing.” Yvette tilted her head and replied nonchalantly, “I’m just returning the favor.”

With that, Yvette flicked her delicate hand, and glimmering silver needles flew out, accurately piercing Benedict, who lay unconscious on the floor.



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**Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 531 -  
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Before long, Benedict woke up. After inhaling too much aphrodisiac, his eyes were bloodshot, and he lost all reason, lunging at Alice like a wild beast.

“Go away... Ah... Go away!”

Yvette left the hotel and received a call from Barnabus.

“Yvie, you haven’t come to the research institute lately. I’ve missed you!”

Yvette blinked and exposed him without hesitation. “Mr. Zabel, what you miss is my money.”

Barnabus’ intentions were revealed, and he coughed awkwardly in embarrassment. “Yvie, what are you talking about? Of course, I miss you! It’s just that I’m also thinking about the money in your pocket!”

She knew it!

Yvette clicked her tongue. “So, how much do you want this time?”

On the other end of the line, Barnabus took on a more flattering tone as he said, “Yvie, don’t worry! This time, I only need eight billion! You can’t go wrong with eight billion!”

Yvette went silent.

Barnabus continued, “Yvie, I’m being very careful with the budget. I’m not asking for more at all! Developing chips is no easy task!”

Yvette rubbed her forehead in exasperation. “Mr. Zabel, why don’t you just rob a bank?”

“Oh, Yvie, don’t say that! There’s no bank that has more money than you!”

Even with all her wealth, it would still bleed her dry!

Yvette sighed in resignation, but she couldn’t let the research stop. She immediately transferred the eight billion dollars.

As soon as he received the money, Barnabus’ face lit up with joy.

“Yvie, you’re so generous! I have to go work on the research now. Let’s have a meal together when I have time!”

With this group of money-hungry beasts to feed, if she didn’t work hard to earn money, she really wouldn’t survive!

Yvette lowered her eyes, contemplating for a moment before dialing Jake's number. The call was instantly connected.

Chapter \$31

"Boss, what's up?"

"Tell them I've accepted their project," Yvette said coolly. "But the consultation time will be set by me."

She needed to resolve the hacker invasion issue at the base camp first before she could find the time to head to Yenosha.

Jake said, "Got it, boss! I'll reply to them right away!"

At the research institute, Barnabus stared at the bank transfer notification. He finally relaxed his tightly furrowed brow and let out a long sigh of relief.

It was fortunate that he had Yvette. With this money, they could continue the research.

Barnabus turned and walked into the laboratory, where he received a video call from Ian.

"Sir," Ian said respectfully.

Barnabus nodded. "Hmm, the experiments over there have been completed, right? When are you coming back to Jubilife?"

"I've already booked the flight for the day after tomorrow."

Barnabus' face instantly lit up with joy. "That's wonderful! When you return, with you and Yvie, the chip development experiments will surely go much smoother! Both of you are my most capable assistants, and I can't do without either of you!"

Upon hearing this, Ian couldn't help but recall that arrogant and conceited young woman from before, and he frowned.

He still remembered how arrogant she had been; once he returned to Jubilife, he must teach her a lesson to curb her arrogance!

Then, he thought about how he would see his little sister once he returned home the day after tomorrow. A rare hint of nervousness crossed Ian's cold features.

He hoped his sister would like him.

Chapter \$32



“You shameless couple! I’m going to kill you both today!”

The door was kicked open with a loud bang, and a wealthy woman adorned with gold and jewelry rushed in. Seeing the entangled couple on the bed, she charged at them furiously, throwing punches and kicks.

Alice finally woke up after receiving a hard slap. Looking at Benedict beside her, she instantly collapsed, feeling sick enough to vomit.

She had just been with that disgusting old man!

“Rachel... It’s this shameless woman who seduced me!”

Benedict, now also coming to his senses, didn’t understand why the woman in bed was Alice. However, upon seeing the furious Rachel, he immediately shifted the blame onto Alice.

“You shameless vixen, how dare you seduce my husband! I’m going to kill you!”

Rachel didn’t hold back at all. Soon, Alice’s face was swollen and bruised, and she screamed in

pain.

Alice’s eyes turned bloodshot, filled with hatred that was about to spill over. It was all Yvette’s fault!

Not only had Yvette caused her to lose her title as a wealthy heiress, but now she had also lost her virginity to this disgusting old man. She would definitely seek revenge!

But Alice forgot that she had lit the aphrodisiac candle in the room and contacted Rachel. And yet, she blamed everything on Yvette. She wished for nothing more than to flay Yvette alive

right now.

“You shameless vixen! How dare you seduce my husband! Just watch how I deal with you!”

Rachel waved her hand, instructing her bodyguards to throw Alice out of the hotel.”

“Everyone, come and see!” she yelled. “This shameless woman is the vixen who seduced my husband! Women like her deserve to be beaten to death so they can’t seduce other people’s

husbands!”

Alice was forcibly dragged out by the bodyguards, her clothes in disarray, making her look utterly disheveled. She felt so humiliated.

"Tsk, tsk, she doesn't even look that old, yet she chose to be a homewrecker. How shameless!"

"Exactly! I really don't know how her parents raised her for her to turn out like this!"

"Serves her right! What's she doing being a homewrecker?"

Chappe377

Feeling the scornful gazes of the crowd on her, Alice was humiliated to the extreme. It felt more painful than death itself.

Yvette should have been the one who was being pointed at and scorned!

Unable to endure the humiliation, Alice held back her pain and ran to a deserted area.

Crouching in a corner, she thought about everything that had happened, her heart filled with hatred.

"We've finally found you!"

A group of ruffians suddenly appeared, surrounding her, each one looking at her with ill intentions.

"Who are you?" Alice turned pale with fright and instinctively wanted to run, but there was nowhere to escape, which terrified her even more.

"I've done nothing to you, so why are you after me? Who sent you?" she asked.

The leading ruffian leered at her and casually said, "A beautiful woman sent us. She paid us a hefty sum!"

A beautiful woman?

Alice's mind instantly conjured up Yvette's face, and her eyes darkened with even more resentment.

It must be Yvette! That bitch had hired these ruffians to deal with her!

The leading ruffian clicked his tongue and said, "Who told you to offend people you shouldn't have? Guys, let's have some fun! We got paid a lot of money, so we have to thoroughly torment this woman to fulfill our end of the deal!"

Upon hearing their leader's words, the group of ruffians' eyes gleamed with malice as they advanced toward Alice.

Soon, the alley was filled with the piercing screams of a woman.

After an unknown period, the ruffians finally left one by one, and Alice was tossed into the corner like a broken rag doll, her eyes bloodshot,

Yvette had already caused her to lose her virginity to Benedict and still wouldn't let her go! She even hired so many disgusting ruffians to torment her!

Alice was filled with raging hatred, her body trembling. Her eyes brimmed with vengeful fury, and at that moment, she received an anonymous call.

She remembered this number; she had received a call from it the last time she was at the

hospital.

It was Lionel!

Feeling like she had found a savior, Alice immediately answered the call.

"Have you thought about the matter I asked you to consider before?" asked a deep male voice from the other end of the line.

With bloodshot eyes, Alice replied eagerly, "As long as it makes that bitch Yvette suffer even more than I have, I'm willing to do anything you say!"

"Very good." The voice on the other end sounded satisfied, continuing to entice her. "Just do as I say, and you'll definitely get what you want."

Yvette was at the mall. Jacob was furious since she had left the banquet with Wilson last night, so she decided to pick out a gift to appease him.

Moreover, she was also planning to choose a birthday gift for Martha, so she dragged Nancy

along.

"Yvie, you should know that what Mrs. Quinn Senior wants most is a great-grandchild!" Nancy glanced suggestively at the hickey on Yvette's neck and chuckled. "Yvie, you two get quite passionate at night, huh? That hickey won't fade away in weeks!"

Yvette's ears turned red, and she bit her lip. "Nancy, do you think Jacob would like this cufflink?" she asked, changing the topic.

“Hmph, how would I know if he likes it or not?” Nancy huffed but then murmured softly, “Yvie, he prefers more subdued colors. You should choose that deep blue one!”

Yvette smiled and decisively picked the deep blue cufflink. She knew bringing Nancy to help choose a gift for Jacob was the right choice.

“Yvie, aren’t you going to pick out a gift for your man too?”

Upon hearing this, Yvette blinked; she realized she hadn’t given Wilson anything yet.

Seeing her hesitating, Nancy quickly offered, “Yvie, they’re displaying the latest ties over there. You should choose one for Wilson!”

“Okay.”

Yvette picked out a black tie and paid for her items.

Just then, Jacob’s assistant, Jack, happened to be nearby on business. Yvette handed the cufflink to him to deliver to Jacob.

“Ms. Murray, Mr. Murray will definitely be very happy to receive your gift. I’ll make sure to deliver it to him right away!”

After watching Jack leave, Yvette walked into an antique shop inside the mall. Her gaze immediately landed on a golden horse sculpture displayed prominently in the center.

“Don’t even think about it! This golden horse sculpture is the treasure of our shop and has an exorbitant price tag. Someone like you can’t afford it!”

Seeing Yvette staring at the sculpture, the sales assistant, Sharon Voss, immediately sized her up. Though Yvette was quite beautiful, her casual attire made her look nothing like a wealthy

person.

With a face full of disdain, Sharon said, “Get out! What are you doing here if you can’t afford it? You’re wasting my time!”

15

“I’ll take it, wrap it up,” Yvette said. She didn’t feel like arguing further, tossing her black card toward Sharon with a casual yet commanding demeanor.

Sharon was stunned, staring incredulously at the black card.

She looked like an overly beautiful but ordinary young woman. How could she possibly have a black card? Could it be fake?

Skeptically, Sharon took the black card and swiped it on the card reader. With a beep, it displayed a successful transaction.

The golden horse sculpture was worth a staggering nine million dollars!

Sharon instantly changed her attitude and smiled sycophantically at Yvette. "Alright, miss, I'll wrap it up for you right away!"

"Wait!"

At that moment, a middle-aged woman rushed in, her voice sharp as she shouted, "Ms. Olson had her eyes on this sculpture yesterday first! You're not allowed to wrap it up for her!"

"Uh..." Sharon hesitated. She recognized the woman as someone who had followed that lady.

yesterday.

The lady from yesterday was dressed in understated luxury, wearing high-end brands that clearly indicated she was the daughter of a prominent family—not someone a lowly sales assistant could afford to offend.

On the other hand, this young woman in front of her, though she had a black card, who knew how she got it?

Soon, Sharon's judgment tipped in favor of the newcomer.

"Ms. Olson had her eyes on this sculpture yesterday; she simply couldn't purchase it because she had something else to attend to!" Tracy Lynch, the middle-aged woman, said.

She scrutinized Yvette, raising her chin and speaking arrogantly, "Quickly refund her. Ms. Olson wants this golden horse sculpture!"

"Okay, I'll refund her right-"

"Did I agree?" Yvette interrupted coldly.

She showed no expression, but her quiet gaze made Sharon feel a chill run down her spine, leaving her too afraid to utter another word.

Even Tracy was stunned by Yvette's imposing air, but she quickly became disgruntled and started shouting, "Are you deaf? I've made it very clear! Ms. Olson had her eyes on this golden

horse sculpture yesterday! Do you understand what first come, first served mean

"Did you make a reservation yesterday? If you had made a reservation, this sculpture would still be on display today," Yvette said coldly, her gaze sweeping over them with an air of authority. "Since you didn't reserve it, you have no right to stop others from purchasing, &\*

Tracy clearly didn't expect Yvette to be so sharp tongued. She was left speechless and fuming, with rage.

"Even if we didn't reserve it, so what? Today, we're claiming this golden horse sculpture to you know who Ms. Olson is? Do you dare to snatch something from her?"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her tone casual but with an extreme audacity. "I'm going to snatch it from you today. What are you going to do about it?"

If Tracy had been polite, she might have considered letting her have the golden horse sculpture, but unfortunately, she didn't know how to respect others, so today, Yvette was determined to claim it.

"Why you..."

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Tracy was so enraged that her body trembled, but she couldn't do anything to Yvette. Instead, she turned to Sharon and said, "Ms. Olson is a client of your store, and you must refund this young woman!"

"Do you even know what VIP means? This entire mall belongs to Yvette!" Nancy strode in, glaring at Sharon in dissatisfaction. "Yvette has already paid! What are you waiting for? Wrap up the sculpture!"

"I told you, Ms. Olson had her eyes on it first!" As Tracy found herself losing the argument, she began to throw a tantrum. "This golden horse sculpture can only go with me today! No one else can snatch it from Ms. Olson!"

The commotion attracted the manager. Upon seeing Yvette, his expression immediately froze. Just as he was about to bow and greet her, Yvette raised her hand to stop him.

"It's too noisy. Get her out."

As soon as she finished speaking, Yvette's indifferent gaze landed on Sharon again, and she said slowly. "As for you, you're fired."

"How can you just fire me for no reason?" Sharon instantly exploded with anger. "You're just taking revenge!"

Yvette replied, "As a sales assistant, your job is to serve the customers, not look down on them."

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Sharon's face turned red from Yvette's words. Recalling her previous behavior, she found herself at a loss for words.

The manager immediately responded respectfully, "Understood. I'll handle it right away! Security, throw this woman out!"

"Throw me out? Do you know who Ms. Olson is? Let me see who dares to throw me out today!"

Tracy became even more outrageous, but with a single glance from Yvette, the security guards moved toward her, ready to force her out of the mall.

This infuriated Tracy. "Who gave you the guts? Just wait until Ms. Olson arrives; you won't get away with this!"

"Mrs. Lynch... What's going on?"

Victoria had just reached the entrance and was puzzled by the scene before her.

"Ms. Olson!"

Seeing Victoria, Tracy felt a sense of relief wash over her. She hurried over to complain.

"Ms. Olson, you came just in time! You clearly had your eyes on that golden horse sculpture first. It was supposed to be Mrs. Quinn Senior birthday gift. But this woman insisted on snatching it! It's simply too much!"

"Yvie?" After her initial surprise, Victoria smiled gently at Yvette. "Yvie, you're also interested in this golden horse sculpture? Looks like we have similar tastes!"

Upon hearing the way Victoria addressed Yvette, Tracy's face instantly darkened.

So this was the young lady of the Murray family who was engaged to Wilson... That meant she had offended the future mistress of the Quinn family!

“Yvie, let me apologize on behalf of Mrs. Lynch. Since you’ve already paid for the sculpture, it’s yours now,” Victoria said with a smile. “I have to go pick out other gifts for Ms. Quinn Senior. We’ll see each other next time!”

Only after Victoria had walked away did Tracy dare to mumble softly. “Ms. Olson, in my opinion, you and Mr. Quinn are a better match. That Yvie girl doesn’t look like she can compete with you at all!” >

“Mrs. Lynch, don’t talk nonsense!” Victoria immediately frowned and reprimanded her. “I don’t want to hear such things again. Wilson and Yvie have a good relationship; I don’t want any rumors to spread!”

However, Tracy grew even more indignant for her. If only Victoria weren’t so kind, Wilson wouldn’t have been snatched away by another woman!

Meanwhile, at Murray Corporation, Jack knocked on Jacob’s door and, without waiting for his response, rushed in.

“Mr. Murray, there is a gift from Ms. Murray for you-”

When he saw Wilson and Collin in the office, his expression changed instantly, and he quickly apologized. “My apologies, Mr. Murray. I didn’t mean to interrupt your meeting! I’ll leave right now!”

lit

However, Jacob’s eyes up when he heard Yvette had bought a gift for him. “Wait, give it to me!”

“Of course, Mr. Murray.”

As soon as Jacob received it, he couldn’t wait to open it. Upon seeing the exquisite cufflinks in the gift box, a broad smile spread across his face as he boasted.

“How did Yvie know I was missing a cufflink? My dear sister is so thoughtful, unlike those smelly brats!”

Watching Jacob show off, Wilson clicked his tongue in dissatisfaction. So what if Yvette gave him cufflinks? What was there to boast about?

Yvette had never bought him anything! He wasn’t envious or jealous at all!

Collin, who loved to stir up trouble, chimed in, “Did Yvette only give you a gift for Jacob? Didn’t she give anything for Wilson?”



“Uh...” Jack showed a troubled expression but still spoke honestly, “No, Ms. Yvette only asked me to deliver the gift to Mr. Murray.”

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“Has Vie given you any grew that a man and provocative glanes at Wilson “I don’t Think so. It seems I’m will the montane prin in Your’s hurt!!

Wilson’s eyes narrowed dangerously, and the clenched her ow

Samuel quietly wiped the cold sweat from his forehead. Wilson was already feeding envious. and Jacob was now showing off right in front of him.

“vie is only attracted to you because of your looks. As you grow older, she won’t want you anymore?” Jacob continued to play with the cuffink, treating it like a rare treasure as he spoke leisurely

Wilson’s jaw tightened, and the chill radiating from him intensified, making him look quite intimidating.

“I’ll pass that statement back to you, Jacob.”

Jacob’s expression froze, clearly taken aback by the unexpected counterattack.

“Are you looking for a fight?”

In an instant, the temperature in the office plummeted, making it feel like they were in a freezer.

Watching the intense tension between the two, even Collin couldn’t help but swallow nervously, eager to break the thick atmosphere.

But before he could say anything, both Wilson and Jacob suddenly stood up, their expressions

dark

They had both found each other displeasing for quite some time, and now they were ready to settle their grievances—both old and new.

Collin was dumbfounded as he watched them, his mouth agape in disbelief

Damn! One was the overlord of Jubilife, and the other was the son of the richest man in Jubilife. And now, they were about to fight over a cufflink? This would be so embarrassing if it got out!

He didn't even want to admit he knew either of them!

Chapter 5:0

At the mall, as Yvette and Nancy were about to leave, they received a call from Collin.

"Yvie, you need to come quickly!" Collin said, his voice sounded anxious. "Wilson and Jacob are about to fight over the cufflink you gave!"

Yvette was dumbfounded.

"Yvie, I'm serious! You have to come right away! he urged from the other end.

Hearing this, Nancy grew anxious. "Yvie, let's hurry over! What if they really get into a fight?"

Yvette rubbed her forehead helplessly; she was already used to these kinds of situations. But seeing Nancy's worried expression, she nodded in agreement.

"Let's go."

15 minutes later, Yvette and Nancy rushed to Murray Corporation, where they found Collin standing at the entrance with a worried look on his face. Upon seeing Yvette, he rushed over like he had found a savior.

"Yvie, you're finally here!!!"

"Where are the others?" Yvette asked.

"Yvie, Wilson and Jacob are in the office. We didn't dare go in; it's all up to you now!" Collin whispered, "I'll go get the key to open the door for you...!"

"No need to trouble yourself."

11

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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Chapter 537 Chapter 537

Yvette interrupted him calmly, her face cold. She kicked the office door, and it opened with a loud bang.

Collin's eyes widened in disbelief at the sight. Then, his heart trembled in fear as he quickly took a few steps back, worried about being caught in the crossfire.

This seemingly delicate and obedient young woman actually kicked open the office door!

Wilson and Jacob were done for!

As the office door suddenly burst open, Wilson and Jacob both looked displeased toward the entrance. When they saw Yvette with her cold expression, their faces changed instantly. The tense atmosphere between them vanished in an instant, replaced by surprise.

"Yvie, what are you doing here?"

"I wouldn't have realized how much you all enjoy getting into fights if I hadn't come!" Yvette pursed her red lips, her gaze fixed on the two of them.

Jacob had a small injury on his forehead, while Wilson had a bruise on his handsome face. They didn't seem serious-just some superficial wounds. Wilson quickly sensed that Yvette was angry and hurried over to her side, gently taking her hand and lowering his voice to comfort her.

"Baby, don't be angry. He was the one who started it! He even hurt my face!"

Jacob looked even more surprised, clearly not expecting Wilson to snitch on him!

Wilson lowered his eyes, feigning a pitiful expression. "Yvie, he did it on purpose!"

Knowing that Yvette liked his face, it was clear he had aimed for it!

Watching all of this, Jacob stayed silent, his lips twitching. Oh, so that was how they were playing it!

"Yvie..." He quickly adjusted his expression, preparing to act wronged as well.

Right then, Nancy rushed in anxiously. Upon seeing the injury on Jacob's forehead, her heart began to ache. However, she was also angry at the same time.

"How old are you two? You're fighting like a pair of schoolboys. How childish and embarrassing!"

Upon seeing Nancy, Jacob's expression instantly became incredibly complicated. He raised his hand to his forehead, feeling utterly humiliated. Not only had he embarrassed himself in front of his precious sister, but now he had made a

complete fool of himself in front of Nancy!

It was all Wilson's fault!

"Nance..."

Jacob called her name softly, trying to salvage some of his dignity in front of her.

"Stop talking." Nancy shot him a fierce glare. Then, she took out a first-aid kit and walked up to him, her eyes filled with concern. "Does it hurt?"

Jacob's heart surged with joy, his lips involuntarily curving upward as he nodded obediently. "It hurts..."

"Who told you to fight?" Nancy scolded him, but her hands were already applying medicine to

his wounds.

Yvette, realizing the situation, discreetly took Wilson beside her and quietly slipped away.

"Ahh... it hurts..." Wilson cautiously watched Yvette's expression, trying to play the victim to ease her anger.

Beside them, Samuel couldn't bear to watch and shook his head.

When did Wilson ever become this timid?

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Yvette stopped in her tracks, lifting her beautiful fox-like eyes to watch his act.

"Baby..." Seeing Yvette like this, Wilson felt increasingly flustered and obediently admitted his

fault.

"I promise not to fight with him anymore!"

Beside them, Samuel couldn't help but chime in, "Ms. Yvette, I can attest that today's incident was indeed instigated by Mr. Murray! Not only did he flaunt the gift you gave him to Mr. Quinn, but he also mocked Mr. Quinn for only being able to attract you because of his looks..."

Yvette rubbed her forehead in resignation and let out a soft sigh. That was something Jacob would definitely say.

Noticing that Yvette was no longer so angry, Wilson gave Samuel an appreciative glance. He decided to reward him with double the salary and an additional 20 days of vacation when they returned!

Receiving Wilson's look, Samuel secretly felt delighted. He immediately continued, "Ms. Yvette, it was also Mr. Murray who struck first...." Wilson's lips curled slightly, but he still wore a pitiful expression as he lowered his voice. Yvie, even though he mocked me first and started it, I shouldn't have fought back!"

Upon hearing this familiar tone, Yvette's dewy red lips curled up helplessly. "I'll talk to Jacob about this when we get home."

Wilson lowered his eyes. "It's okay, Yvie; I can handle it."

Yvette gently pressed her lips together and spoke softly, "You don't have to listen to what Jacob says; I like you, no matter what you look like." It wasn't easy to hear Yvette say she liked him. Wilson instantly broke into a joyful smile, and his entrancing eyes deeply gazed at her. "You like me no matter what?"

Yvette nodded without hesitation. "Yeah."

Wilson felt a deeper stir in his heart. Yvette was so obedient; he wanted to kiss her...

Meeting his burning and affectionate gaze, Yvette understood all too well what that look meant. Her ears turned pink, and she took out a beautifully packaged box to distract him.

"Here's a gift for you."

So, Yvette had prepared a gift for him too. Jacob wouldn't have anything left to show off in front of him now!

Wilson's smile deepened, his eyes twinkling with joy as he slowly opened the box, treating it as if it were a rare treasure.

Inside the box was a tie. Unable to contain himself, he pulled Yvette tightly into his embrace, his low and maic voice tenderly whispering in her ear. "Baby, I really like it..."

The next day, as soon as Yvette stepped into the classroom, she felt Alice's venomous gaze from the corner. It resembled a snake lying in wait, ready to strike at any moment.

Yvette narrowed her eyes, throwing a cold glance in her direction, causing Alice to immediately lower her head in fright, no longer daring to look at her.

Yvette couldn't be bothered to waste any more time on her. She returned to her seat and lazily laid her head on the desk, waiting for class to start. Her dismissive attitude pierced Alice deeply, intensifying the hatred in her eyes. She could only grit her teeth in anger.

Yvette had caused her to lose her innocence with the disgusting Benedict, and she had also made her suffer at the hands of those ruffians! She had harmed her so severely; why should Yvette be able to look down on her? She should be kneeling and begging for forgiveness! The more Alice thought about it, the more enraged she became. However, recalling the things Lionel had instructed her, she forced herself to suppress her hatred and not reveal any cracks in her facade.

As long as their plan succeeded, Yvette would be doomed!

Charlie arrived right on time and began the lecture in high spirits. However, when he saw Yvette sleeping on her desk, he was instantly taken aback.

Yvette had been attentively listening to his class last time. He had been particularly pleased and had even extended the class, reluctant to let them leave!

Charlie came even better prepared that day. And yet, why was it Yvette had fallen asleep again?

He looked dejected. On the other hand, everyone in class secretly felt relieved, and they celebrated silently.

"Nice one, Yvie!" they thought.

They certainly didn't want Charlie to hold the class back again!

"Woohoo, class is out!"

"Professor Lawrence actually let us out early today! It's all thanks to Yvie for falling asleep, or else the class definitely would've gone on really late!"

"I know, right? Let's all give Yvie our thanks!"

The boys in class spoke up jokingly one after another. Meanwhile, the girls walked toward Yvette, hugging their books. They looked at her with hopeful expressions.

"Yvie, we didn't really understand these parts. Could you explain them to us?"

Yvette straightened her back slowly and nodded. "Sure."

"Wow, Yvie tutoring the class? I have to sit in on this!"

"Me too, me too. Let me have a listen!"

The class instantly became rowdy. Everyone moved toward Yvette and formed a circle around her, obediently listening to her teachings. Observing this from her position on the sidelines, Alice was practically turning green with

envy.

That bitch Yvette sure knew how to show off! However, she wouldn't be able to show off for

much longer...

After listening to Yvette's explanation, Madison and the rest felt as if they had been enlightened.

"So that's how it is... We get it now, Yvie. Thank you so much!"

"Yvie, I think you're better at teaching than Professor Lawrence!"

"I think so too. Why don't you consider teaching next time, Yvie?"

If Charlie overheard them, he'd probably cry himself to pieces in the bathroom.

"Alright, settle down, everyone. Yvie is a busy person, she doesn't have the time to teach!" Madison said hurriedly.

Although the others felt that it was quite a pity, they knew deep down that what Madison said

was true.

"If there's anything you don't get, feel free to come ask me about it." Yvette's cool voice rang out steadily.

Upon hearing her words, her classmates started cheering.

"Yahoo! Yvie, you're truly the best!"

Madison thoughtfully filled a glass of warm water from the dispenser and brought it over to Yvette. "Thank you for taking the time to explain the material to us, Yvie. Please have some water to soothe your throat!"

"Thanks." Yvette thanked her politely, accepting the glass.

Alice's gaze was fixed upon the drink in Yvette's hand. Her eyes gleamed with an eerie light, and a sinister smile tugged at her lips.

Yvette brought the glass to her lips. Just as she was about to take a drink, her expression shifted abruptly, and her face tightened.

"Where did this water come from?"

Madison didn't understand why Yvette became so serious all of a sudden. Still, she answered honestly, "I got it from the classroom's water dispenser, Yvie. Everyone in class drinks the

- water from the dispenser. Is something the matter?"

Yvette's expression turned even graver. She swept her gaze over the class.

"All of you drank this water?"

"That's right, Yvie. We've all had some. We're already used to drinking water from the classroom dispenser!"

"Is something wrong, Yvie? If you're not used to drinking it, we'll go buy a bottle of water for you instead!"

Yvette spoke up slowly. Her words had the entire class turning pale.

"The water is poisoned."

<

## Chapter 540 "What!"

The color drained from everyone's faces. Even though it was shocking to them, they instinctually trusted Yvette's words.



"But Yvie, we drink water from the dispenser every day... There's never been a problem with it

Yvette's face was taut, her gaze chilly. "Have you thought of the possibility that the poison was only added today?"

Eustace had immersed her in an environment full of medicines since young, which made her incredibly sensitive to medicines and poisons. If not for that, it was possible that not even she would've noticed there was poison in the water!

It just showed how terrifying this poison was.

"How could this be... Who exactly would've poisoned the water?"

"That's right, Jubilife University's security is really strict-Arggh... my stomach is hurting..."

Madison, who had been speaking perfectly fine up until now, suddenly went pale. She clutched her stomach and started crying out in pain.

Yvette immediately walked toward her. She grabbed Madison's wrist and took her pulse.

However, her expression only became more and more severe. She was sure this kind of poison was highly toxic and had never before appeared in Croedal. So, how could it have shown up in the country now?

While Yvette was thinking, the other students in class slowly turned pale as well. One after another, they clutched their stomachs and started howling in pain.

Yvette could only set aside her thoughts for now. She pulled out her needle bag and began to perform acupuncture on her classmates.

All she could do for them was temporarily suppress the poison so that their lives weren't in immediate danger. She'd analyze the poison afterward. Alice, who was watching, bit her lip in hatred. Internally, she was cursing non-stop.

Damn it! Why didn't that bitch Yvette drink it? It had been so close. Her plan had been so close to succeeding!

Lionel had said this kind of poison was tasteless, odorless, and highly toxic. The poison wouldn't kill immediately; instead, it would cause the poisoned target to suffer immensely.

He had also claimed that there was no way it would be detected, so why had Yvette still noticed?

No matter how unwilling she was to accept the outcome, she had to get going. She knew that if she stayed any longer, the incident would be traced back to her very quickly.

She had already purchased plane tickets out of the country in advance. Whether or not the plan succeeded, as long as she left Croedal, Yvette wouldn't be able to do anything to her!

"Yvie, Alice has run away... It must be her... it must be her who poisoned the water!"

By this point, Madison was already delirious from pain. But seeing Alice running off in a hurry, she pushed through the pain and spoke up weakly "We can't let her get away just like this... We have to catch her..."

Yvette's beautiful, fox-like eyes gleamed with a cold light.

"Don't worry, she won't get away," she said softly to comfort Madison before continuing to perform acupuncture on her classmates to suppress the poison.

An entire class of students had been poisoned. Such a situation was extremely serious and thus immediately received the full attention of the school faculty.

Matt was also quick to rush Jacob over.

"How are they doing, Yvie?" he asked, anxiety written all over his face.

Performing acupuncture was something that expended a great deal of energy and effort. It was all the more exhausting for Yvette, who had just performed acupuncture on an entire classroom in one go.

She looked very pale.

"I've helped suppress the spread of the poison in their bodies, so their lives shouldn't be in immediate danger. Don't worry, Mr. Rusell. I'll definitely cure them of the poison."

Matt sighed in relief at her words. "Thank goodness we have you, Yvie. I'm so grateful to you!"

As the chancellor of Jubilife University, he had a responsibility toward the students. If such a major incident occurred under his watch, he'd hardly be able to avoid the blame!

"First, send them to the hospital to receive care," said Yvette, methodically giving out

instructions. "Even though I've suppressed the poison in their bodies, they're still incredibly weak right now."