

## **Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns #A Rose 561 - Read Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns A Rose 561**

Chapter 561 Chapter 561

"I'm glad you like the gift, Mrs. Quinn Senior." Victoria's smile widened as she casually asked, "I just saw Wilson leaving. Today is your birthday, so why did he leave so soon?"

Martha replied nonchalantly, "Oh, I asked him to leave. Yvette had something to attend to outside Jubilife, so I told Wilson to go and keep her company."

The warmth in Victoria's smile faded slightly, and a flicker of displeasure crossed her eyes. Yvette had only been gone for a few days, yet Wilson was already rushing to her side.

"Everyone, take a look! This is the birthday gift that Yvette left me. Isn't it thoughtful of her? She knows I love antiques so she bought me a golden horse sculpture."

Martha's face glowed with delight as she boasted, "I'm so lucky to have such a considerate granddaughter-in-law!"

Tracy's eyes darted around the room. Drawing on her experience of serving Martha, Tracy gathered her courage and spoke up. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, you may not know this, but Ms. Olson suffered a great injustice a few days ago. I'm not sure if I should tell you what happened."

"What happened?" Martha's expression instantly turned serious.

The Olson family once did a great service for Wilson's parents. They entrusted Victoria's care to the Quinns before their passing.

The Quinn family was not one to forget kindness. They believed in repaying debts of gratitude. Therefore, Martha would never allow anyone to bully Victoria.

Since Victoria was under the protection of the Quinn family, bullying her would be like insulting the Quinns themselves.

Victoria guessed what Tracy was about to reveal and chose not to intervene. She smirked ever so slightly. Tracy was indeed a useful weapon.

"Well, since you've asked, I'll speak up. Ms. Olson had her heart set on the golden horse sculpture first. She wanted to buy it as your birthday gift. But Ms. Murray also wanted it, so she took it from Ms. Olson. As a result, Ms. Olson had no choice but to find something else for you."

Martha's expression darkened, clearly angered by the news.

Overjoyed, Tracy continued eagerly, "I didn't want to bring this to your attention, but Ms. Murray has been completely out of line."

Martha glared at Tracy and snapped, "Shut up!"

Tracy was taken aback and looked at Martha in confusion. She couldn't understand why Martha, who should have been displeased with Yvette, was still defending her.

"I know exactly what kind of person Yvette is. What gave you the audacity to come here and

stir

up trouble?" Martha hissed.

Unwilling to back down, Tracy protested, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, everything I said is true. Ms. Murray took Ms. Olson's birthday gift for you!" "Enough! If you dare slander Yvette again, I'll make sure you regret it!" Martha's eyes grew even colder as she spoke with conviction.

my chosen "Let me make this clear. I won't tolerate anyone speaking ill of Yvette. She is granddaughter-in-law and the future lady of the Quinn family. If I hear anyone say anything negative about her again, there will be consequences!"

Just then, Irwin and Yara walked into the living room, overhearing the exchange. A warm sense of assurance washed over them as they exchanged glances. Both silently agreed that Yvette would be in good hands with the Quinn family.

"Okay, Mrs. Lynch. That's enough." Victoria gently reprimanded Tracy, then lifted her head and gave Martha a pitiful look. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, please don't be angry, I suppose Yvie and I share the same taste. We didn't steal from each other."

Tracy shot Victoria a grateful glance and immediately played along. "Yes, Ms. Olson. I seem to have misunderstood. Mrs. Quinn Senior, I apologize for my mistake."

Martha's expression remained cold. Not wanting to make a scene in front of Irwin and Yara, she whispered, "If this happens again, you're out of the Quinn family for good."

With that, Martha ignored Tracy and walked toward Irwin and Yara with a warm smile.

"Mrs. Lynch, be careful not to speak poorly of Yvie in front of Mrs. Quinn Senior next time. She's very fond of her," Victoria advised with feigned

concern.

Those words might seem to have comforted Tracy but they only fueled her resentment toward Yvette.

"I understand, Ms. Olson."

Seeing the grim expression on Tracy's face, Victoria's lips curled slightly. Her gaze then shifted toward Sean, who had accompanied Irwin and Yara to the party.

Before returning to Jubilife, Victoria had thoroughly investigated the Quinn family and knew everything about them, as well as the Murrays.

Sean stood out to her as the easiest person to manipulate—a perfect pawn to achieve her goals.

Now, Victoria just had to figure out how to pull him into her game.

Meanwhile, at the base camp, Jonathan Vaughn said respectfully, "Ms. Murray, I'm Lieutenant Colonel Vaughn, Colonel Murray's deputy. He's currently tied up with an important matter, so he asked me to give you a tour. He'll join you as soon as he's finished."

Yvette knew Adam was busy and nodded in agreement. "Okay. Let's go"

Seeing that Yvette didn't appear upset, Jonathan let out a sigh of relief and quickly led her on a tour of the military base.

Yvette followed him absentmindedly. Her eyes were downcast, making it hard to tell what she was thinking.

Glancing down at her watch, Yvette figured Bernice would have already made her move. Yvette was just waiting for her to act.

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As Yvette was lost in thought, a loud whistle suddenly pierced the air, snapping her back to reality. She looked up to find a group of exuberant young men staring at her with bright eyes.

They had whistled earlier, but they didn't have ill intentions. They were simply taken aback by Yvette's stunning beauty and couldn't contain their excitement.

It was rare to see a woman on the base camp, and encountering someone as enchanting as Yvette left them all breathless.

"What are you all doing? Get back to training! If catch you messing around again, I'll report you to Colonel Murray. All of you will have to add two hours to your training today," Jonathan

barked.

The men immediately straightened up and returned to their training.

year. It's "Ms. Murray, I'm sorry about that. They're the most unruly recruits we have this hard to manage them. They didn't mean any offense. If you're upset, I can make them do extra drills later," Jonathan said with a hint of exasperation.

Those little rascals had driven away countless instructors. Aside from Adam, no one else could keep them in line. If Adam knew the men whistled at Yvette so obnoxiously, they would certainly come to regret their actions.

"It's fine," Yvette said, brushing off the incident as she quietly observed their training.

They were practicing shooting, and she couldn't help but narrow her eyes at the sight. It had been a long time since she had handled a gun. Suddenly, she felt a familiar itch to shoot.

Noticing her quiet excitement, Jonathan asked, "Would you like to give it a try?"

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"Okay," Yvette said with excitement.

Jonathan was taken aback to see her enthusiasm. When he, introduced the recruits to her

earlier, she seemed indifferent. It was rare to see her show such interest.

Her eagerness to shoot was unexpected. Adam's sister certainly had unique hobbies that set her apart from other girls.

Jonathan wasted no time and said, "Sunny, show Ms. Murray how to shoot."

Sunny was the first soldier who whistled at Yvette earlier. He was also the most talented member of the team but had a reputation for being a troublemaker.

His eyes brightened at the opportunity. "No problem. I've got this!"

"I don't need him to teach me. I can handle it myself," Yvette said coolly.

"Wait, what?" Jonathan asked in surprise. Adam hadn't mentioned that his sister knew how to

shoot.

Before he could process the revelation, Yvette confidently strode over and picked up a firearm with practiced ease.

Sunny couldn't take his eyes off her. It was the first time he had encountered a woman with better skills than him. He found himself asking, "Since you don't need my help, how about we have a little competition?"

Yvette continued to handle the gun with ease. "Sure," she said nonchalantly.

Sunny looked at her with unrestrained enthusiasm, his eyes sparkling. "If you lose, can I get your contact information?"

As soon as he said this, the crowd erupted in cheers.

"Wow! Sunny is so bold."

Hearing the commotion, Sunny's ears turned red as he feigned a fierce expression to hide his embarrassment.

"Quiet! Let her speak." Jonathan couldn't help but feel amused as he watched the scene unfolding before him.

Sunny was bold, that was for sure. If Adam found out someone was trying to hit on his sister, the consequences would be unbearable. "Okay," Yvette said casually. After all, she had no intention of losing.

Hearing her agree so casually, Sunny's eyes lit up with excitement. It was as if he had just been

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given a shot of adrenaline.

His first shot landed in the seven-ring, which was impressive given his earlier excitement.

"Sunny, there's no way that's the best you can do! Don't go easy on the lady."

"Yeah! When you compete with us, you never go easy like this! It's not fair!"

"Exactly! We can't have you prioritizing women over camaraderie!"

Sunny's ears turned redder at their teasing, "Shut up! Stop talking nonsense."

He had no intention of going easy. Doing so would be disrespectful to his opponent, after all. He had just gotten too excited earlier. Now he needed to show his true skills and impress

Yvette while he was at it.

Sunny took a deep breath, his expression turning serious as he focused intently on the target before him. He raised his gun and aimed at the center. Two shots rang out—one hit the nine-ring, and the other landed perfectly in the ten-ring.

Not bad at all.

"Nice job, Sunny. You've improved," Jonathan praised him before turning to Yvette. "Don't feel pressured, Ms. Murray. Just have fun with it." Pressure? Yvette's rosy lips curled into a lazy smile. That was something she usually imposed on others; no one had ever made her feel pressured. With a relaxed demeanor, she picked up the gun without bothering to aim with much focus. Instead, she simply pulled the trigger.

Three shots were fired, all hitting the bullseye.

"Wow!" The crowd gasped in astonishment as they watched Yvette's effortless display of skill.

Shooting felt like a game to her, and she hit the target every time without the need to aim. The onlooking recruits couldn't display such accuracy even when they concentrated with all their

might.

Was Yvette really that good with guns? Sunny was in awe of Yvette. First, he was captivated by her beauty, and now he was completely taken by her talent.

"Hey gorgeous, your shooting skills are incredible! Can you teach me sometime?" Sunny asked eagerly.

As soon as he spoke, the others chimed in.

"Can you teach me too? I want to learn!"

"Me too! I want to learn as well!"

Just then, Adam rushed over and caught sight of the scene. Watching everyone fawn over Yvette made him swell with pride. He couldn't help but feel proud of his sister. She had effortlessly won over the rowdy group of recruits

Then, a thought struck him. He would have a mission to carry out tonight and was worried about finding someone to keep those troublemakers in line.

If Adam could get Yvette to teach them, it would solve his problem. It might be a bit of a burden on Yvette, but it would be worth it.

After making up his mind, Adam headed to the cafeteria with Yvette.

"Yvie, I know you love spicy food, so I had the kitchen whip up some dishes just for you."

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He carried plate after plate until the table where Yvette sat was filled with various dishes.

"The food here isn't as good as at home, but if there's anything you want to eat, just let me know. I'll make it happen for you."

Yvette shook her head. "This is more than enough."

Seeing Yvette so sweet and understanding, Adam's heart swelled with warmth. However, he soon felt guilty for having to put her in a tough spot. Adam mustered his courage and asked Yvette, "I need to ask you for a favor."

Yvette pursed her lips, her mind racing. If he was asking for something under 100 million dollars, she could probably afford it. But if it went over that amount, it might prove tricky.

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"Yvie, I've got a task tonight and need to leave the base camp for a few days. I'd like you to step in and teach the First Squadron recruits while I'm gone.

As long as Adam wasn't asking for money, Yvette was glad to help.

"Sure, but if I'm going to teach them, I want full control over the training methods. No one can interfere with how I do things."

Adam agreed without hesitation. "Sure! I promise."

"Okay. I'll help you," Yvette replied casually. She was still waiting for a certain someone to fall into her trap. With a few extra days on the base camp and nothing pressing to do, she might as well have some fun with the recruits.

After lunch, the new recruits began their training again. Adam eagerly led Yvette to the First Squadron.

"Hey, instructor! Why did you bring the pretty lady with you?"

The First Squadron recruits, who had been lined up neatly, erupted into excitement at the sight of Yvette.

"Quiet!" Adam commanded. The recruits immediately fell silent and stood at attention. They looked at Yvette with great admiration.

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●vie will be your instructor. You are all to obey her without question!"

Sunny S face it up with excitement upon nanny the news. Then, he seemed to remember somery anu quickly leaned in to whisper to the others. "None of you are allowed to bully the pretty lady. If you do, you'll have to answer to me!"

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Sunny silently vowed to protect Yvette. No one was allowed to upset her on his watch. "Sunny, you don't need to say that. We never bully girls."

"Exactly! Besides, the pretty lady looks so delicate and sweet. Just seeing her makes me want to protect her. How could we possibly bully her?"

"That's right. We're so lucky to have her as our instructor. She's bound to be easier on us than Colonel Murray. Our training sessions will be a breeze!"

Adam couldn't help but chuckle at their naivety. They had no idea that Yvette was the infamous leader of the underground world, Master Xev. Her training methods would be just as tough as his. The recruits were bound to have a rough time. After briefing Yvette on what to expect, Adam prepared to leave.

"Colonel Murray, you can't just walk away like this. Are you really sure about letting Ms. Murray handle those troublemakers? They might drive her to tears," Jonathan said anxiously.

"The ones who will be crying are those troublemakers. When they're in tears after her training, make sure to send me a video," Adam replied with a confident smile. Jonathan sighed, feeling a knot of worry in his stomach.

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without hesitation. "Yes."

lamented the luck of whoever got to call her his girlfriend.

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"Oh no! The pretty lady has a boyfriend. We missed our chance!"

The recruits lamented their poor luck, wishing they had met Yvette sooner. They also felt a twinge of jealousy for her boyfriend. If only they could have a girlfriend like her, they'd gladly take the blame for any arguments. "Enough chit-chat. It's time to train. You can call me Instructor Murray," Yvette said sternly.

"Yes, Instructor Murray." Sunny and the others quickly straightened up, responding with newfound seriousness.

"Good." Yvette nodded in satisfaction before continuing, "We'll start with endurance training. Go for a 12-mile weighted run."

"What?"

Her announcement sent shockwaves through the group, prompting a chorus of groans.

"Pretty lady-I mean, Instructor Murray, do we really need to start with something so intense?"

"12 miles is too much right off the bat! Can't we do something else?"

"Yeah! Instructor Murray, that's way too high-intensity for us."

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Q Search...

-mile weighted run?

Sunny and the others immediately shook their heads in protest, concern etched on their faces. "No way! We can't let you do that. Instructor Murray, can't you just stay here and wait for us to come back?"

"Yeah! You really shouldn't push yourself with a 12-mile weighted run."

Yvette didn't like to waste time talking. She had already lifted a 60-pound weight with ease and dropped it into a military-grade backpack that she swung over her shoulders. "Put that down, Instructor Murray. Don't overdo it. You might get hurt!"

"Yeah. We'll listen to you, but please don't torture yourself."

Sunny and the others were afraid the 60-pound weight strapped to her would be too much for

Yvette to handle.

"Don't forget what Adam told you before he left," she said coolly, her gaze steady and commanding. "You are to obey my orders unconditionally."

The recruits instinctively responded with respect, "Yes, Instructor Murray!"

By the time they processed what was happening, Yvette had already set off.

"Keep up," she instructed from over her shoulder.

There was a mountain behind the base camp. and she intended to take them there for some real training.

ere could be large predators out there. It's dangerous. Are you sure you want to go there?"

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advise against it.

What was the point of training if there was no danger? Real combat was always the best training. Besides, Yvette was confident in her ability to keep them safe.

Jonathan's mouth twitched upon hearing Yvette's assertive tone. Before he could say more, Yvette continued, "Adam promised me that no one would interfere with my teaching methods. She had her ways and didn't need anyone else's advice.

Meanwhile, a sleek black Maybach pulled up at the entrance of the base camp.

"Colonel Murray, they have arrived!"

Adam looked up with impatience, muttering under his breath, "Finally! Let's see who dares to make me come out and greet them!"

He couldn't understand why someone from higher up had insisted he personally welcomed the incoming guest. Adam was busy and didn't have time for that.

When Adam spotted the Maybach, an uneasy feeling washed over him. That car looked similar

to Wilson's.

There's no way! He quickly dismissed the thought. Yvette would only be at the base for a few days. Wilson wouldn't drop everything to chase after her. Adam had just dismissed the thought when he saw an elegant man step out of the car. His mouth twitched in irritation as he rolled his eyes dramatically. Unbelievably, Wilson had indeed come chasing after Yvette.

"Adam"

Before Wilson could finish his sentence, Adam interrupted with disdain, "What are you doing here? Yvie is only here for a few days. Was it necessary to chase her down like this?"

"I can't help it." Wilson let out a light chuckle before explaining, "Yvie is too exceptional, and there are too many people vying for her attention. I have to keep a close eye on her, you see."

Adam couldn't argue with that. It was true that Yvette was remarkable. It seemed Wilson intended to latch onto his sister for good.

"Adam, where's Yvie?" Wilson had missed her during the short time they'd been apart.

"Yvie is training the new recruits in First Squadron while filling in for me. She's busy so don't bother her."

Wilson smirked and replied casually, "Got it, Adam. If she's training them, then I'll join in as well."

Adam's eyes

widened in alarm. Did he plan to push those recruits to their limits?

Before he could refuse, someone rushed over and said, "Colonel Murray, it's time! We need to head out for our mission."

Adam's expression turned serious at once. "Understood. Notify everyone to leave immediately.

"Yes, Colonel Murray."

Finally, he said, "The recruits in First Squadron have just joined us. Don't push them too hard.

With that, Adam instructed a guard to take Wilson to First Squadron before rushing off. "Mr. Quinn, Ms. Murray, has taken the recruits to the mountain for training. Since you've journeyed all this way, let me take you to your room to rest first." "No. Také me to the mountain," Wilson said firmly. He couldn't wait any longer to see Yvette.

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The recruits, who had already hiked 10 miles and reached the halfway point of the mountain, were exhausted. Yvette, on the other hand, showed no signs of fatigue. "Instructor Murray, aren't you tired?" Sunny couldn't help but ask.

Carrying a 60-pound backpack and hiking 10 miles was tough even for these strong men, yet she seemed completely unfazed. It was beyond impressive! Yvette shook her head. "Not at all."

She had been training at this intensity since childhood. In fact, the training she had undergone back then was even more demanding, so she was well accustomed to it. The recruits looked at her with even more admiration, realizing their previous perception of her as delicate was a huge misunderstanding.

Seeing how exhausted they were, Yvette decided not to push them further. "Let's take a ten-

minute break."

"Thank you, Instructor Murray."

The recruits cheered and promptly settled down to rest, letting their guard down as they began to replenish their energy.

Yvette, however, remained vigilant, observing her surroundings. Suddenly, her expression changed, and she spoke in a low voice. "Get up! We need to leave here as quickly as possible!"

Though the recruits didn't understand why, they instinctively obeyed her command and quickly got to their feet in a move to retreat. Just as they began to move away, a

ferocious brown bear charged out from the bushes, baring its teeth and growling menacingly. "Oh no! We've encountered a beast!"

"Calm down." Yvette showed no signs of panic as she directed them with composure.

"Sunny, lead First Squadron to the valley exit. I'll hold it off."

Yvette was just a young woman without a weapon. How could she possibly confront a massive predator like a bear?

Sunny looked at her with concern but followed her orders, efficiently guiding the others as they retreated toward the valley. "Watch out, Instructor Murray!"

As everyone held their breaths in concern for her, they saw Yvette swiftly evade the bear's attack with a graceful sidestep.

Seeing its prey escape, the bear let out an even more furious growl and charged at her again.

While dodging the bear's attacks, Yvette said in a deep voice, "In the future, if you encounter a powerful enemy without weapons and find yourselves at a disadvantage, it's crucial to remain calm. You should focus on wearing down the enemy's stamina and look for an opportunity to strike back decisively."

When she finished speaking, Yvette seized her chance and landed a solid punch on the bear's

head.

The bear roared in pain, continuing its assault as it snapped its jaw at Yvette.

"Watch closely! This is how you fight barehanded against an enemy to protect yourself and achieve sure victory."

Yvette instructed them while fully engaging in the fight, each move calculated to defend herself while inflicting damage on the bear.

"We underestimated her. She's even stronger than we thought," Sunny exclaimed as he watched her in awe.

"Yeah! Not only is she skilled with a gun, but she's also incredible at hand-to-hand combat! If this were a human opponent instead of a bear, they'd already be defeated!"

"Who would've thought? A pretty woman like her can fight barehanded against a bear."

Yvette moved with agility, skillfully dodging each of the bear's attacks. The animal couldn't catch her and ended up roaring in frustration.

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Yvette quickly identified the bear's weak point. She smirked, thinking that the fight was almost over.

Just then, a black bear sprang from behind the bushes. Its massive jaws aimed directly at Yvette's head.

"Careful, Instructor Murray!"

There was no time to dodge. Instinctively, Yvette raised her arm to shield her head. A bite on her arm would sting, but a bite to her head would be deadly.

As the black bear lunged toward her, a gunshot rang out. The bear collapsed before it could even let out a growl.

The brown bear, startled by the noise, turned and bolted into the forest. A perfect shot to the head of a moving target-now that was impressive.

Yvette raised an eyebrow in surprise. It wasn't every day she encountered someone with such skill.

She turned around and spotted a man in black holding a gun. Her surprise deepened at the sight. What was he doing here?

Wilson's chiseled face was taut with worry as he rushed toward Yvette. "Are you okay?"

Just thinking about what had just happened made his heart race. He couldn't bear to imagine what might have happened if he hadn't arrived in time. Noticing the concern etched on his face, Yvette flashed him a reassuring smile. "I'm fine. Don't worry about me."

Even if she had taken a bite from that black bear, and her arm was injured, she had plenty of

ways to defeat her opponent.

Wilson's jaw clenched, an icy air surrounding him. "Yvie-

Before he could finish, Yvette cleared her throat and whispered, "Shh! Don't say anything in front of my students. Let me keep some dignity!"

She had her pride to maintain. Otherwise, what would happen to her authority as an instructor?

Wilson bit down on his frustration, a mix of amusement and exasperation washing over him. He never expected her to be so concerned about her pride at a time like this. But the way she looked at that moment—so fierce yet adorable—made him want to tease her.

"Instructor Murray, we're so glad you're okay. You scared us!"

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Sunny and the others rushed over, their faces filled with worry. They had retreated to the valley exit, too far away to help her in time. "Instructor Murray, who's this guy?"

The recruits all turned their curious gazes toward Wilson. It seemed like he knew Yvette. No wonder he had such a commanding presence. Wilson spoke in a deep voice. "I'm your new instructor. My last name is Quinn. You can call me Instructor Quinn."

Even though Wilson tried to tone down his intimidating presence, it still sent shivers down their spines, making them instinctively feel uneasy. "A new instructor? The First Squadron will have two instructors?"

"That's so strange! Other squads only have one instructor, so why do we get two?"

Yvette lewertyly why Wilson had to be instructe, but she simply smiled and changed the subject

"Was Today's training sesion more we than that you normally do on the base camp?"

sure enough, the recruits' attention shifted immediately, and they nodded enthusiastically. The chicks pecking at grain. "Absolutely! Today's training taught us so much. Thank you, fnstructor Murray!"

While the training was more beneficial than the military drills, it was also life-threatening

Satisfied with their response, Yvette nodded. "Let's head back and continue training

"Instructor Murray, we're going to drop dead. Can't we take a break?"

"Yeah, please! Have mercy on us!"

Hearing their desperate pleas, Yvette narrowed her eyes and asked, "Are you all tired?"

"Yes, Instructor Murray. We're exhausted! Please let us rest for a bit when we get back."

The recruits looked at her pleadingly in an attempt to soften her heart.

However, Yvette smirked and arched her brows lazily. "If you keep whining, I'll add three extra hours to today's training."

The recruits fell silent, their expressions turning somber as they silently mourned their fate.

How could she say such harsh things with that sweet smile? She was even more ruthless than Adam was! They regretted ever agreeing to switch instructors.

As evening fell, Yvette wrapped up her training for the day and returned to her assigned single dormitory at the base camp.

Upon entering, she found Wilson sitting on the couch, his expression tense. He was more than ready to confront her about the earlier incident.

Yvette rubbed her temples, feeling a headache coming on. She briefly considered making a run

for it.

"Where do you think you're going? Come here." Wilson immediately sensed her intentions and furrowed his brow.

Watching this unfold from the side, Samuel couldn't help but chuckle silently. Was Wilson finally going to stand his ground?

Yvette looked at Wilson's taut features as she bit her lip and walked over obediently.

"Go ahead. I'm listening-"

Before she could finish her sentence, she felt a cool touch on her arm. Looking down, she saw Wilson gently applying ointment to her injury. His movements were careful, as if he was afraid of causing her pain. Yvette's heart warmed at his tenderness, and she couldn't help but smile. It was just a small

wound. She hadn't even noticed, but he did.

Samuel rolled his eyes. He had expected Wilson to be more assertive today, but it seemed he was still under Yvette's spell.

Wilson's voice softened as he finished applying the ointment. "I don't want to see you get hurt again."



After tending to her injury, he pulled her into a tight embrace, as if trying to meld her into him.

"Okay. I understand." Yvette nestled against Wilson, wrapping her arms around his neck. When she acted sweetly like this, he found it impossible to resist.

Wilson's eyes sparkled with affection as he held her waist gently with his hands.

Yvette blinked and teased, "But how does someone as renowned as you end up here as an instructor? This seems like such a waste of talent!" Enjoy Ad-Free Reading>>

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Wilson had heard his name called by many people, but nobody called his name as beautifully as Yvette did.

His grip on her waist tightened, and his large hands immediately started caressing her hips gently but sensually.

"The famous ruler of the underworld Master Xey has come to be an instructor, so of course I'd come along as well."

Yvette felt her body tingle wherever Wilson touched, and the tips of her ears reddened. She reached out with both hands to push him away.

"I want to rest, so

so go home!!!

Wilson's legs were crossed carelessly. Those captivating eyes of his narrowed. He looked as seductive as an incubus, yet his tone made him seem all too innocent.

"Baby, they didn't arrange lodging for me, so I have no choice but to stay here and accompany you."

Yvette was rendered speechless. Why were his words so hard to believe?

Sensing Wilson's gaze sweep over to him, Samuel could only nod along against his own conscience. "It's true, Ms. Yvette!"

"Perhaps because Mr. Quinn arrived on such short notice, the base camp staff haven't gotten around to preparing a room for him."

Samuel hurriedly continued without giving Yvette time to speak up, "Ms. Yvette, it's quite late already. I'll excuse myself now so as not to disturb your and Mr. Quinn's rest!"

With those words, Samuel quickly made his escape, bolting out the door as if the hounds of hell were after him.

Yvette massaged her temples, clicking her tongue softly. Even an honest man like Samuel had been corrupted by a certain womanizer.

"Please take me in for the night, baby..." Wilson's husky voice sounded right next to her ear, carrying a deadly seductiveness. It made her ears tingle, and her fine lashes trembled slightly.

She ended up letting him have half the bed.

Wilson's lips curved into a grin. He raised his arms and wrapped Yvette in a hug once more. His eyes gradually darkened, and he swallowed at the feel of her warmth so close at hand. She looked far too alluring like this. "Baby..." Wilson called out to Yvette gently and affectionately. He leaned down and kissed her on the lips, stealing her breath away bit by bit. Chanter

Yvette let our

a moan, before taking the initiative to reciprocate.

Wilson's eyes darkened further, progressively narrowing dangerously. Why was Yvette being so cooperative today?

But before he could think about it further, he realized with a start that a pair of small hands were reaching under his clothes, feeling him up.

He instantly tensed, lust reflecting in his eyes.

He quickly realized that Yvette was doing it on purpose. She was groping him with no focus or technique whatsoever, occasionally slipping lower. If not for him catching her hand in time...

Wilson closed his eyes, holding himself back with great effort. His usually clear, cool voice had become incredibly deep and hoarse.

"Are you tormenting me on purpose, baby?"

He'd see if she still dared carelessly rile him up like this after he'd made love to her so thoroughly that she couldn't even get out of bed in the future.

"That's right!" Yvette nodded self-righteously. Her hands continued to grope him everywhere, lighting his skin on fire.

Wilson could only grab her wandering hands in a tight hold. He leaped from the bed and rushed toward the bathroom.

If Yvette continued to grope him like that, he couldn't guarantee what would happen next.

As she heard the sounds of running water and Wilson's heavy breathing from the bathroom, the mischief in Yvette's eyes deepened. She grinned smugly. It served him right for insisting on staying with her!

Wilson had heard his name called by many people, but nobody called his name as beautifully as Yvette did.

His grip on her waist tightened, and his large hands immediately started caressing her hips gently but sensually.

"The famous ruler of the underworld Master Xey has come to be an instructor, so of course I'd come along as well."

Yvette felt her body tingle wherever Wilson touched, and the tips of her ears reddened. She reached out with both hands to push him away.

"I want to rest, so

so go home!!!

Wilson's legs were crossed carelessly. Those captivating eyes of his narrowed. He looked as seductive as an incubus, yet his tone made him seem all too innocent.

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"I saw it too! I must be hallucinating due to the training as well!"

"It's real, not a damned hallucination!" One of the recruits, Sunny Clarkson, frowned deeply. "Instructor Quinn must like Instructor Murray too!" "Why are you stating the obvious, Sunny? Who doesn't like Instructor Murray?"

"That's right! Instructor Murray isn't just pretty but capable too. It's only natural that Instructor Quinn would fancy an outstanding lady like her!"

Sunny frowned harder at their words. "Don't forget that Instructor Murray already has a boyfriend, you guys!"

"Oh, right! We would've forgotten if you hadn't reminded us, Sunny!" The other recruits smacked their foreheads in realization. "Then we'll have to find an opportunity to tell Instructor Quinn about it.

"We can't let him end up an unintentional third wheel, after all—"

Before they could finish speaking, Wilson's cold gaze swept over them, feeling extremely

oppressive.

Sunny and the others didn't dare gossip any longer. They resumed training with great concentration once more.

Yvette spoke up lazily after observing the suppressed resentment on the recruits' faces. "We're not really going to end up causing them any psychological trauma from training, are we?"

"We won't. They're not that weak," Wilson answered.

The average person wouldn't have been able to qualify for the corps. Conducting such harsh training was also considered part of the responsibility they owed to these recruits.

"I was thinking the same!" Yvette grinned. She should make sure their training over the next few days would be an unforgettable experience.

Just then, Wilson frowned upon receiving a call from Quinn Corporation. "Baby, I'm going to

go answer a call."

"Okay." Yvette nodded casually. She was leisurely eating snacks while watching the new

recruits hard at work.

"Colonel Murray allowed you to temporarily take over the duties of instructor, but this is how you do your job?"

Bernice suddenly rushed over with a group of security guards in tow. She looked at Yvette with Chapter 573

contempt.

"You're obviously abusing your position for personal gain. You've betrayed Colonel Murray's trust in you. Someone like you doesn't deserve to be an instructor!" Before



Yvette even said anything in response to Bernice's scolding, Sunny and the other recruits rushed over, instantly enraged. They stood protectively in front of Yvette. "What right do you have to judge Instructor Murray? In our opinion, Instructor Murray is the best instructor we could ever ask for. We won't allow you to speak of her like that!"

"That's right! We've improved a lot in the few days Instructor Murray has been teaching us! What makes you think you can accuse Instructor Murray when you know nothing?" Bernice didn't expect the recruits to rush over to defend Yvette. Her face was dark with anger. "I'm trying to seek justice for you First Squadron recruits!" she yelled at them. "I'm doing this for you! An instructor like her is only concerned with entertaining herself. She doesn't care for you at all!"

you do "We don't need you to seek justice for us!" Sunny yelled back. "We know better than how well Instructor Murray teaches! You should apologize to Instructor Murray for your narrowmindedness right now!"

Sunny's words immediately gained the approval of the other recruits.

"That's right! You should apologize to Instructor Murray right now!"

"To us, Instructor Murray is the best instructor!"

Bernice glared viciously at Yvette, fuming in anger. What kind of sorcery did this woman possess to have so many people defend her willingly?

"Enough! Shut up, all of you!" Bernice reprimanded angrily. "I came looking for her today because of something more important than this. So stop causing trouble, First Squadron!"

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Chapter

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"New recruits like you can't afford to shoulder the responsibility for delaying this matter!"

As she said so, Bernice haughtily commanded the security guards behind her. "You guys, hurry up and arrest this spy!"

Spy? Sunny and the others were dumbfounded at her words. However, they quickly recovered and denied her accusations. "Impossible. There's no way Instructor Murray is a spy."

"That's right. You say she's a spy, but where's your proof?"

Bernice thought the recruits were a bunch of morons. She was so angry that she almost burst a

blood vessel.

What kind of spell had that woman Yvette cast on these recruits?

Yvette slumped lazily into the chair. She wasn't panicked in the least, casually asking, "That's right. Do you have proof?"

Yvette's display of arrogance made Bernice think of the last time the former had embarrassed her in front of a crowd. At that time, she had had the exact same attitude, looking as if she wasn't taking anyone seriously.

Bernice gritted her teeth bitterly. However, immediately afterward she said smugly, "Of course I have proof! The firewall you built before is proof!"

"You didn't build the firewall to help the base camp at all. No, you built it to provide information to foreign hacker groups! You caused the base camp's confidential information to be leaked out to foreign nations, That's more than enough to condemn you!" She deliberately chose to kick up a fuss while Adam was out on a mission. She'd certainly like to see who could defend Yvette now!

The fish had finally taken the bait...

A smile tugged at Yvette's lips.

"So we're just supposed to take your word for it when you say there's a problem with the firewall I built? I'd say you messed with it and are trying to pin the blame on me."

Bernice instantly stiffened at her words, blinking guiltily as if Yvette had hit the bullseye.

Yvette casually added, "I request that we make another trip to the security center to prove my innocence."

"I agree!" Jonathan, who had arrived just earlier, immediately expressed his agreement while nodding. He naturally trusted Yvette. She was the colonel's sister, so she definitely couldn't be Chapter 574

a spy sent by the enemy.

However, he couldn't speak up for her directly with the proof allegedly laid out in front of them. But now that there was finally an opening, he would certainly do his best to help clear her name.

"That won't do!" Bernice shot down the proposal immediately. "Her hacking skills far surpass ours. What if she messes with something (again if we let her into the security center a second time?" Yvette scoffed. Voice cold, she said, "In your own words, my hacking skills far surpass yours. If I really was a spy, how would I have made such an amateur mistake that you'd catch on to it?" "You-" Her words rendered Bernice speechless. Unbeknownst to her, she now had an ugly expression on her face.

"We're going to the security center."

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Throwing those words over her shoulder, Yvette took the lead toward the security center. The others subconsciously followed after her. That was just the kind of charisma she exuded, a presence that inexplicably made others obey her. Sunny and the other recruits weren't allowed into the security center, so they could only wait anxiously outside.

The atmosphere inside the security center was grave. The base's confidential information being stolen by foreign hacker groups was a huge deal, after all. "Look, it's because a problem occurred with the firewall you built that the base camp's confidential information was stolen by foreign hacker groups." Bernice's previous haughtiness was back in full force. She continued, "What do you have to say

Yvette? I'd advise you to just admit it!"

now,

Yvette's gaze swept over the monitor screen. She said quietly, "Someone has tampered with the firewall I built."

Bernice's scoff was almost instantaneous. "Do you have proof?"

Bernice looked smugly at Yvette. She looked certain that Yvette wouldn't be able to produce any evidence proving her innocence.

Yvette smiled. She looked beautiful from the start, so now that she was smiling like this, she looked even more breathtaking. Everyone present was entranced by her smile.

A bad feeling inexplicably rose in Bernice's heart.

"What are you smiling at, Yvette!" she said sharply. "Stop pretending to be all mysterious!"

"When I built the firewall, I planted a little something in the system," Yvette said slowly. "It just so happens that this little something can monitor everything, so the actions of certain people have all been recorded." It was a little software she had developed that

was not yet on the market. Other than Yvette and her subordinates, few others knew about it. Naturally, Bernice wouldn't have been privy to

that information.

Bernice's expression changed instantly at Yvette's words. But before she could do anything, Yvette's fingers were practically flying over the computer keyboard. A video popped up on the screen and started playing.

The video showed Bernice sneaking into the security center late at night and turning off the firewall Yvette had built. This was what allowed those foreign hacker groups to steal a good

deal of confidential information.

The evidence was solid as steel, laid out right in front of Bernice. She had no way of denying it and could only slide bonelessly to the ground.

She was doomed.

The other security center staff were both shocked, hurt, and disappointed in equal measure. It was no wonder they still received attacks from foreign hacker groups no matter how much they repaired and upgraded the system. It was because Bernice had been leaking the information to them,

"Why would you do this? Do you know how much damage you've caused Croedal with this?"

The truth had already been exposed. Bernice decided that she might as well go down with the sinking ship.

"They promised me a reward of 50 million dollars after the deal was done. I can't earn that much money even if I were to work my butt off in Croedal my entire life!

"All I had to do was leak some information to them, and I'd easily earn all that money! Why wouldn't I agree?"

Someone uttered in pure shock, "Y-You've been completely blinded by greed!"

Everyone's eyes on her were filled with disappointment, but Bernice didn't think that she had done anything wrong at all.

"I made no mistakes! Who doesn't love money?" she yelled with a crazed look in her eyes. "If you guys were in my shoes, you definitely wouldn't have been able to refuse either!"

"There's nothing wrong with loving money, but there are lines we should never cross." Yvette gazed at her coldly, enunciating each of her next words. "You don't deserve to be Croedalian." There was no need to get physical and dirty her hands. All Yvette had to do was completely expose Bernice's schemes-that was all there was to it.

Bernice was now as white as a sheet. She was still collapsed on the ground like a puppet with broken strings.

Jonathan looked coldly at her. "Lock her up. We'll wait for the official report before deciding on what to do with her."

"Understood, Lieutenant Colonel Vaughn," said the guards.

"I never expected Ms. Lowel to be a spy! It's our fault for realizing it too late. Otherwise, we'd have been able to stop our confidential information from being stolen by those foreign hacker groups!" Seeing them beating themselves up, Yvette spoke up. "None of you should blame yourselves because the confidential information wasn't stolen. That was just a little diversionary tactic I used.

"What the hackers stole wasn't the base camp's confidential information."

She had long harbored suspicions about Bernice, but she hadn't had enough proof at that time. That was how she had thought of laying this trap and simply waited for her prey to take the bait.

"What?" Everyone was at first stunned, then whooped for joy.

"We truly have you to thank this time, Ms. Murray! Not only did you uncover the spy in our ranks, you even kept the confidential information safe. We'll definitely report this incident to our superiors and make sure you're highly commended!"

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"No need, it was nothing," Yvette said. She was also Croedalian, and protecting Croedal's secrets was her responsibility.

The people at the security center were impressed by her sense of duty. They looked at her with even more respect,

As soon as Yvette stepped out of the security center, Sunny and the others immediately surrounded her.

"Instructor Murray, we knew you couldn't be a spy!"

"Yeah, who would've thought she'd accuse someone else to cover her own tracks. She's really cunning! Luckily, the truth came out, or else, you would have been wrongly blamed, Instructor Murray!" Yvette's heart warmed. She smiled faintly and said, "Let's go. It's time to get back to training."

"Yes, Instructor Murray."

As they returned to the training grounds, Wilson approached them, his brows slightly furrowed.

"Yvie, where did you all go?"

The matter was already resolved, and Yvette didn't plan on explaining further. "Just took care of something minor," she said indifferently.

But from the look on her face, it didn't seem like it was something minor...

Wilson's mesmerizing eyes narrowed slightly, and out of habit, he reached out to wrap his arm around her waist.

Yvette immediately avoided him. She glared at him, signaling him to be mindful of the setting. Hugging in front of the students-what kind of example would that set?

Wilson could only helplessly retract his hand when she glared at him. He began to view Sunny and the others with increasing disdain.

This group of third wheelers were really annoying. They were stopping him from hugging his own fiancé!

Meanwhile, Sunny and the others thought, "Instructor Quinn is getting more and more out of line! He's even trying to make a move on Instructor Murray, but she already has a boyfriend!"

They couldn't just stand by and let Wilson continue down this wrong path. They had to bring him back to his senses! Chapter 576

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During lunch break, Sunny and the others deliberately waited until Yvette wasn't around. Summoning up their courage, they approached Wilson and said earnestly, "Instructor Quinn, there's something we need to tell you. Instructor Murray already has a boyfriend!" Upon hearing this, Wilson's lips curved into a lazy smile. He nodded and said, "Mm, I know."

He knew, yet he was still fawning over Yvette?

Sunny and the others immediately looked at Wilson with disdain. Stealing someone's girlfriend-how shameless could he get!

"What are you guys talking about?" As Yvette walked over, she saw the scene and couldn't help but feel curious.

Weren't they usually like mice in front of a cat whenever they saw Wilson? So why were they crowding around him now?

The moment they saw Yvette, Sunny angrily said, "Instructor Murray, you should stay away from this shameless beast! He has bad intentions toward you!"

The others quickly chimed in, "Exactly, Instructor Murray! We told him you already have a boyfriend, but he's still not giving up!"

"He's like a shameless homewrecker! Instructor Murray, he's just trying to ruin your relationship with your boyfriend!"

When Yvette saw Wilson's face darken, she almost couldn't hold back her laughter.

Wilson's jaw clenched tightly, and a cold, dangerous smile tugged at his lips. His gaze was icy cold. "Say that again, I dare you."

Sunny and the others were intimidated by Wilson's powerful air. They trembled and didn't have the courage to repeat it. They could only mutter to themselves.

He was the one being shameless, yet why does it feel like they were the ones in the wrong?

"Oh, I forgot to tell you guys," Yvette raised her eyebrows and said slowly, "He is my boyfriend."

Sunny and the others were speechless.

What a foolish thing they just did!

"Heh." Wilson let out a cold laugh, his gaze fixed on them with a mocking smile. "Go on, didn't each of you have plenty to say just a moment ago?"

"Instructor Quinn, we were wrong..."

Sunny and the others lowered their heads one by one, apologizing obediently.

"We really didn't know that you were Instructor Murray's boyfriend..."

They couldn't be blamed for this-who would have thought that Yvette's boyfriend was actually Wilson? Still, these two were a perfect match-one ruthless, one wild, a match made in heaven! "Heh." Wilson let out another cold laugh, his tone icy. "No lunch break today. All of you, extra training for four hours."

"Ugh..."

Although Sunny and the others were fuming inside, they didn't dare express their anger. Knowing they were at fault, they obediently went off to train.

When Yvette saw that Wilson's face was still tense, she couldn't help but reach out and poke his cheek. "Still mad? Don't hold a grudge against the kids!"

Wilson took the opportunity to pull her into his arms. His large, well-sculpted hands-so perfect they could have been works of art-clamped possessively around her slender waist.

"Baby, are you saying I'm old?"

Yvette glanced at Sunny and the others and noticed they were all focused on their training. No one was paying attention to them. So she didn't struggle, instead leaning obediently into his broad, warm embrace. "I didn't

say

that!"

Wilson's hand gently caressed her waist, unwilling to let the matter go. "But you were thinking about it, right?"

Yvette pressed her tongue lightly against her back teeth, rolling her beautiful fox-like eyes at him. "Feeling too full of yourself, huh? Keep it up and I'll ignore you!"

As soon as she said that, Wilson instantly stopped. He buried his face into her neck and rubbed

against her like a spoiled child.

"Baby, I just want you to comfort me a bit more.

There it was again-the familiar teasing tone...

Yvette looped her arms around his neck and quickly planted a kiss on his lips. "There, all comforted."



Wilson's mesmerizing eyes immediately darkened, clearly unsatisfied. "Baby, what if that's not enough to comfort me?"

"Hm..." Yvette blinked her eyes with mock seriousness, a hint of mischief glimmering in them. "If that's not enough, then we'll just have to find someone else."

The grip around her waist suddenly tightened, and she heard Wilson's hoarse voice next to her ear. "Little brat, you just love teasing me, don't you?"

Yvette nodded confidently, fully embracing her spoiled attitude. "Yep!"

Wilson helplessly yet dotingly curved his lips into a smile. There was no other way-what else could he do but spoil his beloved princess?

Suddenly, Yvette's phone buzzed intensely in her pocket, interrupting the warm atmosphere. When Yvette saw that it was a call from Jake, she knew he wouldn't disturb her unless something serious had happened, so she immediately answered the phone. "Boss, something's wrong! An unknown force has suddenly attacked the research institute! They're trying to steal the chip!"

Jake's anxious voice came through the other end.

"Mr. Zabel and the others fought to protect the chip, so it wasn't stolen, but it got damaged in the process. And Mr. Zabel was injured. Right now, there's no one at the institute who can repair the chip..."

Yvette's expression turned serious as well. "Understood. I'll return to Jubilife as soon as possible."

"Alright, boss."

After hanging up the phone, a rare look of urgency appeared on Yvette's face. "There's been an incident at the research institute, and I need to get back to Jubilife immediately."

If the chip was damaged, all their hard work would be in vain. She absolutely wouldn't allow that to happen!

However, entering and leaving the base camp required prior approval, and she needed the higher-ups' permission to leave.

"Alright, I'll handle the paperwork for leaving the base camp." Wilson noticed Yvette's worry and immediately spoke in a soothing tone. "Baby, trust me. I'll get you out of the base camp and back to Jubilife as quickly as possible." A warm feeling surged in Yvette's heart; with him by her side, she felt inexplicably at ease.

15 minutes later, a discreet black car stopped at the side door. Wilson helped Yvette into the vehicle.

"Yvie, we're heading back to Jubilife now."

"Okay."

Yvette nodded. They were leaving in such a rush that they hadn't even had time to say goodbye to First Squadron, which left her feeling a bit regretful.

Wilson wrapped Yvette in his arms, his voice gentle and reassuring. "Baby, rest for a while. I'll wake you up when we arrive in Jubilife."

"Mm."

Yvette nodded. She found the most comfortable position in his embrace and closed her eyes to

rest.

Once they returned to Jubilife, she would head straight to the lab to repair the chip, and she had no idea how long that would take. So, she needed to conserve her energy now.

She didn't know how long they had been driving when a gunshot jolted her awake. She frowned instantly. "What happened?"

"Did I wake you, baby?" Wilson's mesmerizing eyes flashed with a hint of murderous intent as he gently replied, "It's nothing. Just a few idiots who came looking for death," Yvette bit her lip. She realized that while she was asleep, someone had come after them again.

Wilson spoke impatiently to Samuel. "Tell them to hurry up."

They had woken Yvette!

"Mr. Quinn, the enemy seems to be well-prepared this time, and the number of guards you brought is limited. The enemy is quite difficult to deal with. It might take some time to capture them alive," Samuel reported dutifully to Wilson.

The star insignia... more people from DY Organization!

Yvette's beautiful fox-like eyes shimmered with intense coldness. They even knew the exact time she was returning to Jubilife. She doubted that the incident at the research institute had nothing to do with them. "Don't pursue them. Shake them off and head back to Jubilife first," she said coldly.

They were clearly stalling for time!

Nothing was more important than repairing the chip; they had plenty of opportunities to deal with DY Organization later.

Samuel was taken aback as he stared at Yvette. This was a great opportunity to capture the enemy alive, and if they missed it this time, it would be much harder to do so next time...

"Let's do as Yvie says," Wilson said in a deep, magnetic voice that carried an unquestionable authority.

"Yes, sir!"

Three hours later, the car came to a steady stop at the entrance of the research institute.

Yvette immediately got out of the car and walked briskly into the institute, her long, straight, legs taking confident strides. The research personnel greeted her as if she were their savior, rushing to her side.

"Ms. Murray, you're finally back! Mr. Zabel is seriously injured and is still in the hospital. The research institute is in complete chaos right now; you're the only one who can take charge!" "Yes, yes! The top priority for, you, Ms. Murray, is to repair the chip, but none of us have the capability to do that. We can only help you a little!"

Even though she was the youngest in the entire research institute, her presence often made people forget her age.

Without wasting any time on unnecessary talk, Yvette changed into a lab coat and quickly entered the laboratory to start repairing the damaged chip.

At the same time, another car stopped at the entrance of the research institute. Ian quickly got out, and his usually cold face now showed signs of anxiety. He had just returned to Jubilife and rushed over as soon as he received news of the incident at

the research institute.

This chip represented Barnabus' lifetime of effort; he regarded it as more important than his own life, and he absolutely wouldn't allow anything to happen to it.

"Ian, you're back too! That's great! It seems like the gods are looking out for our research institute! With You and Yvie both back, the damaged chip is saved!"

Ian was Barnabus' most favored and admired student, so the people in the research institute naturally recognized him and knew he was highly capable, albeit a bit cold in personality. Yvie?

Ian raised an eyebrow slightly. "She's back too?"

"Yes, she's already in the lab repairing the chip. Ian, you should hurry up and join her! The two of you together will definitely succeed in fixing it!"

Without wasting any more time, Ian quickly changed into a lab coat, put on a protective mask, and strode into the laboratory. He then saw a slender figure focused on repairing the chip. Finally seeing her again, even with a mask on and only her profile visible, the sense of familiarity he felt toward her was even stronger. It was truly strange.

Ian frowned; he had never felt such an odd sensation toward anyone before.

Chapter

As soon as Ian entered the lab, Yvette figured out his identity. No doubt, he was the best student that Barnabus always talked about!

Someone praised by Barnabus wouldn't be lacking in skill!

With that thought in mind, Yvette decisively said, "Come here, I need someone to assist me."

Ian immediately walked over obediently. He wordlessly started helping Yvette repair the damaged chip. The two of them worked together surprisingly well, not at all like it was their first time collaborating.

Ian regarded her with newfound respect; although she was quite arrogant, she was indeed very capable. No wonder Barnabus praised her endlessly every time he mentioned her.

However, her arrogant demeanor definitely needed some improvement!

Five hours later...

"Chip restored to normal."

When they heard the electronic announcement, both Yvette and Ian let out a sigh of relief. The chip had finally been repaired!

The research personnel who had been waiting outside the lab were equally excited.

"Oh my gosh, the chip was damaged so severely, I thought it would be irreparable, but I can't believe they actually fixed it!"

"It's all thanks to these two geniuses. Otherwise, the chip would have been completely ruined this time!"

After five hours of intense work, Yvette was almost drained of energy and didn't have the strength to listen to any more compliments. She turned and headed toward the restroom, clearly in sync with Ian, who had the same thought. The two of them entered the restroom simultaneously, reaching for the hand sanitizer at the same time.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Their hands reached for the sanitizer at the same time, and their fingers accidentally touched.

Ian immediately frowned and quickly withdrew his hand. It was as if he had touched something contaminated. He washed his hands repeatedly, as though he wanted to scrub off a whole layer of skin.

Yvette watched him and pressed her red lips together. Wasn't it just an accidental touch? Was this reaction really necessary? Who didn't have a bit of germophobia?

After Ian finished scrubbing his hands repeatedly, the furrowed lines on his forehead finally relaxed. He was just about to explain that he had a serious germophobia and couldn't tolerate physical contact with others, but before he could speak, Yvette had already walked away.

"Mr. Ian, did you see that? She's so arrogant! She doesn't even bother to rein it in front of you. She really needs to be taught a lesson!"

As soon as Yvette left, someone rushed over to try to flatter Ian, seeing the earlier scene and mistaking his reaction for dislike toward Yvette.

"Just say the word, Mr. Ian, and I'll make sure to put her in her place so she'll never dare act so arrogantly in front of you again!"

Ian's expression turned icy. His gaze, as cold as daggers, landed on the person. "Who do you think you are, to presume you could teach her a lesson?"

Indeed, she was too arrogant, but if anyone were to teach her, it would be him. Who were they to point fingers at her?

As Yvette left the research institute, she removed her mask and walked toward a familiar

Maybach parked not far away.

Wilson stepped out of the car in large strides, and Yvette threw herself into his arms, clinging

to him.

"Let's go to your place."

It was already late at night, and going home now would only wake up

"Alright."

her parents.

Wilson's captivating eyes were filled with tenderness as he gently picked her up and carried her to the car.

Ian stepped out just in time to see this scene, but due to the distance, he couldn't make out Wilson's face clearly. He only saw him carry Yvette into the car.

## Chapter 580

For some reason, watching this scene made Ian feel extremely irritated. It was like watching something precious of his being taken by someone completely unworthy! She was still so young, but that man seemed much older. Could she have fallen for his sweet

talk?

"After all, she was kind of like my sister," Ian thought, narrowing his eyes. He would have to keep a closer eye on her in the future. There was no way he would let some old man deceive her!

Since it was late, Ian didn't plan to return to the Murray Manor to disturb them. He decided to stay in a hotel for the night.

As he thought about seeing his cute and well-behaved little sister tomorrow, a rare smile finally appeared on Ian's typically frosty face, and he eagerly looked forward to the next day.

The next morning, when Yvette woke up, she found herself tightly wrapped in Wilson's embrace. She had just woken up, and her mind wasn't fully clear yet, trying to recall how they ended up sleeping together...

But she couldn't remember, and Yvette didn't want to think about it any further. Her gaze naturally landed on Wilson's face, and she pursed her red lips slightly.

How could this foxy man be so attractive, even while he was asleep?

However, Yvette's lips curled into a soft, rosy smile. No matter how charming he was, he was hers alone!

With that thought, she felt happy, and she reached out to wrap her arms around Wilson's slender waist, snuggling closer into his embrace

"Baby, stop squirming."

Wilson's voice was husky, and his large hand gripped Yvette's slender waist, preventing her from moving any further. It was early in the morning, and he didn't want to lose control in front of Yvette.

"You're hurting me!" Yvette frowned and wriggled uncomfortably, trying to shake off his hand that was gripping her waist.

But as soon as she moved, she felt something pressing against her. Yvette froze for a few seconds before realizing what it was, and her pale ears instantly turned crimson.

"You..."