

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

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Martha scoffed and asked, "Are you accusing Yvie of lying when she said that all of you stopped her from entering?"

The security guards trembled in fear. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, that's not what we meant. We didn't prevent Ms. Murray from entering; we merely followed protocol. Anyone entering Quinn Manor must first be disinfected, but Ms. Murray refused to cooperate." "Disinfected?" Martha's anger intensified at the suggestion. After all, it was clearly an insult.

"Who gave you the nerve to treat Yvette like that?"

The guards trembled even harder, their voices quaking. "W-We were just following your instructions, Mrs. Quinn Senior."

Martha slammed her cane against the floor. "Nonsense! When did I ever give such an order?"

The guards looked bewildered. "What? Mrs. Lynch said this was your directive."

They wouldn't have dared to add anything to the disinfectant in an attempt to avenge Victoria themselves. What a bunch of fools!

Tracy's expression soured when she realized they had thrown her under the bus so quickly. She shot them a furious glare.

They were utterly useless! Not only had they failed to humiliate Yvette, but they had also made themselves look foolish and drawn Martha's ire. Now, they had implicated her too. Absolutely ridiculous!

Martha glared at Tracy and asked, "What's going on?"

Yvette was Martha's cherished granddaughter-in-law, and she would not allow anyone to

mistreat her.

Tracy's expression shifted as she scrambled to defend herself. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I noticed you haven't been feeling well lately, and I was worried someone might bring in germs that could make you sick.

"That's why I instructed them to do this. I only had your best interests at heart, but it seems they misunderstood and offended Ms. Murray instead."

Yvette pursed her lips, unimpressed by Tracy's attempt to deflect the blame. She challenged, "If it weren't for your orders, do you think they would have dared to act this way?"

"L..." Tracy hadn't anticipated Yvette's sharp retort, which effortlessly turned the responsibility back on her. She shot Yvette a resentful glare.

Martha's anger deepened upon hearing the exchange, and Tracy felt a wave of dread wash over her.

This was it-she was done for!

"Mrs. Lynch, how could you do something like this?" Victoria interjected, feigning disapproval. Then, biting her lip, she added with a touch of false remorse, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, it's my fault for not keeping better control over my staff. If you're upset, please feel free to punish me."

"Victoria, this has nothing to do with you. Stay out of it." Martha's icy tone left no room for argument as she focused on holding Tracy accountable for Yvette's sake.

Watching the scene unfold, Victoria's expression darkened. Her hands instinctively clenched

at her sides.

Yvette was truly remarkable. In such a short time, she had not only captivated Wilson but also

earned Martha's favor. Victoria felt sidelined.

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Chapter

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Seeing that Martha was determined to chase her out, Tracy felt afraid. After all, if she was kicked out of the Quinn family, no other wealthy families would want to employ her.

Knowing that Martha had a kind heart, Tracy quickly began to cry, her face streaked with tears. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I had good intentions. I only wanted you to be in good health. I never meant to offend Ms. Murray. I've realized my mistake, and I beg you for another

chance!

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Martha's expression softened slightly as she remembered that Tracy had served her family for years, but it quickly faded.

If it were any other situation, she might have let it slide, but they had crossed a line by offending Yvette, and that was something she couldn't overlook. Yvette deserved better.

When Tracy saw that her plea wasn't working, she tried a different tactic. "You can punish me however you want, but please don't kick me out! Ms. Olson is in poor health, and if I'm not there to care for her, I truly worry about her well-being."

"Mrs. Lynch..." Victoria played along with the act, her eyes red and filled with tears, looking pitiful enough to make anyone's heart soften.

"You two really have a deep bond," Martha remarked, her expression darkening.

Seeing Victoria in such distress made it difficult for her to insist on Tracy's departure without appearing heartless. Yet she couldn't simply let the matter go. She wouldn't allow Yvette to be wronged.

Not wanting Martha to feel cornered, Yvette calmly interjected, "Grandma, I'm not upset at all. You don't need to be so angry."

Upon hearing this, Martha looked at her with even more affection. Yvette was trying to spare her the burden of deciding. She truly was a considerate granddaughter!

Victoria's gaze turned slightly cold. Damn it, Yvette had made Martha like her even more.

"Since Yvette has spoken up, I won't kick you out but you'll lose half your salary for six months to teach you a lesson. Listen up, everyone. Yvette is the future lady of the Quinn family. Anyone who dares offend her will be shown the door!"

Martha then turned back to take Yvette's hand, her expression softening affectionately. "Yvie, I'm so sorry you had to go through this. I promise it won't happen again."

Hearing this, Tracy's heart sank, and she bit down on her teeth in frustration. Yvette hadn't lost anything. Instead, she was gaining even more of Martha's affection.

Meanwhile, Tracy was penalized with a hefty fine. Half a year's worth of her salary was gone just like that.

"Thank you, Mrs. Quinn Senior," Victoria said cheerfully, masking her dissatisfaction with a bright smile. "Mrs. Lynch, quickly apologize to Yvette! Thanks to her, you get to stay here."

Tracy understood that Victoria was defending her and felt a deeper sense of gratitude toward her. Still, her resentment toward Yvette only grew stronger.

Reluctantly, she bowed her head and apologized to Yvette. "I'm truly sorry, Ms. Murray. It was my mistake that led to this situation."

Yvette saw right through Tracy's unwillingness and scoffed, showing no concern for her at all.

Yvette's nonchalant attitude only fueled Tracy's hatred for her. She swore to make Martha despise Yvette. That was the only way Victoria could become the future lady of the Quinn family.

Martha happily led Yvette back into the living room and immediately noticed her slender waist. She asked with a look of concern, "Yvie, you've lost weight! You must not have eaten well the week you were away from Jublife. Wilson hasn't taken care of you at all. What a useless man."

As Wilson strode into the room, he heard Martha's reprimand and couldn't help but smile in resignation. "Grandma, that's not fair."

He wanted to feed Yvette more, but she had a small appetite and simply wouldn't eat much. There was nothing he could do about it. Chapter 603

Martha shot Wilson a disdainful glare, her annoyance palpable.

In contrast, Victoria immediately stood up, her face brightening with a sweet smile as she called out, "Wilson!" Wilson nodded casually in response, his gaze fixed on Yvette since entering the room, ignoring Victoria completely. Victoria's expression darkened, but she kept her composure and settled back onto the couch obediently. Martha continued to fret over Yvette. "You can't even feed your wife properly. How useless can you be?" Wilson clenched his jaw with a look of helplessness as he silently accepted the blame. "It's not his fault, Grandma," Yvette chimed in. After all, she always had a fast metabolism. "Oh, look at you defending him!" Martha teased before gently patting Yvette's slim waist. "This won't do. You're too thin, so I need to have the kitchen prepare more dishes." Before Yvette could protest, Martha hurried off toward the kitchen.

"Baby, you've gotten me scolded by Grandma. How will you make it up to me?"

As soon as Martha left, Yvette found herself pulled into Wilson's embrace. His warm breath brushed against her ear, sending a shiver down her spine. Victoria had gone upstairs and was now being led to a guest room by a servant, leaving only the two of them in the living room.

"Stop it!" Yvette said, her ears flushing slightly as she tried to push him away. "Be serious!"

"But don't you like it when I'm playful?" he teased.

Wilson wrapped his arm around Yvette's slender waist, letting out a low, husky laugh that was both lazy and teasing. His voice was smooth and alluring. Yvette felt her ears heat up even more as she pressed her lips together, trying to ignore him to avoid fueling his playful teasing.

Wilson's gaze on her grew increasingly intense, his fingers lightly tracing her waist as he leaned closer, closing the distance between them "Don't kiss me!" Yvette quickly shook her head in refusal. "It'll leave marks!"

She certainly didn't want to face Martha's teasing again.

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Knowing how shy Wette could be, Wilson suppressed his excitement and murmured in a low tone, "Then promise me you'll stay with me tonight."

He hadn't slept well these past few days without her by his side.

Yvette hesitated. "But I promised Ian I'd let him pick me up tonight-"

Before she could finish her sentence, Wilson buried his face in her neck, his deep, magnetic voice dripping with temptation, sending shivers down her spine. "Yvie, stay and keep me company."

Chapter 604

As soon as the event ended, Ian received a call from Jacob. He was initially surprised, then became a little flattered. After all, Jacob was usually very busy and rarely ever called him.

When the video call connected, Jacob asked without showing concern for Ian, "Is Yvie with you? I tried calling her, but why won't she answer?"

Of course, Ian knew Jacob wouldn't suddenly be concerned about him. His lips twitched slightly as he replied honestly, "Yvie went to Quinn Manor to have dinner with Mrs.

Quinn Senior. She's probably busy being pestered by that old lecher, Wilson, and can't pick up the phone."

As he spoke, Ian gritted his teeth in anger. He wished he could rush over to Quinn Manor and give Wilson a good beating.

Jacob's displeasure was evident as he replied, "Why is Wilson always clinging to Yvie?"

"You have no idea! I went to pick her up from school today, but Wilson beat me to it. You know what I saw? He was getting too handsy with her!"

The more Ian thought about it, the angrier he became. "How shameless is he? He's so much older yet he's chasing after a younger girl!"

Jacob was left speechless, feeling like he had been subtly insulted.

Ian didn't notice Jacob's unusual demeanor and continued to rant.

"I can't stand old men who chase after younger girls, thinking they can deceive them just because they're older. They're all just lecherous creeps-"

Before Ian could finish his tirade, Jacob interrupted him with a dark expression. "I'm busy. I'm hanging up."

With that, he decisively ended the call, leaving Ian confused. He had been criticizing Wilson, but why had his brother's mood worsened?

Just as Ian was pondering this, he received a message from Yvette, and his expression immediately soured. She wasn't coming home tonight. She would be staying at Quinn Manor instead. This had to be Wilson's doing!

At Quinn Manor, Martha was chatting with Yvette after dinner. Unable to compete with Martha for her attention, Wilson reluctantly retreated to his study to work.

Victoria sat alone on the couch, watching Martha and Yvette share laughter and smiles. She lowered her gaze, a flicker of resentment brewing within her.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, it's getting late. I shall take my leave now," Victoria suddenly interrupted Martha and Yvette's conversation.

Martha shifted her attention to Victoria and said, "Okay. You should rest early since you're not feeling well. I'll have the butler see you home."

Martha would personally see Yvette off, but she sent the butler to escort Victoria.

Victoria's eyes darkened further, but her face broke into a sweet smile. "Thank you, Mrs. Quinn Senior!"

She cast a glance at Tracy, who was following closely beside her, and walked slowly toward the door.

Tracy immediately seized the opportunity to feign concern. "Ms. Olson, where's your necklace? I don't see it anymore."

"My necklace?" Victoria instinctively reached for her neck, only to find it bare. Her eyes immediately reddened, and she started to panic.

"Oh no! My necklace is gone!"

"What's going on?" Martha heard the commotion and approached with Yvette in tow.

Upon seeing Martha, Victoria's eyes immediately reddened even more, making her appear even more pitiful.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, my necklace is missing! It was definitely here when I came, but now it's gone. That necklace is a keepsake from my mother. It's very important to me, and I can't lose it."

Seeing her cry so sorrowfully and knowing it was her mother's heirloom, Martha couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy.

"Victoria, don't cry. Calm down. Since you had the necklace when you arrived here, it must still be in the manor. I'll have someone go look for it right now."

With tears in her eyes, Victoria looked gratefully at Martha. "Thank you, Mrs. Quinn Senior." Martha gently patted the back of her hand. "Don't worry, we'll find the necklace."

Tracy interjected, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I don't think Ms. Olson's necklace simply fell off. That necklace is quite valuable, and she wears it often. Everyone in the manor has seen her with it. If it had fallen off and a maid had seen it, they would have returned it to her by now." After previous events, Martha had changed her attitude toward Tracy and listened impatiently as she spoke. "Mrs. Lynch, what exactly are you trying to say?"

Tracy's gaze lingered on Yvette, her tone laced with suspicion. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I'm just a bit confused. None of the household staff returned Ms. Olson's necklace so it clearly wasn't lost. Someone with ill intentions must have picked it up and kept it for themselves.

"The household staff here are all professionally trained and would never do such a thing. That only leaves one possibility."

Though Tracy didn't explicitly say it, her insinuation was clear: Yvette must have taken the necklace.

Martha's expression darkened. "What possibility? Speak clearly. How dare you make such accusations? Who gave you the audacity?"

Seeing Martha's anger, Tracy quickly defended herself. "I'm merely stating facts. You know how strict the management is for the household staff here. They are trustworthy. If it wasn't them, then the problem must lie with an outsider."

"You!" Martha was so infuriated by Tracy's words and was about to strike her with her cane when Yvette casually interjected.

"You suspect that I took her necklace? What evidence do you have?"

At this, Tracy's eyes lit up with malicious glee. This was exactly the response she had been

waiting for. Yvette had just handed her an opportunity on a silver platter!

Tracy immediately challenged, "Ms. Murray, since you claim you're innocent, would you allow us to search your bag?"

Chapter

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"Search my bag?" Yvette raised her perfectly shaped eyebrows, her icy gaze landing on Tracy. "Are you even worthy of it?"

"You" Tracy's expression darkened further, revealing a hint of malice, "If you have nothing to hide, then why won't you let us check your bag? It's hard not to suspect you if you refuse to let us search,"

Yvette replied coolly, "Does suspecting me give you the right to rummage through my belongings? I suspect you took the necklace. Are you brave enough to let me search you?"

Tracy was momentarily speechless as her plan was thwarted. She shot Yvette a glare and retorted, "Ms. Murray, I've been taking care of Ms. Olson. I would never do something like that! But since you're insistent, of course I'll let you search me. However, it should be fair- you must let us search your bag too."

Martha's temper was rising again, but Yvette calmly patted her hand to soothe her.

'Alright. Go ahead and search.'

As soon as she finished speaking, Yvette tossed her bag to Tracy, who eagerly caught it.

Tracy could hardly contain her glee as she gave a smug look. She couldn't wait until Yvette was branded a thief. With this, Martha's affection for her would surely turn into disdain!

Martha would never allow a woman with questionable integrity to become the future lady of the Quinn family.

Yvette lazily curled her lips upward, her demeanor still relaxed, as if she wasn't the one being

searched.

Tracy furrowed her brow as she searched through Yvette's bag, anxiety creeping into her expression. Why wasn't the necklace there?

She had discreetly placed Victoria's necklace into Yvette's bag while they were eating, yet now

it was nowhere to be found.

Determined, Tracy rummaged through Yvette's bag more vigorously and finally discovered the necklace deep in the inner pocket.

The necklace was finally found!

Tracy's face lit up with triumph as she held the necklace high. "I found it! The necklace is in Ms. Murray's bag!"

The surrounding servants immediately began to whisper among themselves.

"Oh my gosh, the necklace really was in Ms. Murray's bag."

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"Yeah. It seems she really did take Ms. Olson's necklace."

"That necklace was a keepsake from Ms. Olson's mother. What Ms. Murray did is simply outrageous!"

Hearing the murmurs, Victoria's lips curled slightly, though her expression remained one of disbelief.

"Yvie, how did the necklace end up with you?"

Tracy quickly chimed in, "Ms. Olson, not everyone is as kind and innocent as you think. If I remember correctly, Ms. Murray grew up in the countryside without proper education, so it's understandable if she picked up some bad habits." "Shut up!"

Martha reached her breaking point as her voice rose sharply. "Yvie is not that kind of person. If you dare speak another word of nonsense, I'll make sure you regret it!"

Seeing Martha defend her without wavering, Yvette only felt joyful. However, Tracy's expression darkened. She never expected that, even with the evidence laid bare, Martha would

still trust Yvette.

"Okay. Let's put this matter to rest," Victoria said, biting her lip as she feigned understanding. "Yvie, consider this necklace a gift from me. From now on, no one should mention this incident again."

Tracy quickly interjected, "Ms. Olson, that necklace was a keepsake from your mother. You cherish it deeply. How can you just give it away like that?"

"Enough, Mrs. Lynch. I don't want to escalate this situation. If Yvie likes the necklace, then I'll give it to her," Victoria replied.

As soon as she finished speaking, the household staff began to whisper among themselves.

"Ms. Olson is so kind. Ms. Murray took her necklace, but she's willing to give it to her."

"Exactly. Ms. Olson is willing to sacrifice her treasure for Ms. Murray. She's so generous."

"I've never met anyone as kind-hearted as Ms. Olson!"

Hearing these praises, a flicker of satisfaction crossed Victoria's face, though she maintained her innocent and virtuous facade.

"Yvie, if you liked my necklace, you could have just told me sooner. There was no need for all of this. I hope you cherish it now that I'm giving it to you."

Her words seemed to be for Yvette's benefit, but it was meant to shame her for being a thief.'

Tracy felt a surge of confidence, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Ms. Murray, Ms. Olson is so generous. She didn't hold it against you for stealing her necklace. Instead,

she's willing to give it to you. Don't you think you should say thank you?" "Look carefully. Does that necklace really belong to Ms. Olson?" Yvette replied calmly.

Tracy sneered. "That necklace is a limited edition piece from the Chertise brand, Swan Dream. There's no way I could mistake it. Ms. Murray, you have lived in the countryside for so long. I doubt you know much about jewelry."

Unfazed by Tracy's taunt, Yvette responded, "The necklace in my bag is the Aurora Bliss gemstone necklace. If anyone here is unfamiliar with jewelry, it's you."

Tracy's expression soured instantly. "That's impossible! The necklace in your bag is definitely the Swan Dream. I wouldn't mistake it!"

Chapte

After all, she had personally placed it there. How could she be wrong?

Everyone knew that the Aurora Bliss necklace was designed by the world-renowned designer, Yvy. It was a one-of-a-kind piece. When it was released, it caused a sensation among high society. Wealthy ladies clamored to buy it, but Yvy never sold it to anyone. Seizing the opportunity, Chertise quickly produced a similar necklace for sale. While both pieces bore some resemblance, the Aurora Bliss far surpassed the Swan Dream in both rarity and value.

In essence, the Swan Dream was merely a knockoff compared to the exquisite original.

"Since that's the case, get Mr. Lane here. He can determine whether this necklace is the Swan Dream or Aurora Bliss."

Martha, an avid jewelry collector, had a live-in professional appraiser at her estate. The butler immediately replied respectfully, "Yes, Mrs. Quinn Senior." "Yvie, don't worry. I won't let anyone accuse you,"

Martha trusted Yvette, but to quell any doubts and clear her name, it was essential to bring in the appraiser, Gordon Lane.

Yvette nodded obediently. "Okay."

Seeing her so calm and collected made Tracy uneasy. Was Yvette telling the truth?

However, she quickly shook her head in denial. There was no way! How could Yvette possibly have the Aurora Bliss necklace in her possession?

After all, a wealthy businessman had once offered a nine-figure sum for it, and still Yvy Weaver hadn't agreed to sell the prized necklace. Yvette had to be lying! Tracy regained

her confidence and eagerly awaited the appraiser's arrival. She couldn't wait to see Yvette get humiliated.

Victoria stood silently to the side, but her expression mirrored Tracy's thoughts as a subtle

smirk tugged at her lips.

The appraiser arrived quickly, equipped with professional tools, and began his examination. The room fell silent as everyone held their breaths, waiting for the verdict. Gordon's expression grew solemn. Unable to contain her impatience, Tracy blurted out, "Is this necklace really the Aurora Bliss?"

"That's right. This necklace is indeed the Aurora Bliss designed by Yvy! I can't believe I'm seeing such an exquisite piece in person. It truly lives up to its reputation!" Gordon exclaimed excitedly. Tracy was stunned. She hadn't expected Yvette's necklace to be the Aurora Bliss.

Her smug demeanor vanished in an instant, and the mocking words she had prepared caught in her throat. All her previous taunts felt like invisible slaps against her face.

Victoria's eyes widened in surprise as well. She couldn't believe Yvette possessed the genuine

Aurora Bliss.

The household staff were equally astonished, their gazes toward Yvette filled with a complex mix of admiration and disbelief. Chapter 607

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Most people would treat such a rare and valuable necklace with the utmost care. Yet here it was, carelessly tossed into a backpack. What a waste!

"Ms. Murray, may I ask how you came to possess the Aurora Bliss? How did you manage to persuade Yvy to sell it to you?" Gordon asked curiously.

It was well known that Yvy was unwilling to sell the necklace, no matter how high the offers from wealthy buyers had been. Hence, everyone was perplexed to see the priceless piece in the hands of a young woman.

Yvette smirked and said casually, "What if I told you I am Yvy?"

Her words sent shockwaves through the room. She dropped the revelation with an air of nonchalance, as her identity as Yvy was insignificant to her.

"What? You're the world-renowned jewelry designer, Yvy Weaver?"

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"Wow! We're so fortunate to meet Yvy Weaver in the flesh!"

The crowd couldn't believe it, but this was the only explanation that made sense for how the Aurora Bliss had ended up in her hands.

Martha's face lit up with excitement as she grabbed Yvette's hand. "You're the renowned designer, Yvy? Why didn't you tell me sooner? I absolutely adore your work. I've bought every piece you've ever created. I'm your biggest fan!" Seeing Martha's enthusiasm, Yvette smiled and said, "Grandma, I'll design a unique piece just for you in a few days."

Martha beamed even brighter. "Oh, that would be wonderful! You're so good to me!"

The others in the room looked at Martha enviously. After all, getting Yvy to create a custom piece was no small feat-especially one meant just for her!

Yvette shifted her attention to the now pale-faced Tracy. "You've searched my bag, and I've proven I didn't take Victoria's necklace. It's your turn to be searched."

Before Tracy could respond, Martha nodded and instructed the butler, "Search her."

"Of course, Mrs. Quinn Senior."

The butler immediately signaled several other housekeepers to restrain Tracy and begin the search.

Tracy felt utterly humiliated as she struggled against their hold. "I've taken care of Ms. Olson

for

years. Why would I steal her necklace?"

Before she could finish her rant, the butler pulled the necklace from her inner pocket.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, we found Ms. Olson's necklace on her."

Tracy was stunned by the butler's words and was on the verge of breaking down. She had secretly slipped the necklace into Yvette's bag, so why was it now in her possession?

"You stole Victoria's necklace and tried to frame Yvie!" Martha raised her cane and struck Tracy with it. "You should be ashamed!"

Tracy cried out in pain before quickly defending herself. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I swear it wasn't me. I didn't take Ms. Olson's necklace!"

Martha wasn't convinced. "Why are you still denying it? If you didn't take it, how did it end up in your pocket?"

Tracy's mind raced. Why was the necklace in her possession?

Then it hit her-Yvette had bumped into her earlier. She hadn't thought much of it at the time, but now she realized that Yvette must have slipped the necklace into her pocket during that moment.

Seeing the dawning realization on Tracy's face, Yvette raised an eyebrow and smirked.

Tracy wasn't naive. She finally understood how the necklace ended up with her.

Yvette had suspected Tracy's intentions all along. After watching Tracy sneak the necklace into her bag, she had discreetly taken it out and slipped it into Tracy's pocket without anyone noticing. It was simply a case of using someone else's tactics against them.

Tracy pointed at Yvette and yelled, "It's you! You set me up! Mrs. Quinn Senior, she slipped the necklace into my pocket when I wasn't paying attention."

Yvette smirked and replied, "Where's your proof?"

Tracy was rendered speechless, her teeth clenched in frustration. She hadn't thought much of the collision with Yvette earlier, so how could she possibly have any evidence now? Martha's gaze turned icy as she looked at Tracy. "You're still trying to slander Yvie? You're beyond redemption!"

"No, Mrs. Quinn Senior, I'm telling the truth. She set me up!" Tracy pleaded. She then desperately glanced at Victoria for help.

What a useless fool! Victoria cursed silently but maintained a facade of concern. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, Mrs. Lynch has been with me for so long. I know the kind of person she is. I trust she wouldn't do this."

"Yes!" Tracy chimed in, tears streaming down her face. "If I wanted to steal Ms. Olson's necklace, I would have done it ages ago. I'm being falsely accused!"

Martha hesitated for a moment before responding coldly, "But the necklace was found on you. The evidence is undeniable."

Tracy became even more frantic. "Mrs. Quinn Senior, I'm truly innocent. I suspect Ms. Murray put the necklace in my pocket when she bumped into me earlier."

"Are you implying that my fiancée is framing you?" Wilson strode down the stairs, his expression cold and unyielding. He regarded Tracy with a chilling intensity, making her feel as if a predator was scrutinizing her. Wilson had already learned the details of the situation from Samuel, and his presence radiated an intimidating chill that made everyone uneasy.

"Chase her out of Jubilife," he commanded.

Tracy's heart sank at the thought of being expelled from the city. If she was kicked out, she would have no choice but to return to her rural hometown—a far cry from the life she had here while serving Victoria. Despite feeling fearful, Tracy protested, "Mr. Quinn, I didn't steal the necklace. I haven't done anything wrong. You can't just chase me out of Jubilife like this."

Wilson remained unmoved by her protest. His voice was cold and unyielding. "Take her to the dungeon. She can stay there until she admits her guilt."

Tracy's face drained of color as the thought of being sent to the dungeon terrified her. Few

could withstand the torture there. At her age, it could very well cost her life!

"Ms. Olson, please help me! I don't want to go to the dungeon. You have to save me!" Tracy cried out in desperation.

Victoria didn't want to help someone who only caused trouble. However, to maintain her kind image, she finally spoke up. "Wilson, Mrs. Lynch is aged. She may not survive the harsh conditions of the dungeon." Wilson showed no signs of softening. He turned to Samuel and instructed, "Take her away."

"Yes, Mr. Quinn."

Chapter 610

"Wilson." Victoria's voice trembled slightly, her eyes glistening with unshed tears as she tried

to melt his heart.

"Mrs. Lynch has taken care of me for so many years. Even if she hasn't done anything remarkable, she's worked hard. Please, for my sake, can't you let her off this time?"

"What's your plea worth?" Wilson hissed with a piercing gaze.

Victoria tightened her grip, frustration rising within her as she bit her lip to keep her emotions in check. It was the first time he had so publicly dismissed her feelings.

Yet, Wilson's focus remained solely on Yvette. He reached out, taking her hand in his, and his tone softened unexpectedly. "Are you happy with the way I handled things?" Wilson owed the Olson family for their past kindness, and he would have granted Victoria any request. However, protecting Yvette always took priority. No one could cross his woman. Yvette nodded, her tone casual and indifferent as she said, "Yeah. It's fine."

As the scene unfolded before her, Tracy finally understood where the true power lay in the

Quinn family.

Not only did Martha follow Yvette's lead, but even Wilson placed her above all others. In his eyes, Victoria was nothing compared to Yvette. Relying on Victoria for help was a lost cause.

A wave of regret hit Tracy as the realization sank in. If she just did her job, she could have lived in comfort. But now, having crossed Yvette, she faced the terrifying possibility of being thrown into the dungeon—a fate far worse than death.

"Mr. Quinn, I admit it. I was foolish! I found out Ms. Olson was planning to frame Ms. Murray. Please, don't send me to the dungeon. I'll leave Jublife. Ms. Murray, please give me a chance."

Tracy sank to her knees, begging repeatedly in desperation.

"So Mrs. Lynch was the one behind it all! We almost misjudged Ms. Murray."

"Who would have thought Mrs. Lynch was capable of such deceit?"

As Victoria caught the murmurs of the household staff members buzzing through the room, she glared at Tracy.

What a fool. If she had just stuck to her story, she could have continued to tarnish Yvette's

reputation.

But now, with her confession, any chance of dragging Yvette down with her had vanished.

"Mrs. Lynch, you disappoint me. How could you do that?" Victoria said, feigning hurt and dismay. She expertly distanced herself from the situation. Chapter 610

Wilson turned to Yvette and asked warmly, "Baby, how do you want to handle this?"

Yvette said lazily, "Just get her out of Jubilife."

Given Tracy's health, a stint in the dungeon would likely mean the end of her.

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Chapter 611

"Okay. We'll do as you say." Wilson's deep, magnetic voice was laced with affection.

Victoria tightened her grip as her nails dug into her palms. She had never seen Wilson display such tenderness-except in front of Yvette. "Thank you, Mr. Quinn! Thank you, Ms. Murray!"

Tracy let out a sigh of relief and quickly showed her gratitude. Being expelled from Jubilife was far better than spending time in the dungeon. No matter what, her life had been spared. With Tracy gone, the chaotic scene finally came to an end.

Victoria bit her bottom lip and said apologetically, "Yvie, I'm so sorry. It's my fault for not keeping a closer eye on the people around me. I apologize on Mrs. Lynch's behalf."

Her words were carefully crafted, drawing sympathy from those around her. The household staff members murmured in agreement.

"Ms. Olson is so kind! Even though it was Mrs Lynch's fault, she takes responsibility for it."

"Yeah. Ms. Olson is so pretty and compassionate."

Yvette narrowed her eyes slightly, giving Victoria a knowing look before responding casually, "It's fine."

"You really should manage your people better," Wilson added, his gaze icy as it landed on Victoria. "Learn from this lesson and keep a tighter watch on those around you." Hearing his stern reprimand made Victoria's face pale. Tears welled in her eyes as she nodded, trying to hold herself together.

"I understand, Wilson. I'll be more careful and make sure this doesn't happen again."

Despite the softness in Victoria's demeanor and the pleading in her tone, Wilson remained focused on Yvette. His attention was unwavering.

Martha felt a twinge of sympathy for Victoria but didn't say anything. Wilson was right; such things should not happen again. She couldn't bear to see Yvette suffer any more indignities. Understanding that Martha wasn't going to defend her, Victoria's expression darkened further, though she continued to wear her most pitiful mask.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, Wilson, I'll take my leave now. I shan't disturb any further."

Martha nodded and instructed the butler, "Please see Ms. Olson out."

Victoria's mood worsened when she saw they did not intend to keep her there. However, she

swallowed her frustration and followed the butler out, keeping her head down.

Chapitoll

Lionel instantly noticed something was wrong with Victoria when she stepped out of the Lionel instantly noticed manor. He rushed over and saw her reddened eyes. "Ms. Olson, what's wrong? Did someone bully you?"

Lionel had no right to enter the manor, so he was unaware of the events that had transpired

inside.

"No one bullied me. Don't overthink it." Victoria shook her head with teary eyes. Lionel was now convinced that she had been mistreated.

Wilson and Martha would never mistreat Victoria, so Yvette was definitely the culprit.

"Ms. Olson, did Yvette bully you?" Lionel asked with a menacing gaze.

"Not at all. Yvie treats me very well. She didn't bully me." Victoria quickly denied it, though her eyes reddened even more at the mention.

Seeing her distress, Lionel became convinced that Yvette had mistreated Victoria, and his resentment toward her deepened. He needed to find a way to deal with Yvette soon. Lionel didn't notice the fleeting glimmer of satisfaction in Victoria's eyes.

"Yvie, why aren't you willing to sell the Aurora Bliss necklace?"

Martha's tone was warm and affectionate as she reached out to take Yvette's hand. It was a sharp contrast to her indifferent attitude toward Victoria.

Before she could make contact, Wilson pulled Yvette closer and wrapped his long fingers around her slim waist possessively. It was a silent declaration of ownership.

"Grandma, you've had Yvie all to yourself long enough. It's time to return my fiancée to me."

Martha shot him an amused yet exasperated glance. "Is it not enough that you cling to Yvie all day? Can't you let her spend a little more time with me? Okay. I won't fight you for her anymore. You can have her back. I'll just get some rest!" Though Martha sounded annoyed, she was secretly happy to see their close bond.

Yvette couldn't help but smile at the sight of Martha hurrying away to avoid being a third wheel.

"Grandma is so adorable."

"Yeah." Wilson took Yvette's hand as they walked toward his bedroom.

"It's getting late. You should get some rest too," he added in a serious tone.

Yvette asked, "Yeah, I'm going to rest. So why did you bring me to your bedroom?"

Wilson let out a low, husky laugh, his eyes warm and intense as they locked onto hers. He exuded a sensual charm, like a handsome rogue. "I'm here to keep you company while you sleep."

Yvette playfully pushed him away, her eyes glimmering with mischief. "I don't need any company."

Unfazed by her rejection, Wilson leaned in closer, nuzzling her neck with a feigned pout.

"Baby, I haven't slept well since you've been away."

Since their time together in the military, he had grown accustomed to holding her at night,

and now it felt impossible to break that habit.

Seeing the dark circles under his eyes, Yvette couldn't help but bite her lip in concern. "I can get you some sleeping pills."

"Nothing compares to having you by my side."

Yvette didn't resist when Wilson pulled her into the bedroom. She followed him obediently and headed straight for the bathroom to freshen up.

Just then, Wilson received a message from Jacob that dripped with warning.

"You better control yourself and act like a decent man!"

Wilson clenched his jaw, the usual restraint in his gaze replaced by a hint of mischief. If he

wasn't careful, he might just end up taking advantage of the situation.

While in Amurria, Jacob received a complaint from Ian about Yvette staying overnight at Quinn Manor.

He quickly pieced the information together. That scoundrel Wilson must have been clinging to her. Without hesitation, he sent a warning message to Wilson.

Hearing some commotion coming from the bathroom, Jacob tossed his phone aside and strode toward the noise.

Just then, Nancy emerged from her shower, her wet hair cascading over her shoulders.

Jacob frowned and asked, "Why are you out here with your hair still wet?"

Before she could answer, he grabbed a hairdryer and pulled her close, gently blow-drying her

hair.

Nancy enjoyed his affectionate gesture. She then pulled out her phone to continue working on her design draft.

Watching her concentrate so intensely, Jacob's dark eyes flickered with concern. "You ought to take a break, Nance." She shook her head and said with determination, "No way. The competition's tomorrow night.

I need to make sure everything's perfect."

Jacob knew he couldn't convince Nancy, so he just kept drying her hair, offering his quiet presence as she worked.

He had come to Amurria to accompany Nancy at the design competition. Everything else, including his business, had taken a back seat.

After what felt like ages, Nancy finally set her phone down and stretched with a satisfied sigh.

"All done!"

Jacob looked at her warmly as he pulled her into an embrace. "Are you tired?"

"Not at all!" she replied enthusiastically. "The male model for tomorrow's competition is so handsome and in great shape. He'll showcase my work perfectly."

Jacob tightened his grip around her waist, his dark eyes narrowing slightly. "Handsome? In great shape?"

"Yes! He's really good-looking."

Nancy nodded vigorously, clearly enjoying the playful banter. "And his body is exceptional!"

Jacob's expression darkened as he said coolly, "Aren't you paying a little too much attention?"

Seeing the unmistakable jealousy in his eyes, Nancy couldn't help but smile. "Well, I still think your body's the best."

Her words immediately eased the tension, cooling the simmering anger in Jacob. He gently ran his fingers along her waist and said, "Nance when are you going to make things official with me?"

A playful glint danced in her eyes as she teased, "Make it official? Didn't you say you see me as a little sister?"

Jacob blinked, momentarily speechless. He had indeed treated her as he would a sister before, but he hadn't expected it to come back and bite him so quickly.

Jacob let out a sigh, eager to steer the conversation in a different direction. "If you're not ready to get married yet, how about we get engaged instead?"

Nancy shot him a teasing glare, lifting her chin defiantly. "Engaged? Seriously? I haven't even agreed to be your official girlfriend yet, and you're already thinking about an engagement? No way!" "When can I officially become your boyfriend, then?" Jacob pulled her closer, his gaze fixed on hers.

Nancy playfully pushed him away and teased, "That depends on your performance!"

Jacob felt a headache coming on but couldn't argue with her. After all, he had worked hard to secure his status. But if word got out that he was just an interim boyfriend, it would be utterly embarrassing.

6

"Nance..." Jacob gently called out her name, hoping to soften her heart.

However, Nancy cut him off, her tone firm. "I'm going to rest now. You can go back to your room"

With that, she shrugged off her bathrobe and lay flown on the bed, wearing only a thin camisole that hugged her curves, leaving little to the imagination.

Jacob's gaze darkened, but he quickly forced down the thoughts that were bubbling up inside

him

He had to keep control. Nancy was still young, so he couldn't let himself act like a beast.

The next day, Yvette woke up learning it was already nearing noon. As she opened her eyes, she saw the striking, almost otherworldly face of the man lying beside her. "Baby, are you awake?" Wilson's lazy, seductive voice drifted into her ears, sending a shiver down her spine.

"What time is it?" Yvette was still half-asleep. Her eyes were half-closed in that irresistible,

dazed manner that made her all the more captivating.

"10:00 am," Wilson said gently. He then lifted her from the bed and carried her to the bathroom.

If it wasn't for Yvette insisting on handling things herself, he would have offered to wash her

1. up.

"I'm going downstairs to make you breakfast," he said.

"Okay," Yvette mumbled.

How could she be so cute? Wilson's gentle gaze lingered on her, his lips pressing a soft kiss to her cheek before he turned and went downstairs to prepare breakfast.

When Yvette made her way downstairs after freshening up, breakfast was already waiting.

"I didn't think my grandson could cook!" Martha exclaimed, surprised as if she'd discovered a

new world.

Then, with a playful grin, she added, "Why haven't you ever made breakfast for me, though? Then again, you're much older than Yvie. If you don't start trying harder to win her heart, she might just run off with some younger man, and then you'll have something to cry about!" Wilson's face darkened slightly. "Grandma, can we stop talking about my ago?"

Martha chuckled. "I'm just stating the truth, aren't I? If you weren't my grandson, I wouldn't have allowed you two to be together. No wonder Jacob and the others call you an old wolf with a young lamb. You're truly shameless."

Wilson was speechless. How could his grandma speak of him this way?

Meanwhile, Jasper was barely holding back his laughter. He was pinching his thigh so hard it was almost blue, trying to keep a straight face, Martha sure knew how to hit where it hurts! Wilson's face twitched with irritation. His cold, calculating eyes fixed on Jasper. "You've just lost your allowance for the month."

His hard-earned money was gone, just like that? Jasper's lips twitched in disbelief. He hadn't even laughed! How was this fair?

Wasn't Wilson just venting all his frustration on the one at the bottom of the family pecking order?

Jasper whined with an exaggerated grievance. "Yvie, just look at Wilson! Is there any fairness here? I demand justice!"

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Yvette couldn't help but chuckle as she looked at Jasper. His pitiful expression made her heart soften a little. She quipped, "Stop, whining. Don't worry, you won't lose a penny of your allowance."

Jared's face instantly brightened, and he flashed a grateful smile. "Thanks, Yvie!"

Her words had a profound effect whenever uttered. Notorious for being a henpecked boyfriend, Wilson wouldn't dare deduct a penny from Jared's allowance after she'd said as much.

"Baby, are you taking his side?" Wilson asked, his eyes narrowing slightly, and his voice hinting at his displeasure.

Yvette responded lazily, "He looks so pitiful." She then leaned in, her lips curving into a gentle

smile. "Breakfast was delicious. I liked it."

Wilson's expression softened instantly. His lips, inviting and alluring, curved into a lazy smile

as he leaned in closer.

"Do you like me, or do you like the breakfast I made?"

"Cut it out. Grandma and the others are still-

Yvette's response was cut short as she caught sight of Martha and Jasper making a hasty exit. They were aware that they were intruding on a private moment.

As they left, Yvette couldn't help but rub her temples.

The moment they were alone, Wilson swooped in. His long arms wrapped around Yvette, pulling her into a tight embrace. His low, husky voice whispered in her ear, "Baby, since breakfast was delicious, don't I deserve a reward?"

Yvette was all too familiar with his intense gaze. With a resigned sigh, she offered a playful smile and rose to meet his kiss, wrapping her arms around his neck.

Just as their lips were about to meet, the sound of a ringing phone interrupted the moment.

Wilson's usually charming expression turned sour in an instant. Yvette's lips curled into a faint smile as she picked up the phone.

On the other end was Ashton's agent, his voice laced with urgency. "Something terrible has happened. Ashton's been kidnapped! Please, you have to help him!" Yvette's eyes widened in surprise before she responded calmly, "What's going on? Tell me everything."

For some reason, the agent felt a sense of reassurance at the sound of her composed voice. He began to calm down, explaining the situation in more detail.

"Ashton accepted a role in a new project recently. The filming location was said to be in Jeckton, so we arrived here yesterday. The director invited the main cast to dinner, and some investors joined us.

"One of them took a liking to Ashton and made a move on him. He even offered to become his sugar daddy and made inappropriate advances."

The agent continued in a hurry, "Ashton has a short temper, and I couldn't stop him. He ended up beating the investor, leaving him hospitalized. The dinner party ended in disarray, and I thought that was the end of it. But today, just as we were leaving the hotel to start filming, a group of thugs suddenly appeared.

"They knocked Ashton unconscious and dragged him away! That's when I found out the investor, Raymond Jefferson, is a notorious figure in Jeckton. I'm at a loss for what to do, so I had no choice but to reach out to you."

Yvette's exquisite, pale face grew icy upon hearing the news. Someone had the nerve to make advances on Ashton!

"Don't worry, I'll take care of this," she reassured him.

The agent felt a sense of relief at her words. "Okay, boss."

After hanging up, Yvette fell into thought for a moment. It would take four hours to drive from Jubilife to Jeckton. Even if she left now, she wouldn't make it in time.

Wilson had been listening in on the conversation and saw her frowning. "Baby, I'll send someone over right away-

"It'll be too late by then," Yvette interrupted him calmly. "I have a plan."

She quickly grabbed her phone and sent a message. The response came back almost immediately.

"Sweetie, you finally remembered me! Alright, Yvie. Leave this to me and don't worry. I'll take care of it for you!

Yvette's lips curved into a smile as she read the message. "It's all set. We can head to Jeckton

now."

Wilson didn't question her, but he couldn't help but feel a pang of unease when he saw the message.

"Yvie, who was that person who called you sweetie?"

Yvette didn't notice the hint of jealousy in his tone and responded casually, "Just a friend. I'll introduce you to them when we get to Jeckton."

What kind of friend called her sweetie? Wilson's eyes darkened, and the air around him seemed to grow colder. Who on earth would call a friend something so intimate?

Yvette didn't give him a chance to ask more questions and instead took his hand. "Let's go. We don't have time to waste"

Even if Ashton wasn't her brother, but just a small-time artist in her company, she wouldn't allow anyone from Starlight Entertainment to be taken advantage of.

Ashton slowly came to, finding himself in a dark room with his hands and feet bound. No matter how much he tried, he couldn't seem to struggle free.

"Damn it!" Ashton cursed, his eyes blazing with anger. How had he been reduced to this? It was a humiliation!

The door creaked open. A stout middle-aged man, his head swathed in a thick gauze bandage, walked in. "You're finally awake. I guess the sedative I gave you was too strong.

As soon as he saw Raymond, he felt a wave of nausea and anger. "You'd better let me go, or I'll make sure you regret it!" he shouted angrily.

Raymond's eyes gleamed with a sleazy light. "You think you can just beat me up and get away with it? Not a chance!"

Ashton was disgusted by Raymond's lecherous gaze and seethed with anger. "Do you know who I am? Do you know who my sister is?" Chapter 10

Raymond had met people who relied on their fathers, but he had never seen anyone who relied on their sister.

His eyes widened in surprise as he listened to Ashton's arrogant words. He looked at Ashton like he was an idiot. To Raymond, Ashton was a small-time celebrity, so who could his sister possibly be? What a joke!

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"Jeckton is my turf, so you'd better do as I say. Raymond sneered, his eyes gleaming with a creepy light. "If you make me happy, I might let you off the hook for smashing my head."

The words barely left his mouth when Raymond advanced toward Ashton with a lecherous grin. Ashton's hands were tightly bound to the chair, leaving him unable to resist. "Damn, you disgusting old bastard! Go to hell!"

Though his hands were tied, his feet were left free. Ashton saw his chance. As Raymond got closer, he kicked him in the groin with all his might.

Raymond let out a yelp and clutched his crotch, his face contorted in agony.

"You ungrateful brat! I'm going to teach you a lesson today!"

Raymond fixed Ashton with a menacing glare, ready to attack. But before he could act, the door burst open with a thunderous crash.

The sudden noise startled Raymond. In a fit of rage, he bellowed, "Who the hell dares to interrupt my business?"

Before he could bark some more, a group of black-clad armed men stormed into the room. Their attitude was arrogant, showing complete disregard for Raymond.

Raymond's eyes widened in fear as he recognized the symbol on their uniforms. His face was drained of color, and his knees buckled with fear. It was the Dark Organization! What were these demons doing here?

Among the men, someone sporting short, spiky hair and a face that was both beautiful and androgynous, spoke up. "I'm the one who interrupted your fun. What are you going to do about it? Despite himself, Ashton was taken aback by the person's beauty.

Raymond blubbered, "Why didn't you let me know you were coming beforehand? I'm so sorry for not giving you a proper welcome."

A sycophantic grin spread across Raymond's face as he quickly noticed the man's gaze on the restrained Ashton. Although he was reluctant to give Ashton up, he knew he had to prioritize his own survival. Chapter 616

"I haven't touched him, I swear. He's still clean If you also fancy him, I'll give him to you- Ugh!"

His flattering words were cut short as he was kicked in the chest, launching him across the room like a rag doll.

"How dare you mess with my sweetie's man?" The mysterious person looked down at Raymond with disdain. "You should be grateful you didn't touch him. If you had, you'd be dead by now." Raymond trembled with fear, his fat body shaking like a leaf. "I'm sorry! I was wrong. I offended someone I shouldn't have. Please spare me this once!"

The person didn't even bother to glance at him, choosing instead to turn to their subordinates. "Take him away and deal with him.

"Yes, boss!"

His gaze then returned to Ashton, who was still bound to the chair. "You're not bad-looking. No wonder that pig, Raymond, took a liking to you and would even resort to force to have you! The person added as if to himself, "Now that I look closer, his eyes and eyebrows bear a striking resemblance to Sweetie's. Bring him back with us."

"Yes, boss." The imposing men in black promptly bowed in deference.

"Who the hell are you?" Ashton's face turned red with anger. "Where are you taking me? I'm telling you, my sister is "

The person ignored Ashton's outburst, his expression unchanging. He pulled out his phone and sent a message to Yvette with a faint, condescending smile.

"Sweetie, I've taken care of the matter you asked me to. The person is safe and sound."

In the car, Yvette received the message and felt a wave of relief wash over her. Her lips curved into a faint smile as she typed out a reply.

"Got it. I'm on my way to Jeckton now."

The response came back quickly. "Great, I'll come pick you up!"

Wilson's seductive, almond-shaped eyes narrowed into slits, the word "sweetie" stinging his

vision.

Yvette possessed a distant, reserved bearing. She showed little interest in anyone outside of her family and close friends. It was surprising, then, that she was so comfortable with this person. There was no sign of any aversion to the affectionate nickname on her part. Wilson gritted his teeth, pulling her into a tight embrace. His jealousy was almost overwhelming.

"Sweetie? That's such an intimate term."

Yvette lounged lazily in Wilson's embrace, her focus entirely on replying to the message. Oblivious to his unusual behavior, she gave a curt hum in response.

Wilson's face turned even darker, his eyes flashing with a fierce light. He was determined to

find out which scoundrel dared to speak to his woman that way.

Half an hour later, the car arrived in Jeckton.

Ellen Valentine had been waiting for a long time, eager to see Yvette the moment she arrived.

Finally, the car door opened. Yvette gracefully stepped out, her long, straight legs extending.

"Yvie!" As soon as Ashton saw Yvette, he bolted toward her as if she were his savior. But he was outpaced by the swifter Ellen.

Ellen rushed toward Yvette, her face beaming with joy. She enveloped Yvette in a warm hug, showering her face with loving kisses.

"Yvie, my sweetie. It's been so long! I've missed you so much!"

Wilson had been simmering with annoyance since hearing the affectionate term. The sight of Ellen kissing Yvette ignited a fiery rage within him. His narrow, almond-shaped eyes flashed with murderous intent. A suffocating bearing of menace radiated from his body. "Who the hell do you think you are?" Ashton exploded, his face red with rage. "Who gave you

Chapte

permission to kiss my sister?"

"So what if I kissed her?" No sooner had she spoken than Ellen turned to pepper Yvette's face with more kisses, a clear challenge.

"You're asking for it!"

Wilson's expression grew even more ferocious, his eyes locked on Ellen with deadly intensity. He moved with blinding speed, his attack aimed directly at her before she could dodge. Just as he was about to hurt her... "Wilson." Yvette frowned and called out softly.

Her voice was like a gentle breeze, but it was enough to stop Wilson in his tracks. He froze, his hand hovering in mid-air, his eyes still blazing with fury.

"Yvie, are you standing up for him?"

Wilson's usually captivating, almond-shaped eyes had darkened into a menacing glare. The veins throbbing at his temples betrayed his inner turmoil. It was a rare sight to see him so unhinged.

Ellen, however, seemed to be enjoying the drama. She wrapped her arms around Yvette's waist, her eyes locked on Wilson with a provocative glint.

"And why wouldn't she? Who else would my sweetie stand

Holy shit! Ashton couldn't help but glance at Ellen in admiration as he watched the scene

unfold.

He wondered how this man still dared to flirt with Yvette despite Wilson's obvious rage. He was either extremely brave or utterly fearless.

With Wilson's temper flaring, Yvette rubbed her temples in frustration. "Ellie, stop it!"

The moment Yvette called out to Ellen, Wilson's anger dissipated. A rare look of surprise

crossed his handsome face.

"Wow, Yvie. Your man is quite intimidating!" Ellen said as she slowly removed her wig. Her chestnut-colored waves fell over her shoulders, exuding an alluring charm.

"I'm surprised I didn't get a heart attack from the scare!" She laughed, her charming beauty captivating everyone in the room.

Ashton was stunned by Ellen's effortless transformation from a man to a seductive woman.

Meanwhile, Samuel observed the scene with interest, thinking to himself, "It's clear that this lady is close to Yvette. Oh dear, Wilson has managed to offend Yvette's friend again!" Wilson seemed to realize this as well, quickly composing himself. "I apologize for my outburst

earlier."

Ellen's response was laced with sarcasm. "Oh no, I couldn't possibly accept an apology from the great Wilson Quinn of Jubilife. I'm not worthy, not worthy at all!"

Her tone made it clear that she didn't think much of Wilson, and that she was trying to provoke him.

The Dark Organization's precious darling had been stolen from them. Ellen couldn't swallow this bitter pill.

If anyone else had dared to speak to him in such a tone, they would have been long gone. But since she was Yvette's friend, Wilson's deep-set eyes narrowed slightly as he bit back his retort.

""Ellie!"

Seeing the way Ellen was picking on Wilson, Yvette frowned and intervened.

"Oh, you're already defending him?" Ellen asked, her gaze growing even colder toward Wilson. She couldn't help but think that his sly, handsome face was the reason he had Yvette charmed. "Is it because of him that our precious darling won't come back?" Ellen asked, her tone dripping with malice.

"Is he the one keeping you so enchanted, sweetie that you don't want to come back?"

"No," Yvette denied with her lips pursed. "I stayed in Jubilife to spend more time with Mom and Dad."

Ellen saw through Yvette's lie, her gaze toward Wilson growing even colder. That despicable man had bewitched their precious darling, making her lie to cover for him!

As the tension between Ellen and Wilson escalated, Yvette stepped in to divert Ellen's attention.

"Ellie, I'm hungry."

Ellen's focus immediately shifted back to Yvette, her expression softening. "Hungry?"

Her gaze was warm and gentle, a stark contrast to the cold, hostile look she had given Wilson.

"Yvie, let's go find something delicious to eat. I promise you'll love it!"

As soon as she finished speaking, she dragged Yvette into her bright red Ferrari, leaving

Wilson and Ashton in the dust.

He was displeased that Yvette had been whisked away, but he couldn't do anything about it. After all, Ellen seemed to be Yvette's close friend, akin to family. This made her someone Wilson couldn't afford to offend.

With a cold tone, Wilson ordered, "Follow them."

Samuel, noticing his boss' displeasure, didn't hesitate and promptly responded, "Yes, Mr. Quinn!"

Meanwhile, Irwin and Yara greeted Alex warmly as he stepped out of the car and into Murray Manor.

"Welcome back, Dad!"

After suffering a health crisis brought on by a recent fit of rage, Alex was sent to a nursing home by Jacob. However, Alex had been dissatisfied with the arrangement and had caused a ruckus. He threatened to die, demanding to be returned home. Given that Alex was his father, Irwin reluctantly agreed to take him back after consulting with

Yara.

As Alex looked around, he noticed that Yvette was nowhere to be seen. His anger flared up, and he demanded, "Where's Yvette? She didn't even come to greet me! Does she not care about her grandfather?"

Alex's anger only intensified as he thought about Yvette's supposed lack of respect. Typical of a country bumpkin, she possessed no manners at all! She was nothing compared to Yasmin. Chapter 618

The thought of Yasmin being locked away in a mental institution and behaving erratically filled Alex with even greater sorrow.

Seeing Alex so enraged, Yara had no choice but to softly explain on behalf of her beloved daughter.

"Dad, you misunderstood. Yvie went to visit Mrs. Quinn Senior last night and was asked to stay over at Quinn Manor. She hasn't come back yet. She's not doing it on purpose!"

However, Alex was not interested in listening. He scoffed. "She's already spending the night at the Quinns' before she's even married into the family. It's completely unacceptable!"

Yara's face fell as she heard his harsh words. Irwin stepped in at this moment, his voice firm. "Dad, watch your words! Yvie is exceptionally talented in everything she does. It was Mrs. Quinn Senior who insisted she stay over. She hasn't done anything wrong. You shouldn't speak about Yvie like that!"

Scoffing, Alex said in an icy tone, "You're all so quick to defend her! Take me back to my room. I'm exhausted from the trip."

Yara was furious because of Alex's attitude. She turned to Irwin, her voice shaking as she said, "You promised me that you would never let Yvie suffer because of him. That's why I agreed to bring him back to the manor."

Irwin nodded, trying to calm Yara down. "I meant every word. I won't let Yvie go through that again, I promise you."

"The way he's acting, it's plain as day that he's not fond of Yvie. I bet he'll make life difficult for her."

Yara was baffled. Her daughter was perfect in every way, yet Alex seemed oblivious to it.

Yara quickly came to a decision. With a determined expression, she said, "If you can't keep your promise, I'll take Yvie and leave."

She was determined to protect her daughter from Alex's hurtful words and actions.

Chapter 6t

"Yvie, try this dish! It's a specialty of Jeckton!" Ellen said as she piled more food onto Yvette's plate, denying Wilson the chance to do so himself

Wilson's eyes flashed with annoyance, and he couldn't help but feel a little left out. Ellen had been monopolizing Yvette's attention all evening. Now, she was even taking away his chance to serve her food.

Ashton, on the other hand, was in high spirits. He joined in on the fun, also piling food onto Yvette's plate. "Yvie, try this dish. It's delicious!" Yvette looked at her plate, which was now overflowing with food, and couldn't help but laugh. "That's enough. Ellie, Ash, I'm full now."

"Don't be ridiculous, you've barely eaten anything!" Ellen immediately protested, shooting Wilson a dirty look.

"And Yvie, you've lost weight since you've been in Jubilife. I don't know how your fiancé has been taking care of you, but it's clear he's not doing a very good job. You should come back to us and let us take care of you instead!" Yvette could feel Wilson's irritation intensifying with each passing moment. She discreetly reached out under the table to take his hand, trying to calm him down.

Wilson's expression softened, and he tightened his grip on Yvette's hand, his fingers intertwining with hers.

Just then, Ellen accidentally dropped her spoon. If she bent down to pick it up, she would have seen Yvette's and Wilson's hands clasped together under the table.

When Ellen leaned down to pick up the fallen spoon, Yvette swiftly pulled her hand away from his grasp. She acted as if nothing had happened, maintaining her composure.

A sardonic smile twisted Wilson's lips as he watched Yvette. His strikingly handsome, almost demonic features took on a sinister cast.

He was her spouse, so why was Yvette treating him like a secret lover?

"Yvie, I've had Raymond locked up, and he's waiting for you to deal with him!"

The name alone made Ashton's blood boil. "Yvie, that bastard dared to do that to me. You have to make him pay for what he did!"

Yvette readily agreed, her stunning fox-like eyes flashing with a cold intensity. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it."

She was fiercely protective of those around her. No one was allowed to hurt them.

Raymond, who had been unconscious, was suddenly jolted awake by an electric shock. Before he could even process what was happening, he was punched in the face again. He let out a blood-curdling scream.

Ashton's fury grew even deeper when he saw Raymond regain consciousness. With another vicious kick, he snarled out a command. "Keep electrocuting him! I want him dead!"

He had never been treated like this before and was determined to make Raymond pay for the humiliation. If Ashton didn't kill that bastard today, he wouldn't be able to get over this.

"Yes, sir!" the guards replied, increasing the electric shocks. Raymond's body began to convulse in agony, barely able to speak.

"Damn... You... Do you think you can do whatever you want because you have the Dark Organization backing you? You're wrong. I'll never... let you get away with this!"

Ashton found the man's greasy face repulsive. He punched Raymond again, leaving him bruised and swollen.

"You think I'm afraid of you? You don't even know who I am or who my sister is! My sister can crush you

with just one finger!"

Ashton's words were met with skepticism by Raymond, who sneered at him. "No way. Your sister can't possibly be that powerful."

Raymond obviously didn't trust a word Ashton said. His eyes, filled with venomous hatred were fixed on Ashton. "As soon as I get out of here, I'm going to kill you-"

"Just who are you planning to kill?"

A cold and detached voice echoed through the room.

The moment Raymond heard the voice, his knees buckled. It was a sound he knew all too well. Yvette entered the room, her long, graceful legs seeming to glide across the floor. Her eyes, cold and penetrating, were fixed on Raymond, creating a palpable sense of tension. The moment Raymond saw Yvette's face, his legs buckled, and he fell to his knees.

"Master Xev..."

He was certain of it. The woman before him was the infamous Master Xev, the ruthless ruler of the underworld.

Years ago, during a chance encounter in Jubilife, he caught a glimpse of her from afar. Her angelic features were at stark odds with the terrifying things she could do.

"Yvie, that guy was being rude to you a moment ago!" Ashton felt emboldened as soon as he

saw Yvette.

"Master Xev, I didn't know he was with you! If I had known, I wouldn't have dared to touch Chapter 619

him even if you gave me a hundred chances!" Raymond begged for mercy, groveling at her

feet.

Yvette leaned languidly against the wall with her long, slender legs crossed casually, Her posture radiated a relaxed yet captivating charm. She seemed completely uninterested in Raymond's pleas.

"You've done many evil things over the years. Don't you think it's too late to ask for mercy now?"

Raymond trembled with fear, still groveling. "Master Xev, please don't kill me! I'll do anything you want!"

"I can spare your life," Yvette said, seemingly bored.

"Thank you, Master Xev! Thank you for sparing my life-"

Raymond's face lit up with hope, but it was short-lived.

"Cripple him, so he can never have any lustful thoughts again."

Without hesitation, the guards bowed and responded immediately. Moments later, Raymond's agonizing cries pierced the basement.

As Yvette exited the basement, Wilson approached her and took her hand.

This sight immediately irritated Ashton. "Wilson, what are you doing? Let go of my sister!" He had been so busy lately that he hadn't spent much time with Yvette. Now that she was finally here, he was determined to make sure no one took her away from him. While Ashton's eyes blazed with fury, Wilson's beautiful, seductive lips curled into a

nonchalant smirk. He then began to speak slowly, each word carefully chosen. "Ashton, I'm sure you don't want everyone finding out what happened to you in Jeckton, don't you?" It was a threat-a blatant one!

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

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"This must never get out!" Ashton blurted out, his voice laced with panic. If this became public information, he would be the laughingstock of Jublife for the rest of his life. Aware of Ashton's sensitivity to his image, Wilson's voice was lazy and nonchalant. "Well, that depends on how you behave, Ashton."

He knew that Wilson was using this to blackmail him-to keep him away from Yvette. How shameless!

Ashton was fuming. He had no choice but to reluctantly let go of Yvette's hand and glare at Wilson.

"You can have Yvie, so please keep this between us."

Wilson's handsome lips curled into a satisfied smirk as he held Yvette's hand. "Leave it to me, Ashton. I'll take care of it."

As Ashton watched Wilson's and Yvette's hands intertwine, he felt a pang of jealousy and frustration. He didn't want to stay and watch them anymore, so he turned and left.

Wilson led Yvette back to their room, his deep, magnetic voice whispering in her ear, "Baby, I've already given the order. From now on, no one will dare mess with your company's artists again."

Yvette's lips curved up into a gentle smile as she praised him. "Well done."

He chuckled softly, his deep voice a rumble. His strong, elegant hands, like sculpted works of art, tightened their grip on her slender waist.

"Given how well I've done, don't I deserve a bigger reward?" Wilson asked, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

Yvette knew exactly what that look meant, and she pushed him away. "Stop fooling around."

She couldn't let him continue to behave like this, or he'd leave marks. If Ellen saw them, Yvette would simply die of embarrassment.

Seeing her reluctance, Wilson suppressed his desire to get closer. His large hand rested lightly on her waist as he spoke in a low, husky voice, his eyes dark with intent. "Baby, you're mine, so no one else can kiss you." No one else-not even another woman-was allowed to kiss his woman.

Yvette's eyes sparkled with amusement, and her delicate eyebrows arched up. "Your jealousy is getting worse," she teased.

He pulled her closer, his lips brushing against her ear. He murmured, "Well, what can I say? My baby is just too irresistible!" Chapter 620

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Not only did he have to protect her from other men, but now he also had to protect her from

women.

Yvette pressed her lips together as she wrapped her pale arms around his neck. She breathed into his ear. "I only have eyes for you."

Wilson's grasp on the girl's delicate waist grew tighter, his eyes fixed upon her with an intensity that seemed to draw her into his very soul.

Just then, a loud knock on the door broke the intimate atmosphere in the room.

"Yvie, open the door!"

Wilson's handsome face fell instantly, his whole body radiating discontent.

Outside, Ellen remained oblivious and kept knocking. "Yvie, I'm here to take you to bed! Open the door! Hurry up!"

Yvette pushed him away, indicating that he should let her go.

Rather than loosening his embrace, Wilson only held her tighter. He buried his head in the hollow of her neck, gently nuzzling her. His voice, deep and magnetic, carried a heavy undertone of grievance.