

TALENTED HEIRESS: A ROSE WITH THORNS

A Rose 651



Collín quipped, "Wilson, if Yvie can't join you for dinner tonight, I'm more than happy to keep you company!"

Wilson shot Collin a cold glance, his voice icy. "You think you can compare to my fiancée ? Just leave."

Collin was rendered speechless by his response.

Samuel struggled to suppress his laughter while watching their exchange.

Collin sighed in frustration. "Ever since you and Yvie got together, we haven't had the chance to hang out. Now that she's busy, can't we at least catch up?"

Wilson ignored him and went back to the documents in front of him.

Undeterred, Collin pressed on, "There's a new bar that just opened in Jubilife. How about we go grab a drink?"

"I'm not interested. Yvie doesn't like it when I smell like alcohol," Wilson replied without a second thought.

"Wow! You've really turned into the poster child for good behavior. Fine then. If you won't join me, I'll just go have fun by myself," Collin said in exasperation. After hanging up on Wilson, Yvette received a call from Ellen.

"Sweetie, is everything set? Wilson isn't coming along, is he?"

Upon hearing Ellen's anxious tone, Yvette shook her head as she replied, "No. I've already talked to

him about it."

Ellen's mood instantly lightened. "Great! Once we pick Xavier up and grab some food, let's have some fun! My bar in Jubilife is opening today, so we'll celebrate!" Sensing her excitement, Yvette couldn't bring herself to dampen the mood. She smiled and

nodded. "Sounds good!"

Ellen became even more excited as she hummed a tune. "Let's see. Xavier's plane will be landing soon. I'm heading to the airport now. Can't wait to see you there!" "Got it," Yvette replied.

After ending the call, Yvette hopped onto her motorcycle with a confident grace that drew the attention of several onlookers. Chapter 651

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A quick 30 minutes later, she arrived at the airport without a hitch.

Xavier stood out in his sleek black attire, his striking features and deep-set eyes giving him an air

of elegance and allure. He was tall and poised, exuding a regal presence that drew the attention of unsuspecting passersby.

Several girls mustered the courage to approach him, but they all left looking disappointed.

When Xavier spotted Yvette, his indifferent demeanor melted away. A warm smile spread across

his face as he greeted her softly, "Yvie."

"Xav, it's been a while! Ellen is waiting for us in the car," Yvette said gleefully.

Xavier forced himself to look away from her and replied, "Ellen can be a bit impatient. Let's not keep her waiting."

"Right," Yvie agreed with a nod as they walked out of the airport together.

"Xav, you're finally back! It's been too long. The three of us haven't seen each other in ages. Let's

have an unforgettable night partying," Ellen exclaimed.

"I'm all in," Xavier replied with a smile, though his gaze lingered on Yvette for a moment longer before he turned away.

Ellen noticed the exchange and couldn't help but sigh to herself.

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Ellen couldn't help but marvel at how perfect Yvette and Xavier looked as a couple. It was Wilson's fault for suddenly appearing and stealing her away!

Yvette was busy replying to Wilson's messages and hadn't noticed Ellen's dreary expression.

"Sweetie, you're just hanging out with us. Does he really need to constantly text you?" Ellen said in

annoyance.

Yvette smiled, her lips curving playfully. "He can be a bit clingy."

Seeing the smile on Yvette's face, Xavier felt a flicker of jealousy, but he quickly masked it with his usual calm demeanor.

Although the bar had just opened that day, the place was already vibrant and lively, rivaling that of any upscale lounge in the city.

The bar manager was waiting at the entrance and immediately stepped forward to guide them

inside.

In a cozy booth, Collin was surrounded by stunning women, one on each arm, clearly enjoying himself. When he caught sight of a familiar figure, his expression changed in an instant. He rubbed his eyes vigorously, unsure if he was seeing things.

Was he drunk? Had he really just spotted Yvette?

Collin tried to get a better look but she had already vanished from view. He assured himself that

he must have been mistaken. There was no way Yvette would come to a bar without informing Wilson beforehand.

"Mr. Steele, what are you staring at?" His companion, Annie, purred as she leaned in close. "You've got us here with you tonight, so no checking anyone else out!"

Collin was instantly distracted and shrugged off his earlier thoughts. "Of course, having you all is more than enough!"

"We're going to make sure you have a fantastic time tonight!" Annie giggled while snuggling up to him. She was determined to take this opportunity to win Collin's heart. After all, being his girlfriend would mean a lifetime of comfort and excitement.

Meanwhile, Ellen brought Yvette and Xavier to the second floor, where the manager had already set up a table filled with drinks.

Xavier leaned in and whispered something to a waiter, who quickly disappeared but returned a few minutes later.

"Sir, here's what you requested," the waiter said respectfully as he placed a glass of milk in front Chapter 652

of Xavier. Though the waiter thought it an odd preference to drink milk at a bar, he kept his expression neutral.

Xavier nodded and handed the glass to Yvette. "Since you don't drink alcohol, you might prefer

this."

Ellen couldn't help but tease, "Wow, Xavier. You're really thoughtful!"

Yvette frowned slightly at Ellen's playful jab. She accepted the milk but set it aside without

drinking it. "It's fine: I can handle some alcohol."

"What? You never drunk alcohol before. Has Wilson led you astray?" Ellen exclaimed in surprise as she wrapped her arms around Yvette's waist.

Yvette replied with a slight pout, "Ellie, don't speak ill of him. I can handle my drinks now." 1

Even though she knew she might get a little tipsy later in the night, she wasn't too concerned. Wilson had assured her that she was still sweet when drunk, after all. So what was the harm? Hearing Yvette defend Wilson made Ellen feel even more annoyed. She was finally experiencing the frustration of watching someone unworthy take what she valued most. 1

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Ellen inserted a straw into the glass of milk before handing it to Yvette. "No, sweetie. You can't drink alcohol. If Mr. Maximillian finds out I let you have alcohol, I'm going to be in so much trouble."

Yvette was a treasure to Theodore-and to all of them.

At that moment, Yvette's phone buzzed. Realizing it was Ian calling, she quickly stood up. The noise on the second floor was loud, so she told Ellen she'd be right back and headed toward the restroom to take the call.

"Hey, Ian," she said warmly when she picked up. Ian's heart softened as he thought about his precious little sister. How could she be so sweet and innocent?

"Yvie, where are you right now? I'll come and take you home."

Yvette, not one for lying, replied honestly, "I'm at a bar with some friends."

Jan furrowed his brows and replied, "What? Bars are a dangerous place. I'm on my way to you." Before Yvette could protest, he hung up and rushed out the door.

Sighing at the abrupt end to the call, Yvette tucked her phone away and prepared to leave the restroom

Just then, the door swung open, and a group of heavily made-up women walked in. If Yvette hadn't reacted quickly, she would have collided with them.

As they caught sight of her stunning face, their expressions shifted to surprise. Among them was Annie, who recognized Yvette as the woman who caught Collin's attention earlier.

Collin couldn't see Yvette's face clearly from where he was sitting earlier, but Annie was standing in the doorway so she had a full view.

Annie's jealousy flared as she remembered how Collin stared at Yvette. With a scowl, she stepped forward and snapped, "Are you blind? You nearly ran into me!"

Yvette refused to back down from Annie's provocation. "You almost bumped into me," she replied coolly.

"What? You ran into me. You're the one at fault!" Annie shot back, her irritation growing. "You need to apologize to me right now!"

The other women behind Annie quickly chimed in eager to support her. "Yeah, we all saw it. You bumped into Annie. Do you have any idea how expensive her outfit is? You've ruined it." "Exactly! Annie is so kind-hearted. She's only asking for an apology instead of demanding you to

pay for the damages."

"Come on, hurry up and apologize!"

Yvette raised an eyebrow and scoffed. "I'll consider letting you off if you beg for my forgiveness

now."

"Are you serious? You want me to apologize?" Annie's expression darkened as she glared at Yvette. "Do you have a death wish?"

Yvette narrowed her eyes and replied in annoyance, "The one with a death wish is you. Now, get

lost."

"Annie, did she actually just talk to you like that?" someone exclaimed.

"She obviously doesn't respect you at all! You need to teach her a lesson!" another chimed in.

"Yeah! She deserves to be punished for offending Annie."

Chapter 654 1/2

Annie glared at Yvette, her expression darkening as she refused to be embarrassed in front of everyone. "You're right. I'm going to teach this little bitch a lesson today!"

With that, she raised her hand and swung it toward Yvette's face. She wanted to leave a mark on Yvette's face and show her just how unworthy she was of Collin's attention. As Annie's hand was about to make contact, a smug smile spread across her face. But in the next

instant, her wrist was seized by a firm grip.

"Let go of me!"

Yvette's grip on Annie's wrist might not seem firm, but no matter how hard she struggled, she

couldn't break free.

Frustrated, Annie spat out a string of curses. "You filthy little-"

Before she could finish her final insult, Yvette tightened her grip, causing Annie to let out a

piercing scream.

"Ouch! My hand is broken!"

Yvette frowned at the sound of Annie's shrill cries, then casually released her wrist as if

discarding trash. She pulled out a wet wipe and began cleaning her hands.

"It's not broken-just dislocated," she said calmly.

Yvette had gone easy on Annie since she was a woman. If it had been a man, he would have been

in serious trouble by now.

"You-" Seeing Yvette's calm demeanor only intensified Annie's anger. She raised her other hand to slap Yvette.

"How dare you hurt my hand? I swear I'll make you pay for it, you bitch!"

Annie's refusal to back down made Yvette's patience snap. Not only did she dodge Annie's strike,

but she also retaliated with a sharp slap that landed squarely on Annie's cheek.

"Ah! You hit me?"

Annie clutched her swollen face in disbelief as she had not expected Yvette to fight back. Her

eyes blazed with resentment as she glared at her. "Do you have any idea who my boyfriend is? He's Collin Steele. You're going to regret this!" Collin Steele? Yvette narrowed her eyes and clicked her tongue. Could she be talking about that

same Collin? It seemed impossible for it to just be a coincidence.

Annie misread Yvette's reaction as fear. Despite the pain radiating from her cheek, she felt a Chapter 654

surge of triumph. She quickly grabbed her phone and dialed a certain number.

Annie spoke into the phone in a sweet voice, "Mr. Steele, I'm being bullied! You need to come and help me."

Collin was furious to learn that someone had mistreated his date. It was like slapping him in the face—a blow to his pride.

"Who dares mess with you? I'm on my way to teach them a lesson!"

Annie felt a rush of satisfaction at his response and replied, "Great! I'll be waiting for you."

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Once she hung up, Annie's demeanor shifted back to arrogance as she glared at Yvette. "Mr. Steele is coming to deal with you! You're in trouble now."

Chapter 655 1/2

Seeing Annie's smug grin, Yvette couldn't help but roll her eyes. "Oh no, I'm terrified," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

Annie's face darkened with fury. "Enjoy your little moment, you bitch! Just wait until Mr. Steele gets here. You'll be the one crying!"

As she spoke, Collin walked in with a group of friends, his presence commanding immediate

attention.

"Mr. Steele!"

The moment Annie spotted him, her demeanor shifted completely. She rushed over, putting on a show of innocence. "Mr. Steele, it's her. She bumped into me and refused to apologize, then she slapped me. You have to do something!"

The bar's dim lighting made it hard for Collin to see Yvette clearly. Annoyed, he kicked the door and threatened, "Look, I don't hit women, but you better apologize right now."

Collin had expected some drunken fool to be bothering his date, but this was just a petty squabble between two women. Although it was beneath him, he might as well step in since he was already here.

Hearing the familiar voice, Yvette leaned back casually and smirked. "Are you sure you deserve an apology?"

Annie was taken aback by Yvette's boldness in front of Collin. Her anger boiled over. "How dare you talk to him like that? You're going to regret this!"

Annie's followers quickly jumped in to support her. "Exactly! With Mr. Steele backing Annie, you're done for."

"Seriously, you're asking for trouble by crossing her."

"Is that so?" Yvette slowly raised her head, her piercing gaze finally locking onto Collin. "What's he going to do if I don't apologize?"

When Collin finally recognized Yvette, his irritation faltered. His knees nearly buckled under the realization.

"Y-Yvie?" So he hadn't been mistaken; Yvette had truly snuck out to come to a bar.

Yvette arched an eyebrow lazily. Her tone was casual, but her words sent a shiver down Collin's

spine.

"Do you still want me to apologize?" Collin forced a smile that looked more like a grimace. "Oh, come on, Yvie. I would never dream of telling you what to do." Chapter 655

If he dared to demand an apology from Yvette and word got back to Wilson or her protective brother, Jacob, he'd be in serious trouble.

Watching Collin's sudden shift to submissiveness left Annie and her friends in shock. This was

the first time they had ever seen him act so meekly

Fuming, Annie clung to Collin's arm, her voice dripping with false sweetness. "Mr. Steele, weren't

you supposed to back me up? She's bullying me! You have to help."

Collin quickly shook her off, his expression serious. "If you want to get yourself into trouble, don't drag me down with you."

At this, Yvette shot him a lazy glance and remarked nonchalantly, "You sure know how to pick your girlfriends."

Collin shook his head vigorously, desperate to clarify. "Yvie, I'm not dating her! Who told you that? There's no way I'd let her be my girlfriend."

He turned to Annie and hissed, "Who do you think you are? How dare you claim to be my girlfriend?"

Annie's face turned crimson with embarrassment as Collin publicly rejected her claim. She had

only said it to boost her own ego, but now she felt utterly humiliated.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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Annie's followers, sensing her downfall, quickly scattered, eager to avoid Yvette's wrath

Annie watched them flee, her heart sinking. Desperate, she tugged on Collin's sleeve and pleaded with him. ""Mr. Steele-

Before she could finish, Collin brushed her off with a look of disdain. He turned to Yvette and said politely, "Yvie, she doesn't know her place. Feel free to handle this however you'd like. Don't worry about me." Yvette was known for her cool demeanor and rarely engaged in petty squabbles. If Annie had provoked her, then she deserved whatever came next.

Annie panicked as Collin ignored her pleas. "You can't just leave me alone. You promised you'd back me up!"

Collin snapped, "Shut up. Do you even realize who she is? She's Yvette, the beloved sister of the richest man in Jubilife, Jacob Murray. She's also Wilson's fiancée! Don't get me in trouble too."

Hearing his explanation, Annie felt a wave of fear wash over her. She quickly turned to Yvette, tears welling in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Murray! I didn't mean to offend you. Please forgive me this once!"

Having already dealt with Annie, Yvette had no interest in prolonging the encounter. "Just leave. I don't want to see you again."

"Of course! I promise I won't bother you ever again! Annie exclaimed as she hurried out of the bar, nearly tripping over herself in her haste.

Collin sighed in relief as he watched Annie scramble away. "Yvie, this has nothing to do with me. You're not mad at me, right?" He wore a goofy grin, clearly trying to ingratiate himself.

Yvette rolled her eyes, unimpressed. "I'm not in the mood to deal with you. Just keep your people in line next time."

"Absolutely! I promise it won't happen again!" Collin quickly assured her, then seemed to remember something. "But Yvie, what are you doing at a bar? Didn't you say you were having dinner with your classmates?" Dinner that turned into a night out at the bar?

Yvette paused, momentarily caught off guard. She pursed her lips and shot him a cold glance. "Why do you care?"

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Collin stammered, "N-No, I was just curious,"

"Don't be curious. And don't mention running into me here," Yvette snapped. If some jealous gu named Wilson found out she had lied to him, it would create a mess, (2) "Got it!" Collin nodded vigorously.

"Yvie..."

Just then, Xavier strode in. The tension around him seemed to dissipate as he approached Yvett

"What are you doing here?" she asked, puzzled.

Xavier looked at her intently, his tone softening. "I was worried about you since you were gone fo quite some time. I wanted to make sure you weren't in any trouble."

Yvette shrugged nonchalantly. "Just a little hiccup, but it's all sorted now."

Collin's eyes widened in disbelief as he took in the scene before him. What the heck was going on

This man was comparable to Wilson. He had the looks and the air of someone important. More importantly, there was an undeniable connection between him and Yvette that made everyone else feel like outsiders. Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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Claim 1/2

Collin felt a growing sense of dread as he watched the scene unfold. He couldn't shake the worry that Wilson's first serious relationship might be jeopardized. That would prove to be a real tragedy for everyone. Wiping the sweat from his brow, Collin discreetly pulled out his phone and texted Wilson.

"Something's wrong! I just saw Yvie at a bar with a young man. It looks like their relationship is more than just friends. I'm risking my life to warn you. Get here fast, or your woman might get stolen."

Meanwhile, back in the villa, Wilson sat on the couch, glancing at his watch with a furrowed brow. It was getting late. Yvette and her classmates should have finished dinner by now, yet he hadn't heard from her.

Noticing his concern, Samuel said, "Mr. Quinn, Ms. Murray probably hasn't seen your messages. Why not give her a call?"

Wilson's fingers drummed nervously on the table as he hesitated. He was worried that calling might come off as too clingy.

Watching Wilson's internal struggle, Samuel couldn't help but think how unusual it was to see him so uncertain. This was a man known for his decisiveness, yet he was now at a loss. It seemed that Ms. Murray had complete control over him. Suddenly, Wilson's expression shifted dramatically. His phone was now in his hands. The air around him grew cold as if a chill had settled in the room.

Wilson stared at the message from Collin, his grip tightening on his phone as if he might shatter it. Yvette had the nerve to lie to him. A dangerous air surrounded him, making the atmosphere feel heavy and tense.

Even Samuel, who had been by his side for years, felt a shiver run down his spine at Wilson's unsettling expression.

With a cold glint in his eyes, Wilson ordered, "Get the car ready. We're heading to the newly opened bar now." He was determined to confront the man who had led her to deceive him.

"Right away, Mr. Quinn," Samuel replied, not daring to waste a single second.

Meanwhile, at the bar, Ellen asked, "Where have you been, sweetie?"

She was clearly tipsy, swaying as she walked but still overflowing with excitement. "The party is in full swing! Let's dance!"

Ellen grabbed Yvette and pulled her toward the dance floor, where the energy was electric. Soon, Ellen and Yvette were separated by the chaotic crowd.

Xavier noticed Yvette frowning and reassured her, saying, "Don't worry. This bar belongs to Ellen.

She'll be fine. He stayed close to her side to shield her from the surging crowd.

Yvette wasn't particularly worried about Ellen. She was worried about the others.

Ellen had already drunk quite a bit and was getting tipsy. With her poor drinking habits, Yvette dreaded what kind of trouble might arise.

Ellen stumbled through the crowd, trying to find Yvette. She swayed unsteadily, getting pushed further off course by the throngs of people.

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Ellen let out an annoyed click of her tongue, but her attention quickly shifted.

'Not far away, a man stood with his back to her. Though she couldn't see his face, his tall, athletic frame in a fitted black suit radiated confidence.

But what really caught Ellen's attention was his backside. She couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, what a nice butt!"

"Ian, it's way too crowded in here. It's impossible to find Yvie." Sean was jostled around in the crowd, struggling to keep his footing.

Ian wasn't doing much better. His obsession with cleanliness was making him visibly uncomfortable.

"This place is a mess. I don't like the idea of Yvie being here. We need to find her quickly," he urged.

Just then, Ian felt a pair of hands grab his backside. He froze, and his eyes widened in disbelief as he processed what had just happened. Ellen, unable to resist the temptation, had playfully pinched him and nodded in satisfaction. "It's

so bouncy!"

The comment sent blood rushing to Ian's face, and he gritted his teeth in frustration. He couldn't believe he had encountered such a bold woman.

"Ian, you've just been-" Sean watched the scene unfold in utter shock before bursting into laughter. When he met Ian's furious glare, he quickly stifled it.

Ian turned around and fixed a sharp glare on Ellen. However, she was far from intimidated. The alcohol only fueled her excitement.

"Not bad-looking, too! You kind of resemble my sweetie. I like you!"

"Sweetie?" Ian furrowed his brows at the term. She had a boyfriend but was flirting with another man?

Not wanting to engage with a drunken woman-and because he was raised with good manners

that prevented him from being rough with her-he warned coolly, "Keep your distance."

"Oh no!" Ellen smirked playfully, her eyes sparkling with mischief as she tilted his chin with her index finger and thumb. "I think I like you! Want to have some fun?" When Yvette saw the incoming call from Wilson, she hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Baby, where are you?" His deep, velvety voice sent a shiver down her spine, making her ears tingle with its magnetic pull. Yvette blinked, her voice soft as she tried to sound casual. "At the restaurant, having dinner with some friends."

"Really?" Wilson's voice was flat, but something about it made her feel a little uneasy. She bit her lip, trying to steady herself. "'Of course-

Before she could finish speaking, Wilson said in a dangerously calm tone, "Baby, turn around and look at the booth behind you."

Her heart skipped a beat. She blinked, her body freezing up as she slowly turned her head.

There he was, dressed in a white shirt with a button undone. His intense gaze was fixed on her, a teasing smile tugging at the corner of his lips. Wilson looked effortlessly charming, but there was an air of danger about him that made her heart

race.

Crap, busted!

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Yvette was momentarily distracted when a sudden shove from the growing crowd nearly sent her

stumbling.

"Be careful, Yvie."

Xavier quickly reached out to steady her, his brow furrowed in concern. Why was Yvette so distracted? Following her gaze, he spotted a man with a piercing cold gaze.

Wilson strode toward them with long strides, effortlessly closing the distance in an instant. He wrapped his arm around Yvette, pulling her close and asserting his claim without hesitation. Xavier instinctively wanted to pull Yvette away from him. But when he saw that she didn't resist Wilson's embrace-in fact, she leaned into it-he had no choice but to retract his hand, his expression darkening.

"Hey there, baby. Aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?"

Wilson's hand rested possessively on Yvette's waist. He was unreserved in displaying their affection in front of Xavier.

Yvette could feel the jealousy emanating from Wilson. He was clearly exerting possession and dominance. She clicked her tongue in irritation.

"This is Xavier Phillip. He just came back to Jubilife today. Ellen and I are throwing him a welcome party."

Ellen was here too? Wilson's cold demeanor softened just a bit. At least Yvette wasn't alone in such a place with another man.

"Hello, I'm Yvie's fiancé." He emphasized the last word, making it clear he was staking his claim. Xavier's expression darkened, his eyes narrowing dangerously. Just because Wilson was Yvette's fiancé now didn't mean it would always be that way.

The two men's hands were clasped tightly in a handshake, each subtly tightening their grip, hoping to make the other look foolish. The air around them crackled with tension. After what felt like an eternity, they finally released each other. Their facial expressions remained neutral, but the pressure emanating from them was palpable.

Yvette frowned at their exchange. Why did it seem like the two of them were at odds for no reason?

Wilson affectionately brushed a few stray hairs from Yvette's forehead. He then said in a magnetic voice,

"Since you're Yvie's friend, I'll make sure you're well taken care of. She's busy with her studies, so I'll host you from now on."

Yvette blinked in surprise. Was she busy with school? She had no idea!

Not far away, Collin watched the scene unfold with wide eyes, incredulous at Wilson's calm

demeanor.

As soon as he approached, he asked, "Wait, you're not mad? Yvie lied to you about having dinner with another

with her classmates but ended up at a b

"Shut up," Wilson shot back, giving

Collin

man. Should

you be furious by now?"

a pointed look that warned him to keep quiet.

Yvette cared about appearances so he couldn't scold her in front of others. He'd deal with that

later in private.

Yvette was taken aback as well. She knew better than anyone how

possessive Wilson could be.

What should have been a simple outing, instantly turned complicated—all thanks to Collin's big mouth! With a chilling glare that could freeze fire, Yvette shot a glare at Collin.

He immediately flinched and forced a smile that resembled a nervous grin. "It's getting late, so I should head home. Wilson, Yvie, I should take my leave. See you next time!"

With that, Collin made a hasty retreat, as if he were escaping from a pack of wild animals.

Yvette rolled her eyes at his receding figure. He was quick on his feet today, but she'd get him

next time!

Wilson found her pout adorable. He gently brushed a few strands of hair from her face. "It's late, and you need to rest. I'll take you home."

Xavier's expression turned icy as he observed Wilson's every move. "Wilson, you're busy. I can take Yvie home myself."

"My fiancée doesn't need anyone else's help," Wilson replied

around Yvette's slim waist and lifted her effortlessly off the

He then wrapped

an arm

cradling her against him with

a mix of tenderness and possessiveness. Gasps erupted from the

lookers.

1. it. He couldn't let his emotions get the Xavier flared with anger, but he forced himself to suppress better of him-not when Yvette seemed to have some interest in Wilson. Any confrontation now would only push her away.

As Wilson settled Yvette into his car, he turned to the bodyguard nearby, giving them instructions.

Yvette poked her head out of the car window and asked Samuel, "What should I do if Wilson gets

angry?"

Samuel pondered for a moment before responding respectfully, "Ms. Murray, all you need to do is comfort him. A little charm will make his anger disappear in no time." Chapter 659

Was it that simple? Yvette raised an eyebrow lazily "Okay. I got it."

When she saw Wilson approaching again, she quickly sat up straight in the seat, appearing

obedient.

Wilson's usually hard demeanor softened slightly. But when he recalled how she had deceived him earlier that day, his expression hardened once more. He couldn't let her think he was easy to deal with.

At least for the next minute, he wouldn't say a word to her!

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Seeing the tense expression on Wilson's face, Yvette said gently, "Don't be mad. I didn't mean to

hide it from you."

Wilson's only response was a dismissive grunt. His expression was cold as he continued to ignore

her.

Yvette frowned, unsure of what to do. She gently pressed her lips together. She wasn't good at calming people down, especially since he'd never been angry with her before. Maybe it was best to just wait until he cooled off. Believing that she had come up with a solid plan, Yvette lazily leaned back in her seat, ready to close her eyes and rest for a bit.

Wilson narrowed his eyes slightly. Wasn't Yvette supposed to be comforting him? Was this her

idea of comfort

Yvette let out a lazy yawn, her eyes slipping shut as she prepared to drift off to sleep.

Wilson couldn't just watch her sleep peacefully. With a swift motion, he reached out and pulled her onto his lap. His strong hand was locked firmly around her waist. "Baby, is this how you comfort someone?"

Yvette's delicate brows arched, her tone the epitome of laziness. "Weren't you ignoring me?"

"And why aren't you trying to make it right with me?" His voice was tinged with hurt that would make one's heart ache. "You're so heartless."

Yvette's arms instinctively wound around his neck, her tone a mix of regret and sweetness. "I know it's my fault for lying. I shouldn't have done it."

She leaned in a little closer, her voice barely above a whisper. "I just didn't want you to misunderstand and get jealous, so I didn't tell you what happened today."

Seeing Yvette admit her mistake so readily, Wilson felt his irritation fade away.

"So, you think I'm a petty man?" he teased.

Yvette blinked her eyes and raised her chin defiantly. "Aren't you?" she challenged.

It was clear that Wilson was jealous of Xavier.

"Looks like someone needs a little discipline," he said, narrowing his eyes as he playfully pinched

her waist.

"Hey! That tickles." Yvette squirmed at the unexpected sensation, instinctively pushing him away. Seeing her react so strongly made Wilson smirk. He couldn't resist teasing her further by Chapter 660

pinching her sides playfully.

"Don't. Stop that," Yvette protested, wriggling to escape his grasp.

Just as she twisted away, he tightened his hold around her waist, His low, husky voice sent

shivers down her spine. "Baby, don't squirm!"

Yvette's cheeks flushed a deep crimson when she felt something press against her. She bit her lip

and shot him an annoyed glare.

"You!" How could he be so bold in the car?

Seeing her flustered expression only intensified Wilson's desire. He swallowed hard, thoughts racing through his mind about how he wanted to savor this moment.

"Let go of me!" Yvette struggled to get off Wilson's lap, but his hand on her waist tightened even

more, his voice low and rough.

"Baby, let me hold you for a minute. I'll calm down soon."

"No!" Yvette's ears turned even redder. "Samuel will see us." Even though Wilson had no decency,

she still had some self-respect.

Wilson chuckled softly and assured, "Don't worry. Samuel can't see us."

The moment Wilson pulled Yvette onto his lap, Samuel quickly raised the divider between the front and back seats, keeping the view out of sight.

No wonder Samuel was Wilson's personal assistant. He knew exactly what to do in these situations.

By the time the sleek black Maybach had driven off, Xavier's face had gone stone-cold. He radiated a dark, dangerous energy-so different from the warm and easygoing man he'd been in front of Yvette.

Yvette had always been indifferent by nature. She only opened up to those closest to her. But somehow, Wilson had managed to break through the walls of her heart so quickly.

Just then, a guard rushed over and said in a panic, "Mr. Phillip, there's a problem! Ms. Valentine is drunk and causing a scene. Not only did she grope a man, but she was also clinging to him and wouldn't let go. After that, she threw up all over him." The guard cringed as he remembered Ian's murderous glare. Even now, he was still terrified by

the memory.

"The man she touched probably has an obsessive-compulsive disorder. After she threw up on him, he immediately ran to the restroom. Now, Ms. Valentine can't find him, and she's throwing an even bigger tantrum. We can't stop her." Chapter 660

Ellen's skills were second only to Xavier and Yvette. Even their elite team couldn't handle her.

"Got it" Without another word, Xavier turned and headed back into the bar.

Inside, chaos reigned. Ellen was in full-on drunk mode, and the bar was a complete mess-nothing

short of a disaster.

"You're back, Xav!" Ellen's dazed expression seemed to sharpen upon seeing Xavier. She immediately began scanning the room for Yvette.

"My sweetie? Where is she?"

Xavier's voice was sharp, colder than usual, and laced with a touch of frustration. "Wilson took her. "What?" Ellen blinked in shock, and then her anger flared. "And you just let him take her like that?"

Xavier appeared calm but his annoyance was palpable. "Yvette wanted to go with him."

Ellen fell silent, her rage dimming as the words sank in. She knew how Xavier was. He never once forced Yvette into doing anything.

He was always so considerate of her feelings. He'd spent all these years quietly supporting her,

always putting her needs first without ever asking for anything in return.

It was clear to anyone who spent more than a moment with him how much he cared for Yvette, but he never showed it to her.

Yvette, on the other hand, was emotionally aloof and had never been in a relationship before. So, she never noticed Xavier's silent devotion.

Xavier was Ellen's closest friend, while Yvette was the girl she loved most. In both friendship and love, Ellen desperately wanted to see them together. That's why Wilson's involvement was so hard for her to accept.

"Xav, it's time you told Yvie how you feel-"

Before Ellen could finish, Xavier interrupted her. "Now isn't the right time."

Ellen shook her head, frustration creeping into her tone. "If you don't make your feelings clear, are

you

going to just stand by and watch Yvie grow closer to Wilson?"

"That won't happen. I won't let it come to that," Xavier said firmly with determination etched across his face.

Wilson could never match up to all the years he'd spent with Yvette and the bond they'd built over time. 1

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

The following day, Yvette stepped out of school and immediately spotted Ian and Sean waiting for her at the entrance.

Ian's expression was icy, clearly indicating he was in a foul mood. But as soon as he saw Yvette,

his demeanor softened, and he reached out to take her backpack.

"Yvie, you must be exhausted after a full day of classes. Why don't you skip going to the Jubilee

Research Institute today? I'll take you home to rest he offered.

Yvette shook her head and replied, "I'm not tired. I need to go to Yenosha for a competition soon, and I'm worried you'll be too busy when I'm away. I invited a friend to help you out, and I want to introduce you two today."

Ian replied warmly, "Okay. I'll do as you say."

With such a talented sister, her friends had to be impressive too. Having an extra pair of hands would definitely make things easier for Ian.

"Wait here for a moment while I go get the car," Ian instructed.

Yvette nodded obediently and watched him walk away before turning to Sean. "Why does it seem like he's not very happy today?"

Sean burst into laughter. "He's probably still mad about last night! You wouldn't believe it. When he went to the bar looking for you, some girl groped him!

"And that same girl flirted with him and ended up throwing up all over him! Ian has severe OCD. If it had been a guy, he would've definitely thrown a punch. You should've seen his face. It was practically green with rage. And then you got whisked away by Wilson while he was dealing with that mess."

Ian returned from parking the car and overheard Sean's teasing at that moment. He immediately interrupted with a stern voice, "Sean, shut it!"

Sean leaned closer to Yvette, whispering conspiratorially, "You have no idea! That girl even complimented his backside. She said it was nice and firm!"

"Sean, are you asking for trouble?" Ian shot him a warning glare.

He didn't want to relive what happened last night and certainly didn't want Yvette to know about it. The experience was far too embarrassing!

Hearing this, Sean immediately kept quiet.

Ian had been groped and then thrown up on. Yvette could already imagine the psychological toll it had taken on Ian, and she felt a pang of sympathy for him. Chapterent

"Are you ever going to step foot in a bar again?" Sean couldn't help but tease again.

"Say one more word about last night, and you'll regret it!"

Thinking back to the events of the previous evening, Ian pressed his lips together tightly, his face darkening with annoyance. He hoped he would never have to see that woman again!

"I won't say anything else. Come on, Yvette. Get in the car!" Sean suppressed a laugh as he opened the door for Yvette. But just as he was about to climb in after her, the door suddenly slammed shut. "Wait. What?"

Ian remained unfazed as he started the engine, leaving Sean flustered. "Hey! I'm not in the car yet!" "Walk home," Ian replied coolly, casting Sean a sidelong glance before flooring the gas pedal. The car shot forward, leaving Sean choking on exhaust fumes.

"Seriously?" Sean exclaimed in disbelief, wiping his face in frustration.

A Rose 662

Sean had only cracked a few jokes, hadn't he? Honestly, how thin-skinned could Ian be? He didn't even cut Sean any slack in front of Yvette. That's atrocious.

Inside the car, things were a little different. While Sean had been met with impatience, Ian was gentle with Yvette.

"Yvie, what's your friend like?"

Thinking of Ellen brought a smile to Yvette's face. Ellen is really easygoing. She's the kind of person who just makes you feel comfortable. You'll get along really well. I'm sure of it!"

Ian smiled approvingly and said, "Since she's your friend, I'll make sure to get along with her."

From the sound of it, Ellen seemed like one of those quiet, graceful types—probably just as sweet and well-mannered as Yvette.

A quick 30 minutes later, the car stopped in front of Jubilife Research Institute.

Yvette glanced around but didn't see Ellen. She pulled out her phone and dialed her number. "I'm here. When are you arriving?"

Ellen replied, "Hey, sweetie! I'll be there in a minute, just hang on!"

Ian furrowed his brows slightly as he overheard the conversation. Why did that voice sound so familiar?

Five minutes later, a bright red Ferrari pulled up to the entrance of the institute. Ellen stepped out, her curves accentuated by a halter dress that clung to her figure. She moved with an

effortless grace, a confident stride that caught everyone's attention.

Ellen slid off her sunglasses and, without hesitation, launched herself toward Yvette. She

wrapped her arms around her, pouting as she complained playfully.

"Sweetheart, how could you just leave with Wilson last night? We were supposed to have fun together!"

When Ian's eyes locked onto Ellen, his body went rigid. He couldn't process what he was hearing. That face—there was no mistaking it.

This was the woman from the bar last night. The one who had practically taken advantage of him, only to end up throwing up all over him. He couldn't believe they were meeting again so soon.

"I promise I'll make it up to you next time," Yvette said quickly, trying to calm her down. Then, with a more businesslike tone, she gestured toward Ian.

"This is my brother, Ian. He's one of the top young researchers in the field," she introduced him with a slight smile.

Ellen nodded, then turned to Ian with a bright smile. "Hello, Ian. I'm Yvie's friend, Ellen Valentine. I hope we can work well together." She had to play nice. After all, he was Yvette's brother.

Soon after, Ellen's smile faltered. She felt something was off. Why did Ian seem so cold? His expression looked like he wanted to skin her alive with just his gaze.

Ian stared at her, his jaw tightening as he fought to keep his composure. It seemed like Ellen didn't remember him.

"Ms. Valentine, your memory seems to be a bit lacking. Do you not remember what happened yesterday?" he hissed.

Ellen blinked in surprise, clearly confused. She tilted her head and studied him for a moment, her eyes slowly widening in recognition.

Wait. This was the guy from last night-the one she'd accidentally groped and then thrown up on. No wonder he looked similar to Yvette. He was Yvette's brother!

For the first time, Ellen felt genuinely embarrassed. She rubbed her forehead with a soft groan and let out a tiny, nervous laugh.

She couldn't believe she flirted with Yvette's brother. How could she face Yvette after this?

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