

Chapter 663

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

The atmosphere fell into an awkward silence, thick with tension. Yvette glanced between Ellen and Ian, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"Ellen, have you met my brother before?"

Ellen offered a nervous laugh. "I guess you could say that!"

This was the first time Yvette had seen Ellen look so flustered, and her curiosity was piqued. "When did you two meet?"

Ellen's embarrassment deepened, but she had never been one to hide things from Yvette. She lowered her voice slightly. "We ran into each other at the bar last night."

Yvette's eyes widened as the pieces fell into place. So Ellen was the one who had groped Ian and then threw up all over him?

Wow, what a small world! Once again, silence enveloped them.

Ellen cleared her throat, forcing herself to speak. "I'm really sorry about last night. I had too much to drink and wasn't thinking straight."

Ian huffed, his expression still dark. Right, she was capable of groping someone even when drunk,

Ellen had never felt so embarrassed in her life. She was only apologizing because he was Yvette's

brother. Seeing Ian's unyielding demeanor made her somewhat irritated.

"Look, I messed up yesterday. If I can grope you in return!"

Yvette was still upset about it, how about I let you get back at me? You

Ian was left speechless, caught between frustration and disbelief. Ellen was being utterly

unreasonable!

Watching the tension escalate, Yvette rubbed her temples, trying to ease the growing headache. "

Ian, I'm hungry. Let's go get something to eat."

Reluctantly, Ian nodded, not wanting to embarrass Yvette. If it weren't for his sister, he would

never even consider dining with someone so frivolous.

"Let's go," Yvette said, reaching out to take Ellen's hand.

Ellen's face lit up once more with a bright smile. "Sure! Whatever my sweetie wants!"

Ian's expression darkened slightly, Ellen was acting sweetly now, completely different from the reckless woman he had encountered the night before.

Once they arrived at the restaurant, they spotted Collin waiting for them

Yvette's smirked as she approached him. She hadn't forgotten about their last encounter, so how

dare he show up in front of her?

The moment Collin saw Yvette, he plastered on a sheepish grin. "Yvie, I came to apologize! It was my fault for speaking without inhibitions yesterday. Please don't hold it against me."

Yvette shot him a cool glance, her voice icy. "I'm sorry, but I've never understood the concept of being magnanimous. I always believe in settling scores."

He had embarrassed her last night, so there was no way she would let him off the hook that easily.

Cold sweat broke out on Collin's forehead as he understood just how formidable she could be. "I know you're researching chips and that the institute is expensive to run, so I'm planning to donate two million dollars to your research institute as a token of goodwill. I hope you'll accept it."

Yvette's expression softened slightly as she replied, "I'll gladly accept your generous offer!" She was willing to forgive him for two million dollars.

Collin let out a sigh of relief and couldn't help but marvel at how easily she could be bought off

if Yvette had only gotten together with Wilson for his
with money. He was starting to wonder
wealth.

After all, Yvette loved money, and Wilson happened to be the richest man in the world.

"Thank you for your kindness! I'll treat you all to dinner today. Please, take a seat."

After ushering Yvette and the others to their table and enthusiastically recommending the house specialties, Collin stepped outside for a breather and called Wilson.

"Wilson, I've apologized to Yvie. She's not holding it against me anymore."

"Good job," Wilson replied in satisfaction. He didn't want Yvette to feel upset.

Collin let out a sigh of relief. "Yvie is really hard to please. It took two million dollars for me to get her forgiveness!"

Wilson responded calmly, "I'll double that amount later."

Wait a minute. If that was the case, Collin would make a profit of two million dollars!

Collin chuckled. "Thanks for that! But seriously, Yvie really loves money, huh? She forgave me as soon as I offered cash. Do you think she's only with you for your wealth?" Wilson narrowed his eyes and replied, "She could've chosen any other rich man, but she chose me instead. She likes me."

"Wow!" Collin exclaimed in disbelief. Wilson was hopeless!

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In the private room, Yvette didn't hold back and ordered the most expensive dishes. Today's meal was Collin's treat to make amends, after all.

While waiting for the food to arrive, Ellen quickly pulled out her phone. She secretly sent a

message to Xavier, asking him to come pick Yvette up later. She was determined not to let anyone ruin her plans.

"Yvie, you like spicy food, so try this pulled pork-"

"Sweetie, you like spicy food, so try this cajun chicken-"

Ian and Ellen, speaking at once, both offered Yvette something from their dish.

Yvette's luscious lips curved into a subtle smile. "It's interesting how in tune you two are, Ian and Ellie."

Hearing this, Ian's handsome face immediately darkened. If anyone else had said this, he would have already lost his temper. Since it was his beloved little sister, he could only endure it. When she saw his sour face, Ellen clicked her tongue in annoyance.

She had never pretended to be a saint. Her harsh upbringing had shaped her into a person who believed in absolute dominance. She saw herself as superior and didn't feel any obligation to care about anyone but Yvette. If she made a mistake? So be it.

Besides, she had already apologized. Yet he was still giving her the cold shoulder!

Ian's expression hardened as he heard Ellen's disapproving click of the tongue. His frosty gaze fell

on her. If it weren't for Yvette's sake, he wouldn't want to see her again.

The moment Ellen saw his face, which bore a striking resemblance to her beloved Yvette, her

irritation melted away.

Honestly, she still quite liked his face. After all, it was similar to Yvette's. If only he would behave and not give her the cold shoulder.

Two luxury cars stopped at the entrance of the restaurant. Wilson and Xavier got out of the cars at

the same time. One was cold and abstinent, the other was noble and charming. But when their eyes met, a strong sense of tension and animosity filled the air between them.

Looking at the milkshake in Xavier's hand, Wilson's eyes suddenly turned cold.

Yvette not only liked spicy food but also had a sweet tooth. Xavier seemed to have a thorough

understanding of her preferences.

My fiancée prefers what I make, so no need to trouble yourself Wilson's voice was a frigid blade.

for be

slicing through the air with a clear message of caution.

Hearing him refer to Yvette as his "fiancée" grated on Xavier's nerves. His narrow, deep black eyes flashed with coldness. "You're only Yvie's nominal fiancé. That doesn't mean you'll actually marry

her."

Hearing this, Samuel, who was standing to the side, suddenly broke out in a cold sweat.

Wilson was extremely sensitive when it came to Yvette, especially after the misunderstanding about the engagement. He took his position as Yvette's fiancé very seriously. Xavier had stepped on a landmine!

Sure enough, Wilson's handsome face suddenly turned cold and terrifying. His expression grew dark and menacing.

"I've been tolerant of you because of Yvie. Don't think I won't come after your Dark Organization."

Yvette hadn't revealed her true identity to Wilson yet, which suggested he wasn't very important to her.

As he thought about this, Xavier's heart swelled with joy. He couldn't help but laugh, his tone dripping with provocation. "I wonder if you'll have the courage to."

Yvette's greatest concern was the Dark Organization. If Wilson were to make a move against it, he would surely incur her wrath.

Wilson's entire being radiated an icy bearing, his presence dark and foreboding. "I'll make sure you get what's coming to you."

It was the perfect opportunity to settle the score with the Dark Organization for their previous trespass on Yenosha. He wouldn't rest until he taught them a lesson.

Xavier's expression remained impassive, but his words grew even more taunting. "I'll be waiting." He was eager for Wilson to make a move against the Dark Organization, if only to anger Yvette.

That would certainly work in his favor.

As Samuel watched the scene unfold, he felt a mix of fear and worry. He forced himself to speak

up, his voice barely above a whisper. "Mr. Quinn, he's Ms. Yvette's friend. If you were to make a

move against the Dark Organization, what if she gets angry?"

"Are you saying Yvie would take his side over mine?"

Wilson's cold gaze swept over Samuel, making him tremble with fear. His legs felt like jelly, and his scalp prickled with unease.

"N-no, no, no! Mr. Quinn, I didn't mean it like that. You're Ms. Yvette's fiancé, and he's just a friend.

Of course she would side with you!"

The chill emanating from Wilson began to dissipate, and he let out a dismissive snort. "My fiancée Chapter 664

wouldn't side with anyone but me. Who else could she side with?"

"Y-Yes! Of course, Mr. Quinn."

As Samuel spoke, he couldn't shake off the feeling of unease. He hoped that when the time came, Yvette wouldn't take Xavier's side. The consequences of that happening would be too dire to imagine.

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The air outside the restaurant was thick with tension. Inside, Yvette was blissfully unaware.

"Sweetie, you should eat a little more!" Ellen exclaimed. Ian, for once, agreed with her, helping to pile more food onto Yvette's plate.

"Yes, Yvie. You need to eat more!"

Yvette rubbed her temples, feeling somewhat exasperated as she gazed at her overflowing plate. Ian, Ellie, I'm already full."

Ellen finally relented, abandoning her attempts to feed her further. Instead, she wrapped her arms around Yvette's slender waist, giving her a gentle squeeze. With a worried look, she said, "How can I get my sweetie to eat some more?" Ian frowned in distaste as he watched Ellen's hands roam over Yvette's body. If she weren't a

woman, he would have chopped off her hands where she sat.

"Ellie, stop it. I'm ticklish!"

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Yvette squirmed, then pulled out her phone to read a message from a certain man. A delicate smile played on her luscious, ruby-red lips.

She was already stunning, but with that delicate smile, she became breathtakingly gorgeous.

Ellen was mesmerized, reluctant to release her hold on Yvette. "My sweetie is just too beautiful!"

Ian looked at her with exasperation. Of course, he knew how attractive his precious sister was

But how could a woman like Ellen be so utterly captivated by Yvette?

Feeling Ian's gaze on her, Ellen turned her head toward him, her expression languid and charming. "Why are you looking at me?"

He let out a cold snort, his handsome face turning frosty as he looked away.

There he was again, showing that blasted attitude!

Ellen seized the moment when Yvette left the private room for the restroom. Her eyes sparkled with mischief as she sauntered over to Ian. Her voice dripped with nonchalance. "Are you still sulking about me touching your butt when I was drunk yesterday?"

His expression turned even colder, his jaw clenched in annoyance. "Shut up! Don't mention it again! Ellen's eyes gleamed with amusement at his reaction. She leaned in closer, her voice taking on a flirtatious tone. "I'll take responsibility for my actions. You can be mine. How does that sound?" Ian was caught off guard by her sudden proximity. His heart pounded in his chest as her face Chapter 665

drew closer.

Watching him panic, Ellen's amusement only grew. She breathed a soft breath into his ear, her voice a sultry whisper as she said, "I've come to like you very much."

The spot where she touched him felt like it was on fire, and his ears flushed with heat.

With a mischievous glint in her eye, Ellen watched as his face turned a bright scarlet. "You're so

cute when you're flustered!"

Ian's flush deepened, and then he paled as her words sank in. His fists clenched in fury. What did she mean by saying she liked him? She was only toying with his emotions.

With each passing moment, her smirk grew more pronounced as she watched his frustration escalate. Her eyes narrowed in amusement. She thought, "It would be quite satisfying to have him under my control and train him to my liking."

When Yvette returned from the restroom, she raised an eyebrow at the scene before her. Ian looked furious, while Ellen seemed to be enjoying herself immensely.

Ian was typically very level-headed, so it was unusual for him to become so agitated. Yvette was intrigued by what Ellen had done to invoke such a reaction out of him.

"Yvie, let's go. I'll take you home!" The moment Ian spotted her, he sprang to his feet, took her hand, and urged her to leave. His lips were pressed into a thin line. He couldn't stand being in the same room with that frivolous Ellen for even a second longer. The sight made Yvette wince, her head starting to ache. She let out an exasperated sigh

She couldn't help but wonder if Ian and Ellen would be able to get along after she left Jubilife for

Yenosha.

As soon as they stepped out of the restaurant, Yvette spotted two men standing by the entrance.

She blinked her beautiful eyes in surprise. "What are you two doing here together?"

Wilson and Xavier, who had been squaring off with their menacing bearings, suddenly relaxed and smiled, looking like the best of friends.

"We just happened to run into each other," Xavier said.

Samuel, watching from the side, couldn't help but think, "Wow, Mr. Quinn's acting skills are already impressive. But I didn't expect the vice president of the Dark Organization to be such a

talented actor either!"

"Xavier, you're so thoughtful! How did you know Yvette wanted a milkshake after dinner?"

Ellen, who was standing behind Yvette, noticed the milkshake in Xavier's hand. Of course, she wouldn't miss the chance to take a dig at Wilson. Chapter 665

"Unlike someone who didn't even bring a little something when he came to get Yvie."

Wilson's gaze deepened instantly, his brow creased in thought. However, considering Ellen's background, he remained silent and held back his words.

A soft smile graced Xavier's handsome features as he spoke with warmth and indulgence. "Yvie, give this a try. I ordered it with your preference in mind." "Thanks!" She accepted the milkshake but didn't drink it. After all, Wilson was very possessive and would get jealous easily.

Seeing that she wasn't planning to drink the milkshake, Wilson smiled and took her hand. "Baby,

let's go

home." She nodded and turned to Xavier and Ellen. "I'll see you tomorrow, Ellie."

A chilling frost settled over Xavier's eyes as Yvette made no move to rebuff Wilson's touch. He watched them leave, feeling a mix of emotions. He then turned to his subordinate and ordered, "Route the cargo through Jubilife."

His subordinate looked hesitant and said, "But Mr. Phillip, if we change the route now, it might-" Xavier interrupted him, his voice low and displeased. "Do you have a problem with my decision?" A shiver ran down the subordinate's spine as cold dread crept from his feet to the top of his head. He quickly shook his head. "No, I wouldn't dare! I'll do as you say, Mr. Phillip."

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As Xavier's subordinates retreated, Ellen instantly understood what he was planning, to do. She frowned slightly. "Xavier, if Yvie finds out you're doing this on purpose, she'll probably get angry."

"It's fine as long as she doesn't know," he replied, his tone nonchalant. But his eyes held a hint of ruthlessness. This time, he was determined to have Wilson make a move that would cause Yvette to despise him. Ellen couldn't shake a feeling of unease. As much as she tried to deny it, it was obvious that Yvette was really into Wilson.

She had never seen her treat anyone like that before. If Yvette found out Xavier was manipulating things behind the scenes, it might not only fail to drive a wedge between her and Wilson. It could also put Xavier at a serious disadvantage. Xavier could guess what Ellen was thinking and spoke calmly. "Yvie kept her true identity a secret from Wilson. That shows he's not that important to her. Ellen, don't overthink this."

"Xavier, maybe you're being a little too sure of yourself." Her brow knitted even tighter.

"Yvie's identity must be kept secret. She promised Mr. Maximillian she wouldn't reveal her connection to the Dark Organization. No one can know without his approval. I think Yvie hasn't told Wilson her true identity because of this reason," she added.

Xavier's eyes narrowed dangerously, his dark gaze filled with icy hostility. A chill radiated from

him, making the air around him feel frigid.

He underestimated how much Wilson meant to Yvette, but it didn't matter. He would slowly and thoroughly eliminate Wilson's presence in her heart.

Inside the car, Wilson's gaze fell on the milkshake in her hand. His eyes darkened slightly, but he maintained a nonchalant expression.

He spoke casually, "Baby, this milkshake doesn't look too appetizing. You should just give it to

Samuel."

Yvette could easily see through his thoughts. He was being jealous again. Yvette thought he must have been a green-eyed monster in his past life.

A hint of mischief sparkled in Yvette's fox-like eyes. She replied slowly, "Mr. Jackson probably doesn't want it."

"Baby, he does want to drink it."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Wilson shot Samuel a cold glance. In response, Samuel Chapter 666

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gulped nervously and quickly chimed in. "Y-yeah I want to drink it! Ms. Yvette, I really want to drink it!"

Look at how scared Samuel was. Yvette's eyes flashed with a hint of helplessness as she handed

the milkshake to Samuel. She said softly, "Go ahead, enjoy."

Samuel snatched it up, his face beaming with servility. "Thank you, Ms. Yvette!"

He thanked her, then quickly raised the partition in the car. He fell silent, as quiet as a mouse.

"Are you happy now?" Her beautiful fox-like eyes landed lazily on Wilson.

"Baby, what are you talking about?" He flashed her an innocent grin. With his looks, even pretending to be innocent was charming. Was he playing dumb with her now? With a click of her tongue, she tipped his chin up. "Don't get jealous over nothing next time."

Xavier and Ellen were friends she had faced life-or-death with. Both were dear to her, and she was tired of seeing Wilson and Xavier constantly at odds with each other.

Hearing this, Wilson's eyes darkened.

Yvette couldn't read Xavier's motives. But as a man, Wilson knew exactly what Xavier wanted from her. He was using their friendship as a cover to try and steal Yvette. But there was no way Wilson would let that happen. She could only be his. Thinking this, he nodded obediently. "Baby, I will try to control myself."

Xavier had put on such an act in front of Wilson's woman, so the latter had to step up his game. It was time to see who was the better actor.

"How kind of you!" Yvette gave a satisfied nod and stroked his head.

Wilson's body stiffened slightly before his eyes burned with passion and tenderness. His voice was low and magnetic as he spoke, drawing out each word. "Baby, don't you think I deserve a reward for that?"

She knew exactly what that look meant. Without hesitation, she gave him a shove and instructed Samuel, "Take me to Quinn Manor. I want to visit Grandma today."

If she hadn't put a stop to him, that brute would have left her with another swollen lip.

Samuel responded respectfully, "Yes, Ms. Yvette!"

Wilson, who was pushed away, gritted his teeth. His almond-shaped eyes, usually captivating, narrowed in thought. He exuded a wicked charm.

Yvette didn't let him kiss her, but when they arrived at the manor, she would not escape him.

Half an hour later, the black Maybach stopped steadily at the manor's entrance.

Wilson got out of the car first, waving away the helper who wanted to open the door on the other side. He personally opened the door for Yvette, holding her hand as she got out of the car.

Seeing this, the helpers at the manor were shocked and started whispering among themselves.

"Oh my gosh! Did you see that? Mr. Quinn was so attentive to Ms. Murray. He even opened the car

door for her himself."

"Yes, and he's never done that for anyone before-not even Ms. Olson!"

"And look, he's holding her hand! Mr. Quinn is known for his germophobia. This is the first time we've seen him initiate physical contact with someone! Even Ms. Olson used to keep a certain distance whenever she approached Mr. Quinn." "It turns out all those rumors were wrong. Mr. Quinn doesn't like Ms. Olson one bit!"

Victoria, who was standing nearby, overheard the helpers' hushed conversation, and her eyes turned cold. But in the next instant, she flashed a sweet smile and approached Wilson, calling out to him in a soft voice. "Wilson!"

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Wilson nodded casually, his full attention on Yvette. He did not even spare Victoria a glance as he

responded, "Yeah?"

Victoria's sweet smile faltered for a moment in response to his cold demeanor. The manor's helpers continued whispering among themselves.

"Wow, can you see the difference? The way Mr. Quinn treats Ms. Murray and Ms. Olson is like

night and day!"

"Exactly, it doesn't look like he likes Ms. Olson at all. I wonder who's been spreading that baseless rumor!"

"Yes, they were just making things up! I almost believed that Mr. Quinn liked Ms. Olson. Good thing I didn't offend Ms. Murray before, or I would be in big trouble!"

These helpers were only allowed to serve in the outer courtyard of the manor and had no access to the mansion. They had no idea what had happened to Tracy before. Wilson's attitude today made them realize who the future lady of the Quinn family would be.

The helpers' whispers cast a growing shadow over Victoria's eyes. Still, her face betrayed nothing,

remaining as sweet and guileless as ever.

"Wilson, Yvie, it's good to have you back!"

As soon as Jasper heard the news, he rushed outside with a beaming smile on his face.

"Yvette, you're finally here! Grandma has been eagerly awaiting your visit," he added.

Victoria quickly spoke up before Yvette had the chance to. "Yes, Yvette. You haven't been here for

a while. Mrs. Quinn Senior has been missing you so much! You should come visit her more often when you have time."

Something about what Victoria said sounded a bit strange. Puzzled, Jasper scratched his head. He couldn't quite put his finger on it.

"My baby has been busy, after all. Grandma will understand," Wilson said in a low, magnetic voice, clearly defending Yvette.

Victoria's smile almost faltered. She had merely said something about Yvette, and he was already defending her so fiercely. But she quickly recovered and pretended to be embarrassed, playfully sticking out her tongue. "I didn't mean it that way! Wilson, Yvette, don't mind me!"

With her beautiful fox-like eyes narrowed slightly, Yvette gave her a brief, knowing glance. "Yvette, let's go in. Grandma is waiting for you!" Oblivious to the tension, Jasper warmly ushered Yvette into the living room: Wilson, ever the possessive one, trailed behind, his grip on her hand tight and unwavering

As she watched them enter the living room, a cold gleam flickered in Victoria's eyes. She quickly called for the butler.

"What can I do for you, Ms. Olson?" Recalling the shed conversations of the servants moments earlier, her gaze grew cold. Still, she maintained an innocent smile and spoke with a kind voice. "Greg, the helpers at the manor have been slacking off and spreading rumors. You know how Mrs. Quinn Senior feels about gossip. If she catches wind of this, you'll be the one who has to deal with her wrath."

"What?" Greg's expression turned into one of shock and he quickly thanked Victoria for her

warning.

"I'll make sure to punish those gossiping helpers and prevent this from happening again!" Victoria's smile grew wider, satisfied with the outcome. It served them right for talking too much.

Despite her thoughts, her expression revealed nothing. She maintained her kind smile.

"Don't mention it. I can't bear the thought of seeing you get in trouble."

Greg was deeply impressed by what she had said. His admiration for her soared, and he exclaimed, "Ms. Olson, you're so kind and considerate!" Victoria smiled graciously. "It's nothing much. I should get back to keeping Mrs. Quinn Senior

company."

Greg watched her go, a silent sigh escaping his lips. "Ms. Olson is so kind. I wish she could be the future lady of the Quinns."

Elsewhere, the living room was filled with warmth and laughter. Martha affectionately held Yvette's hand, pushing Wilson away.

"Yvie hasn't visited me in days. I bet you've been keeping Yvie all to yourself, you little rascal!"

Wilson smiled helplessly, his low voice sounding lazy and pleasant. "Grandma, can you please not be so clingy with Yvie? She's very busy."

How could he be so shameless? Yvette couldn't help but raise an eyebrow, her beautiful fox-like eyes gazing at him. It was clear that he was the most clingy of all.

A soft glare from her sent a shiver down Wilson's spine. His gaze deepened, growing darker.

How could Yvette be so irresistible? She was so cute, even when she glared at him. He was tempted to pull her close and tease her silly.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, your clam chowder is ready!" Victoria walked in, breaking the warm atmosphere.

"Oh, okay!" Martha nodded, but her attention remained on Yvette. "Leave it for now, I'll have it later!"

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Victoria's eyes darkened as she watched Martha's dismissive attitude. Her teeth clenched in

frustration.

She had been spending so much time with this old lady, trying to win her favor. Yet as soon as Yvette arrived, Martha's eyes remained fixed on her. Victoria couldn't help but regret squandering so much time on that old hag.

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Martha's attention was now fully focused on Yvette. She held the latter's hand lovingly, reluctant to let go. "Yvie, have you been eating well? I worry about you."

Hearing this, Yvette was touched, and she couldn't help but think of her late grandmother, Kayla.

Kayla had always been very kind to Yvette. However, when she was seven, Theodore Maximillian took her away and brought her to the Dark Organization. After that, she was only allowed to return home once a year.

Whenever Yvette returned, Kayla would be overjoyed. She would always feed Yvette with her favorite food, holding her hand and fussing over her. Sadly, Kayla was now gone.

Wilson's sharp eyes noticed that Yvette's mood had turned somber. Somehow, he had guessed what she was thinking. A flicker of compassion appeared in his gaze as he gently pulled her into his embrace. His hand found its way to her waist, teasing to cheer her up. "Baby, you need to eat more or Grandma will say I'm not taking good care of you."

The intimate gesture between them sparked a sinister glint in Victoria's eyes. A second later, she masked it with an innocent expression.

Martha was pleased to see them getting along so well. However, after a while, she grew annoyed with Wilson for stealing Yvette's attention.

"Will, aren't you usually very busy? You seem very free to me. Go on, take care of your business. Don't stay here and interrupt me while I catch up with Yvie!"

Seeing the undisguised displeasure on Martha's face, Wilson silently gritted his teeth. Such a

doting grandmother she was, favoring Yvette over him.

Now that she had a granddaughter-in-law, she had forgotten all about her grandson.

As Wilson was shooed out of the living room by Martha, Jasper, who was standing nearby, stifled

his laughter. He wanted to laugh but feared his recently restored allowance might disappear

again.

Seeing Wilson come out, Samuel immediately approached to relay his report.

"Mr. Quinn, we received word that the Dark Organization has a shipment passing through Jubilife.

The news was strange to Wilson. The incoming shipment was quite valuable, and they attached great importance to it. Why would they suddenly change the route and go through Jubilife?

Wilson's eyes instantly turned cold, exuding a terrifying chill. He let out a cold snort.

"Seize it."

Samuel carefully glanced at his expression before promptly responding, "Yes, Mr. Quinn. I'll see to

it right away."

"Don't let Yvie know about this for now," his icy voice added.

"Understood, Mr. Quinn. I know what to do."

Samuel nodded, his thoughts drifting to the Dark Organization. "If this shipment is confiscated, the Dark Organization will suffer a big loss."

The Dark Organization wasn't going to take this lying down. Wilson was essentially about to

declare war on them.

Victoria, eavesdropping from the shadows, couldn't help but smirk. The previous surprise attack by the Dark Organization had caused massive losses in their organization. It was perfect that Wilson was now going to take action against them. "Come out." Wilson's ice-cold voice rang out, instilling fear in anyone who heard it.

Realizing he had noticed her presence, Victoria had no choice but to step out and reveal herself. She quickly put on an apologetic, timid act.

"Wilson, I didn't mean to eavesdrop on your conversation with Mr. Jackson. I came out to find you and saw you discussing something important. I didn't want to interrupt, so I thought I'd wait until you finished. I accidentally overheard... Wilson, please don't be angry..." He had no patience to hear her out. His devilishly handsome face was devoid of warmth, and his voice was frigid as he said, "There won't be a next time."

Victoria nodded obediently, her smile a picture of innocence. "I understand, Wilson. In the future, I'll make sure to keep my distance when you're discussing serious matters!"

He nodded curtly and was about to turn and leave.

"Wilson, I recently finished a new painting. Do you have time to come and take a look?"

Victoria quickly called out to stop him, her eyes sparkling with anticipation as she gazed at him. Her delicate appearance made it difficult for anyone to refuse her. Unfortunately for her, Wilson had always been indifferent. Aside from matters concerning Yvette, he showed no interest in anything else.

"No." He rejected her without hesitation.

Victoria pleaded with a disappointed pout. "Wilson, I won't take up much of your time..."

His mesmerizing eyes narrowed in irritation, his piercing glare cutting into her

"I don't have time for this. Do you not understand?"

"Wilson..." Victoria appeared startled. Her doe-like gaze brimmed with tears. She seemed so fragile and heartbroken that it was hard not to want to comfort her.

Wilson was unfazed by this. With a cold tone, he instructed Samuel, who stood nearby, "Invite a few art professors to Yellowwood Manor. She can consult them for appraisals in the future."

His implication was unmistakable, leaving Victoria with a surge of humiliation. She bit down on her lip, struggling to contain her emotions.

As soon as Wilson left, Lionel immediately appeared by her side.

"Lionel, what should I do? Wilson seems to be fed up with me!"

Seeing her looking so sorrowful, Lionel's heart sank. He quickly consoled her in a gentle voice.

"Ms. Olson, please don't be upset. There's no way Mr. Quinn is fed up with you. Otherwise, why would he arrange for art professors to come visit you?"

She let out a few muffled sobs, her eyes welling with tears. "Lionel, please don't try to make me feel better. With Wilson and Yvette together, I've lost my place in the Quinn family." Hearing this, he gritted his teeth in resentment. This was all because of Yvette!

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Lionel's anger was evident in his expression. Sensing this, Victoria's eyes flickered with emotion. She then threw herself into his arms, sobbing uncontrollably.

"Lionel, I don't know what to do anymore! I thought that even if Wilson had Yvette by his side, I would still have a place in the Quinn family. But now, he despises me. Even Mrs. Quinn Senior and the others are becoming increasingly cold toward me!"

When Victoria suddenly embraced him, Lionel was first shocked. As he came to his senses, he got flustered. His face was flushed beet red. Victoria had taken the initiative to hug him!

"My family is gone, and I've always thought of the Quinns as my own. But now..." She paused for a moment, and then her sobs grew louder. "If I'd known things would turn out this way, I wouldn't have gotten treated overseas. Death would have been a better option. At least I would have been at peace."

Lionel looked troubled. "Ms. Olson, how could you say that? You have to live a long and happy life." Seeing Victoria cry like this, Lionel felt increasingly sorry for her. As expected, his loathing for Yvette intensified. It was all because of her that Victoria was so upset! Victoria's clear, innocent doe eyes brimmed with tears. She looked incredibly vulnerable, as though she needed comfort.

Victoria sniffled before muttering, "Yet, here I am-nothing but a nuisance to them. I might as well just die-"

"Ms. Olson, don't say that!" Lionel quickly interrupted her, not letting her say anything inauspicious. He spoke with a tone of assurance. "Ms. Olson, you must live healthily and happily. Leave these matters to me!"

Last time, he had carefully planned to have Yvette drown in the river. But he didn't expect those two incompetent idiots to fail and almost get caught in the process.

If he hadn't silenced them in advance, the cat would have been out of the bag.

With these thoughts in mind, Lionel's gaze grew increasingly dark, the murderous intent in his eyes intensifying. This time, he would take matters into his own hands. He absolutely had to eliminate Yvette for Victoria's sake. Seeing his expression, Victoria knew she had achieved her objective. A satisfied smirk played on her lips. Lionel was truly a stupid yet useful tool. Now, all she needed to do was wait for him to get rid of that bitch for her! Chapter 669

This way, she could both complete the task assigned by the organization and win Wilson over. It was a perfect plan!

"Mr. Phillip, there's a problem!"

Xavier's subordinate rushed into the hall with an anxious expression on his face.

"The shipment we were moving through Jubilife has been confiscated! Even after we revealed our

identity, they still refuse to return it

It was well known that the Dark Organization was a force to be reckoned with worldwide. Normally, no one would dare to offend them. This was the first time they had faced a situation like this. Even after revealing their identity, their goods were still seized. Hearing this, Xavier let out a cold sneer, muttering, Wilson sure moves fast..."

"Mr. Phillip, what did you say?" The subordinate couldn't quite hear him.

Xavier composed himself, returning to his usual cold demeanor. He said with a measured tone, Never mind. If they want to keep it, let them have it."

"Mr. Phillip, what are you saying?" The subordinate could hardly believe his ears.

He widened his eyes in disbelief and added urgently, "Mr. Phillip, this shipment is extremely valuable. We spent a fortune on it. If the president finds out, she'll surely be furious!"

After all, their president loved money more than anything!

"I have my ways."

Xavier smirked, pulled out his phone, and called Yvette. It was time to make Wilson fall out of favor with her.

Yvette was listening intently to Martha's stories about Wilson's younger years. Her expression tensed when she saw Xavier's call come in.

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Without hesitation, Yvette said to Martha in a gentle tone, "Grandma, I need to step out to take a call.

"Alright!" Martha patted her hand affectionately. Yvie, go ahead if you have something to attend to. Come back to keep me company when you're done!"

Yvette stood up and walked to the balcony, answering the phone.

"Xavier, what can I do for you?"

His stern expression softened as soon as he heard her voice.

"Yvie, bad news! One of our shipments has been seized. If we can't get it back in time, we'll suffer a huge loss!"

Hearing this, Yvette frowned instantly. "Why was this shipment going through Jubilife?"

"I'm sorry, Yvie. It was my oversight."

Listening to Xavier's apologetic voice on the other end, her anger dissipated. She spoke calmly. "It's alright. Leave this to me."

In Jubilife, there was only one person bold enough to confiscate something belonging to the Dark Organization. Yvette's red lips were pressed into a thin line, her anger evident.

She knew he was a bit of a green-eyed monster, so she made a point of telling him that she and Xavier were only friends. She even tried to keep her distance to avoid any misunderstandings. But she never expected him to secretly act against the Dark Organization. He had done it all behind her back!

If word got to Theodore about this, he would have a terrible first impression of Wilson.

Yvette's mood soured, her delicate porcelain face turning cold. She stopped a passing housekeeper and inquired, "Where's Wilson?" Intimidated by her bearing, the housekeeper stammered, "M-Mr. Quinn is in the study..."

"I see. Thank you."

After thanking the housekeeper, Yvette turned and strode toward the study.

The housekeeper watched her go, a chill creeping up her spine as she recalled Yvette's expression.

She had a terrible feeling that Wilson was in big trouble.

In the study, Collin clicked his tongue disapprovingly. He had rushed over as soon as he got the

news.

"Wilson, you actually seized the Dark Organizations goods, huh?"

"Everyone knows that the mysterious president of the Dark Organization is all about the money. You've withheld a billion-dollar shipment, Wilson. That president will go all out against you!" Hearing this, Wilson let out a cold snort, not taking the matter seriously. That said, the president's obsession with money did somewhat remind him of Yvette.

"Wilson, I don't get it. What's the point of pissing off that insane Dark Organization president?"

Yvette stopped short at the door of the study when she overheard Collin's comment. Her, a lunatic?

That just about did it. She was going to sew that yap right up! As she was about to push the door open, Wilson's deep, magnetic voice rang out, tinged with disdain.

"The president of the Dark Organization is indeed a lunatic. But just because others fear him doesn't mean I do."

Yvette flashed a sly, almost sinister smile, her exquisite eyes taking on a mischievous glint. Even Wilson dared to insult her now!

He was getting way too cocky, so she'd to knock him down a peg or two today.

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"Wilson, I know you're not afraid of the Dark Organization. But don't forget, their vice president,

Xavier, has a pretty good relationship with Yvie. If she finds out about this, she might get upset, right?" Collin said with some degree of concern.

When he recalled Xavier's provocation, Wilson's eyes grew colder. The chilling air he emitted was

enough to make anyone tremble in fear.

Wilson challenged, "Do you think I'm afraid of Yvie?"

At this, Collin immediately gave him a thumbs up and said, "Wow, your position in the family is rock solid! I knew you wouldn't be someone who lets his wife boss him around. Wilson, you're a true example for all men. What kind of man is afraid of his wife?"

"Wilson, you absolutely shouldn't let a woman walk all over you. You should-"

Before he could finish his sentence, there was a sudden bang as the study door was kicked open.

Collin was caught off guard and jumped, cursing under his breath, "Damn. Who the hell dares- When he saw Yvette standing at the door, Collin immediately swallowed the rest of his words and put on a flattering smile.

"Yvie! Oh, it's you! That was a brilliant kick, really!" He feigned laughter, though it came out a little awkward.

Yvette shot him a look of disdain. She then narrowed her beautiful eyes, and her chilly gaze fell on Wilson.

"Not afraid of me? You've gotten quite bold."

Wilson could tell that Yvette was really upset this time, and he immediately panicked.

He was just trying to maintain his pride in front of Collin! How did she overhear him at just the

right moment? It was all Collin's fault!

"Baby, I was wrong!" Wilson quickly admitted his mistake, leaving Collin dumbfounded.

This quick? Collin decided to take back what he said earlier. Wilson's position at home was truly as low as dirt. Not only that, he was a complete pushover for his wife-a disgrace to all men! When Yvette saw that Collin was still standing there, she gave him a cold look. Her voice was icy as she said, "You. Get out."

Watching this scene unfold, Wilson's heart suddenly warmed up. His handsome lips curved slightly.

Even when Yvette was angry, she still cared enough to save him some dignity in front of others. Chapter 671

She kicked Collin out before scolding Wilson. She was so considerate!

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"Alright, Yvie, I'll be going now! See you next time" Collin quickly slipped away, not because he was scared, but because Yvette's charisma was too intense.

No wonder she was Wilson's woman. Their combined bearings could terrify anyone.

Wilson reached out and pulled Yvette into his arms. He kept his posture humble. "Yvie, I was just trying to save some pride in front of Collin. Naturally, you decide all matters at

home!" Yvette glanced at him with her stunning, fox-like eyes, but she wasn't in the mood to bicker over such trivial matters. Her mind was filled with thoughts about the shipment that had been seized. After all, every second wasted would cause huge losses to the Dark Organization. And the longer it dragged on, the more likely Theodore would find out.

"Release the shipment to Xavier!"

That shipment was under Xavier's charge, so it had to be released to him without delay.

But when Wilson heard this, he interpreted it differently. His expression immediately darkened, and his eyes turned cold.

"Yvie, Xavier complained to you this quickly?"

When Yvette heard the sarcastic tone in his voice, her brow furrowed even more. "If Xavier hadn't told me, how much longer were you planning to hide it from me?" Chapter 672

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A layer of frost rapidly settled over Wilson, and his eyes turned sinister. "Useless," he remarked. Xavier actually went whining to Yvette, needing her to stand up for him. What a disgraceful man! Yvette pressed her red lips tightly together. "Don't you dare speak of Xavier like that!" Xavier was her friend through life and death. She wouldn't tolerate anyone insulting him. "Yvie, you're defending him?"

Wilson felt like he was on the verge of being consumed by jealousy. Yvette was always cold and had never defended anyone this fiercely.

But her indifference did not seem to apply to Xavier. She did not allow a single bad word about him to be uttered.

There were too many things between them that Wilson didn't know of. They were so familiar, so in sync, and all of it made him burn with jealousy.

The words Xavier had taunted him with echoed in his mind once again. He'd said, "You're only Yvie's nominal fiancé. That doesn't mean you'll actually marry her."

The unease in Wilson's heart deepened. Veins bulged on his forehead, and his eyes were dark and terrifying.

Yvette furrowed her brows at him and said, "This was your fault to begin with. Releasing the shipment is the right thing to do. Stop being unreasonable!"

"I'm not releasing it!" The jealousy surging inside Wilson intensified, his eyes now bloodshot. He

spat out his refusal through gritted teeth.

Not only was he not going to release the cargo to Xavier, but he was also going to destroy it, causing the Dark Organization to suffer significant losses.

"I'm giving you three days to release the shipment! Yvette's expression turned cold, her previously restrained anger flaring up. She didn't want to continue arguing with him. "Now, calm yourself."

With that, she turned and walked away without a second's hesitation.

Watching her retreating figure, Wilson felt a sudden emptiness in his chest, a sharp pang of pain

and panic. He instinctively chased after her.

"Yvie..." he called.

But Yvette walked swiftly without stopping. With quick strides, she reached her motorcycle and Chapter 672

gracefully got atop it. Without looking back even once, she revved and sped away in an instant. "What's going on? What happened?"

Martha hurried over, her face filled with concern and worry.

"I heard from the staff that you and Yvie got into a fight. What on earth happened?"

A heavy sense of gloom surrounded Wilson. He didn't respond to Martha's question, sinking into

silence.

Seeing his expression, Martha immediately understood that they truly had gotten into a fight. Furious, she smacked him hard on the arm twice.

"You argued with Yvie and even made her leave! When the staff members told me about it, I couldn't believe my ears. Where did you get the nerve to argue with her?" Wilson let Martha hit him several more times, but she still wasn't satisfied. If her cane had been nearby, she would have used it to whack him by now.

"You good-for-nothing! If you make me lose such a sweet, well-mannered, and outstanding granddaughter-in-law like Yvie, I'll break your legs

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Martha was anxious beyond measure. "What are you still standing for? Go after her! Hurry up and make it up to Yvie! If you don't, don't bother coming back!" "Understood, Grandma!"

Wilson didn't waste any more time. He immediately got in his car and drove toward Murray Manor, stepping hard on the gas pedal.

His devilishly handsome face was filled with regret, and he loosened his tie in frustration.

It was all his fault for losing control of his emotions today, making Yvette so angry.

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Not far away, Victoria had witnessed everything. She was feeling quite pleased.

Wilson was a man blessed by fate, never bowing his head to anyone. And still, Yvette dared to argue with him like this? How foolish of her!

But this worked in Victoria's favor. Yvette had a bad temper, and in time, Wilson would grow tired of her. When that happened, Victoria's chance would come.

"Oh dear, that wretched boy really has me worried It wasn't easy to get a granddaughter-in-law,

and if he makes her leave, what am I going to do?"

Seeing that Wilson had already gone to chase after Yvette, Martha was still deeply concerned, fearing that she might lose a perfect granddaughter-in-law.

She regretted not hitting Wilson a few more times earlier. What was he thinking, quarreling with Yvette for no good reason?

Victoria immediately seized the opportunity, stepping forward to support Martha as she spoke in

a soft and gentle voice, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, don't worry too much. It's probably just a minor

argument. Wilson will definitely make it up to Yvfe!"

Hearing this, Martha felt slightly relieved and hurriedly nodded in agreement. "Yes, you're right. Yvie and Wilson have such a good relationship. He'll definitely win her back!?" "Exactly, so don't stress too much, Mrs. Quinn Senior!"

Victoria couldn't wait to see Yvette and Wilson break up. But on the surface, she played the part of an innocent lamb, offering Martha reassuring words. Then, she subtly began to sow discord. "But still, Yvie should've told you before leaving, even if she was upset. Just leaving without a

word must have worried you so much-"

Before she could finish speaking, Martha's face darkened, and she abruptly shook off Victoria's

hand.

"I know Yvie's character better than anyone! She's not the type to get upset or hold grudges. If she's this angry today, it's definitely because that wretched boy, Wilson, did something to provoke her!"

Victoria's eyes darkened as her hand was brushed aside. She hadn't expected Martha to defend

Yvette so fiercely.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Quinn Senior. I spoke out of turn."

Suppressing the surge of malice in her heart, Victoria bit her lip and apologized. She put on a pitiful, delicate expression.

Chapters.

"Mrs. Quinn Senior, Tdidn't mean to say anything bad about Yvie. I'm just not good with words. It was only trying to comfort you but ended up saying the wrong thing instead."

Though Martha's expression softened slightly, she still said, "Victoria, there are many staff

members in Quinn Manor, and they take good care of me. You don't need to come over so often."

There had been rumors spreading that Wilson's true love was Victoria, and it had taken Martha a lot of effort to quash those rumors. If Victoria kept coming to Quinn Manor, who knew what kind of gossip would start circulating again?

Besides, Martha had previously already hinted that she didn't need Victoria's care. But it seemed she hadn't gotten the message. So today, Martha decided to say it outright.

"What? Victoria's pupils dilated, and she almost lost control of her expression.

She had only said one thing about that bitch, Yvette, and now this damned old woman was forbidding her from setting foot in Quinn Manor again?

All her efforts to win Martha over during this time had been in vain-how infuriating!

"Alright. I understand, Mrs. Quinn Senior!"

Though she obediently agreed, a deep-seated malice clouded Victoria's eyes.

This damned old woman, Martha! Once Victoria dealt with Yvette, she'd take care of her next.

"Yvie, you're back! I was just about to go to Quinn Manor to pick you up!"

As soon as Ian stepped outside of Murray Manor, he saw Yvette getting off her motorcycle and immediately greeted her with delight.

Earlier at the restaurant, he had stepped out to take a call from the research institute. When he returned, he found that Yvette had already been taken away, which had infuriated him. "Hey, Ian." Even though Yvette was in a bad mood, she still greeted him sweetly.

"What's wrong, Yvie? Who made you upset?"

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Ian sensed that Yvette was in a bad mood and immediately asked with concern, "Did Wilson do something to upset you?"

Met with Yvette's silence, Ian instantly knew the answer. He clenched his fists in anger.

That old lecher, Wilson dared to upset Yvette? Ian vowed to teach him a lesson.

At that moment, a black Maybach pulled up to Murray Manor. Ian recognized it as Wilson's car and sneered coldly. Speak of the devil!

Yvette noticed his change in expression and frowned slightly. "Ian, don't cause him trouble."

Ian naturally knew exactly who she meant by "him", and that only made him feel worse.

What kind of mind games had that old lecher, Wilson played on Yvette? He had made her angry, yet she was still protecting him.

However, Yvette's next words immediately brightened Ian's mood.

"Ian, I don't want to see him. Don't let him in."

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Since they were both still upset, they would definitely argue if they saw each other.

Yvette didn't want to fight with him, and she had more important things to deal with.

She had to intercept the news going out right away There was no way she would let Theodore find out about the delayed shipment. She didn't want Theodore to form a bad impression of Wilson before they even met.

Ian cheered in delight. Without Wilson clinging to her, Ian could spend more time with Yvette

himself.

A smile spread across Ian's lips as he immediately agreed. "Don't worry, Yvie. I won't let him

bother you!"

Yvette said, "Thank you, Ian."

"Why are you thanking me? You don't have to be so polite with me!" Ian said gently. "Go rest, Yvie. With me here, I promise Wilson won't bother you!"

The guards standing by Murray Manor's gates naturally recognized Wilson and made no move to stop him. Besides, Wilson's cold expression and the powerful air he exuded made him appear terrifying.

The guards didn't delay his entry for even a moment, quickly opening the gate for him, their faces betraying the nerves they felt.

Chester

"Mr. Quinn, please come in-"

Before the guard could finish speaking, a male voice interrupted him.

"Who said you could let him in?"

Ian glared at Wilson with a hostile expression. If Yvette hadn't told him not to cause trouble, he would've given Wilson a good beating for upsetting her.

"Get him out of here!"

The guards were dumbfounded, glancing nervously between the irritated Ian and the grim-looking Wilson. They were nearly on the verge of tears. "Mr. Murray, please don't make this hard for us...'

Even if they dared to do as Ian said, they wouldn't be able to kick Wilson out. He was the Grim Reaper of Jublife, after all. "Useless fools!" Ian cursed inwardly.

Seeing them trembling in fear, Ian twitched his lips in annoyance. Realizing they were of no help,

he waved them off and didn't make things harder for them. He then looked coldly at Wilson and bluntly ordered him to leave. "Yvie doesn't want to see you, so get lost!"

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"Step aside," Wilson growled.

He wasn't acting as he normally did. He would usually hold back his dominant air out of respect

for Ian, Yvette's third brother. However, his demeanor was now overwhelmingly oppressive, releasing a strong pressure on those around him.

Ian felt a chill go down his spine and subconsciously took a few steps back.

By the time he realized what had happened, Wilson had already walked past him and headed toward Murray Manor.

Ian remembered his promise not to let Wilson inside, so he shouted in panic, "If you go in now, you'll only make Yvie angrier."

As soon as those words left Ian's mouth, Wilson's steps halted, and he froze in place.

Thinking back to Yvette's angry expression earlier, Wilson didn't dare take another step into the manor. Clearly, he was afraid of upsetting her any more than he already did. When Ian saw that Wilson truly didn't go inside, he couldn't help but look surprised. He raised a

skeptical brow. It turns out Wilson could actually listen and behave.

It seemed Yvette held a higher status in this relationship than Wilson did.

Though Wilson didn't step foot into the house, he didn't leave either. He stood quietly at the door, gazing from a distance at Yvette's window, where the lights were turned on inside. Watching this scene, Ian suddenly found Wilson somewhat lonely and desolate—almost pitiful, in

a strange way.

As soon as this thought crossed his mind, Ian quickly shook it off. He must be losing his mind to

think that Wilson was pitiful.

"You want to stand there? Fine, stand all you want! I won't see you anyway!"

After dropping this remark, Ian turned and went back into the house.

The tall, slender figure outside remained unmoving standing silently at the entrance. Between his long, defined fingers, Wilson held a cigarette. From afar, he looked as delicate as a piece of art. Ever since Wilson started dating Yvie, he had quit smoking because she didn't like the smell of the smoke. So, he hadn't touched a cigarette since

When Samuel saw the cigarette in Wilson's hand, he immediately offered his lighter respectfully

But to his surprise, Wilson pushed it away. His expression was cold as he said, "No need. Take it away."

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He had promised Yvette he wouldn't smoke again. Even though he was now deeply troubled and desperately needed a drag, he had to resist.

"Yes, Mr. Quinn!" Samuel marveled at Wilson's self-control and obediently retreated after receiving the order.

Eventually, the day bled into night.

Samuel's legs were already numb from standing so long, and he couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Quinn,

it's getting late. Are you going to keep waiting here?"

"Go back." Wilson's voice was icy and indifferent, leaving no room for argument.

Samuel didn't dare go against the command and promptly left thereafter.

Wilson remained motionless, his dark eyes fixed on the light in Yvette's room. The veins on his

hand bulged as he desperately tried to control the emotions surging within him.

"Yvie, is Xavier really that important to you?" Wilson thought to himself.

Yvette had just blocked all news about the cargo's confiscation when she received a call from

Ellen.

"Ellie, what's up? You don't usually call this late at night," Yvette said softly.

On the other end of the phone, Ellen snorted. "Sweetie, Wilson has already seized our vital shipment. It's bad enough that you won't let us deal with him, but now you've even blocked all news from reaching Mr. Maximillian."

She added, "Sweetie, you're protecting him a bit too much, aren't you?"

Hearing Ellen's underlying dissatisfaction, Yvette spoke gently, "Ellie, I promise that the shipment will be released intact. Please don't be angry with him. And don't tell Mr. Maximillian about this either."

Ellen immediately picked up on something, her brows furrowing. "Sweetheart, are you planning to introduce Wilson to Mr. Maximillian?"

Although Theodore Maximillian wasn't their biological parent, he was like a father to all three of them. If Yvette took Wilson to meet him, it would be no different from introducing him to her family, signifying that she had truly chosen him as her partner.