

TALENTED HEIRESS: A ROSE WITH THORNS

A Rose 731



Chapur 731

"Yeah, yeah, if we miss today's flight, we'll have to wait until tomorrow..."

Yvette's tone was quite nonchalant as she said, "Don't worry, we'll definitely arrive

in

Yenosha on time."

Her classmates became even more puzzled at her words. Just as they were about to ask further, Charlie walked in briskly, his face beaming with excitement.

"Everyone, get ready. We're about to board."

"Huh?"

Seeing their confused faces, Charlie calmly added, "Oh, I forgot to tell you. Mr. Quinn has lent his private jet to Jubilife University for Yvette's sake, so all of you can fly to Yehosha on a private jet!"

As soon as he finished speaking, gasps of surprise filled the room.

"Wow! Mr. Quinn really dotes on Yvie! He even lent Jubilife University his private jet!"

"Yeah! We're so lucky to be flying on the Quinn family's private jet. This is all thanks to Yvie!"

"Everyone knows that Mr. Quinn's private jet is the most luxurious jet! We really should thank Yvie properly!"

Seeing them all so excited, Charlie continued, "I have more good news. On our way back from Yenosha, Mr. Murray's private jet will be picking us up. Round-trip private jet service-pretty impressive, right?"

After Wilson lent his private jet to Jubilife University, Jacob, who was a doting brother, couldn't be outdone. He immediately contacted Jubilife University, insisting that the Murray family handle the return trip from Yenosha.

"Oh my gosh, this is amazing!"

The students were on the verge of losing their minds with excitement,

"Gosh, I wish I had a wealthy brother like Yvie, or a fiancé who's the richest man in the country!"

"Who wouldn't want that? In my next life, let me live Yvie's life, please!"

"I'm so jealous of Yvie!"

"All right, calm down, everyone. Get ready, we're about to board."

Yvette rubbed her temples, feeling a bit helpless. She didn't want to stand out so much, but

Jacob and Wilson wouldn't listen to her.

If she hadn't refused outright, they would have insisted on accompanying her to Yenosha.

The private jet landed on Jubilife University's tarmac, and Charlie directed the students to board the plane.

Yvette received a message from Wilson. "Baby, remember to let me know you're safe as soon as you arrive in Yenosha.

Upon seeing the message, Yvette's soft, rosy lips curved into a smile, and she quickly typed a reply. "Got it."

In the hospital, Wilson stared intensely at her message, his devilishly handsome face filled with reluctance.

If Yvette hadn't forbidden him from leaving the hospital to see her off, he would've already been at Jubilife University by now.

He really didn't want Yvette to leave his side.

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Standing nearby, Samuel silently complained to himself as he looked at Wilson, who was so low in spirits.

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Wilson was really quite clingy. Yvette was only going to Yenosha for a week, but he was already

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Wilson's mood only improved when he saw Yvette's next message. His lips curled into a slight smile.

"I'll be back soon. Take care and recover well. When I return, I'll give you a reward..."

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At 10:00 pm, the private jet arrived in Yenosha

Yvette got off the plane and immediately pulled out her phone to send a message to Wilson.

Madison and the others saw this and couldn't help but tease her,

"Yvie, your relationship with Mr. Quinn is really something! You're sending him a message as soon as you land!"

"Yeah, everyone is envious of how close you and Mr. Quinn are!"

Yvette's lips curled slightly at their teasing, but she didn't say anything.

Madison and the others continued to chatter excitedly.

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"I heard Yarrow University is also participating in this year's International Medical Congress. We'll probably run into them!"

As soon as Yarrow University was mentioned, expressions of disgust appeared on Madison's and the others' faces.

The last time Yarrow University came to Jubilife University for an exchange program, their students and professors were extremely rude. After losing a competition, they even accused Yvette of cheating!

"Ugh, we have to see those people again? What bad luck!"

"Exactly! Just looking at them makes me lose my appetite. But we beat them last time, so we can definitely win against them again at this year's congress!"

"Don't get too cocky. I heard Estelle is competing this time."

As soon as those words were spoken, everyone fell silent.

After all, Estelle Sanders was quite well-known in the medical world. She was a rising star among the younger generation.

She had won several medical competitions and came from an influential background. There were even rumors that she was the daughter of the president of Yovara.

Seeing everyone's morale drop, Yvette lazily raised her eyebrows. "What's there to fear? Have confidence in yourselves. Don't lose your spirit before the competition even starts."

Though her tone was casual, her words somehow filled Madison and the others with confidence, and the mood became lively again.

"Yvie's right! We can't let others crush our spirit!"

"Exactly! And we've got Yvie with us, too!"

They were greeted by a middle-aged man named Jackie, who led them to their accommodations.

As Yvette and her group entered the hotel, they encountered the Yarrow University group.

Leading them was a young woman who looked to be in her 20s. She was dressed in luxury brands, her posture arrogant, and she looked at people down her nose.

Behind her were other Yarrow University students, who were carefully flattering her.

Yvette recognized some familiar faces, her eyes narrowing slightly as she quickly recalled who they were.

They were the same rude Yarrow University students from the exchange program in Jubilife.

She had dislocated the arm of one of them.

Camus Carlsson immediately recognized Yvette. Remembering how she had dislocated his arm during the exchange in Jubilife, he was filled with resentment. He quickly stepped forward and whispered to the woman in front.

"Essie, it's her! She's the one who humiliated Yarrow University in Jubilife, broke my arm, and disrespected our professor. She didn't show any respect for us at all!"

The young woman leading the group was none other than Estelle, whom Madison and the others had been discussing. Hearing Camus' words, she glanced over at Yvette, her face immediately darkening with jealousy.

How could a Croedalian woman have such a stunningly beautiful face!

Estelle's expression became even more hostile. "A mere student from Jubilife University dares to look down on Yarrow University, even humiliating our professor? She really doesn't know her place!"

Both Camus and Estelle were Jensen Simmons students. Seeing Estelle's sour expression, Camus quickly fanned the flames.

"Essie, we couldn't do anything to her in Croedal, but now they're on your turf. You should definitely teach her a lesson!"

Estelle coldly snorted, her arrogance growing. "You're right. They do need to be taught a lesson!"

Upon hearing this, Camus' expression twisted into a satisfied, malicious grin.

He would never forget the shame Yvette brought him in Croedal, and he had been waiting for this chance to make her pay. Now, his wish was finally coming true!

Estelle swept a disdainful glance over Yvette and her group before calling Jackie over.

Jackie immediately walked over to Estelle with a fawning smile. "Ms. Sanders, is there something you need?"

Playing with the jewels in her hand, Estelle looked down at him with an air of superiority. "You're the one in charge of arranging the accommodations for Jubilife University?"

"Yes, I'm the one responsible for their rooms. Is there anything you'd like me to do, Ms. Sanders?"

Seeing how eager he was to curry favor, Estelle coldly snorted, then spoke in a chilling tone. "I want you to give them the worst rooms, especially the one named Yvette.

"Make sure she has a miserable time while she's in this country-bad food, bad accommodations, everything must be terrible. Do you understand?"

Jackie didn't understand why Estelle was targeting Yvette, but not wanting to offend her, he immediately nodded. "Yes, Ms. Sanders, I understand. I'll do exactly as you've instructed!"

Only then did Estelle's lips curve into a smile. She looked at him like he was a lowly insect. "Go on then. If you handle this well, there'll be a reward for you."

Remembering the rumors about Estelle's influential background, Jackie smiled eagerly. "Of course, Ms. Sanders, I'll take care of it right away!"

Estelle arrogantly raised her chin, her expression full of disdain as she looked toward Yvette and her group.

This was just the beginning. She was determined to make Yvette have an absolutely miserable time in this country!

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"Is that the famous Estelle? She looks so beautiful, but also really arrogant!"

"Well, she is the daughter of the president. How could she not be arrogant? And honestly, who can compare to our Yvie in terms of beauty?"

Madison and the others whispered among themselves, their eyes glowing as they looked at Yvette's face in admiration.

"Our Yvie's face is like a masterpiece! She blows everyone else out of the water!"

"What are you all standing around for?" Jackie, who had been fawning over Estelle earlier, now spoke to Yvette's group with obvious impatience.

"Hurry up and follow me. I'll show you your rooms. Let's go, hurry up! Don't waste my time!"

Madison and the others were taken aback by his sudden change in attitude.

Before, while not overly friendly, he had been polite and respectful. Now, why had his attitude

turned so hostile all of a sudden?

"Hurry up! You students from Jubilife University are so slow. You're delaying me!" Jackie's tone grew more irritable by the second. Since they had offended Estelle, he naturally had to

side with her to win her favor!

Although Madison and the others were unhappy with his attitude, they held back their frustration, following him in silence to avoid unnecessary conflict.

Yvette's eyes narrowed slightly. Jackie's drastic shift in attitude undoubtedly had something to do with the Yarrow group. It looked like the lesson she taught those Yarrow students last time was too light.

"You'll be staying in these rooms during the competition. Two people per room. You can arrange it yourselves. Here are your key cards."

After carelessly tossing the key cards to them, Jackie turned to leave.

"This room is way too small! How are two people supposed to stay in here?"

Seeing the room, Madison and the others couldn't hold back anymore and rushed to stop Jackie.

"Yeah, this is ridiculous! How did you even arrange this?"

Jackie snorted disdainfully, "Why are you Jubilife University students so demanding? All the other universities' students are staying in rooms like this. If they can manage, why can't you? You sure are pretentious!"

"Who are you calling pretentious?!"

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The group was furious at Jackie's words.

"What's going on?" Yvette, who had just stepped onto the balcony to take a call, returned at

that moment.

As if they had finally found their backbone, Madison and the others immediately spoke up.

"Yvie, they're being so unreasonable!"

"Yeah, Yvie, look at the room they gave us it's small, dirty, and they expect two people to share one room! How are two people supposed to fit in such a tiny room?"

"Exactly! We're already dealing with jet lag and need proper rest, but how can we relax in a place like this? If we can't rest, how are we supposed to compete?"

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Jackie grew even more impatient. "You students from Jubilife University are really picky! I already told you, the rooms for students from other universities are just like this. They aren't making a fuss, but you Jubilife University students just love to complain!"

Yvette glanced inside the room, her face turning cold as she saw how small and unhygienic the

room was.

"Are you sure students from other universities are also staying in rooms like this?"

For some reason, meeting her gaze sent a chill down Jackie's spine, and he trembled in fear.

However, recalling Estelle's instructions earlier, he quickly forced himself to nod. "O-Of course! The rooms for all the universities at the International Medical Congress are exactly the

same!"

In truth, the rooms for the other students were much better. The International Medical Congress had arranged the same quality accommodations for all universities, but Yvette had offended Estelle.

Since they wouldn't know what the other students' rooms were like, Jackie decided to stick to his lie, believing Yvette and her group couldn't do anything about it.

As he gained some confidence, Jackie's arrogance returned. "If you can't handle such minor inconveniences, you should just pack up and go back to Croedal!"

Hearing his demeaning words, the students could no longer hold back their anger and snapped back.

"Watch what you're saying! You can't insult our university like that!"

Instead of backing down, Jackie became even more aggressive. "What, did I say something wrong? You Croedalians are all so fussy, always making trouble out of nothing. You're all just a bunch of garbage-"

Before he could finish, a bottle flew straight into his mouth, causing him to scream in pain. "Ah! It hurts! Who threw that at me?"

"I did." Yvette leaned lazily against the wall. Her tone was indifferent, yet it carried a wild

edge.

Her nonchalant attitude only made Jackie angrier. He glared at her viciously. "You filthy bitc

You Croedalians are all rude and uncivilized trash! You don't even deserve to- Ah!"

Yvette had kicked him hard before he could say more, sending him sprawling on the ground in pain, writhing.

"It hurts... it hurts so much..."

Yvette's face remained expressionless as she looked down at him. "If you've got the guts, say that again."

Though her tone was calm, it sent a wave of fear through Jackie, making him tremble uncontrollably. He didn't dare utter another word, clearly terrified.

At that moment, a haughty female voice rang out "Tsk, tsk, tsk. The behavior of you Croedalians is really something, resorting to violence over a disagreement!"

Estelle, surrounded by the Yarrow University students, lifted her chin arrogantly. To her, everyone around her was nothing but insignificant ants.

The moment Jackie saw Estelle, it was as if he had found his savior. He scrambled up from the floor and ran to her side.

"Ms. Sanders, you've come just in time! These Croedalians have gone too far. They even dared to hit me! You have to stand up for me!"

Standing beside Estelle, Camus shot Yvette a venomous look and added fuel to the fire. "Essie, they've never respected us Yarrow University students, and now they've assaulted your people. They clearly don't respect you either. It's outrageous!"

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Sure enough, after hearing those words, Estelle's expression grew even more displeased, and the way she looked at Yvette became increasingly hostile.

How dare a mere Croedalian woman act as if she didn't matter!

"Ms. Sanders, I was beaten by them for no reason Please stand up for me!"
Jackie pleaded pitifully.

Hearing Jackie's distorted version of events, the students from Jubilife University

were

enraged.

"You were the one who insulted our university and then went on to belittle Croedal! That's why you got hit!"

"Exactly! You're shameless, twisting the truth like this. It's outrageous!"

But Estelle didn't care about their words. She coldly looked at Yvette and ordered, "You, apologize to Jackie right now!"

"Why should I listen to you?" Yvette let out a sneer. Her face was filled with defiance, radiating an intense air of confidence. "He deserved that kick."

Estelle, who had always been treated like royalty had never been spoken to like this. Her face turned livid with anger. "How dare you speak to me like that? Do you even know who I am?"

Yvette lifted her beautiful eyes to glance at her, her tone cold and disdainful. "I don't care who

you are."

If someone crossed her, even if it was the country's president, she wouldn't hesitate to deal

with them.

Estelle was momentarily stunned by Yvette's overwhelming presence, frozen in place without

a word.

Ignoring her, Yvette grabbed Jackie by the collar and shoved her phone in his face, showing him the photos on it. "Is this what you meant when you said all the other students' rooms are

the same?"

The photos revealed the rooms of students from other universities, which were spacious, bright, clean, and neatly arranged-completely different from the cramped and dirty rooms

assigned to the Jubilife University students.

Seeing the photos, the students from Jubilife University were furious.

"This is too much! He's clearly targeting us!"

"Exactly! Yvie, we can't let him off for treating us like this!"

As Yvette's grip on Jackie's collar tightened, he began to struggle for breath and stammered in desperation, "Ms. Sanders, please help me!"

This was all her doing!

Estelle finally snapped out of her daze. As she looked at Yvette with a cold expression, fear crept into her heart.

How could she possibly be afraid of a mere Croedalian woman? That would be humiliating!

"Let him go!" Estelle shouted sternly, suppressing her fear. "The hotel is short on rooms. You can only stay in the ones provided!"

She had already spoken with the director of the International Medical Congress, so even if Yvette and her group continued to make a fuss, it wouldn't change anything. They were stuck in those subpar rooms.

Jackie quickly chimed in, "Exactly! If you don't like it, you can leave. No one's forcing you to stay!"

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Upon hearing this, the students from Jubilife University all looked worried.

"What are we going to do? Do we really have to stay in those rooms? How can we possibly get any rest in that kind of place?"

"Exactly, it's going to seriously affect our performance in the upcoming competition!"

Everyone was frustrated and upset, but they felt Helpless.

"Forget it, let's just endure it. Once the competition is over, we'll return to Croedal," Madison said, trying to comfort the group despite her lack of options.

"Why should we endure it?" Yvette's voice was casual, but her words stunned Estelle and the others. "I'll book other rooms for you."

Hearing this, Jackie immediately mocked her, "What a bunch of idiots! The entire hotel has already been booked. The only reason the International Medical Congress was able to arrange accommodation for students here is thanks to Ms. Sanders!"

When the International Medical Congress was set to take place, a mysterious wealthy gentleman had booked the entire hotel.

This caused a great deal of stress for the organizers, but luckily, the mysterious man eventually agreed to let the congress arrange for students from various universities to stay in the hotel on the condition that all the presidential suites be left vacant.

Everyone speculated that this mysterious man only allowed the students to stay because of Estelle's influence. After all, she was from the family of the president of Yovara, and everyone was expected to show her some respect.

Estelle, feeling even more superior, sneered. "Did you hear that? If it weren't for me, you wouldn't even have the right to step into this hotel!"

Yvette, uninterested in arguing with idiots, pulled out her phone and sent a message.

Estelle, seeing herself being ignored, grew even more furious. She taunted, "Hah, this is hilarious! Putting on a tough act, are we? I can't wait to see you get thrown out of the hotel soon!"

However, a short while later, the hotel manager, Pedro, hurriedly arrived with a worried expression.

"Ms. Sanders, when did you call the manager over?" Jackie asked, assuming that Pedro was there for Estelle. After all, the hotel manager was a busy person and not easily seen.

Upon hearing this, Estelle's face stiffened slightly. She hadn't called Pedro and had no idea why he was suddenly here.

But not wanting to lose her dignity in front of everyone, she bit her lip and reluctantly stepped forward to greet him. "Why are you here? It's just a minor issue. I'm fine-"

To her surprise, Pedro didn't even glance at Estelle and walked straight toward Yvette. In front of the astonished crowd, he respectfully addressed her.

"Ms. Murray!"

Seeing Pedro treat her as if she were invisible while showing such deference to Yvette, Estelle's face turned red with rage.

She shouted, "What are you doing? Are you blind? Can't you see that I'm standing right here?"

"Don't you know that even the esteemed guest who booked the entire hotel has to show me respect, allowing the International Medical Congress to house its participants here? How dare you, a mere hotel manager, ignore me and serve some powerless Croedalian woman instead!"

Pedro looked bewildered and responded with confusion, "Who told you that the esteemed guest allowed the congress participants to stay here because of you? That's complete nonsense!"

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As soon as Pedro said this, Estelle and the people fawning over her were stunned and couldn't believe what they had just heard.

"What? The mysterious wealthy man who booked the entire hotel didn't allow the International Medical Congress participants to stay here because of Estelle?"

"Oh my gosh, what's going on? Didn't everyone say that the mysterious wealthy man allowed us to stay here because of Estelle's influence?"

"Ms. Sanders, you should contact that mysterious gentleman immediately! How could he not have done this for you?"

Estelle's face turned extremely sour. How could she possibly know the mysterious wealthy man who booked the entire hotel?

Everyone had assumed, and she herself had believed, that the reason the participants were allowed to stay was because of her influence. But she hadn't expected to be proven wrong so quickly.

Pedro showed no intention of sparing Estelle's dignity. "That esteemed guest booked the entire hotel for Ms. Yvette Murray. The only reason you participants were able to stay here is because she allowed it!"

Upon hearing this, everyone present was stunned

"What? So we've only been able to stay here because of Yvette?"

"Who exactly is this Yvette, to have such powerful connections?"

"Yeah, she's just an ordinary student. How does she have more influence than Estelle?"

Hearing the murmurs around her, Estelle felt as though she had been slapped in the face, and her cheeks burned with humiliation.

Seeing the formerly high-and-mighty Estelle now being put in her place, the students from Jubilife University couldn't help but feel vindicated.

Madison approached Yvette and whispered, "Yvie, could it be that the mysterious wealthy man who booked the hotel is Mr. Quinn?"

Yvette nodded nonchalantly in response.

"Wow, Mr. Quinn really lives up to being the world's richest man! How generous!" Madison exclaimed with admiration, stars practically sparkling in her eyes.

"Dear God, please grant me such a handsome and wealthy fiancé!"

Pedro, full of respect, apologized to Yvette. "Ms. Murray, we deeply apologize for not

welcoming you properly. Please don't hold it against us!"

Yvette, not one for pleasantries, asked bluntly, "All the presidential suites are still available, right?"

Pedro quickly nodded. "Of course, Ms. Murray. They've all been reserved just for you!"

"Good," Yvette replied, satisfied. "Arrange for all the students from Jubilife University to stay in the presidential suites."

Pedro responded immediately, "No problem, Ms. Murray! We'll follow all your instructions!"

What?

Upon hearing this, the students from Jubilife University were shocked at first, but then, they were overjoyed as the news sank in..

"We're all staying in the presidential suites? This is amazing!"

"Yeah, we're so lucky to be staying in such luxury, all thanks to Yvie!"

"Exactly! We're so grateful to her!"

In contrast, the students from Yarrow Univerity looked extremely displeased, especially Estelle, who was gritting her teeth in rage. Even she hadn't been able to stay in a presidential suite. So why on earth could that damned Yvette stay there?

Noticing Estelle's hateful glare, Yvette's lips curled into a cold, mocking smile. Slowly, she spoke up,

"Didn't you just say that everything here goes according to what I say?"

Pedro nodded vigorously. "Of course! Everything is at your command, Ms. Murray!"

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"Very good." Yvette nodded nonchalantly, her indifferent gaze falling on Estelle and her group. "Now, I don't want them staying here anymore."

What did Yvette mean by this?

Upon hearing this, Estelle frowned, a sense of foreboding creeping into her heart. Could Yvette really be thinking of kicking her out?

Ridiculous! Given her status, how could some commoner possibly expel her?

Feeling more

confident, Estelle's arrogance returned.

As Yvette observed Estelle's haughty demeanor her delicate eyebrows lazily arched, and her voice turned cold and commanding.

"Kick them out."

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Pedro didn't hesitate for a moment. "Yes, Ms. Murray! I'll take care of it immediately!"

Estelle was momentarily stunned, her eyes widening in disbelief as she turned to Pedro. "How dare you! Do you know who I am? You can't just kick me out!"

Pedro was well aware that Estelle was the president's daughter, but when he thought about "that man", a chill ran down his spine. There was no one more dangerous than him-offending anyone else was tolerable, but never him!

"I'm sorry, but you need to leave immediately! Otherwise, I'll have security escort you out!"

Pedro declared.

The students from Jubilife University couldn't help but feel a sense of satisfaction as they

witnessed the scene unfold.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. Who was it earlier that said they'd kick us out? Looks like now they're the ones being thrown out!"

"Yeah, it's hilarious. Some people had the nerve to claim the hotel let us stay because of them, but it's obvious it was all thanks to Yvie!"

Hearing these mocking comments, Estelle was so furious her nose almost twisted. "Shut up, all of you!" she screamed.

But the students from Jubilife University weren't about to back down.

"Why should we listen to you? Just because you're the president's daughter doesn't mean we're afraid of you!"

"Exactly! Just because your family is powerful doesn't mean we'll bow down to you like your little lap dogs. We, as Croedalian citizens, hold our heads high no matter where we are!"

Wherever Croedallans go, they stand tall, never inferior to anyone!

"You!" Estelle was furious, but there was nothing she could do.

Yvette watched Estelle's outburst with amusement, her lips curled in a cold smile. After enjoying the scene for a while, she lazily remarked, "Why are you all standing around? She's an eyesore-get her out."

"We'll do so right away..." Pedro, not daring to disobey Yvette's orders, quickly called for security. He showed no mercy to Estelle or the Yarrow University students.

"Security, escort them all out!"

"How dare-" Estelle's sentence was cut short as security guards roughly pushed her out.

"Ah! How dare you handle me so roughly!" Estelle, nearly stumbling from the push, was livid. She screamed and yelled, but no one paid attention to her. She had become a complete laughingstock.

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"Essie, did you see how despicable that Yvette was? Even in your own country, she dared to embarrass you like that. You can't let her get away with it!" Camus immediately seized the opportunity to stoke the flames of Estelle's hatred toward Yvette.

Sure enough, Estelle's eyes filled with venom as she gritted her teeth in anger. "You're right. That wretch dared to humiliate me like this in my own country-she's far too arrogant. I won't let her keep gloating!"

That detestable Yvette had caused her to lose her pride in front of everyone, and she was determined to make her pay!

Watching Estelle and the Yarrow University students being driven out of the hotel in such a humiliating manner, the students from Jubilife University felt deeply satisfied. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted from their hearts.

"Yvie, thank you so much! Thanks to you, we're able to stay in the presidential suites!"

"Yeah, really, it's all thanks to Yvie. Not only did we get a special transfer, but we're also staying in such amazing rooms! Life's really good with Yvie around!"

Yvette was amused by their remarks and said, "I have some matters to attend to, so I'm heading out. You all rest well."

Earlier, she had accepted a case from the dark web. Someone had offered an astronomical fee to have the Miracle Healer treat a patient. What intrigued her more than the enormous payment was the description of the patient's condition.

The patient had been in a coma for an extended period, with organs gradually failing despite all medical tests showing no abnormalities. The patient appeared healthy on the outside, yet internally, their organs were deteriorating. If left untreated, the patient would inevitably die. This kind of case was something Yvette had never encountered before, sparking her curiosity. Now that she was in the country, it was time to investigate.

Madison and the others naturally obeyed her instructions and nodded obediently.

"Okay, Yvie, we'll head back to our rooms to rest. You come back soon!"

Yvette nodded at them before turning and walking out of the hotel.

Her guards had already been waiting for some time. As soon as they saw her, they respectfully stepped forward and addressed her.

"Ms. Murray."

Yvette recognized him as one of the people close to Xavier, one of his most trusted aides.

"I thought I told you to send a regular guard," Yvette said.

The pressure exuded by Yvette made Miguel bow his head even lower as he respectfully replied, "Mr. Phillip was worried about your safety, so he sent me. This is, after all, Shadow Alliance territory. Mr. Phillip's concern is not without reason..."

Seeing that Yvette's expression was one of slight displeasure, Miguel cautiously added, "Ms. Murray, Mr. Phillip was only thinking of your safety..."

Hearing this, Yvette said no more, merely stepping into the car and coldly ordering, "Let's go."

Miguel exhaled in relief and quickly responded, "Yes, Ms. Murray!"

Half an hour later, the car arrived at the designated location.

At the entrance, a group of individuals in uniform had been waiting. They appeared well-trained, resembling the bodyguards of a powerful family.

It made sense, considering the staggering amount of money offered for the treatment-ordinary families could never afford such a sum.

"Finally... The Miracle Healer is here at last!"

Upon seeing the car stop, the leading man's face lit up with excitement, and he rushed forward to greet them.

"Mr. Miracle Healer, sir, it's an honor. I'm here to escort you. Please, follow us," the man, Nicholas Underwood, said with deep respect and courtesy.

Yvette stepped out of the car, her long, slender legs hitting the ground gracefully. She said lazily, "Let's go."

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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When Nicholas saw a stunningly beautiful young girl stepping out of the car, he was momentarily taken aback, but his expression quickly soured.

"Where did this young lady come from, daring to cause trouble here! Hurry up and leave, don't make a scene!"

Nicholas looked quite displeased, thinking they were waiting for the legendary Miracle Healer, only to realize he had mistaken her for someone else!

Yvette lifted her striking fox-like eyes to look at him, her tone indifferent. "I am the person you're waiting for."

"You?" Nicholas reacted as if he had just heard the biggest joke. His tone was far from pleasant.

"Young lady, please stop joking around. Do you even know who we're waiting for? How dare you come here and impersonate someone?! Hurry up and leave, or don't blame us for being rude-"

Yvette coldly interrupted him, "The person you're waiting for is the Miracle Healer.'

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"How do you know we're waiting for the Miracle Healer?" Nicholas was taken aback, his face, instantly filled with anxiety.

The news about coming to pick up the Miracle Healer was classified information; nothing had been leaked to the outside world. How could a young girl possibly know?

Yvette pressed her tongue against the back of her teeth, looking at them as if they were fools. "I said, I am the person you're looking for."

"What?"

As soon as Yvette said this, Nicholas's jaw dropped in shock, and the guards behind him were equally stunned.

How could someone so young possibly be the legendary Miracle Healer, known for their miraculous healing abilities?

Yvette's delicate face took on a hint of impatience. "If you keep stalling, I'll leave, but I won't return the deposit."

As soon as her words fell, Yvette turned to leave with a decisive motion. Nicholas rushed to block her.

"Please wait..."

When the man placed the order on the dark web he had indeed paid a deposit to the Miracle Healer to show sincerity. Since she knew about that, it meant she really was the Miracle Healer!

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"I apologize. We didn't expect you, Mr. Miracle Healer... oh no, Ms. Miracle Healer, to be so young. We were quite rude just now; please forgive us!"

The fact that a young woman of only 18 years old had already gained international fame as the Miracle Healer made Nicholas reflect on his own youthful days spent fooling around. It was a thought that left him feeling somewhat melancholy.

Yvette didn't bother holding a grudge against them and said casually, "Let's go, don't waste my time."

"Of course..."

They readily agreed, leading Yvette toward the car.

Just as the usually quiet Miguel was about to follow Yvette, he was stopped by the shadow guards.

"Sorry, Ms. Miracle Healer, but our boss said that only you can go. No outsiders are allowed." Although their tone was respectful, it carried an undeniable finality, making it clear they wouldn't allow Yvette to bring Miguel along.

Yvette's eyes narrowed slightly, and she turned to Miguel. "You go back first."

Upon hearing this, Miguel immediately grew anxious and hurriedly whispered, "Ms. Murray,

we don't know their background. It's too dangerous for you to go alone..."

Before he could finish, Yvette's delicate face grew icy, her voice carrying a strong sense of pressure. "Do you intend to disobey my orders?"

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Yvette merely glanced at Miguel, but goosebumps prickled along his skin and his legs to go weak. He almost knelt on the ground.

"I... I wouldn't dare..."

Yvette indifferently withdrew her gaze, turned around, and got into the car, lazily crossing her legs.

Her tone was casual but carried a heavy sense of pressure. "What are you still standing there for? Let's go."

Only then did the group of guards snap back to reality; Yvette had such a commanding presence that even they felt a tinge of fear.

Moreover, she had an incredible amount of courage to follow them without asking any questions!

"Hmm?" Yvette impatiently lifted her beautiful fox-like eyes, intensifying the pressure she exerted.

Nicholas was drenched in cold sweat and hurriedly spoke with respect, "Understood, Ms. Miracle Healer! We'll head out now!"

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of The Gray House.

"We've arrived, Ms. Miracle Healer."

Yvette looked at The Gray House, her luscious red lips curling slightly.

Although she already knew that those who could afford exorbitant consultation fees were typically either wealthy or influential, she didn't expect that the person ordering through the dark web was the president himself.

After getting out of the car, she was led into the residence without a hint of nervousness or

fear.

Instead, she appeared to be on vacation, exuding an air of leisurely indifference. Watching her demeanor, the guards inside The Gray House couldn't help but silently marvel.

If it were anyone else, they would have started to feel nervous and fearful as soon as they laid eyes on The Gray House.

Indeed, a big shot was a big shot!

Jordan had already received word that the Miracle Healer was being picked up. Estimating the time, he was now pacing back and forth in the living room, clearly anxious and nervous.

He had sought numerous renowned doctors to treat his daughter but had found none who could help his daughter, Evelynn Locke. He could only place all his hopes on the Miracle Healer!

If even the Miracle Healer couldn't save his daughter, then she would truly be beyond help.

Jordan closed his eyes in pain, unwilling to think any further.

"President Locke, the Miracle Healer has arrived..."

Upon hearing the butler's report, Jordan immediately said, "Quick... Please invite him in!"

Jordan was so excited that he overlooked the butler's complex expression. When he finally saw the Miracle Healer, he was completely stunned.

"Did you pick up the wrong person?"

They had sent for the Miracle Healer, but instead, they returned with a young and beautiful young woman!

Once Jordan returned to his senses, he almost choked with anger. How could the Miracle Healer possibly be someone so young?

"President Locke, we've been waiting at the designated location. She is the only one who appeared tonight..."

Jordan replied, "How could that be? The Miracle Healer has already accepted the deposit. How could he possibly not show up?"

Although the Miracle Healer was notoriously elusive and had a peculiar temperament, they had always kept her word. Once they accepted a job, they would definitely show up to treat the patient!

Yvette directly took a seat, treating the Gray House as if it were her own home, lazily crossing her legs in a posture befitting a big shot.

"You didn't pick up the wrong person; I am the Miracle Healer!"

Jordan looked at her with suspicion in his eyes, and one of the guards standing next to him quickly spoke up.

"President Locke, the operation to pick up the Miracle Healer was extremely discreet and confidential; we didn't leak any information to the outside world.

"She's the only one who showed up at the agreed location! Moreover, she knows that you placed the order on the dark web and that a deposit was paid, which is why we brought her here!"

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"What if our movements today were somehow leaked? What if she caught wind of it from somewhere and decided to deliberately show up at the meeting place masquerading as the Miracle Healer?"

The suspicion in Jordan's eyes didn't lessen; instead, he became even more suspicious. His daughter's condition was becoming worse and worse. He couldn't allow any more risks to her

life!

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"Get her out of here..."

Before Jordan even finished speaking, his personal staff rushed hurriedly into the living room.

"Not good, President Locke. Ms. Locke's condition is worsening, but there's nothing Dr. Gordon and the rest can do about it. They advise you to come see Ms. Locke for the last time..."

"What?" Jordan's face turned white as a sheet upon hearing the news. He started trembling all over, pain written all across his face.

"Why did things turn out like this... Why did things turn out like this? Evelynn, my precious daughter..."

For medical staff to mention seeing a patient for the last time, it must mean that the patient's condition was already very critical. Yvette coldly interrupted Jordan's anguished wailing.

"Take me to her." Her voice was incredibly calm, but the air she gave off just seemed to make people obey her and give in to her whims.

The staff were stunned by Yvette and subconsciously nodded in agreement despite not knowing who she was. "A-Alright..."

"Who gave you permission to see my daughter?" Jordan asked angrily.

His heart was breaking for his daughter. Thus, he naturally had nothing kind to say to Yvette,

whom he considered a fake.

"What are you all still standing around for? Get this person masquerading as the Miracle Healer out of my sight!"

there really will be no hope for your

Yvette was the picture of calm. "If you drive me away, there really will be no daughter."

Jordan froze at her words, beginning to look hesitant.

Where did a young lady like her get such confidence? Could she really be the Miracle Healer?

Yvette's impatience increased at his continued hesitance. "If you keep dawdling, then don't

blame me if she dies."

Her words seemed to finally spur Jordan into making a decision. "Alright, I'll believe you this once! If you can't save Evelynn, I'm absolutely not letting you off the hook!"

Yvette couldn't be bothered to respond and instead followed the staff into Evelynn's room as fast as possible.

The moment she stepped into the room, she saw a pitifully thin girl lying on a princess bed. Her face was incredibly pale, and she no longer seemed to be breathing.

The doctors around her were sighing.

"It's hopeless, completely hopeless..."

"Move aside." Yvette's expression turned serious. She pushed aside the doctors and walked quickly to the girl's side.

"Where did this brat come from? How rude!"

Horace Gordon, one of the doctors who was pushed aside, just so happened to

be the leader of the group. He was quite prestigious within the medical community and incredibly popular with the masses.

However, Yvette didn't even turn to look back at him. She pulled out a needle, intending to start performing acupuncture on Evelynn.-

Horace rushed forward, trying to pull Yvette away. "What are you doing? Where did you come from, brat, and what are you trying to do to Evelynn?"

"Get lost." Yvette shook him off coldly. Evelynn's condition was extremely critical. She had to perform acupuncture on her immediately, or else not even an angel personally coming down from heaven would be able to save her!

"How dare you treat me with such disrespect? What does a young lady like you know of acupuncture? I absolutely won't allow you to mess around!"

Horace was so angry that steam was practically coming out of his ears. He rushed forward to try and pull Yvette away again.

Yvette's patience was at its limit. She turned and kicked him heavily in the chest, movements smooth and crisp.

"Ack..."

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Yvette's kick sent Horace flying. It left him in so much pain that he couldn't even crawl back

1. up.

The other doctors who were planning to step forward to stop her sucked in a breath and silently retreated a few steps in the face of her ferocity. For the moment, nobody dared try to disturb her again.

It was finally quiet.

Yvette focused wholeheartedly on performing acupuncture for Evelynn. For a time, the entire room was so silent that you could hear a pin drop.

Horace gritted his teeth as he slowly got up from the floor, filled with resentment. It so happened that Jordan arrived in a hurry right at that moment, so Horace immediately voiced his complaints to him.

"You arrived at the perfect time, President Locke! I don't know how this brat got in, but I couldn't stop her! Evelynn's pulse is already incredibly weak and nobody can save her now, much less a young lady like her!"

"Shut up and let her try!" Jordan said fiercely. His gaze was fixed anxiously on Yvette, who was still in the middle of performing acupuncture for Evelynn.

At this point, he wasn't about to reject even the least likely possibilities. He could only place all his hopes on this lady!

Hopefully, she wouldn't disappoint him...

Time gradually ticked by. Yvette's hands worked faster and faster, to the point that her movements were a blur.

Everyone in the room stared unblinkingly at her, until suddenly the

electrocardiogram next to Evelynn displayed a sharp drop in heartbeat. Evelynn's heartbeat grew weaker and weaker until it disappeared completely.

Silence descended upon the room.

Then Horace jumped up, saying, "President Locke, I told you we couldn't trust some random brat from who knows where! How can acupuncture possibly save lives? Now look at what happened!

"Not only did she not manage to save Ms. Locke, she even denied Ms. Locke the chance to see you for the last time!"

Jordan closed his eyes in pain, heartbroken and in despair.

Horace snorted coldly, still resentful toward Yvette for kicking him just now. He pointed a finger in her direction. "What are all of you still standing around for? Catch that brat!"

"Catch me, you say?" Yvette still had a casual and indifferent air about her, lips curving up in a mocking smile. "Do you think you have the right"

Her haughty attitude angered Horace. "You still dare to act so arrogantly with death at your doorstep? Hurry up and catch her!"

The guards in the room rushed toward Yvette with cold expressions. But just at that moment, the electrocardiogram started emitting a beeping sound. Evelyn's heartbeat slowly recovered, indicating that her life was out of danger.

"How can this be?"

The other doctors on the scene watched everything happen in disbelief. Evelyn's heartbeat clearly stopped just now, but now it had not only recovered but was also out of the danger zone!

By the gods, it was a miracle!

"Evelyn..." Jordan broke down in happy tears upon seeing Evelyn's heartbeat recover. It was rare for the president of the country to lose his composure like this.

"You... How exactly did you do it?" Horace looked toward Yvette, disbelief replacing his previous arrogance.

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Yvette wiped the sweat from her forehead. This acupuncture method was very taxing on her.

She asked Horace lazily, "You want to know how I did it?"

Horace nodded vigorously, face full of eagerness "Of course!"

A wicked look flashed across Yvette's eyes as she replied unhurriedly, "I'm not telling you."

"You-" Horace's words stuck in his throat, angry but unable to do anything about her.

"All of you, get out! I have something to say to this lady in private!" Jordan finally recovered from his joy and sent everyone away.

Horace followed the rest of the people out despite his unwillingness, as he couldn't simply disobey the president's orders.

After everything left, Jordan bowed solemnly to Yvette. When he spoke, his voice was full of apology.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Miracle Healer. I treated you in such an offensive manner before because I was worried about Evelyn. I hope you can forgive me this time!"

Seeing as Jordan's apology was sincere and he evidently cared deeply for his daughter, Yvette decided not to hold it against him.

"You really are exactly as the rumors describe, capable of healing all ailments, Ms. Miracle Healer. You're my daughter's savior, and by extension, also my savior. Please feel free to tell me if you have any need for me in the future!"

Now this was a promise Yvette really liked. She replied without any reservation whatsoever, "Don't worry, I'll let you know if I have need of you!"

Jordan nodded repeatedly. "Of course, of course! You saved Evelyn, Ms. Miracle Healer, so I'm willing to do anything you ask of me!"

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"Don't let your guard down so easily," Yvette told him, her face growing solemn. "I've only temporarily saved her life, but if we can't determine the reason for her illness, then she might suffer a relapse at any time and thus lose her life."

Jordan's expression instantly dimmed at her words. "I understand, but you saved her this time, so I'm still incredibly grateful to you!"

"First, tell me how she contracted this illness."

Yvette gazed at the unconscious girl on the bed, eyes narrowing.

When she performed acupuncture on Evelyn just now, she took the time to check her pulse. Her condition was certainly strange, and she had never come across a condition like this

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before.

Jordan sighed heavily. "She's had this illness since I brought her home. I don't know how she contracted it either!"

Yvette's eyes sharpened. "Aren't you her father How do you not even know something like this?"

Jordan explained painstakingly, "There's something you don't know, Ms. Miracle Healer.

When Evelynn was three years old, she disappeared while outside one day. I exhausted every method I could think of to find her, but there was no news on her.

"I never gave up on looking for her throughout the years, until I finally found her again in the slums two years ago. It was a couple in the slums working as cremators who found her.

"They came across her at a mass grave. When they saw that she was still breathing, they couldn't bear to leave her, so they brought her back to the slums instead.

"They realized something was wrong with her after bringing her back to the slums, She would fall unconscious for long periods of time, and she would be in incredible pain when she woke

1. up.

"Her condition continued to worsen until I received word of it and brought her back to the Gray House, my residence where generations of presidents before me have also lived. I then gathered famous doctors from all over the world, yet none of them could cure Evelynn!"

As she listened to Jordan finish telling his story with a pained look on his face, Yvette couldn't help but glance at the sickly, thin girl lying on the bed.

They had been through similar experiences. Evelynn had also been stolen away from her family when she was young. Yvette felt as if she was looking in a mirror.

Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

However, Yvette was more fortunate than Evelynn. After Martha took her in, even though Tyler and the rest of the Murphys didn't like her she still had Martha, who showered her with love. And then she met Theodore.

On the other hand, who knew what Evelynn experienced for her to have been discarded at a mass grave? If not for some kind people coming across her, she probably would have already lost her life. She had been through far worse than Yvette.

"Please, I'm begging you to save Evelynn, Ms. Miracle Healer. My wife passed away from delivery complications just after giving birth to Evelynn. Before she passed, she asked me to take good care of our only daughter.

"I made that promise to her, yet I haven't been able to keep it! Evelynn was lost and has suffered for seven whole years. I only wish to cure her of her illness so I can properly make it up to her right now."

Jordan paused for a moment. Then, eyes red, he pleaded, "Ms. Miracle Healer, as long as you can cure my daughter, I'm willing to give you everything I have!"

Yvette's gaze fell on the frail girl lying on the bed once more. When she spoke, her tone was light yet weighted. "I've accepted your payment, so naturally I'll do my best to cure her."

Jordan's eyes filled with renewed hope at her words. Overjoyed, he said thankfully, "Thank you so much, Ms. Miracle Healer!"

"I'm Yvette Murray, you can just address me by name."

Yvette retrieved a pen and paper from her pocket, then wrote down a prescription.

"We still don't know the cause of Evelynn's illness at present, so I can only prescribe something to suppress her pain. Have it fed to her three times a day, and make sure she eats it on time."

Only after Evelynn regained consciousness would they be able to figure out how she contracted such a rare illness and thus find a way to cure her.

Jordan nodded vigorously. "Alright, Ms. Murray. I'll do as you say, without fail!"

In a show of respect, Jordan chose not to refer to Yvette directly by name, and instead respectfully addressed her as Ms. Murray.

"I have to go, but I'll visit again in three days," said Yvette.

"Alright, Ms. Murray!" Jordan immediately said agreeably. "It's quite late, Ms.

Murray. Let me send some men to escort you home!"

Yvette nodded casually. "Sure."

Jordan sent her off respectfully, even walking her all the way to the entrance of the Gray House. He only turned to go back in after the car was out of sight.

Horace frowned, having witnessed this.

Who exactly was that brat, and where did she come from? How was it she could actually bring the dead back to life?

"That young lady is amazing! Ms. Locke didn't have a heartbeat anymore, and yet she managed to drag her back from death's door!"

The other doctors couldn't help but sigh in amazement, starting to genuinely admire Yvette.

"I know, right? This is practically a medical miracle! I'm still in disbelief right now, it's just too amazing! How have we never heard of her within the medical community before?"

"That's right. Logically, with medical skills as great as hers, it should've been impossible for us not to know her!"

Just as everyone was scratching their heads in puzzlement, someone suddenly spoke up.

"What if she's the Miracle Healer's student! It's said that the Miracle Healer can perform miracles and even bring the dead back to life, so only his student would have such amazing skills!"

Horace gritted his teeth and said reluctantly, "That's more like it. She must be the Miracle Healer's student, which is why she has the ability to bring the dead back to life. Like there's any way she could be the Miracle Healer himself.

The other doctors immediately nodded along.

"That's right, that young lady must be the Miracle Healer's student. The Miracle Healer has always been secretive, so it's only to be expected that we didn't know about his student!"

"Exactly..."

After all, how could the renowned Miracle Healer be such a young lady? She had to be his student-no other possibility made sense!

When Horace recalled how he had thoroughly offended Yvette, his expression turned especially ugly. His heart filled with regret.

If he had known that she was the Miracle Healer's student, he would never have treated her that way!