

## Talented Haress A Rose with Thorns Chapter 1-10

### Talented Heiress: A Rose With Thorns

#### Chapter 1

"Mom, Dad, we finally get to kick Yvette out of our house! Why haven't the people come over to pick her up yet? Did they change their minds?"

Listening to the gloating voices from downstairs, Yvette maintained a calm expression. Her delicate and fair face showed no emotion as she walked down the stairs.

Upon seeing her, Tyler Murphy's face showed a hint of awkwardness. "Alright, that's enough. Everyone stop talking!"

"I'm just speaking the truth, why should I stop?" Lynda muttered reluctantly. "If Grandma hadn't insisted on keeping her, this jinx would've been kicked out a long time ago!"

Amy Ford looked at Yvette with the same disdain as her daughter, Lynda. "It was the old lady who took you in, Yvette. You're not a part of our family. We've done you a great favor by raising you all these years.

"We don't expect anything in return, just don't come looking for us again. From now on, we'll have nothing to do with each other."

Even though they lived in the countryside, their family was relatively wealthy compared to the others in the village.

They heard that Yvette's biological parents were extremely poor, struggling to make ends meet while raising five sons. Amy didn't want to be burdened by such a poor family.

"As you wish," Yvette replied indifferently. Her beautiful, upturned fox-like eyes coldly staring at Amy. "I just hope you don't regret this later."

Regret? Amy looked as if she had heard the funniest joke in the world, her disdain growing even more intense. "Of course, I won't regret it. Get out of here and go back to your poor family. Stop clinging to us!"

Lynda also found it laughable. With her hands on her hips, she said rudely, "Yvette, once you go back, your poor parents will marry you off to some old man living in the mountains. Those old men are ugly and disgusting. Don't come crying to us then!"

Despite being from the countryside, Yvette had a fox-like face, and her skin did not have even the slightest imperfection. It was enough to make anyone jealous.

“Stop talking to her, Lyn!” Amy snorted coldly at Yvette. “Get out of here! We have nothing to do with you from now on. Don’t ever come back to our family!”

Yvette’s eyes grew colder. She picked up her backpack from the couch and walked out without looking back.

Just then, she heard a male voice through her headphones.

“Boss, the people who came to pick you up got their car stuck in mud near the village.”

“Alright,” Yvette replied nonchalantly.

Through her headphones, Jake vented, “That darn Tyler and his family are just despicable! How dare they kick you out like this. They owe their comfortable lives to you!”

Indeed, if it wasn’t for Yvette, Tyler and his family wouldn’t have been living the high life all these years.

Yvette’s fox-like eyes dropped slightly. Everything she did was for her grandmother.

Kayla Jones had taken Yvette in, going as far as treating Yvette like her own granddaughter.

Thus, with her grandmother gone, there was no reason for Yvette to stay in that household anymore.

“Boss, I gave them a little taste of their own medicine!” Jake said as he fumed.

As soon as those words left his mouth, a deafening crash echoed behind Yvette.

The Murphy family’s elegant villa crumbled in an instant. Amy and Lynda were knocked unconscious on the spot.

Elsewhere, a black Ferrari was stuck deep in the mud just before the village entrance. Larry looked anxious and helpless at the same time.

“Get out of the car.”

Yvette lightly tapped on the car window with her slender, pale fingers. When Larry looked up, he saw her exquisite, radiant face.

She had delicate, picturesque features, with captivating and shimmering eyes that were almost too beautiful to be real.

Her facial features bore a striking resemblance to that of Mr. and Mrs. Murray. A flash of astonishment crossed Larry's eyes as he instantly realized that this must be the long-lost Murray daughter he was sent to pick up.

He promptly got out of the car as instructed.

Yvette slid into the driver's seat, her pale hands gripping the steering wheel effortlessly.

She smoothly drove the car out of the mud, a feat that had stumped Larry for half an hour.

"You're incredible, Ms. Murray!" Larry exclaimed in amazement. Despite his years of driving experience, he hadn't been able to free the car, but she had done it with ease.

"Let's go." Yvette slung her backpack over her shoulder and climbed into the back seat. She casually crossed her long legs in a confident and commanding manner.

"But Ms. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Murray instructed me to deliver these gifts to your adoptive parents to repay their kindness in raising you..."

Yvette lifted her captivating eyes to look at him, her tone indifferent. "Are you going to listen to me or them?"

Despite her youth, the air she exuded was incredibly intimidating.

"I'll listen... to you, Ms. Murray," Larry stammered. "I'll take you back to Jubilife City now!"

Jubilife City? Yvette lazily raised an eyebrow. She recalled that the car's license plate was JBC-01. In a place like Jubilife City, getting a number plate like that required not just money, but significant influence.

Although Yvette didn't know where Amy and her family had heard that her biological parents were poor, she was now certain they weren't anything like they described.

"Alright."

Looking at Yvette's cool demeanor, Larry couldn't help but want to talk to her a bit more.

"Ms. Murray, your parents wanted to pick you up themselves, but Mrs. Murray's illness flared up again, so Mr. Murray had to stay and take care of her. All of their sons are away at the moment as well, so they sent me to get you.

"Mr. and Mrs. Murray had been searching for you all these years, and they've finally found you..."

Yvette listlessly listened to his rambling, which made Larry feel even more pity for her.

He thought that she was extremely well-behaved. Her parents were sure to be very fond of her.

By the time they arrived at Murray Manor, it was already evening. The residence was located in the most affluent district of Jubilife City.

The car slowly stopped at the manor's entrance, and Larry broke the silence. "We're here, Ms. Murray."

"Yeah," Yvette responded with a nod.

Her cool gaze fell on the plaque above the door, where the last name, "Murray" was inscribed in bold, elegant calligraphy.

She recognized the handwriting as the distinctive work of John Stevens, whose pieces were precious and highly sought after.

She smiled playfully, her tone calm. "My family's quite wealthy."

"Of course, Ms. Murray. Your father is the richest man in Jubilife City!"

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## Chapter 2

"Yvie, my dear Yvie..."

The minute Yvette got out of the car, she was tightly embraced by a beautiful woman, who had rushed toward her.

The woman's face was pale, making her look somewhat frail. However, her eyes were filled with longing and excitement. "My dear Yvie is finally back!"

Irwin Murray followed closely behind, his eyes also slightly reddened as he called out warmly, "I'm your father, Yvie. Welcome home!"

A warm feeling flowed through Yvette's heart. She lowered her gaze and nodded slightly.

"My precious Yvie, you've finally returned to me!" Yara Strauss couldn't contain her excitement as tears streamed down her face.

She held onto Yvette tightly and was unwilling to let go of her.

Upon seeing her so emotional, Irwin quickly stepped forward to support her. "Yara, you can't get too worked up, it's not good for your health. Our daughter coming home is a happy occasion; no more tears."

Watching Yara's emotional state, Yvette pressed her red lips together and said somewhat awkwardly, "Don't be sad, Mom. I'm back."

Hearing the word "Mom", Yara immediately let go of Irwin's hand and clung to Yvette's arm, her eyes full of expectation. "Yvie, can you call me 'Mom' again?"

Irwin could only sigh after Yara pushed him aside.

It seemed that with his precious daughter's return, his standing with his wife had instantly plummeted!

Yvette's long, delicate eyelashes fluttered slightly, but she still softly called out again, "Mom."

"That's my good girl!" Yara's pale face lit up with more energy, a radiant smile spreading across her beautiful face.

"Yvie, I've prepared a room for you. Come with me and choose which one you like." With that, she gently took Yvette's hand and led her into the manor.

Irwin, who was completely ignored, sighed helplessly before quickly following them.

He needed to make his presence known in front of his precious daughter; he couldn't let her mother outshine him so thoroughly!

Inside, the manor's décor was even more luxurious and opulent than expected. The household staff stood in a neat line and greeted her respectfully, "Welcome home, Ms. Murray!"

Yara's gentle voice sounded, "Yvie, you have five brothers. But they're not at home at the moment. I've already told them to hurry back. You'll see them soon!"

Yvette nodded, and her expression remained calm. "Okay."

"Yvie, I decorated this room especially for you. Do you like it?" Yara had led Yvette to the second floor and opened the door, looking at her expectantly. Irwin stood quietly in the back.

Seeing that the room was pink, Yvette pressed her lips together. She then met Yara's hopeful gaze, and after a moment of hesitation, she nodded. "I like it."

"I knew you would!" Yara's smile grew even brighter. She had so much she wanted to say, but she also knew Yvette would be tired after her long journey.

She patted Yvette's head and spoke softly, "It's late, Yvie. Get some rest and we'll talk tomorrow."

"Alright."

"Goodnight, Yvie!"

Yara and Irwin left the room reluctantly. Their enthusiasm and affection were a little overwhelming for Yvette, but she felt warm inside.

Earlier, when Yara was holding her arm, Yvette took the chance to check her pulse. She found that Yara's health was indeed frail, likely due to lingering issues from past illnesses.

Yvette resolved to help her recover properly.

Royal Pavillion was Jubilife City's largest entertainment district, renowned for its extravagance and frequent visits by the wealthy and influential.

A black Maybach was parked at the entrance.

"Mr. Quinn, Mrs. Quinn Senior just called again. She said that the Murray family has been reunited with their long-lost daughter, and suggested that you visit them during your free time. She's your fiancée, after all. You should meet her," the man in the driver's seat said.

With the car window half-open, a cold and dignified man lounged in a lazy posture. "If I remember correctly, that girl is only 18 years old this year," he remarked.

His sharp knuckles held a cigarette, adding a touch of allure to his composed demeanor.

"Do all of you think I'm some sort of monster?"

Samuel replied hesitantly, "This is just Mrs. Quinn Senior's suggestion, Mr. Quinn. I'm simply conveying it to you."

"Hmph." Wilson crushed the cigarette in his hand, his handsome yet sinister face turning cold. A sudden chill seemed to permeate through the air, causing a shiver to run down Samuel's spine.

"Prepare yourself. I'll be calling off the engagement with the Murray family in a few days."

“You’re calling off the engagement?” Samuel was shocked. “Mr. Quinn, the engagement between the Quinn family and Murray family was arranged by the previous generation. If Mrs. Quinn Senior finds out that you canceled it, she’ll be furious...”

“Then I won’t let her find out about it.”

Samuel wore a troubled expression. “But Mr. Quinn—”

Wilson, however, had no patience to hear him out. With a chilling gaze, he challenged, “Hmm?”

Just that single sound caused Samuel’s goosebumps to rise, prompting him to keep his mouth shut. He didn’t dare utter another word.

At the same time, a cruiser motorcycle roared past their car, coming to a halt on the other side.

Yvette got off the bike effortlessly, leaning lazily against it as she waited for the others to arrive.

Her legs were fair enough that they seemed to glow. Casually bent, they complemented her stunning face and instantly captured everyone’s attention.

Wilson’s gaze casually drifted toward Yvette, catching her profile and those long, slender legs in his view.

In an instant, his expression shifted, his eyes darkening at the sight. Her legs were remarkably fair and delicate.

“Mr. Quinn... Mr. Quinn?” Samuel called out a few times as he was puzzled by Wilson’s distraction.

When Wilson finally turned back to look at Samuel, his sharp gaze was piercing, and his chilly voice tinged with impatience.

“What is it?”

Samuel was startled by his daunting demeanor and felt a little aggrieved. He quickly spoke respectfully, “Mrs. Quinn Senior is calling again.”

Samuel’s cold brows revealed a hint of resignation as he pinched the bridge of his nose. “You answer it, just brush off whatever she has to say.”

If his grandmother, Martha Tabor, was calling at this hour, it was likely about his engagement with the Murray daughter—but he had no intention of being a monster.

Samuel did not dare to disobey him and reluctantly complied “Yes, Mr. Quinn.”

When Wilson glanced back out the window, the girl’s figure was no longer in sight.

His deep-set eyes narrowed, his pupils growing darker and all the more mysterious.

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### Chapter 3

“Damn it, chase her down! Don’t let her get away!”

A figure darted out of the private room. Yvette slipped the chip into her pocket, her delicate face showing no emotion.

“Boss, head left! They’re getting closer to you!” Jake’s urgent voice crackled in her earpiece. Yvette’s eyes were cold and focused, framed by long, dark lashes. Without thinking twice, she sprinted to the left.

The chip in her possession was Henry Johnson’s final masterpiece, created with painstaking effort before his death.

It had ended up on the black market, and her team had just been a step too late, allowing a gang to get hold of it first.

They planned to sell it to foreign interests, which would severely impact the country’s chip manufacturing capabilities.

Yvette’s plan had gone smoothly; she had successfully retrieved the chip.

However, the gang was relentless, unwilling to let it slip away without a fight.

“It’s a dead end ahead,” Yvette muttered, her fox-like eyes narrowing.

“What?” Jake’s panicked voice came through the earpiece. “How can it be a dead end? That’s impossible!”

Yvette wasn’t afraid of the tough opponents, but rather, clueless teammates.

She tapped her tongue against the back of her teeth and let out a frustrated sigh.

She suddenly felt the urge to punch someone.

There was no time to backtrack now. Without hesitation, she stripped off her jacket and hat, tossing them into a trash bin nearby.



She let her long hair down, the wavy locks cascading over her shoulders, making her striking features even more captivating and unforgettable.

“She’s just ahead; don’t let her get away!” The shouts from behind grew louder.

Yvette’s cold gaze fell on a man not far away.

He was leaning lazily against the railing with his collar undone. The tie around his neck was loosely draped to one side, giving him a casual yet captivating allure.

The voices of her pursuers were getting closer. Yvette wasted no time and quickly walked toward him.

As Wilson heard the footsteps nearing him, his expression darkened. Who was this bold person?

“I need your help.” He heard a cold voice.

Recognizing her as the girl from earlier, Wilson’s annoyance faded away. His captivating black eyes flickered with curiosity.

“What do you need?”

As long as Yvette’s request wasn’t unreasonable, he would help her.

Without a word, Yvette wrapped her arms around his neck and rose on her tiptoes.

In the next moment, her rosy lips were close to his.

Wilson’s eyes darkened instantly, his Adam’s apple bobbing fiercely.

But just as Yvette’s lips were about to touch his, she pressed her thumb against his mouth, preventing their lips from meeting.

Wilson couldn’t grasp his emotions at that instant. His throat tightened as he recalled the unexpected flutter he experienced when he thought she would kiss him.

His countenance grew stern. He couldn’t believe he was feeling this stirred up over a girl.

“Where’d she go?”

The gang that was chasing her hurriedly caught up, only to see the two of them embracing passionately, like a couple madly in love.

Suspicion flickered in their eyes, and they were about to approach the couple when Wilson's icy gaze swept over them. His irritation was obvious, instilling a sense of fear within them.

With just one look, he managed to intimidate them completely. The gang felt a chill run down their spines as they were rooted to the spot.

A person who could book the top suites at Royal Pavillion was either wealthy or influential—certainly not someone they could afford to offend.

"She's not here. We'll look for her in the other direction."

Seeing that the gang dashed off in another direction, Yvette blinked her long, curled lashes, withdrawing her arms from around his neck.

She took a step back, creating distance between them.

"Thanks." Yvette's tone remained indifferent as she strode away with her slender legs.

But just when she took a step forward, she was pulled back into his embrace by a pair of large hands.

"How dare you take advantage of me and leave right away?" Wilson's deep, magnetic voice sent shivers down her spine, as it was inexplicably seducing.

He added, "Do things always work out this conveniently for you?"

Was he expecting something from her? As Yvette reached into her pocket to offer him money, she realized she had nothing on her except for that chip.

Seeing her attempt to bribe him, Wilson pulled out his phone and waved it in front of her.

His lips curved into a subtle, seductive smile that sent shivers down her spine, both enticing and captivating her in an instant.

"I don't want money, just leave me your number. Treat me to a meal, and I'll call it even."

Yvette thought that the man before her was cunning like a fox. She lowered her gaze. She didn't like owing people favors. Thus, she took his phone and left her number.

"Can I go now?" Yvette handed the phone back to him, her stunning eyes devoid of emotion.

“Of course.” Wilson’s lazy, magnetic voice carried a hint of amusement, its allure undeniable.

“Until next time.”

It wasn’t until Yvette had walked away that Wilson withdrew his gaze.

There was a faint smile playing on his lips. He was clearly in good spirits.

Emerging from the shadows, Samuel couldn’t help but express his confusion. “Mr. Quinn, you didn’t need to help that girl just now...”

Given Wilson’s stature, he did not need to play along with Yvette to protect her. Besides, he was known for being a huge germaphobe. How could he tolerate such close contact with the girl just now?

As Samuel was puzzled over this, Wilson’s amused voice sounded leisurely. “Yeah, I did that on purpose.”

Samuel was shocked upon hearing that.

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“Boss, are you okay?” As Yvette stepped out of the gate of Royal Pavillion, Jake hurriedly ran out of the car.

He scanned her and was relieved to find no injuries on her.

“Thank goodness you’re okay, boss. I was about to send people to rescue you! It’s all my fault for getting the wrong location...”

“Don’t let it happen again.”

Jake nodded vigorously, “I promise there won’t be next time, boss!”

Yvette didn’t say anything else. She pulled the chip from her pocket and tossed it to him.

“Bring it to the lab and have them analyze it.”

Jake hastily caught the chip. After all, such a small piece of technology was worth billions, so he had to handle it with care.

“Boss, aren’t you participating in this research? The folks at the research institute are constantly talking about wanting to see you. They’re eager for your guidance. Plus, if you’re involved, the chances of success will be even higher.”

"I'll visit the lab when I have time," Yvette replied casually. Soon after, she received a message request on WhatsApp.

Only a few people knew her private phone number, so it was obvious who had added her on WhatsApp.

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## Chapter 4

Yvette thought of Wilson's charming and seductive smile. Her long lashes fluttered slightly as her slender finger tapped on the prompt to accept his request.

"Stay safe on your way back. Let me know when you get home," came his message.

Yvette didn't reply, her expression unchanged as she put her phone back into her pocket.

Inside the car, Wilson glanced at the message he sent her that was left on read.

He wore a captivating smile as he thought of Yvette as quite the aloof person.

Samuel watched that scene from the rearview mirror. His thoughts were racing as he finally understood what happened.

The reason Wilson played along with that girl's act was to get her contact information.

He realized that Wilson was cunning for tricking an innocent girl like that! That said, Samuel had never seen Wilson that interested in anyone before. Could it be that he had taken a liking to that girl?

The more he thought about it, the more convinced he was.

That girl looked barely 18, and Wilson said he wouldn't act like a monster!

It was a complete turnabout, an ironic slap in the face.

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The next morning, Yvette heard a sweet and coy voice coming from downstairs as soon as she stepped out of her bedroom.

"Uncle Irwin, Aunt Yara, it's already so late. Why hasn't Yvie woken up yet?"

The girl continued, "Yvie must be sleeping soundly. I was worried she wouldn't be able to rest well in a new environment, but it seems she's adapting to it just fine!"

The sarcasm in her tone was obvious. Yvette smirked and began walking down the stairs with her long legs.

"I specifically told everyone not to disturb Yvie. She just returned yesterday, and there's no harm in letting her rest a bit longer," Yara spoke gently.

When she saw Yvie coming down the stairs, her pale face lit up with a radiant smile.

"Yvie, you're awake! Come with me. I don't know what's your favorite food, so I had the kitchen prepare a little of everything. Try them out and see which ones you like!"

Irwin quickly joined in, his voice filled with warmth. "That's right, Yvie. Sit down and let's have breakfast!"

Their attention was entirely on Yvette. Yasmin, who was standing nearby, was left ignored.

Upon seeing Yara and Irwin showering Yvette with affection, a flash of jealousy crossed Yasmin's eyes.

Yasmin was a relative of the family. After her parents passed away, Yara and Irwin raised and treated her like their own daughter.

With Yvette out of the picture until recently, Yasmin had five older brother figures who loved her, making her the center of everyone's attention.

But now that Yvette was back, she had stolen Yara and Irwin's affection from Yasmin. Soon, Yvette would be taking her brothers' love away from her too.

Yasmin would no longer be the only one doted on in the family!

Yasmin bit her lip in resentment, wishing that Yvette had never been found and never returned to take what was Yasmin's in the first place.

She forced down her jealousy and spoke warmly, "Welcome home, Yvie. You must have had a tough time all these years."

Upon hearing her voice, Yara and Irwin remembered Yasmin's presence and quickly introduced her to Yvette.

"This is your cousin, Yasmin." As Yvette's porcelain-like face met her gaze, Yasmin's envy deepened, though she maintained her innocent facade.

Yasmin spoke sweetly, "Yvie, I actually planned to pick you up with Larry yesterday. But Grandpa wasn't feeling well, so I stayed back to take care of him. Please don't be mad at me for not showing up, okay?"

In truth, Alex Murray wasn't actually unwell. Yasmin just used him as an excuse to avoid picking the country girl up!

Yara assured, "Don't worry, Yasmin. Yvie won't be mad at you!"

"If that's the case, then thank goodness!" Yasmin forced a smile and extended her hand to Yvette. "I hope we can get along in the future!"

"Yeah," Yvette responded while glancing at her hand coldly.

Yasmin's expression stiffened slightly, feeling a twinge of embarrassment as she withdrew her hand, her gaze turning even more hostile.

How dare this country girl who just returned embarrass her like that!

Yara and Irwin remained oblivious to this subtle tension, carrying on with their cheerful banter. "Alright, alright, enough talking. Sit down and have breakfast, Yvie. Make sure you eat until you're full!"

"That's right, Yvie. Let Dad peel the eggshells for you!"

As their focus once again centered on Yvette, Yasmin's eyes flickered. She seized the opportunity to get their attention.

"Oh yeah, I have some good news, Uncle Irwin and Aunt Yara. I won first place in the piano competition!"

With Yasmin's announcement, Yara and Irwin redirected some of their attention to her, offering praises alongside smiles. "First place? That's fantastic, Yasmin!"

"I heard the competition was tough this year. Winning first place truly proves your talent, Yasmin. Who knows, you might even become a world-renowned pianist like Mischa Rachmaninoff someday!"

Yasmin glanced at Yvette with a smug expression.

Yvette couldn't help but respond with a puzzled look of her own. In truth, the participants in this year's piano competition were quite mediocre, so winning first place wasn't such a big deal. The difficulty of becoming a world-famous pianist was much greater.

As Yasmin listened to the praise, the smugness remained fixed on her face.

"Oh! By the way, do you play the piano, Yvie?"

At that moment, Yasmin seemed to realize she'd made a mistake as a hint of guilt appeared on her face.

"I'm sorry, Yvie. I forgot that you grew up in the countryside, so you probably haven't even seen a piano, let alone played one."

Upon hearing this, Yara and Irwin felt like Yasmin's words sounded somewhat boastful, but they assumed they were overthinking it.

Yasmin was a kind and good-natured child; surely she didn't mean it that way!

They also thought that if Yvette hadn't been taken away back then, she would definitely have learned to play the piano as well.

The thought of that made Yara and Irwin feel even more guilty. As such, they had to shower Yvette with even more love to make up for all the hardships she had endured all these years.

"It's okay, Yvie. If you like the piano, Mom and Dad will hire the best teacher for you!"

"There's no need for that," Yvette replied in a nonchalant tone, rejecting their offer. Who would they even hire as her teacher?

Yasmin's smugness intensified after this exchange. She believed that Yvette wouldn't stand a chance of learning the piano even if she was taught by the best teacher ever.

There was no comparison between them.

She started, "It's okay if you don't know how to play the piano, Yvie. I can teach you in the future, so you don't have to feel bad..."

"Who said I can't play the piano?"

Yasmin immediately burst into a fit of laughter. It was hilarious! She did not believe that Yvette, the country girl, dared to claim she could play the piano. It was simply ridiculous.

"So, you can actually play the piano, Yvie?" Yasmin smiled, but her tone carried a hint of provocation. "Then why don't you play something for us?"

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## Chapter 5

A piano sat in a corner of the living room, and Yvette walked over to it.

Yasmin watched her in disdain, anticipating Yvette to make a fool out of herself.

It seemed like a joke to Yasmin because Yvette dared to play the piano without sheet music. Even Yasmin struggled to play without sheet music, so how could Yvette, a country girl who had never seen a piano before, manage?

Yet, in the blink of an eye, Yasmin's smug expression froze as the living room was filled with the heavenly sound of the piano.

Yvette's slender fingers moved effortlessly across the keys as she played a short piece

From that brief performance, Yasmin could immediately tell that Yvette's skill far surpassed hers.

How was this possible? She didn't even have sheet music, yet she played so well.

Yasmin's face turned pale in an instant, unable to accept this reality. All the mockery she made earlier now felt li

like slaps to her own face

"That was amazing, Wie!" Yara and Irwin exclaimed, their faces full of delight. They couldn't contain their pride and joy as they praised Yvette

ceaselessly.

"Who would've thought that Yvie had such a talent for music!" Yara added, her eyes shining with admiration.

Of course she was their precious daughter—she was simply outstanding!

Noticing Yasmin's discomfort, however, they quickly tried to smooth things over.

"Yes, your Dad and I plan to host a grand party to introduce you to everyone. Yasmin, you and Yvie can perform together at the event! A duet between the both of you would certainly dazzle everyone!"

Yasmin's expression grew even more sullen.

They were going to throw a party for Yvette, but they had never thrown a party for her!

Now that their biological daughter was back, her place in this family was slipping away.

Still, Yasmin managed to quickly suppress her frustration. She smiled sweetly as she spoke, "That's wonderful! I'm really glad to play with

Yasmin resolved herself. She wouldn't let Yvette have an easy time at the party!



Upon hearing this, Yara and Irwin nodded in satisfaction. “Yvie and Yasmin, it’s great to see you two getting along like sisters!

“Follow me, Yve. Let’s go pick a gown for the party,” Yara said, her eyes filled with warm affection. “Yvie, you’re so beautiful, I bet you’ll look

stunning in a gown!”

credibly evident

Yara’s tender gaze made Yasmin feel incredibly

Yasmin was unable to bear it and quickly spoke up, “Aunt Yara, I’d love to help Yvie pick out a gown too! I can help her since she grew up in the countryside and probably hasn’t worn a gown before!”

Yara found Yasmin’s words a little off-putting, but seeing her seemingly kind expression, she convinced herself that she was just overthinking

ent Even with

“Alright. Yasmin, you can come too. It’ll be nice to choose a gown together. Both of you are my beloved children! and I will still love you like our own daughter!”

Jasmin sneered inwardly as she thought Yara was lying through gritted teeth. As soon as Claiming to still love her like their daughter was just a sham.

with Yve back, Irwin

returned, all their affection shifted to her.

Despite her thoughts, Yasmin put on a sweet smile.

“Aunt Yara, I know how much you and Uncle Irwin care for me. I’ll get along with Yvie, and we’ll both be good to you.”

“That makes us very happy!” Yara said, smiling warmly as she patted Yasmin’s hand.

Yasmin seized the moment to affectionately link her arm with Yara’s. Then, she cast a challenging glance in Yvette’s direction.

So what if Yvette was their biological daughter?

Yasmin had been raised by them for 18 years, and their bond couldn’t be disputed

Besides, she would find a way to drive this country girl out of the Murrey family, making sure that all the love and attention would be hers once again.

On their way to the mall, Yasmin cling to Yara and Irwin, interrupting whenever they tried to speak with Yvette. She was constantly diverting their attention.

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Unbothered by these petty tricks, Yvette walked away for some fresh air.

“Help... Anyone... Please... Please, save Mrs. Quinn Senior...”

An elegantly dressed elderly woman with white hair lay unconscious on the ground, while her visibly distressed household staff pleaded for help

However, no one dared to step forward as they were wary of a potential scam.

Yvette quickly assessed the situation, recognizing it as a heart attack. Without immediate treatment, the woman’s life would be at risk.

A pang of sadness hit her her grandmother had passed away from a sudden heart attack as well

Yvette bit her bottom lip and retrieved a set of needles from her pocket. She strode forward and approached the unconscious woman.

“Young lady, don’t go over there. What if it’s a scam?”

“Yeah, you won’t be able to bear the consequences if it is.”

“That’s right, young lady. Stay back. We’ve already called 911. The ambulance will be here soon.”

“Step aside.” Yvette’s mesmerizing fox-like eyes glinted as she addressed them. Her voice, though soft, carried a hint of authority.

Despite her youth, there was something about her that commanded respect. The crowd instinctively stepped back, making way for her.

Without wasting time, Yvette’s slender fingers deftly grasped a silver needle and was about to perform acupuncture on the elderly woman.

“What are you doing?” The household staff was startled and immediately tried to block her.

Yvette’s eyes remained calm and unwavering. “She doesn’t have much time. If we don’t act now, it’ll be too late.”

The household staff shook his head frantically. “No, no, you’re too young. What do you know about acupuncture? What will we do if something happens to Mrs. Quinn Senior?”

“I’ll take full responsibility,” Yvette stated firmly.

The household staff wanted to protest further, but seeing Martha’s face turning more purple by the second, he bit his lip and decided to take a gamble.

“Please save Mrs. Quinn Senior, young lady!”

“Leave it to me,” Yvette replied. Wasting no time, she began the acupuncture procedure. Her movements were fluid and precise—it was almost mesmerizing to watch.

Soon, Martha coughed violently and slowly regained consciousness. As her bleary eyes fluttered open, they locked onto Yvette. There was a look of amazement on her face.

“Where did this angel come from? Am I in heaven?”

Martha continued, “Oh dear, I haven’t even gotten the chance to see my ungrateful grandson get married and have children. I wanted to hold a great-grandchild-”

“Mrs. Quinn Senior, you’re perfectly fine. Don’t say such ominous things!” The household staff interrupted her. “It was this young lady who saved you!”

“Oh, wonderful. I’m not dead!” Martha sighed with relief, her daze gradually clearing.

She turned to Yvette with a warm, grateful expression. “Thank you so much, young lady. I wouldn’t have the chance to see my great-grandchild if it weren’t for you. You’re my savior!”

Released on June 23, 2024

## Chapter 6

When Yvette’s grandmother, Kayla Jones, was still alive, she used to look at Yvette with the same fondness.

With a gentle gaze, Yvette softly replied, “I’m glad you’re okay.”

Listening to her words, Martha couldn't help but admire Yvette's ethereal beauty and pleasant voice,

The more she looked at Yvette, the more she liked her and was reluctant to let go of her hand.

Although she wanted to speak to Yvette, Martha had only just regained consciousness and was still weak. She started to gasp for breath after a

Jew sentences.

As the ambulance finally arrived, the paramedic swiftly examined Martha.

"Madam," he called. "It's nothing serious, but you still need to be taken to the hospital for further examination. This young lady's first aid was excellent. Without her, the situation could have been much worse!"

The gratitude in Martha's eyes deepened. And with great effort, she removed an emerald pendant from her neck, placing it gently in Yvette's hand..

"Please accept this, dear child. You can come to me any

can come to me anytime if you need anything"

The emerald pendant felt warm against Yvette's palm. It was clearly not an ordinary item.

Before Yvette could refuse, Martha was already being assisted into the ambulance.

The crowd, initially doubtful of Yvette's abilities, turned to look at her in admiration after witnessing her actions.

"Wow, this young lady really knows her stuff! She even saved that old lady's life, she's amazing!"

"Absolutely. She's so young, yet so skilled. That's truly impressive!"

"Not only is she skilled, but she's also kind-hearted. That old lady could've been in serious trouble without her."

Upon exiting the shopping mall, Yasmin overheard the praises for Yvette and couldn't help but sneer.

She refused to believe that Yvette, a girl who had just returned from the countryside, possessed any medical skills at all. It must have been a lucky guess.

With a contemptuous snort, she sarcastically remarked, “vie, since you came from the countryside, you probably don’t know that there are plenty of scammers in the city, especially considering our family’s wealth.

“Don’t let your amateur medical skills cause trouble for our family!”

Her repeated use of “our family” made it clear that she didn’t see Yvette as a part

Yvotto’s delicate face remained expressionless, not bothering to spare Yasmin a glance as she strode inside the mall

Furious at being ignored, Yasmin’s anger flared up. “Yvette, did you hear me?”

She roared again, “Yvette, how dare you ignore the?”

You talk too muc

“Yvette halted her steps, her fox-like eyes emitting a cold gleam instilling a sense of fear in Yasmin. “You’w too noisy.” With just a glance, Yasmin felt a chill run down her spine, in voluntarily taking a step back. “Stop bothering me,” Yvette uttered as she watched Yasmin retreat. Yvette soon continued on her way

Yasmin’s expression turned grim in an instant, her lips trembling with resentment.

She couldn’t believe she had been intimidated by Yvette, who came from the countryside!

Yasmin also couldn’t help but wonder where Yvette got the emerald pendant from as it looked valuable.

If only she could get her hands on it.

Inside the store, the staff led Irwin and Yara to check out some formal attire. Yvette showed up soon after

Upon seeing Yvette’s simple attire, they assumed she was just a poor relative tagging along with Yara. This was especially the case considering

Yasmin’s instructions for them.

After all, Yasmin was the most cherished family member of the Murray family. They couldn’t afford to offend her. If she wanted them to target Yvette, they had no choice but to obey.

“Hey, what do you think you’re doing here? Who let you waltz in like this? This is a high–end store, not a place for country bumpkins like you. You’re tarnishing our reputation and making our place dirty!”

## Chapter

“We gotta clean this place up real good to get rid of that countryside smell.” With a sinister smirk, one of the staff members grabbed a bottle of disinfectant and aimed it at Yvette’s eyes.

Yvette’s reflexes were impressive. She grabbed the woman’s wrist and swiftly redirected the spray, dousing the woman’s face and eyes instead.

Her tone remained calm and composed as she asked, “Is it clean enough now?”

“Ouch!” The disinfectant was harsh on the skin and eyes, causing the woman to cry out in pain. “My eyes! it burns!”

Following closely behind, Yasmin watched the scene unfold with increasingly malicious intent.

She considered them a useless bunch as they couldn’t even handle the simple task of harassing that wretched Yvette.

“Yvie, how could you spray disinfectant into her eyes like that?” Yasmin’s voice was loud, and with the commotion that had just happened in the store, a crowd of people joined in. They immediately condemned Yvette.

“She looks all pretty and innocent, but how could she be so wicked?”

“That’s right! Spraying disinfectant into someone’s eyes, that’s just pure evil!”

“Exactly, she has no manners or decency whatsoever.”

The harsher the criticism against Yvette, the more satisfying it was for Yasmin,

She desired nothing more than for Yara and Irwin to realize that Yvette was nothing but a country girl, highlighting her as nothing more than an outsider in comparison to Yasmin

Noticing everyone siding with her, the employee shot Yvette a dirty look and quickly wiped away her tears, playing the victim. This only made people feel sorry for her, and the crowd grew even more annoyed with Yvette.

Yasmin’s face remained expressionless. She seized the opportunity to step forward, putting on a facade of kindness.

“Yvie, you should tell everyone that you regret your actions. As long as it’s a sincere apology, everyone will forgive you!”

Yvette raised her captivating eyes, her tone indifferent “Yes, I regret it now.

This was exactly what Yasmin had been waiting for

The satisfaction in her eyes grew deeper. Forcing Yvette to apologize in front of everyone should be humiliating enough for her! “Admitting your mistakes is the first step toward improvement, Yvie. You should apologize to her right now and ask for forgiveness—”

However, Yasmin’s words were cut short by Yvette’s impatience. “What I regret is not staying praying enough just now. I should’ve just poured the whole bottle of disinfectant down her throat.”

Yvette’s tone was downright savage.

The crowd was stunned, taking a moment to process her words before growing even more furious.

“She’s a lost cause!”

“Yeah, what kind of family raised a kid like her?”

“She’s so young, yet has such a wicked heart!”

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## Chapter 7

While everyone was focused on Yvette, Yasmin shot a glance at the manager, who immediately understood what she had to do.

The manager discreetly slipped a woman’s watch into Yvette’s backquack, which she had left on the couch,

Upon seeing this, Yasmin smirked. If she could frame Yvette for theft, her reputation in the city would be ruined.

As expected, the manager soon kicked up a fuss

“Not only did you hurt our employee, but you also stole from our store. This is outrageous! The manager was fuming. She held up Yvette’s backpack and revealed the watch to the crowd.

Yasmin bit her lip, her face masked with shock and disappointment. "Ye, how could you do this? I know you grew up in the countryside and haven't seen many of these things, but stealing is unacceptable!"

The crowd's disdain for Yvette intensified

"So, she's a country bumpkin. No wonder!"

"Yeah, go back to the countryside! We don't want you here!"

"Exactly, get lost!"

The manager grew even more arrogant amidst the yelling. She pointed at Yvette and sneered, "This is a high-end store. Don't come in if you don't have the money. This is no place for poor people like you!"

"Who are you calling poor?" Having overheard the commotion, Yara stormed out of the fitting room furiously.

"What kind of lousy store treats their customers this way?"

Upon seeing Yara, the manager quickly changed her tone, trying to appease Yara. "Mr. Murray, there's been a misunderstanding. Our store believes that the customer is always right. However, she assaulted our employee and stole from us. Such behavior can't go unpunished."

"Shut up!" Yara's anger flared. "Stop talking nonsense. My dear Yara can have anything she wants. Why would she need to steal your lousy

Yvette could have the family a billion-dollar fortune if she worked.

The manager was left speechless by Yara's words. But after receiving a warning glare from Yasmin, Yara quickly continued speaking. "Mrs Murray, I'm not making things up. She injured our staff and stole from the store. Everyone here saw it!"

"That's right, all of us saw it." The crowd nodded in agreement.

Yasmin grew more smug by the second. She spoke, "Yara, they'll forgive you as long as you apologize to them sincerely!" She was determined to frame Yvette as thief.

"Yasmin, what are you talking about? Yara spoke to her sternly for the first time. "We would never steal. There's no need for an apology!"



As she finished speaking, Yara turned to comfort Yvette, "Don't be afraid, Yvie. Mem's got your back!"

A warmth spread through Yvette's heart, and the coldness in her delicate features softened slightly

Upon witnessing

Yara defend Yvette, Yasmin's resentment grew. She said, "You're right, Anunt Yara. I must have misunderstood her. I also believe that Yvie would never steal. Let's check the surveillance footage to clarify things!"

The manager had already been bribed, and with the surveillance footage in their hands, they could edit it however they pleased.

"Yeah, that's right. We can check the surveillance footage now, Mrs. Murray!" The manager immediately complied, heading to the computer to pull up the footage.

Of course, the video recordings had been edited to remove any instances of the staff's provocation, leaving only clips of Yvette's actions.

"Look at this, she sprayed disinfectant into someone's eyes. This lady has such a wicked heart!"

"Yeah, stealing and assaulting people—terrible!"

Despite the crowd's condemnation, Yvette remained unfazed. Her voice remained cool as she spoke, "There's something wrong with video!"

How could there be anything wrong with it?" The manager retorted defensively. "Everyone saw it happen. Stop talking nonsense!"

"You tampered with the footage."

With

those

words, Yvette brushed off their protests, showing no interest in arguing with them.

She then strode confidently to the computer, ignoring the manager's feeble attempt to stop her.

The manager's nervousness was obvious. A mere glance from Yvette was enough to intimidate her into backing off.

How could a country girl like her possess such a dominating presence?

Yvette was focused on the computer screen as her agile fingers swiftly danced across the keyboard

Observing this, Yasmin couldn't help but smirk triumphantly. A staff member had already deleted those video clips under her instructions, so there was no way Yvette could retrieve them now!

"Yvie, since you grew up in the countryside, maybe it's best not to mess with the computer. You don't want to break it by accident, right?" Yasmin's tone oozed with sarcasm. But before she could finish, Yvette withdrew her hands, her tone nonchalant.

"I'm done."

The deleted surveillance footage was fully restored and began playing automatically.

The manager and staff members' faces paled in an instant. They began to panic..

It was a taste of

The recovered video clearly showed the staff's rude behavior. She tried to spray the disinfectant into Yvette's eyes first, only to get a

her own medicine.

As for the theft accusation, it was total nonsense. The footage showed the manager slipping the watch into Yvette's backpack, trying to frame

her for it

"Gosh, so that's what happened! We've been blaming this poor girl all along!"

"I can't believe your sto

"Yeah, us too!"

would stoop so low, trying to frame an innocent girl! That's just disgusting. I'm never stepping foot in here again!"

The crowd realized they had been manipulated and felt the anger rising within them. They had sympathized with the staff members before,

but now they were furious

The manager and staff couldn't even lift their heads, feeling guilty and panicked. They hadn't expected Yvette to recover the deleted footage.

They were in big trouble now,

The video froze at the moment the manager pointed at Yvette and called her poor, causing Yara to tremble in anger.

“Not only did you try to frame my dear Yvie, you also insulted her! I think you’ll find it hard to stick around in Jublife City after this!”

The Murray family was the wealthiest and most influential family in Jublife City; making someone disappear from the city was a piece of cake

for them.

“We made a mistake, Mrs. Murray. We’ve messed up. Please forgive us just this once...”

The manager and her team looked to Yasmin in desperation.

They just did what she told them to, didn’t they? Plus, Yasmin even said that Yvette was just some unwelcome and poor relative of the Murray family. Why was Mrs. Murray defending her like this?

Released on June 23, 2024

## Chapter 8

Knowing that the manager and staff members wouldn’t have the guts to betray her, Yasmin avoided their pleading gazes. Unnoticed by the others, her expression darkened with indignation.

She never expected Yvette, that wretched woman, to restore the deleted surveillance footage herself. She ended up mining all of Yasmin’s plans

“I’ll tell you one more thing. My dear Yyle has more money than she knows what to do with!” Yara was still seething with anger.

She affectionately patted Yvette’s hair, then gestured for her household staff to bring her bag over.

Yara opened it, pulled out stacks of cash, and pressed them into Yvette’s hands. “Take this money and show them who’s really poor!”

“Yvie, I’m buying this entire mall for you right now! It’s all yours!”

Irwin was equally furious. Yvette was their precious daughter, and they couldn’t bear to see her upset, let alone treated unfairly like this!

Train made a phone call, summoning the mall's general manager, who soon arrived with a contract in hand. He lowered his head respectfully as he presented the document to Yvette,

"Ms. Murray, the entire mall belongs to you now!"

This splendid mall was situated in one of the busiest areas in Jubulife City, with rent soaring to millions per month.

Vara spoke tenderly, "The rent for a single unit here is just a few million a month. It might be on the lower side, but that's

's not a problem. I'll give you a million every day for your expenses!"

This made Yasinin green with envy. Her monthly allowance was only half a million, yet Yvette's allowance.

He started at a million right off the bat

She had only been back for a day, but Yara and Irwin were already showering her with so much money. If this continued, there wouldn't be anything left for Yasmin in the Murray family!

"I don't need it." Yvette shook her head decisively. She wasn't short of money, and there was only so much she could spend in a day.

However, Yara misunderstood her. "Is a million a day not enough for you? Then how about ten million?"

"Yvie, I'll also give you 20 million every day!" Irwin claimed in, eager to show his support.

Knowing that if she refused, they would only increase the amount they offered for her daily allowance, Yvette sighed in resignation. "Whatever you say."

She didn't need the money, but the unwavering trust and support from Irwin and Yara truly warmed her heart.

Meanwhile, Yasmin stood by, grinding her teeth in frustration. All her efforts to frame Yvette had backfired as it made her richer instead. She was incredibly furious!

Meanwhile, the hospital was bustling with activity.

"I'm fine now. I want to leave the hospital, and none of you can stop me!" Martha insisted on leaving the hospital as soon as she regained her strength.

The doctors and nurses couldn't restrain her any longer. Just when they were at a loss, a

loss, a deep voice rang out, "Grandma"

A dignified man entered the room with confident strides. As he did, the temperature inside seemed to drop, casting a sense of unease over

everyone present.

"Your condition has only begun to improve. We can't have you kicking up a fuss here," Wilson said calmly but firmly

With Wäsen there, Martha gradually became more composed. She sat up straight, her hands gracefully resting on her lap

"I'm not making a scene. I must leave at once to thank the girl who saved me," she insisted.

"You need to stay in the hospital to recover properly. I'll make sure someone finds her for you," Wilson replied, his tone carrying a hint of authority.

Martha knew his character well and realized it was pointless to argue further. She could only sigh and remind him gently, "Will, you must find that girl who saved me!"

Martha couldn't help but imagine how wonderful it would be if that beautiful and kind lady could become her granddaughter-in-law

Unfortunately, Wilson was already engaged to the daughter of the Murray family. Still, she was relieved that she had a grandson who was around the same age as the girl, so there was still hope for them to be together.

If that young lady could become her granddaughter-in-law, Martha would be overjoyed! just the thought of it made Martha's face light up with a smile, and she couldn't help but giggle to herself.

Chapter

"Will, you have no idea just how exceptional that lady was. I almost died, and I owe her my life!"

As Martha continued praising her savior, Wilson's attention drifted elsewhere. He listened to her half-heartedly, his gaze fixed on the messages that went unanswered on his phone.

Despite the mysterious lady's admirable qualities, she was incredibly aloof. Even at this moment, she hadn't even bothered to respond to Wilson's messages.

"Will, are you even listening to what I'm saying?"

"Go ahead, Grandma." Wilson snapped out of his thoughts, his voice deep and serious.

"Oh em gee, I can't believe you! You didn't hear a single word after all I've said. What kind of grandson are you?" Martha exclaimed.

Listening to Martha's continuous stream of new slang she learned online, Wilson rubbed his temple and turned to Samuel. "Make sure Grandma spends less time online from now on."

"No way! I'm chronically online at this point. Life would be so dull without the Internet!" Martha immediately objected.

She then remembered something and quickly changed the subject. "Oh yeah, Will. When are you planning to meet your fiancée from the Murray family?"

Wilson's deep, narrow eyes flashed with coldness, and he corrected her in a firm tone, "Grandma, I don't have a fiancée,"

"Don't forget that my heart has just stabilized!" Martha expected him to react in her favor this way and started to push his buttons. "Who knows when I'll have another heart attack if you upset me again!"

Wilson's expression softened with resignation, and he diverted the conversation. "Rest well, Grandma. I'll go find the person who saved you."

Sure enough, as soon as she heard those words, Martha was excited and nodded repeatedly.

"Alright, hurry up and find that young lady. I gave her the emerald pendant, our family heirloom, as a token of gratitude for saving me. Will, you must thank her properly when you find her. You must fulfill whatever she asks for!"

"Alright, Grandma."

Wilson left the ward with a stern expression on his face, reverting to his usual icy demeanor

In a brisk tone, he commanded, "Once you find the person with Grandma's emerald pendant, make sure her requests are met to the fullest." Having saved Martha's life, the Quinn family wouldn't dare to mistreat her.

Samuel nodded in acknowledgment. "Yes, Mr. Quinn,"

Wilson unlocked his phone once more, his gaze cold and penetrating as it fixed on the chandelier window.

He nibbled lightly on his lower lip, a hint of mischief glimmering in his otherwise composed countenance.

He couldn't help but marvel at the situation. How great was it that the lady still hadn't responded to his message?

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## Chapter 9

Ilo and Yara surrounded Yvette at the Murray Manor. They cupped each side of her cheeks while their voices wavered with concern. "We've taught those people a stern lesson for you. We promise never to let you suffer such injustice again!"

In the end, the store issued a formal apology to Yvette. They even fired the manager and staff member, kicking those people out of Tuberville City.

Yvette didn't take that all matter to heart and only nodded with a blank expression.

Ilo continued warmly, "Yvonne, this is the dress I specially chose for you to wear at the banquet. I'm sure it'll look amazing on you, our beautiful

The clerk at the mall caused them to lose all interest in dress shopping. So, Ilo contacted a dress shop and picked out the banquet dresses.

"Yasmin, this is the dress I chose for you!" Ilo didn't forget about Yasmin. With tender affection, she motioned the latter to come over. "You and Wie should play the piano on stage during the banquet. When that happens, all the ladies of high society will envy me for having such outstanding daughters!"

the dress design but

Yasmin's expression dulled once she saw a picture of the dress Ilo chose. It turned out that Ilo had given Yvette the latest dress Ilo gave Yasmin a design from last year.

Yasmin felt Ilo was utterly biased for doing so.

"What's wrong, Yasmin? Do you not like this dress? I could've sworn you've always liked this brand, though..." Ilo replied.

Yara always had poor health, so she disliked socializing outdoors. She usually preferred gardening and seldom paid attention to things like Lashion. Naturally, she didn't know clothing was categorized by the latest designs and those from previous seasons,

She only knew Yasmin Bled this brand's pieces, so she specially picked out this dress for her.

Despite feeling upset, Yasmin flashed a honeyed smile as she hugged Yara's arms. She put on a deliberate affectionate act in front of Yvette. Thank you, Ait Yara! I love it! We're so in sync. I was previously eyeing this dress, too!"

She wanted to drill one thing into Yvette's mind—that she was closer to Yara and train, even if Yvette was the couple's biological daughter.

Alas, Yvette couldn't be bothered to spare a glance at Yasmin's act. Yvette's lack of interest felt like a cold slap to Yasmin's face, making her

even more upset.

"I'm happy to hear that!" Yara was pleased with Yasmin's response. She then turned to speak to Yvette in a gentle tone. "Oh, right, Yve Your

little older brother, Sean, is coming home the day after tomorrow when his Esports tournament ends!"

Yvette's delicate brows arched when she heard "Esports competition" Then, she nodded. "Alright, I understand."

Still, Yara went on with the same gentleness "We, Sean can be foolhardy. If he upsets you in any way when he returns, feel free to tell your dad and me about it. I'll lecture Sean into behaving for you!"

"That's right!" Irwin joined in, nodding fervently. "Well, I'll make that heat kneel in front of our family's memorial hall for forgiveness if he dares to pick on you!"

He refused to let anyone bully his precious daughter, not even his five sons

Yasmin couldn't help rolling her eyes when she heard that. Even the corner of her lips slightly curved into an undetectable sneer.

Knowing Sean was about to return, she was determined to brainstorm a way to make Sean hate Yvette.



Yvette sat on the couch and played mobile games. She maneuvered her in-game character with her slender fingertips. Her very presence was pleasing to the eye.

Vet, Yasmin immediately glanced at the former with contempt and mentally scoffed. She found Yvette to be an incompetent loser. After all, wasn't long before the banquet, but Yvette was still in the mood to play mobile games.

Yasmin refused to waste her time like Yvette. Instead, she needed to practice her piano skills. Yasmin wanted to steal the limelight at the banquet and crush Yvette, the bumpkin her family had picked up from the countryside!

Meanwhile, Yvette received a game invite once she was online. She accepted it without much thought. After that, she switched on her microphone in the team chat and heard a pleasant, excited male voice.

"Rebir, you're online again! I have some amazing news to tell you I won the Esports National Championship this year! What do you think? Did I make you proud?" Sean Murray exclaimed.

"That's pretty good, Yvette casually answered. She agreed that winning the national championship was indeed a decent achievement. Sean's excitement became more noticeable upon receiving Yvette's praise. He added, "Rebir, I heard you're in Jubilee City. I'm going

home

there the day after tomorrow once the competition and

tomorrow once the competition and award ceremony ends. How about we meet after I go home to see my younger sister? "You're kind of my mentor and contributed to my win at the national championships. I genuinely wish to meet and thank you in person!"

Rebar was a legend in the Esports community. She had incredible gaming skills and won many global competitions. However, she disappeared from the community shortly after those wins.

Sean once overestimated his talents and challenged Rebir to a match when he was young and reckless. Their player vs player duel ended with her beating him to a pulp

Since then, he became convinced about Rebir's abilities. He had the utmost respect for Rebir while also fearing her.

"Younger sister?" Yvette asked, astutely picking up on those keywords. She raised a brow and felt a sense

of foreboding. She wondered if Sean could be the fifth older brother she had learned about earlier.

“Yeah!” Sean voiced without any careful thought. “We found my long-lost sister, so my parents keep urging me to go home. I’m not that eager to meet her, to be honest. I’m only doing it because my parents insist that I do!”

Although Sean claimed to feel that way, he had already booked the earliest flight back to Jubilife City for the day after tomorrow

He continued, “My mom even insists I prepare a present for her. How annoying! Rebir, since you’re also a woman, what kind of present do you think she’d like?”

The dots were connecting in Yvette’s mind. Helplessness flickered in her captivating, upturned eyes.

Sean didn’t notice Yvette’s odd behavior. Instead, he kept rambling on. “Oh, forget it. There’s no use in asking you, Rebir. Pfigure it out

myself.”

He touched the nearly lined-up gifts on his desk and fell into a conflicted state. He wondered if he should just give all ten of them to his sister

“Women are so troublesome. I’ll act like a tough big brother when I go home. That way, she won’t dare disobey or challenge me. She must do everything I say without any objections!”

“Do as he says without any objections?” Yvette wondered.

She listened in silence as Sean bragged. Once he finished, she stated emotionlessly, “You’ll practice for three more hours today”

“Wait. What? Why? Sean’s features wrinkled into a pained expression at once. His voice took on a wowl as he complained, “Three extra hours, Rebir? You’re cruel!”

Amidst his suffering, he wondered what he had said wrong. Why did Rebir punish him with extra gaming practice so suddenly?

Wette tib longer said anything to him. She then went offline and exited the game.

That was when she got a WhatsApp notification.

Released on June 23, 2024

## Chapter 10

The WhatsApp text from Wilson read, "Don't forget you still owe me a meal"

As Yvette read it, she couldn't help picturing, Wilson flirtatiously and arrogantly smirking. She pursed her lips while typing a simple "okay" and sent it to him. At the same time, she changed his contact name to "Womanizer"

Wilson sat in the main seat at Royal Pavillion. His devilishly handsome face was devoid of emotion. He also radiated an overbearing presence, deterring others free dating to approach him.

The women around him dared not get too close, regardless of how infatuated they were with him.

"What's this? Who's angered our esteemed Mr. Quinn this time?" A sing-song voice rang out before a charming man entered the private

That man, Collin Steele, didn't wait for Wilson to respond. Instead, he continued, "Don't tell me you're frustrated because your grandma is nagging at you to get married again."

He knew that apart from Martha, those who could piss Wilson off in Jubilee City were already long buried in their graves.

Wilson couldn't be bothered to respond. His focus remained on his and Yvette's chat. She still hadn't replied to his text, which made his eyes darken like a storm

"I heard the Murrays are hosting a banquet to celebrate the return of their lost daughter. Will you be attending your future fiancée's banquet, Wilson?" Collin's taunting tone rang out again.

Wilson's otherwise beguiling eyes that could hook anyone narrowed dangerously. Even his voice lost all warmth as he spoke. "Thane no fiancée Don't ever let me hear that word from your lips again."

Collin smirked at this. "Mr. and Mrs. Murray are renowned for being beautiful people in high society. Their genetics can't be that bad. If you ask me, I bet their daughter will be just as attractive as they are. Are you sure you'll cancel the marriage arrangements without even meeting the girl?"

"You talk too much." Wilson's frosty gaze swept past Collin as he snapped, "Do you wish to get sold off abroad to work for others that badly?"

It didn't matter to him how amazing the Murray family's heiress was

As for Collin, he zipped his lips once the former threatened him. Yet, it didn't last more than a few minutes because he began blabbering away soon after. "Oh, alright, alright. Since you're unwilling to form a marriage allegiance with the Murrays, I'm going to pursue their daughter!"

Men like Collin and Wilson were heirs to wealthy families. Their marriages were often arranged with wealthy heiresses.

Instead of letting his family members choose his bride, Collin would rather pick someone he found pleasant to his eyes.

"Do as you please," was the only thing that came out of Wilson's thin, seductive lips. Then, his gaze settled back onto his phone. The frost in his eyes melted away slightly once he saw he had received a reply.

Although Yvette had only answered with a simple "okay", it was still better than her not replying at all.

Collin was curious about what made Wilson's mood improve all of a sudden.

Curiosity and doubt filled Collin's mind as he leaned closer, trying to peek at what was on Wilson's phone. Alas, he met the latter's stern, warning glare before he could even read a word.

He stopped trying to peek while muttering begrudgingly, "Oh, fine. Keep whatever it is to yourself, then. How mean.."

Although Collin didn't see the text, Samuel, who was stood aside, got the full view.

Samuel couldn't help clicking his tongue in secret, thinking it was ridiculous that Wilson was so overjoyed with a curt reply. It seemed to him that Wilson was under that woman's total control.

Just then, the assistant behind Collin received some information. He then reported to Collin respectfully, "The men in our group want to meet you, Mr. Steele. They want your help in capturing a Woman."

Before he could finish, Wilson's cold tone rang out again. He said, "Exterminate those men, and have them disappear from Jubilee City,"

Upon hearing that, Collin couldn't help voicing his confusion. "Did that cross you, Wilson?"

Wilson never questioned the minor details. However, he wanted to eliminate the group out of the blue today, which was too unusual.

“No,” replied Wilson Hayes narrowed slightly as he drawled, “I just like helping others.”

The banquet took

place at 7:00 pm the next day.

Yara and Irwin wanted to demonstrate how much Yvette meant to them. Thus, they organized a grand banquet, inviting all the prestigious

and wealthy families in Jublife City.

Yasmin wanted to impress everyone, so she put on her makeup and got dressed early. Then, she joined Yara in welcoming the guests. She kept showing herself off as if today's banquet was in her honor.

“Woah, you're so beautiful today, Yasmin! That dress you're wearing has to be from Chanel, right?”

“That dress is worth a couple million dollars! As expected of the Murrays. Your parents are truly the wealthiest people in Jublife City. They must adore you to bits!”

“Of course! Yasmin's incredibly talented, after all! Oh, right. I heard you're performing a piano piece today. Everyone's looking forward to enjoying your talents!”

Yasmin basked in everyone's praise. A smug grin smeared across her face, but she put on a humble front.

“You're all too kind. My piano skills are average, so don't expect too much from me later.”

All the socialites were quick to speak up when they heard her response.

possibly be better than you at playing the

“Don't be so modest, Yasmin! You won first place in a piano competition, after all. Who could possit instrument?”

“Yeah! You don't have to sell yourself short.”

“Also, Yasmin. Isn't tonight's banquet in honor of your older sister, whom your family found in the countryside? Why hasn't she shown up yet?”

“Indeed. Your sister still hasn't arrived and is making you welcome the guests? How rude of her!”

The smugness in Yasmin's eyes deepened as she listened to the complaints targeting Yvette. Still, she warmly explained, “Wie has slummod

in the countryside for years. It's only natural that she's unaware of social customs. It's fine if I welcome the guests for her."

At first listen, it sounded like Yasmin was explaining on Yvette's behalf. Yet, in actuality, she was throwing subtle jabs at the latter

As Yasmin expected, the socialites grimaced at once.

"I knew it. We can't expect a bumpkin, who grew up in the countryside, to have any manners. She's totally incomparable to you!"

"I have no idea what Mr. and Mrs. Murray are thinking. They're even hosting this grand banquet in her honor. Aren't they worried that country girl will embarrass them?"

"Don't say such things, you guys. Yvie has roamed the countryside all these years alone. Uncle Irwin and Aunt Yara feel guilty, so it's natural that they host such a grand party," said Yasmin

In those few words, she managed to make Yara and Irwin's love for Yvette sound more like pity.

The socialites immediately caught Yasmin's drift and started to butter her up more. After all, they believed the Marnays' pity wouldn't last long.

What would a country bumpkin like Wette have to depend on once the Murrays grew tired of pitying her?

On the other hand, Yasmin was different; she had grown up alongside the Murrays for years and was an outstanding figure. Such was the kind of person the socialites needed to curry favors with.

"You're too nice, Yasmin! That's why she's treating you like this!"

"Oh, Yasmin. I heard those country folk don't bathe and are filthy to the bone. Is she like that, too?"

"I bet she is. I'm guessing she has coarse and damaged skin from living in harsh conditions. She must be an ugly duckli-