

Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 161

Chapter 161

“Tsk. Collin is such a blabbermouth,” Wilson thought.

Still, he wasn’t too bothered by the news getting out. He was serious about Yvette, and he’d openly announce their relationship if she wanted.

“**Yeah. That’s** right.”

Jacob cursed when Wilson readily admitted to dating someone else. He clicked **his** tongue and said, “You beast!”

According **to Collin**, the poor woman attracted Wilson’s attention right after she turned 18. Wilson was truly an animal. Jacob, who had a sister of the same age, seethed at the thought of his sister dating a man **ten** years **solder than** her.

However, he felt glad that Wilson could call off the engagement to his sister now that Wilson had found the love of **his** life.

Jacob had no objections to calling off the engagement. After his sister lived a difficult life in the countryside, it was only right that he doted on her to make up for the suffering she went through.

He

refused to let any man take her from **him**!

Speechless, Wilson thought he’d surely punch Jacob in the face if Jacob were around.

Sensing Wilson’s hostility through the phone, Jacob hurriedly **cleared** his throat and shifted the topic of conversation. “I’m heading to Jublife City in a few days. Come to **the** Murray Manor when you’re free. We need to talk about calling off the engagement.”

“Sure,” Wilson agreed flatly.

Then, he inserted a straw into Yvette’s favorite milk before handing it to her. The blush had faded from her face by now. She accepted the milk and carefully sipped on it.

Wilson gazed at her tenderly. He said to her dotingly, “Let me know if you crave anything

anything else.”

Jacob was taken aback by **Wilson’s** gentle **voice**. Collecting himself, he cursed **Wilson** out. “You brought her home? You’re an animal!”

Jacob hung up right after leaving that remark. He could picture Wilson’s furious face.

He clicked his tongue **in** annoyance but was cheered up by the thought of meeting his sister at home in a few days. Not only that, he could call off her engagement with Wilson. That put him in a great mood.

Wilson nearly crushed his phone as he gritted his teeth

“What’s wrong?” Yvette, who didn’t overhear Jacob’s words, sensed Wilson’s **foul** mood.

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She cast a tender **look** at him. He rubbed his forehead at the sight of the demure woman in front of him, thinking, “Maybe Jacob am an animal...”

At the Murray

Manor, Sean immediately went up to Ashton after his call with Yvette. “So? When is Yvieve coming home?”

Ashton replied blandly, “She said she’s not coming home tonight.”

“What?” Sean’s mood instantly dropped. The brothers looked upset.

Meanwhile, Yasmin grinned after overhearing their conversation. She thought, “I’m fine with that! That bitch better never come home”

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Despite that, Yasmin put on a pitiful display. “Isn’t Yvieve coming home? Does she not want to forgive me?”

She had successfully swayed **Yara** and Irwin and convinced them to suppress the plagiarism news by threatening to take her **life**. She **could** still resume playing the piano.

“That bitch Yvette can’t do anything about it!” she thought gleefully.

Sean **and** Ashton felt bad for Yvette. Yasmin was in **the** wrong, but she forced Yvette to back down with her antics, which they believed was grossly unfair to Yvette.

Therefore, they were cold to Yasmin. They advised her, “Don’t overthink it. Drop the topic since Yvie has agreed not to press charges on the plagiarism.”

More than anything, they didn’t want to upset Yvette again.

Yasmin **clearly** picked up on their concern and care for Yvette. The look in her eyes **hardened**.

They were all siding with that bitch, when not long ago, they were doting **on** her! This was all Yvette’s fault! Why did she come home? She should **have** died in the streets!

Eyes sparkling with a venomous glint, she put on a pitiful act and replied feebly, “**Sean**, Ashton, I got it. I’ll drop the topic.”

Sean **and** Ashton **had** nothing more to say to Yasmin. They retired to their rooms, clearly unwilling to pay her any attention. Yasmin was enraged by their treatment. She clenched her fists with a murderous look in her eyes.

Those two were hopelessly under Yvette’s charm. Thankfully, Jacob would be home soon!

Jacob

Ashes the brother who doted on her the most. Besides, he was running all their family businesses, which placed him ahead of Sean and

Yasmin decided to win Jacob’s favor during his trip home and get the most out of him. Not only that, she’d get Yvette kicked out of the Murray family!

Wilson emerged from the bathroom in his villa and found Yvette sitting in bed, absently swaying her long legs.

Swallowing hard, he suppressed the desire in him. “Why are you in my room?” he asked in a helpless tone.

Of all places, she sat in his bed. He had the urge to get on top of her and give her some good loving.

“The **maids** told me my room was a mess, and I can’t sleep there for the night. They lost the keys to the other guest rooms, so they had **to** bring me to your bedroom.”

The situation sounded outrageous, but she had no choice but to stop by his bedroom since the maids refused to unlock the other bedroom doors for her.

Wilson narrowed his eyes, knowing fully that the maids couldn't have done so without orders. They were professionals who had been through vigorous training.

There was only one explanation. Martha must have gotten the news **that** Yvette went home with him, and she must have ordered the maids to pull off such a ridiculous act.

He rubbed his forehead and swallowed helplessly. Yvette hopped off the bed, barefooted. "Where do I sleep tonight?"

His expression fell when she walked on the floor with her bare feet. He lifted her into his **arms** and said with a frown, "Why are you walking around without slippers? The floor is cold."

She couldn't help but snuggle against him **when** she picked up his scent. He froze and swallowed **hard**. Then, he warned her in a raspy **voice**, "Don't tempt me..."

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"Are

you teasing me?" Yvette thought as she batted her lashes, a mischievous glint in her gaze. She tightly wrapped her pale arms around Wilson's neck, nuzzling into his embrace.

"Was it on purpose?" Wilson's Adam's apple bobbed more intensely, his dark eyes growing even more profound **and more** alluring. The grip on her waist tightened.

"Yes!" Yvette nodded. She continued to squirm restlessly in his arms, ruffling his **robe** to reveal his broad chest, chiseled abs, and perfect V- line.

This sight was even more seductive than seeing it on videos, radiating an irresistible air of raw masculinity.

Sensing Yvette's eyes on his abs, a lazy smile spread across Wilson's handsome face—captivating enough to bewitch the soul.

"Oh, my little Yvie wants to see my abs, huh?" he teased.

Upon hearing his languid chuckle, Yvette's ear flushed. She tried to deny it instinctively, "I didn't-

But Wilson didn't let her finish. He laid her on the bed gently and placed her small hand on his abs. His warm breath caressed her sensitive ear, "I'm very generous. Yvie, you can touch me as much **as** you want."

Her ears burned even more. She couldn't resist poking her finger on his hard, defined muscles. It felt good.

Noticing her little trick, every muscle in Wilson's body instantly tensed. His alluring eyes smoldered with desire. His self-control vanished in Yvette's presence.

"Damn, I didn't want to be a good person anymore." he thought.

Yvette blinked innocently and tried to touch him again, but her hand was suddenly seized.

Wilson took a deep breath, barely restraining the scorching heat within. He couldn't let her keep fanning the flames.

If not, how could he resist **himself** from taking advantage of her?

"Seems not **so** generous now, **huh**? I can't touch anymore?" Yvette's beautiful eyes glinted mischievously as she tilted her head, **drawling**. "You can't handle it?"

The little minx dared to provoke him. Had he spoiled her too much?

Wilson gritted his teeth. His cold, captivating gaze held a wicked glint as he pinned her down.

"We'll see who is the one who can't handle it."

With that, his long, elegant fingers landed on the sash of his robe, as if he **was** about

Yvette didn't expect him to undress. Her ears instantly flushed red. This man is a beast!

to

remove it.

"I'm sleepy!" Ignoring the heat in her ears, Yvette rolled over, squeezing her eyes shut, pretending to be asleep.

“Can’t take it anymore?” Wilson chuckled huskily. He pressed his body down to trap her beneath him. His fingers caressed her chin, and an air of sensuality permeated the room.

“Oh, so my Yvie can’t take it already?”

Yvette peeked out from the sheets, glaring at him.

It was too cute to be a threat. It only made him want to tease her more.

“Forget it. So **much** for my shower,” he thought.

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Wilson leaned in closer to her. His warm breath enveloped her ear lobes as he spoke, “Where did your boldness from earlier **go**?”

Yvette’s ears burned, blushing with annoyance as she bit down on his arm

“Heh.” Wilson’s low, dark chuckle rose unhurriedly. He gently pinched her chin, and his slender fingers lightly caressed her red lips. Naturally, an ambiguous atmosphere arose.

“You’re such a dog, aren’t **you**?” His tone was filled **with** doting affection.

Seeing Yvette’s **reddened** earlobes, Wilson no longer had the heart to tease her. Plus, **he** couldn’t guarantee he could control himself if he kept

teasing.

His Adam’s apple bobbed again as he forcefully suppressed the surging heat in his heart, lowering his voice to **coax** her, “My bed is wide. Sleep tight.”

He understood Martha’s way of doing things—she would get what she wanted to get done, no matter what. The maids in the villa wouldn’t easily hand over the keys to anyone.

Yvette pressed her lips together **and** agreed obediently. **She** was the type who not only disliked others touching her things but also disliked touching others’ things. But Wilson was an exception.

Seeing Yvette’s docile manner, Wilson’s **eyes** grew even more tender. He thoughtfully tucked the blanket around her.

After walking out of the room, the tenderness in Wilson's eyes quickly vanished, reverting to his usual cold aloofness.

Seeing his expression, the maids suddenly felt a chill down their backs. They lowered their heads one by one, trembling as they spoke up. "Mr. Quinn, **this**... this is Mrs. Quinn Senior's order. She had just called to say that she would fire us if we didn't do things according to her wishes," one of them stuttered.

"Yes. Mrs. Quinn Senior also instructed that we can't let you take the keys for the other rooms. Mr. Quinn, please don't make things difficult for us...!!

Wilson gritted his teeth. A deep look of helplessness flashed across his devastatingly handsome face.

Martha must be wishing for a great-grandson, but now wasn't the time.

The next day, as soon as Yvette walked through the campus gates, she saw Yasmin getting out of the Murray family car. Behind her were several students from the Music Department, surrounding her with envious expressions.

"Yasmin, we're so jealous of you! You get to attend yesterday's piano conference. I heard that President Thompson was present, and so was **Mischa** Rachmaninoff!"

"**Yeah!** Mischa Rachmaninoff's whereabouts **are** always a mystery, and she's been in seclusion for so long. It must be an honor to be **see** her!

able to

Although Jublife University's Music Department hosted the piano conference, **only** outstanding talents from the department were qualified to attend. Regular students weren't eligible to attend.

Moreover, Yara **and** Irwin had already suppressed the news about Yasmin's plagiarism issue. Therefore, no one was aware of her shameful act **aside** from those present at the piano **conference**,

Hearing the compliments for Yvette, Yasmin felt an unbearable sense of irritation. Her expression darkened

But the crowd was completely oblivious to Yasmin's displeasure. They continued, "Yasmin, did you see Mischa Rachmaninoff at the piano conference yesterday?"

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The crowd surrounded Yasmin and continued, “Yes, Yasinin! Did you manage to see Mischa Rachmaninoff? What is she like?”

really want to meet Mischa Rachmaninoff. Who doesn’t admire Mischa Rachmaninoff?”

“I really

Upon hearing those words, Yasmin’s resentment deepened. Just the thought of her embarrassing appearance yesterday made her seethe with

anger.

Yvette, that despicable country bumpkin, was Mischa Rachmaninoff, but she had never revealed her true identity. She was setting a trap for Yasmin to fall into!

Yvette had intentionally let her eavesdrop on her performance, then exposed her plagiarism at the piano conference. She was aiming to ruin her reputation in the music circle! If it weren’t for **Yara** and Irwin covering up for her, her music career would have been over!

Yasmin gritted her teeth in hatred. Yvette was truly a master schemer; she had underestimated her!

“Mischa Rachmaninoff’s piano skills are unquestionable,” Yasmin pretended to look troubled, “but her character is another story”

“What?”

Her classmates from the music faculty were shocked by her words,

“What do you mean, Yasmin? What has Mischa Rachmaninoff done?”

“Yeah, why did you **say** Mischa Rachmaninoff’s character is questionable?”

“Ah!” Yasmin sighed heavily, her troubled expression deepening, “I **can’t** tell you about this, but just remember to keep your distance from Mischa Rachmaninoff in the future. She **has** a strange temper, is arrogant about her talent, looks down on others... and accuses others of plagiarizing her music...”

“Oh my! I didn’t expect Mischa Rachmaninoff to be such a person!”

The **students** from the music faculty all had anger showing on their faces, clearly upset after knowing the fact.

“Mischa Rachmaninoff has such a **bad** character? I used to idolize her!”

“I officially declare that Mischa Rachmaninoff is no longer my idol!”

Listening to their words, Yasmin smiled satisfactorily, and a hint of triumph sparkled in her eyes. She was determined to tarnish the reputation of that despicable Mischa Rachmaninoff, who is actually Yvette, and completely ruin her reputation!

Although pleased, Yasmin had to put on a show, and she changed her expression into one of regret. “**Ah**, I never thought Mischa Rachmaninoff would be like this. I used to see her as an idol. **What** a pity-

Before Yasmin could finish her disparaging words, she stepped on a stone and fell with a loud thud.

“Are you okay, Yasinin?”

Struggling to get up from the ground, Yasmin felt intense pain all over her body. The embarrassment from the fall and the pain caused her to tremble with anger.

“Who did this?” she shouted.

She was sure the ground was clear just now, and such a large stone had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Someone must have put it there on

Yvette walked towards her slowly, her **eyes** shimmering with a hint of coldness. “If you can’t control your mouth, please consider getting it sewn shut” she said, her tone carrying a warning

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Yasmin shuddered, her face pale as a sheet. She clearly didn’t expect that Yvette had overheard her spreading rumors behind her back.

“Oh, by the way, I have a recording of yesterday’s piano conference. If I hear you spouting nonsense again, I can just send the video to everyone in the school,” Yvette snapped.

Yasmin panicked upon hearing that. She mustn’t let the video go viral, or her image would be completely ruined!

Disregarding everything else, **Yasmin** quickly apologized, “Yvie, I was wrong. I will not speak carelessly again.”

But in the eyes of outsiders, she looked like a lamb who got threatened. They stood up for her.

“Yvette, don’t be so unreasonable. You’re just jealous of Yasmin’s excellence, so you purposely harm her and make her fall in front of everyone!” one of them snapped at Yvette.

“Yes! A country bumpkin will always be a **country** bumpkin,” another one followed suit.

Upon hearing these words, Yasmin’s fear deepened. These fools were going to get her killed!

In the past, Yasmin would’ve been overjoyed if they all stood on her side, but now Yvette literally **had** a hold on her reputation, so she could only bow her head.

“Shut up, all of you!” she shouted in fear.

Seeing the state Yasmin was in, the people present were surprised.

“Yasmin, we were just trying to help you...”

Yasmin carefully glanced at Yvette, gritting her teeth as she continued, “I don’t need your help. What I said just now were all lies!” “What?”

were all stunned and reacted with anger.

The crowd gasped. Sure enough, they w

“How dare you lie to us! We believed you so much!”

“That’s right. From now **on**, we shouldn’t have anything to do with a liar like her!”

The people surrounding her were offended by the lies that were made up.

Listening to these curses, Yasmin tightened her fists, feeling extremely humiliated.

However, compared to the alternative, being cursed was better than letting the whole school know about her plagiarism scandal.

Yvette saw through her thoughts. She pressed her finger on Yasmin’s forehead, her cold voice full of warning, “Watch your mouth. I let you off this time, but that doesn’t mean I’ll let you off every time.”

She was merely thinking of Yara and **Irwin**. That was why she let Yasmin off this time.

“**Yes**, Yvie, I’ll never do it again.” Intimidated by the powerful air Yvette exuded, Yasmin’s legs went weak. But at the same time, her hatred towards Yvette deepened.

How **dare** she humiliate her like this? She must get revenge on her!

Yvette didn’t waste any more time on Yasmin, disdainfully throwing her aside as she headed toward the medical school. She had only walked a few steps when Sean suddenly rushed out to block her path.

“Yvie, let’s skip class today. Follow me!” Sean said.

Ashton also rushed out from the other side, taking off his mask and sunglasses and enthusiastically waving at Yvette “vie, quickly come with

We’ll do something fun today.”

They let their precious little sister suffer yesterday. After thinking about it for a long time, they come up with an idea to make it up to her.

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Yvette was taken aback upon seeing Sean and Ashton appearing out of nowhere. But at the same time, her heart was filled with warmth.

“Don’t worry,

Yvie. I have taken care of your leave permission. Let’s go!” Sean took her hand and led her **toward** the car.

Ashton immediately took her other hand, competing for her attention. “Yvie, the places are all set by me! I can guarantee **that** you’ll love it!”

Initially, he only wanted to take Yvette out. But Sean insisted on coming **along**, which ruined his plan.

Yvette **was** led by two children—

like adults, each holding one of her hands as they got into the car. Although she showed a hint of annoyance, her heart was filled with warmth.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of the entrance to the amusement park. Sean and Ashton opened the door for her **and** helped her

out

This scene left the driver stunned. Sean was known for his wild and carefree nature. He had always hung out with Jasper from the Quinns. Both were known as the “Hegemons of Jubilife City”.

As for Ashton, he was a famous actor.

The two men were now acting so humbly in front of Yvette. Even Yasmin had never received such treatment! It seemed that in the hearts of her brothers, Yvette was ranked higher than Yasmin.

The driver silently muttered to himself, keeping in mind not to offend Yvette in the Murray family.

“Yvie, we’re here!”

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They were at Jubilife City’s largest amusement park. Sean and Ashton had booked the entire place, ensuring no one would disturb their little sister’s playtime.

Yvette didn’t expect them to bring her to the amusement park. More warmth gushed into her heart as she smiled.

She had never been to an amusement park before. Growing up, her grandmother was old, and it was difficult to raise Yvette, let alone go to an amusement park.

And when she grew up and could afford to live a life of luxury, she had always been too busy to visit such places.

“Yvie, do you like it?”

Ashton and Sean **looked** at Yvette, their **eyes** full of anticipation.

They had no interest in the **amusement** park. But hearing that young women usually loved such places, they immediately booked the entire park and told themselves to make sure Yvette had a great time.

As he looked into their eyes, Yvette’s lips curved even more, and she nodded slightly.

“Yes, I do. Thank you,” she whispered.

Hearing this, **Sean** and Ashton’s **faces** immediately lit up with joy. “Good to hear that!” they said happily.

Ashton **and** Sean were surprisingly patient today as they accompanied Yvette from one attraction to another.

“Yvie, let’s take a photo!” Ashton turned to her. His handsome and dashing face was full of affection as he held up his phone to take a picture of her!

“I want to be in the photo too!” **Sean** saw them and pushed his **way** in. Yvette was sandwiched between the two, and she let out a small smile. “Sean! We’re taking a photo. Why do you need to push yourself in?” Ashton snapped at **Sean**. The photo of him and Yvie looked good—if only Sean weren’t in it.

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Sean immediately retorted, “Yvie is my sister too. Why can’t I take a photo with her?”

Ashton looked at Sean with disdain as he erased Sean from the three—person photo using a photo—editing app. He looked at the picture of him **and** Yvette on **his** phone and posted it on his social media.

He looked content as he whistled with satisfaction. His friends would be jealous when they saw he had such a well-behaved sister!

At the meeting room in Quinn Corporation, a man **with** a refined and dignified demeanor was sitting **at** the **head** of the table. His handsome face was expressionless as he listened to the reports from the high-level executives.

“Wilson, how did Ashton know Yvette? And they seemed very close...” Collin sent in a text.

Looking at the message from Collin, Wilson’s gaze suddenly deepened. He opened his phone for the first time during the meeting

The executives were stunned—Wilson **had** hated being interrupted during meetings. He had forbidden them from using their phones during meetings and never used them himself.

It was the first time he broke **his** own rule.

The executives were curious about what could **have** caused him to do so.

Wilson’s eyes narrowed as he stared at the picture of Yvette and Ashton **sent** by Collin. A dangerous air surrounded him.

Yvette was in his arms just yesterday. How dare she get so close to Ashton!

Collin sent another message, “Wilson, is it possible that Ashton is Yvette’s fiancé? The **Murrays** and the Quinns had such a good relationship. You’re engaged to Ms. Murray now, Wilson. It won’t look good on you to have any relationship with Yvette.”

He added,

“And Yvette seems to like Ashton quite a bit. You might want to reconsider, or things will get messy later!”

Looking at these messages, Wilson’s grip on his phone tightened. The atmosphere around him hit the freezing point.

The executives were shocked. Wilson **had** always kept **his** emotions in check. What could make him so angry?

Collin’s text arrived once again. “Wilson, I just heard that Sean and Ashton were having dinner with your fiancée at The Courtyard Banquet. Do you want to go meet your

fiancée?”

“Who knows, maybe your fiancée is prettier than Yvette!” He continued.

Wilson didn’t bother to finish reading **the** message before he blocked him on WhatsApp.

“No one

one will be better **than** Yvette!” he thought.

Wilson’s jaw tightened, his eyes dark and cold.

Nevertheless, he did want to see Ashton. He wanted to know **what Ashton** had **that** made Yvette like him.

He would also discuss ending the engagement with his fiancée. After Martha’s recovery, he would cancel the engagement.

Wilson’s eyes, deep and dark, seemed to be seething with fury. No matter how difficult it was for the Quinns and the Murrays to handle, he would still want to call Yvette his.

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“The meeting is **over!**” **Wilson said and stood** up abruptly. His cold air as he walked out of the conference room startled Samuel

“Prepare the car. We’re going to The Courtyard Banquet.”

Seeing that Wilson was extremely displeased, Samuel didn’t dare delay and promptly replied, “**Yes**, Mr. Quinn.”

At The Courtyard Banquet, multiple dishes filled the table.

“**yvie**, all the dishes were chosen according to your taste. If there’s **anything** else you’d like to eat, please tell us!” Ashton said.

“Yvie, I have e also ordered milk and dessert for you!” Sean followed suit.

Faced with Sean and Ashton’s attentive care, Yvette felt e

felt even warmer **inside** and obediently nodded.

Throughout the meal, Sean and Ashton were busy serving Yvette—arranging her food and peeling fruits **for her**. They **made** sure not to give her any **chan**ce to do it herself.

“**Yvie**, did you have fun at **the** amusement park today?” Sean asked.

Yvette’s cheeks were puffed up from being fed by them, but she still managed to nod **an**d softly reply, “Yes.”

It was her first time going to an amusement park, and they took such good care of her. She had a great time there.

Upon hearing that, Sean and Ashton’s faces instantly lit up with bright smiles.

“yvie, as long as you’re happy, we can take you to the amusement park every day!”

The waiter standing nearby couldn’t help but throw an envious **look** at Yvette.

That was Jubilife City’s largest amusement **park**, and booking it for the whole day wasn’t cheap! No wonder they were the wealthiest family in Jubilife City.

And clearly, Ashton and Sean doted on Yvette. It was nothing like the rumors that they didn’t like Yvette, the sister **who** had returned from the countryside.

Who was spreading those rumors? Yvette was well-loved by The Murrays!

Half an hour later, a black Maybach parked steadily at the entrance of The Courtyard Banquet. Wilson stepped out of the car.

“Wilson...” Collin had been waiting at the entrance and greeted Wilson with a troubled expression. “The **Quinns** and The Murrys **have** been close for generations. Causing trouble because of a woman would damage your reputation. Please think twice before you act.”

Wilson didn’t even spare a glance at Collin. “Get lost,” he snapped, his voice icy.

Seeing him like **this**, Collin couldn’t help feeling apprehensive. It was the first time he had seen Wilson so furious.

Who would **have** thought that the woman could catch Wilson’s heart in such a short time?

Collin took a step back, making way, and clicked his tongue in disdain. Ashton will be facing **real** trouble soon.

Wilson strode toward the private room Ashton reserved for lunch.

With a loud **crash**, the doors to the private rooms swung open,

Sean, with his fiery temper, couldn’t hold back. He stood up immediately, angrily **cursing**.

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“**Which** idiot is looking-

” Sean didn’t **finish** his sentence when he saw Wilson standing at the door. His expression was icy, his presence overwhelming.

Sean shuddered, swallowing the rest of his words.

“Who

had the audacity to “Ashton glanced impatiently toward the entrance. The moment he saw who it was, he stood up in shock.

“W-Wilson, why **are** you here?” he stuttered.

Among the younger generation of these aristocratic families, there wasn’t a single person who wasn’t afraid of Wilson. They

all regarded him. with a mix of fear and reverence, even the arrogant ones like Sean and Ashton.

Wilson

swept his gaze around the room. Apart from the two of them, he didn't see anyone else. It seemed that Collin's information was wrong -Ms. Murray wasn't here.

"Wilson, it's been a while." Ashton smiled ingratiatingly at the man, cautiously extending his hand.

Suddenly, he remembered Wilson's severe germophobia and tried to withdraw his hand. To his surprise, Wilson took his hand and shook it.

Ashton's face showed a mix of surprise and delight, but before he could revel in it, his expression turned to one of pain.

"Argh!" Wilson was twisting

his hand hard. Ashton winced from the pain but didn't dare pull away.

"Some things are not meant for you," Wilson said coldly, releasing his hand. His deep, narrow eyes bore a warning that sent shivers down Ashton's spine.

As Wilson walked away, Ashton was left bewildered. He looked at **Sean**. "What did Wilson mean?"

Sean also looked battled. "I have no idea!"

"He almost twisted my **hand**." Ashton held his swollen hand and winced. "I **think** he hates me."

"You're overthinking it, Ashton, Wilson won't have time for us, let alone hold a grudge," Sean said with a tone of indifference.

Ashton considered it and decided not to dwell on it further. He silently thanked his lucky stars that Yvette was out; otherwise, she'd be frightened by Wilson!

"Boss, there's progress in chip research at the research institute. The guys wanted to know when you can visit," a voice came through Yvette's phone.

Upon hearing about the progress in chip research, Yvette's face lit up. "Great, I'll find time to visit the research institute."

After hanging up the phone, Yvette stepped out of the restroom and headed toward the private room.

That was when she ran into Wilson, who was in a foul mood.

Seeing Yvette, Wilson's jaw tightened again. Collin's information **was** way off—Ashton hadn't brought his sister to the restaurant; he had brought Yvette!

"**You** should be in class now." Wilson took a deep breath, suppressing the emotions surging within him. His pitch-black eyes held a **hint** of crimson.

Yvie had skipped class to be with Ashton. He couldn't imagine how **much** she liked the man!

Yvette hadn't expected to bump into Wilson at this time. She pressed her lips together nervously. "I didn't have class this morning." She was lying for Ashton. Wilson noticed something was off.

1. ff. His int

intense eyes narrowed.

He couldn't contain his emotions any longer. He reached out, gripping her waist, and forcefully pulled her into an empty **private** room. "What are you elu- "Before Yvette could finish her sentence, his kiss descended roughly, silencing all her words.