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Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 19

Chapter 191

Ashton and Sean interrupted him in unison before Jasper could finish his sentence.

“Stop talking nonsense. How could that girl be Yvie? She just returned to Jubilife recently and probably hasn’t even met Wilson yet. There’s no way it was her!”

“Exactly. If you keep spouting nonsense about Yvie dating Wilson, don’t blame us for beating you up!”

Although they deeply respected Wilson, they felt he was too old for Yvette.

Besides, they wanted to keep Yvette close, take care of her, and treat her like a princess to make up for the hardships she had endured.

They wouldn’t allow Jasper to spread such rumors!

Feeling the pressure from Ashton and Sean, Jasper reluctantly shut his mouth. But he couldn’t shake the feeling that the girl leaving with his brother was Yvette. She really did resemble Yvette from behind...

After having dinner with Yvette, Wilson took her to the hospital. Martha insisted on seeing her.

“Yvie, my dear, you’re finally here! I’ve missed you so much!”

The moment Martha saw Yvette, her mood lit up. She grabbed Yvette’s hand and pulled her away from Wilson.

“Yvie, seeing you makes me feel so much better. My health has improved just by seeing you!”

Watching his empty hand, Wilson narrowed his eyes in frustration. If anyone else had dared to take Yvie from him like sure they regretted it.

Since it was his grandmother, he had to step back, no matter how reluctant he felt.

“Stay here and accompany Grandma for a while. I’ll come back to get you later.”

Wilson gently pinched Yvette’s cheek with his long, elegant fingers. His voice **was** soft and full of affection as he spoke.

e that,

he'd have made

Yvette felt a slight flutter in her heart. She knew he had matters to attend to, so she nodded obediently and responded with a hum "Hah..." Wilson's gaze grew even warm as he stared at Yvette, Smiling, he said in a charming voice, "Yvie is so obedient..." Martha's smile widened as she saw their intimate interaction. Her heart brimmed with joy.

It was clear to her that her grandson had genuine feelings for Yvie. This was the first time she had seen him care so much about a girl!

to herself. Moments later, Martha seemed to remember something. She covered her mouth with her hand and began chuckling

She couldn't wait to see Wilson's reaction when he discovered that Yvie was the fiancée he had wanted to break off the engagement with!

"Alright, Will, you can leave now. Don't disturb me and Yvie!"

Martha stared at Wilson. Her face practically screamed, "Hurry up and leave!"

But when she turned to Yvette, she immediately smiled brightly. **Even** when she spoke, her tone sounded entirely different from how she talked to **Wilson**.

"**Yvie**, come sit with Grandma. I have so much to talk to you about!"

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Seeing this scene, Samuel couldn't help but laugh. Ever since Yvette arrived, Wilson's status in Martha's heart had taken a steep dive!

Half an hour later, Yvette coaxed Martha into taking her medicine and getting some rest. After that, they tiptoed out of the room.

As soon as she stepped into the hallway, she heard a commotion outside. Her brow furrowed instantly.

Martha was in the recovery phase and needed a lot of rest. This was the worst time for any disturbances!

"Let me in! I'm telling you, I'm the daughter of the Murrays, The Murrays and Quinns **have** been friends for generations. If you don't let me in, you'll be fired!"

No matter how much Yasmin pestered, the guards at the door stood **firm**

“Without Mr. Quinn’s orders, we can’t let you disturb Mrs. Quinn **Seniors**’ rest!”

Their unyielding stance infuriated Yasmin. She **had** gone through **a** lot to find out which hospital Martha was admitted to and came here to curry favor with Martha,

It was to meet Wilson to foster a connection between them, but now, she couldn’t even get past the door!

“Let me in! I’m telling you one last time. I’m the distinguished daughter of the Murrays. If you don’t let me in, you’ll regret it”

Before Yasmin could finish her sentence, Yvette, who had just walked out of the **ward**, coldly interrupted. “Shut up! If you want to blabber, do it somewhere else. **Don’t** disturb **the** peace here.”

Yasmin was dressed to the nines, trying to showcase her beauty to the fullest. But it only made her look tacky and tasteless. In contrast, Yvette, dressed simply and casually, looked refreshingly elegant and poised as she walked out.

Yasmin’s eyes widened in shock when she saw Yvette. She wondered what **that** wench was doing here.

Just then, she remembered the message she had received from Nora, and her jealousy deepened.

She couldn’t believe Wilson had personally gone to Jubilife University to rescue Yvette. He even brought her to the hospital to accompany Martha now!

“Yvette, I didn’t expect to see you here! **Please** ask them to move aside. I’m here to visit Mrs. **Quinn** Senior!”

Though Yasmin hated Yvette, she acted all affectionate. It might have seemed genuine to an outsider.

However,

Yvette didn’t even bother to look at her. She said in a cold and commanding voice, “Leave.”

Yasmin’s face froze. A dark gaze flashed in her eyes, but she quickly masked it with a sad look

“Yvette, why are you treating me like this? I just want to visit Mrs. Quinn Senior. Why are you stopping me? Are you afraid that she’ll like me more than you?”

Yvette had **lived** in the countryside for so many years. Yasmin thought she must be crude and uncultured. Even though she had returned now, she couldn't **hide** her inherent vulgarity.

In contrast, Yasmin had been pampered and raised with the best education since she was young. It was **something** Yvette could never match! Surely, Martha would like her better once she met her!

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"Yvette, don't worry. I'm not here to compete with you for Mrs. Quinn Senior's affection. I'm just concerned about her health and want to show my care."

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Yasmin had a pitiful expression, as if Yvette had bullied her.

Yvette **was long** used to Yasmin's act of playing the victim. She remained expressionless, but what she said next instantly changed Yasmin's expression

"The **smell** of your perfume is too overwhelming, and Mrs. Quinn Senior has asthma. The scent could trigger an allergic **reaction**."

"Moreover, she's in a critical recovery period. Your shouting is just going to disturb her rest. Is this what you call showing care?"

Yasmin was left speechless. Her face turned stiff. In fact, she hadn't intended to visit Martha. She simply wanted a chance to get close to

Wilson

Hearing Yvette's words, the guards at the door looked at **Yasmin** with even more disdain.

"Please leave immediately, or we'll have to take action,"

"You..."

Yasmin was so furious that she almost lost her composure. She **was** the daughter of the distinguished Murrays. **How** dare these lowly guards speak to her with this attitude?

Still, she despised Yvette the most.

Why did Yvette have to be so talkative? Did she think she **was** some kind of medical expert?

“Yvette, I sincerely want to visit Mrs. Quinn Senior. I don’t understand why you’re so hostile towards me!” Yasmin glared at her. She then turned to the guards with an air of authority. “My grandfather **specifically** asked **me** to visit **Mrs.** Quinn Senior today. If you decide to obey her and prevent me from seeing Mrs. Quinn Senior, can you bear the **consequences** if the relationship between the Quinns and the Murrays is

As expected, the guards hesitated. After all, the Quinns and the Murrays were long-time allies. If their actions led to **a** rift between the two families, they would be the ones to suffer

Seeing the hesitation on the guards’ faces, Yasmin smiled triumphantly. She was confident that the longstanding friendship between the Quinns and the Murrays would ensure she wasn’t turned away.

“Yvette, you should step aside and let me see Mrs. **Quinn** Senior...”

Before Yasmin could finish, **a** stern, hoarse voice interrupted her.

“I listen to everything my dear Yvie says. If she **says** someone can’t come in, they’re not allowed in. Send them away immediately!”

Martha slowly emerged from the ward. After being woken up by the commotion, she looked exhausted and displeased.

“Remember this. Yvie’s words are the law here. No one can disobey her!”

Not only was Yvette her favorite future granddaughter—in—**law**, but she had also saved her life twice. Martha wouldn’t allow her to be mistreated even the slightest.

Yasmin’s face turned a shade darker **when** she **saw** Martha’s staunch support for Yvette. However, she quickly forced a bright smile and spoke in a flattering tone.

“Grandma, I specifically came to see you **today**...”

Before she could continue, Martha cut her off coldly.

“The Quinns have only two grandsons, no granddaughters. Don’t call me **Grandma**.”

Martha would never **like** anyone who Yvette disliked.

Martha never had a **good** impression of Yasmin. Her usually kind and gentle face turned stern.

Despite the Murrys' efforts to suppress the news about **Yasmin's** plagiarism scandal at the piano competition, she still heard rumors about it. Plagiarism **was** disgraceful enough, but instead of apologizing, Yasmin had made a scene. She despised Yasmin even more for that.

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Yvette and Yasmin were both from the Murrys. Martha wondered why they had such different personalities.

She silently felt relieved that Yvette was engaged to Wilson. If it had been Yasmin, it would have been a nightmare.

She would have gone to the Murrys herself to break off the engagement before Wilson could do it!

Yasmin couldn't believe Martha was so **harsh** to her. She bit her lip in embarrassment, and her eyes turned fierce before she gritted her teeth.

She was convinced that Yvette must have bad-mouthed her to Martha. Otherwise, why would Martha dislike her so much?

Yvette said, "Grandma, why are you awake? You just took your medicine. You need to rest."

When Martha turned to look at Yvette, the stern look on her face immediately vanished. Instead, a warm **and** affectionate smile crept up her lips.

"**Alright**, I will listen to you. I'll go back and rest right away!"

Martha affectionately took Yvette's hand and turned back towards the ward. Without even sparing Yasmin a glance, Martha completely ignored her.

Unwilling to give up, **Yasmin** said, "Mrs. Quinn Senior, my grandfather has been worried about you. That's why he sent me to visit..." However, Martha cut her off without even looking at her. "Tell your grandfather that I'm doing well with Yvie here. No need to worry about me! You can **leave now**."

Hearing Martha repeatedly referring to Yvette as Yvie and bluntly dismissing her, Yasmin seethed with jealousy.

She wondered what Yvette did to win over Martha. How could she earn Martha's favor so easily?

Why did so many people favor Yvette over her?

In the car, Wilson rested his long, elegant fingers on his coat. The next moment, he tossed the coat into the trash bin.

"Mr. Quinn, what are you doing?" Samuel couldn't help but ask in confusion.

That suit cost six figures. He wondered why Wilson simply threw it away like this.

"It reeks of alcohol," Wilson said lazily with a doting smile on his handsome face. "I don't want the smell to bother Yvie."

Samuel was speechless.

He regretted asking the question.

Wilson was flaunting his affection toward Yvette.

"Did you get the equipment?"

Upon hearing this question, Samuel immediately straightened up and responded respectfully, "Yes, Mr. Quinn. We've taken the equipment from the Dark Organization."

Wilson nodded. "Good."

"But, Mr. Quinn, why did you insist on getting that equipment? It's valuable, but it's of no use to you..."

Samuel was genuinely puzzled. Though Wilson wasn't afraid of the Dark Organization, there was no need to make such a powerful enemy for

no reason

Act Fast. Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

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The Dark Organization was the world's top assassin group. They **had** vast influence and reach and were not to be trifled with lightly.

"Vvie will like it."

Wilson said expressionlessly. He seemed casual and relaxed.

Yvette was the Miracle Healer. He thought she would undoubtedly appreciate **such** advanced equipment.

He had to secure that equipment to please Yvette.

As for the Dark Organization, they were simply unlucky to want something that would make Yvette happy.

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Samuel was left speechless.

He couldn't believe Wilson was willing to offend the most dangerous organization in the world just to make Yvette happy. In ancient times, he'd be labeled a tyrant!

Meanwhile, Yvette was still in the hospital

"Yvie, my dear, tell Grandma if you ever feel wronged. I'll stand up for you!"

Martha lovingly took Yvette's hand, her eyes full of concern.

Yara and Irwin were kind, but they were too soft-hearted!

After Yasmin's plagiarism scandal, she made a **scene**. Instead of punishing her, they simply let the matter go and covered it up. You couldn't agree with that approach at **all**.

1. up. Martha

Yasmin should have been strictly disciplined for her actions. They shouldn't have covered up the matter and even expected Yvette to forgive her. As a result, Martha was infuriated.

Once her health improved, she planned to visit the Murrys and **set** things straight. She wouldn't let Yvette be mistreated any longer.

If Yvette wasn't happy staying with the Murrys, she'd expedite the engagement and bring Yvette to the Quinns herself!

She couldn't wait for Yvette to live with them!

Yvette knew Martha genuinely cared for her, just like her grandmother did. Feeling a hint of warmth in her heart, she smiled softly and nodded obediently,

"I got i

"I got it, Grandma."

After Martha went back to sleep, Yvette checked her phone and saw the chaotic group chat.

"Ms. Murray, we just got word that the precious equipment we paid top dollar for has been stolen!"

"Ms. Murray, this is infuriating! That equipment was supposed to be ours any moment now!"

Even through the screen, Yvette could feel their anger. H

Her expression turned serious

That precious equipment had been snatched! The research institute was waiting on it for their studies. The thief had offended the Dark Organization by stealing their belongings so brazenly!

Yvette pressed her lips together tightly. A cold light flashed in her beautiful fox-like eyes.

The Dark Organization was used to taking from others, not vice versa.

No wonder they were so furious. She was pretty angry herself.

"Ms. Murray, we can't let this slide. We must retaliate!"

"That's right, Ms. Murray. The people who took the equipment have a skilled hacker on their side. We couldn't trace their identity, so we need you to track them down personally,"

"Yes, Ms. Murray, if you **can** uncover their true identity, we can immediately send some one **to deal** with them and show them the consequences of crossing the Dark Organization!"

Their leader's hacking skills were second to none. No one else could beat her.

They knew that, with their **leader's** skills, they would definitely be able to find out which bastard stole from them.

Yvette's eyes grow **colder**, She tapped her fingers on her phone and replied, "**No** problem."

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Yvette was also eager to find **out** which fool dared **to** steal from the Dark Organization.

Her fair and delicate face remained expressionless, but those who knew her recognized **this** as a sign that som

that someone was about to have a bad **day**.

She quickly logged into the dark web and quickly typed on her phone's keyboard. Soon, a complex code appeared.

"Beep. Beep Beep..."

The notification of a successful hack popped up on her phone. The location was pinpointed to be at Jubilife.

Yvette gritted her teeth and clicked her tongue. Her **eyes** grew a shade colder.

The person who stole from the Dark Organization was in Jubilife. Not to mention, they were not far from her. Once she pinpointed their exact location, she would personally deal with them.

"Mr. Quinn, we've got a problem! Someone has hacked into our system...." Samuel reported in a panic to Wilson. World-renowned hackers built their system, and this was the first time someone **had** successfully infiltrated it!

Wilson's handsome face darkened when he heard that. He uttered coldly, "Bring me the laptop."

"Yes, Mr. Quinn." Samuel quickly **handed** the laptop to Wilson.

Wilson's eyes narrowed as his elegant fingers tapped away at the keyboard. He exuded a chilling aura. "Beep Beep Beep. Beep..."

A hint of surprise flashed in Yvette's eyes when she heard the alarm.

Damn it, she couldn't believe someone was able to block her infiltration!

They had some skill. No wonder they dared to steal from the Dark Organization!

However, Yvette's lips curled into a confident and arrogant smile.

Compared to her, their hacking skills were still a bit lacking.

“Beep Beep. Berp.”

As the alarm sounded again, Yvette successfully breached the system. It showed that the person was at the hospital and just a few hundred meters away from her.

Yvette frowned and continued hacking to seek more details. When she saw the familiar name, she bit her lips.

It was him again.....

Yvette felt mixed emotions. Although she had purchased the equipment with the 50 billion dollars compensation she received from Wilson last time, she was still furious that he had taken it.

Why was he always taking things from her?

She bit her lips harder, and a glint of mischief sparked in her eyes. She typed on the keyboard again....

In the car, Wilson saw the glaring message saying “Idiot” on his laptop screen. His face darkened, and his surroundings turned tense. It was terrifying

Even Samuel, who **had** worked for him for years, couldn’t help but tremble. He cautiously spoke up, “Mr. Quinn, this must be the work of the Dark Organization. They’re unbelievably arrogant!”

The Dark Organization had gone too far. Not only did they hack their system, but they also insulted Wilson!

No one had ever dared to insult Wilson like this before!

The Dark Organization would surely face dire consequences for this.

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“**Mr.** Quinn, Ms. Murray is here...”

Before Samuel could finish his sentence, the tension around Wilson vanished. It was as if he **feared** startling Yvette.

Samuel couldn't help but marvel at how much Wilson doted on her.

The moment she appeared, he became a completely different person. He was so gentle it was almost unrecognizable.

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"Why are you here?" Wilson gazed at her with **his** captivating eyes, his tone filled with affection. "Didn't I say I would come to pick you up?"

As he approached, Yvette caught **a faint** scent of alcohol and frowned slightly. "Did you drink?"

The smell wasn't unpleasant. It was mixed with a fresh pine fragrance.

"Yes, I did. I'm quite tipsy Yvie, let me hold your hand."

Wilson's deep and magnetic voice carried a hint of cheerfulness. He naturally grabbed her with his gorgeous hands, a charming smile playing on his lips.

He spoke as if he wouldn't hold her hand if he **wasn't** drunk.

Yvette was still a bit upset but didn't pull her hand away.

"Hmm?" Wilson quickly sensed her displeasure. His long, elegant fingers gently stroked her cheek as he spoke in a soft and coaxing tone, "Who upset my dear Yvie?"

Hearing this, Yvette glared at him.

Who else could have upset her?

If it weren't for him, she would **have** already punished whoever dared to steal from the Dark Organization. She wouldn't hold back her frustration!

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Wilson thought Yvette looked adorable even when she was a

His

angry.

eyes were filled with even more affection. He continued to soothe her gently, "Don't be upset. I bought you a little gift."

Hearing this, Samuel couldn't help but silently click his tongue.

That equipment set cost a staggering 20 billion dollars, yet Wilson referred to it as a "little gift"

Wilson cast Samuel a glance. Samuel then respectfully **handed** over photos of the medical research equipment to Yvette. "Do you like it?"

His magnetic yet lazy voice rang in her ear. Yvette realized that he had taken the equipment from the Dark Organization for her. Yvette's last bit **of** anger dissipated. Now, she found him much more agreeable. Although he had caused the Dark Organization some embarrassment, getting this precious equipment for free felt pretty **good**.

Plus, she had saved 20 billion dollars. She thought she was a genius at saving money!

"I love it!"

Yvette nodded honestly, her eyes sparkling with excitement. This equipment would significantly speed up the institute's research progress. Wilson's smile deepened when he **saw** Yvette's happy **face**.

Yvette really loved his gift. Her reaction confirmed **that** his decision to take the equipment was right.

"I'll have the equipment sent to the research institute immediately."

"Great!"

Yvette couldn't take her eyes off the photo. Her fingers were itching to begin working with the equipment.

Wilson's mesmerizing eyes stayed fixed on her as he teased

her in his deep voice. "So, how are you going to thank me?"

This cunning guy was starting to flinch again.

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Yvette blinked. A mischievous glint flashed in her eyes. She suddenly grabbed Wilson's tie and pulled him down.

Wilson chuckled softly and obediently looked down at her with an indulgent gaze. He was curious to see what she would do next.

Yvette's eyes sparkled with even **more** mischief. The next second, she stood on tiptoe and kissed the corner of his lips.

Feeling the gentle touch, Wilson stiffened. He was not expecting Yvette to be so bold.

Yvette tilted her head playfully. "Is that enough of a thank you?"

No"

Wilson **gulped**, and his gaze turned dark. He tightened his grip on Yvette's slender waist before speaking in an alluring and teasing **voice**. It sent shivers down her spine.

"Kiss me here instead..."

—

Hiding in the dark, Yasmin watched the scene with bloodshot eyes. Her hatred for Yvette grew uncontrollably.

She simply wanted to follow Yvette, but now she had witnessed this!

That shameless wretch!

How could **a** country bumpkin like her have the right to kiss Wilson?

Yasmin clenched her fists tightly, her sharp nails digging into her palms as rage consumed her.

Ever since Yvette returned, she had stolen the Murrays' affection. If Yvette ended up with Wilson, Yasmin would forever be beneath her!

It was time to make Yvette disappear!

Yasmin's eyes gleamed with malice. She quickly took out her phone, logged onto the dark web, and decided to place an order with the Dark Organization

The Dark Organization was the world's top assassin group. Having them eliminate Yvette would be effortless.

However, their fees were exorbitant.

Yasmin glanced at her bank balance with a pang of regret, but then she let out a cold snort

As long as the Dark Organization took her order, she was willing to pay **any** price to eliminate Yvette.

Meanwhile, Yvette and Wilson were still in the car.

“Yvie, let me take a **look**...”

Wilson pulled Yvette onto his lap and wrapped one arm tightly around her waist to keep her from falling. Gently stroking her lips with his other **hand**, he seemed deeply concerned.

“Will w

ill you still dare to tease me next time?”

Yvette sat on his lap, her eyes and the corners of her lips slightly red and swollen. She looked like she was thoroughly “bullied.”

Wilson’s eyes darkened further when he saw her in such a pitiful state. He felt like he **was** being too harsh.

“I’m sorry, Yvie. I lost control earlier and couldn’t stop myself. It won’t happen again.”

Hearing his gentle and remorseful apology, Yvette calmed down. She huffed haughtily. “There won’t be a next time!”

It was the second time he had caused her lips to swell!

She had no idea how she would explain this to her family when she got home!

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“Gosh, Yvie, you’re so heartless.”

Wilson intentionally drawled his deep and magnetic voice. The way he teased was enough to make anyone’s knees weak. He was undeniably a

charmer.

“Who was the one who bit my lip last time, **hmm?**”

Yvette’s ears turned red, and she blinked. Pretending not to hear him, she took out her phone to reply to the messages in the group chat.

Seeing that he had teased her enough, Wilson decided to stop. He knew coaxing her if she got upset wouldn’t be easy.

The high-level members in the Dark Organization’s group chat tagged Yvette.

did you find out who stole our equipment?”

“Ms. Murray, di

“With your hacking skills, you must have already figured it out. Please tell us who the bastard is. Our knives are ready!” Seeing these messages, Yvette rubbed her temples in exasperation before replying.

“Forget about pursuing the thief. I’ve already retrieved the equipment.”

The members replied, “As expected of you, Ms. Murray. You’re so impressive! You got the equipment back so quickly!” “Yes, you’re so fast! You are truly amazing!”

“But Ms. Murray, who was the person who stole from us? They embarrassed our organization. We can’t let them off easily!”

“Yes, Ms. Murray, let us handle them. We need to teach those bastards a lesson!”

Reading the messages, Yvette quickly typed on her keyboard. “Let’s end this matter here. No one is to investigate this matter further. Also, stop insulting him!”

Wilson was hers to protect!

Yvette’s reply caused an uproar in the group chat,

“Oh gosh, why do I sense something fishy? Ms. Murray is actually defending the person who stole from us!”

“Yeah, Ms. Murray, why are you protecting the person who took our equipment?”

Known for her beauty yet aloof demeanor, Yvette was fiercely protective of her own people and indifferent to everyone else.

But now she was defending the person who had stolen from them. She didn't even allow them to insult the person. She hadn't even shown their Vice Leader this level of protection.

They couldn't even imagine what might happen if the Vice Leader found out!

Too tired to explain, Yvette exited her WhatsApp and turned **off** her phone.

"Feeling tired? Why don't you take a nap?"

Wilson's deep and soothing voice rang out above her. Yvette felt exceptionally safe in his embrace. She nestled into his warm, broad chest and closed her eyes to rest.

As Wilson gazed at her delicate face, a stir of emotion stirred in his **heart**. He couldn't stop staring at her affectionately.

So what if she was someone else's fiancée? He had successfully won her over.

Now, Yvette was his.

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