

Talented Hairess A Rose with Thorns Chapter 41-50

Chapter 41

"I understand now, Sean," Yasmin said tearfully as she ran upstairs, though her steps were exceptionally slow. It was evident she hoped Sean would come alter and comfort her .

Unfortunately for her, Sean's attention was entirely on Yvette, and he didn't notice Yasmin at all.

"Yvie, you handled that perfectly. Anytime something like this happens, handle it the same way, and no one will dare to mess with you.

"You're my sister, and I'll protect you. If anyone ever bullies you, just tell me, and I'll take care of it!"

Sean's reputation as an influential figure in Jublife City wasn't for nothing! If anyone dared to mess with Yvette, they'd have to answer to him.

Seeing his sincerity, Yvette felt a warm surge in her heart. She blinked gently. Maybe she'd go easy on him today and cut his training short by

an hour.

"Yvette, I'm really sorry about what happened this morning," Sean apologized earnestly.

His handsome face was filled with guilt. "I shouldn't have snapped at you without knowing the full story. I promise I won't do that again. Can you forgive me this time?"

Feeling his genuine remorse, Yvette smiled softly, and her delicate face lit up with a gentle expression.

"I've already forgotten about it. And thank you, Sean, I really like the gift."

Her smile caught Sean's breath. His heart was melting, and he couldn't help but reach out to ruffle her hair. Yvette was just too sweet and understanding.

Meanwhile, Yasmin seethed with jealousy as she watched the scene unfold from upstairs. Sean had become so kind to Yvette in such a short time. That bitch had to be using some trick!

She couldn't let Yvette continue like this. Yasmin vowed to find a way to win back all their affection.

At that moment, Yvette received several messages on her phone.

“Hey Yvie, heard you’re in Jubilite Ciry now. Want to join us at Jubilife University?”

“Please, Yvie. Come to Jubilife University. You can pick any major you like.”

“Yvie, you’ll be sent to school by the Murrays anyway. Why not come to Jubilife University?”

“Yvie, are you really not coming to Jubilife University? Don’t make me get on my knees and beg you!”

Yvette sighed and rubbed her temples. She hadn’t decided whether to continue her studies yet or which college to attend, for that matter

Later that evening, Yasmin had regained her composure, showing no trace of her earlier grievance. She was back to joking and currying favor with Irwin and Yara to lighten their mood.

Yasmin knew that only by pleasing Irwin and Yara could she secure the most benefits in this house.

“Your short break ends tomorrow, and you’ll have to be back to school!” Irwin turned to Yvette with a gentle smile.

“Yvie, have you thought about which school you want to attend? Just tell me. I’ll make the arrangements,” he added.

Yara smiled and chimed, “Yasmin and Sean are both at Jubilife University, Yvie. Do you want to join them there?”

Before Yvette could respond, Yasmin quickly interjected, “I’d be so happy if you came to Jubilife University, Yvie. But it’s a top school with strict admission standards. I’m just worried you might not pass their entrance test”

Though Yasmin’s words sounded concerned, her eyes betrayed a hint of disdain.

With Yvette’s poor education in the countryside, Yasmin thought it would be impossible for Yvette to get into Jubilite University!

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Irwin and Yara couldn't help but frown at Yasmin's words. Jubilife University was indeed difficult to get into through connections.

But if Yvette wanted to attend, they were prepared to spend whatever it took. If one billion wasn't enough, they'd spend two billion until the university agreed!

Seeing Irwin's and Yara's frowns, Yasmin's smugness deepened. They must now think Yvette was worthless.

Yasmin continued to feign concern. "It's such a shame, Yvie. I was hoping we could go to the same school"

Yvette raised an eyebrow, her expression one of amusement, "Do you want me to be at Jubilife University that badly?"

Yasmin couldn't reveal her true feelings in front of Irwin and Yara. She smiled sweetly, pretending to be a loving sister. "Of course, Yvie! If you were at my school, our bond would only grow stronger!"

Yvette's lips curled into a mocking smile. She replied lazily, "Alright, then I'll go to Jubilife University."

Yasmin nearly laughed out loud. Did Yvette even know what it took to get into Jubilife University? Did she think she could get in just like that? How ridiculous!

"Yvie, so you're planning to go to Jubilife University, right? No problem, we'll handle it." Irwin and Yara immediately supported Yvette. They had already thought of contacting the chancellor to get Yvette enrolled.

But Yvette shook her head. "No need. Mom, Dad, I have my own

Ways."

She pulled out her phone and casually replied to a message. The response came instantly

Ye, you finally agreed to come to Jubilite University! I can't believe it!"

No way! I'm so excited! You can't change your mind now!

"I'll start your admission process right away. No backing out!"

Yvette could sense Matt Rusell's excitement overflowing through the messages. She smiled faintly. Matt was great, but could be a bit too enthusiastic at times.

Yasmin watched Yvette use her phone with disdain. Without Irwin and Yara's help, Yvette could never get into Jubilife University.

How could a country bumpkin like Yvette rely on herself to get into Jubilite University? Yasmin was eagerly anticipating Yvette's failure

Irwin and Yara were puzzled by Yvette's confidence but still trusted her. Their precious daughter wasn't one to boast without reason. If she said she could handle it, they believed her. And if she couldn't, they'd step in later.

matter what, they would always support Yvette

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Chapter 43

By the way, Wie, you've been back in habilite for a few days now. Tonight, we're having dinner at Murray Estate, so you should come meet Alex, Yara said warmly.

Wette blinked, and she answered nonchalantly, "Alright."

"Have a business engagement tonight, so I can't join you guys. Yara, you'll have to take the kids to Murray Estate," Irwin said while parring her hand gently

His eyes were filled with tenderness. "If you feel unwell at any point, call me immediately."

"Alright, alright, don't act so lovey dovey in front of the kids!" Yara scolded Irwin playfully, though her eyes were filled with joy as she glanced at him

Wette couldn't help but smile seeing them so harmonious.

However, Yasmin glanced around with a hint of malice in her eyes.

Alex always doted on her the most. Tonight, she would ensure he taught Yvette a lesson for all the humiliation she had endured recently.

By evening, they arrived at Murray Estate.

"Welcome Mr. Murray Senior has been waiting for you all," a housekeeper said, leading them toward the hall.

Yvette, Grandpa is quite strict. If he says anything that upsets you, just ignore him. I'll stand up for you," Sean whispered in Yvette's ear.

Wette was touched by Sean's thoughtfulness and smiled at him.

Yasmim's jealousy grew after seeing their interaction. "Haph, smile while you can," she thought. Soon, she'd make sure Yvette wouldn't be able to smile anymore.

The dining table was set. Alex, a stem-looking man in his sixties, sat at the head of the table. His sharp gaze suggested he wasn't easy to get along with.

"Grandpa, we've come to see you!" Yasmin beamed as she walked over to him.

Alex's expression softened slightly. He said meaningfully, "Yasmin, seeing you look much thinner than before breaks my heart. Has someone been mistreating you?"

Yasmin had already complained to Alex over the phone by exaggerating her woes. Now, hearing his concern, she let a hint of grievance show but quickly shook her head.

"No, Grandpa. No one's mistreating me. I'm doing just fine," she replied.

Seizing the tension, Yara quickly stepped forward. She explained, "Alex, Irwin and I treat Yasmin like our own daughter. We'd never let her

"That may have been true before," Alex said as his disapproving gaze landed on Yvette. He snorted. "But things are different now."

Yvette met his eyes without flinching. Her calm gaze was confident and unwavering,

In the end, Alex looked away first, flustered. How could Yvette have such a strong presence?

"Are you alright, Grandpa?" Yasmin quickly supported Alex, and her concern was evident.

Alex's face darkened as he waved her off. He lowered his voice, saying, "I'm fine, don't worry. Anyone who bullies you will be dealt with."

Hearing this, Yasmin's face lit up with a genuine smile. She couldn't wait to see that bitch, Yvette get what she deserved.

"Alright, everyone. Let's sit and eat," Alex said.

"Yes, Alex" Yara nodded and gestured for everyone to take their seats. "Come on, let's eat,"

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Just as Yvette was about to sit down, Alex's stem voice sliced through the tension. "Who said you could sit?"

Yvette remained unfazed by Alex's blatant hostility. She raised an eyebrow and took her seat.

"I'm part of the Murray family, so why can't I sit?" Despite Yvette's calm demeanor, her presence was inexplicably intimidating.

"You...!" Alex exclaimed.

Stunned by

Yvette's audacity, Alex redirected his fury at Yara. "Look at what you've raised—an ill-mannered brat who dares talk back to her elders! Absolutely no respect!"

Even the usually composed Yara couldn't conceal her darkened expression as she heard Alex insult Yvette harshly.

"You and that brat don't deserve to sit at this table!" Alex yelled, then turned to Yasmin. "We'll eat. They don't deserve to be here!"

commanding voice interrupted.

Sean couldn't contain his anger any longer and was about to rise when a cold, c

No one will eat, then." H

Yvette's stunning eyes flashed with icy fury. With a loud "bang", she flipped the entire dining table over. No one would eat if she and Yara weren't allowed to.

Sean was awestruck by her boldness. If it weren't for the setting, he would have applauded her on the spot. He even felt a surge of admiration, thinking he wouldn't mind being her loyal follower.

"You cough, cough... You ungrateful wretch!"

Seeing the mess, Alex felt his authority challenged. His eyes bore into Yvette's with even more hostility, and his body trembled with rage.

if

"Grandpa..." Yasmin began, her voice dripping with accusation. "Yvie, Grandpa's health is already poor. How could you provoke him? What if something happens to him because of your actions?"

Wette's voice was cold as she spouted, "He won't die just yet.!"

Wette meant it. Even if Alex was at death's door, she could still save him as long as she wanted to. But her blunt honesty only fueled Alex's anger, making him tremble even more.

Seeing Alex on the verge of a breakdown, Yara became anxious and pleaded gently, "Yvie, apologize to your Grandpa. Tell him you were wrong."

People would undoubtedly condemn Yvette for being unfilial if Alex had a heart attack because of her.

"I did nothing wrong," Yvette replied. Her expression was grim, making her look even more intimidating. "Ungrateful brat!" Alex's face twisted with fury as he slammed the table. "Get out of this house!"

Wette's eyebrows arched lazily, her tone defiant. "Fine. Just don't come begging me to return."

She had noted the signs of Alex's serious illness the second she stepped in the dark circles under his eyes, the taint blue tint to his lips, and his overall poor spirit. He was on the brink of a significant health crisis.

"Me? Beg you to return?" Alex sneered. "Dream on!"

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Chapter 45

"Remember what you said." Yvette's cold words hung in the air as she turned and strode away without hesitation.

Alex's expression grew darker with each passing second, and Yasmin quickly stepped in to soothe him. "Grandpa, don't be angry. You have to mind your health."

"Yvie grew up in the countryside and might not have learned proper manners. Please don't hold it against her."

However, every word Yasmin said only fueled the fire, making Alex's expression even worse.

"Stop defending that wretch! Our family doesn't need someone like her!"

Yasmin's lips curved into a subtle, satisfied smile. She was sure that Alex now despised Yvette. That bitch wouldn't have a place in the Murray family anymore.

Jake knelt before Yvette in the Royal Pavillion, trying to cheer her up. “Boss, don’t be upset. How about I sneak into Murray Estate later and give that old man some laxatives to help ease your anger?”

Yvette remained indifferent, but those who knew her well could tell she wasn’t in a good mood.

Her cold gaze fell on the row of bottles on the table. As she recalled the taste from the last time, she poured herself a drink.

“Boss, do you want to drink?” Jake was shocked and quickly tried to stop her. “No way, if those guys find out I let you drink, they’ll skin me alive!”

The people at Jubilife Research Institute were extremely protective of Yvette. He’d be in serious trouble if they found out he let her drink. “It’s fine. I’ve had a drink before. They won’t bother you.

Remembering how she got drunk after just one glass last night, Yvette restrained herself and took only a tiny sip this time.

“What? When did you drink? You mustn’t do that again. You’ve never had any drinks before...”

Yvette ignored his nagging and lowered her head as a WhatsApp notification popped up on her phone.

“When can we meet so I can return your charm?”

The irritation in Yvette’s eyes faded as she looked at Wilson’s message.

She swiftly replied, “The day after tomorrow.”

In the study, Wilson was gently caressing an old-fashioned charm, when his phone chimed, he glanced at Yvette’s message and raised his eyebrow.

The day after tomorrow was Monday. He could see Yvette right after he called off the engagement with the Murray family.

Though Wilson had just met her today, he was already looking forward to seeing her again,

“Mr. Quinn, here are your allergy meds. Please take them now,” Samuel said respectfully, offering the pills and a glass of water.

Wilson took the pills nonchalantly. He had a mild allergic reaction despite wearing gloves while peeling the shrimp.

“Mr. Quinn, you really should avoid seafood. Your allergies will only worsen,” Samuel advised.

Wilson was unfazed, and his face void of expression. “But Yvic likes seafood.”

Samuel was stunned. Did those words really come from t “Mr. Quinn, your phone is ringing.”

the ruthless and indifferent Wilson?

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Chapter 46

Seeing that it was Collin calling, Wilson promptly rejected the call without a second thought.

However, Collin persisted in calling him. Wilson’s composed face now betrayed a hint of annoyance as he reluctantly picked up.

As soon as the call connected, Collin’s playful voice came through.

“Wilson, I just saw your girl drinking at the Royal Pavilion. She even had a ‘young man beside her.”

Collin emphasized “young“, to tease Wilson about his age. His words hit a nerve.

Wilson’s expression instantly turned grim. “Say that again.”

Even through the phone, Collin could sense the brewing storm. He immediately apologized. “My bad! My bad! But I did give you a heads–up about your girl. Why don’t you cut me some slack?”

Wilson scoffed, ended the call, and opened his chat with Yvette.

“Are you at Royal Pavillion?” he asked.

Yvette’s eyes flickered with confusion upon reading Wilson’s message. How did he know where she was?

Nevertheless, she simply responded with a brief “Yes.”

Wilson’s reply came promptly after. “Stay there. I’ll be there soon.

Yvette took another sip of her drink, and a faint blush quickly dusted her delicate features. She looked particularly endearing

The anticipation of seeing Wilson soon lifted her spirits. But before she could respond to him, a lewd voice intruded

“Hey there, gorgeous. Would you like a drink?” A man approached Yvette, his gaze dripping with lust.

It was the first time he had encountered such a stunning beauty. He was determined to make her his.

“I’ve had my eye on you for a while. Care to join me for a drink?” He then swiftly slipped a pill into her drink, underestimating her vigilance. Unfortunately for the man, Yvette caught his every move.

“Sure,” she replied coldly, reaching out to accept his glass.

Just as the man thought he had her where he wanted, Yvette lifted the glass and splashed the wine in his face.

“Fuck!” he cursed as his anger boiled. “You bitch! How dare you splash wine at me? I’ll teach you a lesson today!”

He lunged for Yvette, but she swiftly dodged and sent him crashing to the ground with a well-aimed kick

The man groaned in pain as he hit the floor hard. It felt like his bones had shattered.

Collin couldn’t help but shudder at the scene as he watched from the private room on the top floor.

Yvette sure was brutal! Last time, she kicked him out of the private room just like that. If he weren’t a bit sturdier, he’d have ended up like that poor man with three broken ribs

As Collin had been observing the commotion below, the manager mistook his expression for displeasure and hurriedly intervened. “Mr. Steele, don’t worry. We’ll kick them out right away!”

The Royal Pavilion had an unspoken rule: no one could cause trouble. Otherwise, they’d be thrown out.

“Hold up! Who are you planning to kick out?”

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Chapter 47

The manager couldn't help but quiver under Collin's intense gaze. Then, he cautiously spoke up, "Of course... Of course, we'll kick out the troublemakers downstairs.."

"No!" Collin rubbed his temples in frustration. Yvette was Wilson's cherished sweetheart. Wilson would have his head if she were thrown out!

"Remember her face. No matter what, don't you dare lay hands on her—even if she razes this place to the ground someday!"

"Yes, yes, got it, Mr. Steele, I remember her now..."

The manager hurriedly agreed as he saw Collin's grave expression. However, he was also bewildered by Yvette's significance. What made her worthy of Collin's protection?

"Ouch... You bitch, how dare you do this to me! I'm the heir of the Zeigler family, the Zeiglers won't let you off-

Before he could finish his threat, Yvette landed another kick. With her head lowered, her voice dripped with defiance as she challenged, "Won't let me off? I'll be waiting to see you try."

He'd used such despicable tactics on countless girls. Even if he was killed, it would only mean that justice was served!

"Yvie"

Hearing the familiar voice behind her, Yvette pulled back her foot and turned to Wilson. Blinking innocently, she appeared harmless—a stark contrast to her earlier ferocity.

"I was waiting for you. He's the one who started it."

Seeing Yvette's earnest explanation, Wilson's hardened demeanor softened. Why was she so lovely?"

"Are you hurt?" Wilson strode over and inspected her carefully.

Yvette shook her head. "No." How could she be hurt dealing with a scumbag like him?

After confirming she was unharmed, Wilson's tense expression eased slightly. Then, he turned to Samuel and ordered, "Got him out of here and deal with him."

Samuel nodded. "Yes, Mr. Quinn."

Wilson caught a whiff of alcohol on Yvette, and he gently rubbed her head. “Did you drink?”

With the alcohol’s effects, Yvette felt dizzy. Instinctively, she rubbed her head against Wilson’s palm and murmured softly, “Just a little.”

Wilson found her obedient demeanor adorable. His eyes were tender as he asked gently, “Why were you drinking?”

“I was unhappy.” Yvette pursed her lips, her voice subdued.

“Did someone bully you, hmm?” Wilson’s gaze softened as he coaxed her gently.

Wilson supported her and continued, “Tell me who it was. I’ll take care of it.”

Yvette’s heart warmed at his protective tone. She became increasingly muddle-headed, and she extended her arms to seek solace. She whispered, “Hug me ”

Before Wilson could respond, Yvette had already thrown herself into his arms. She then wrapped her arms tightly around his waist.

Wilson chuckled softly, then reached out to embrace her.

His deep and magnetic voice was uncharacteristically gentle. “Alright. I’ve got you, Yvie”

Jake, who just returned from the bathroom, was taken aback by the commotion. It didn’t take long for him to connect the dots, and he quickly charged toward Wilson

“Holy crap, who the hell are you? Let go of my boss right now!”

He’d only stepped away for a quick bathroom break, and now someone was making a move on Yvette. He had to cut this guy’s hand off!

But before Jake could reach Wilson, he was blocked by a group of black-clad bodyguards.

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Chapter 48

“Damn it, get out of my way!” Jake demanded.

Wilson’s cold, piercing gaze landed on Jake, who was bristling. So, this was the young man Collin mentioned?

Young, yes, but he was clearly just a kid. There was no way Yvette would go for someone like him.

“Let him through,” Wilson said.

The black-clad bodyguards immediately released their hold on Jake, allowing him to approach Wilson.

For some reason, meeting Wilson’s gaze made Jake inexplicably apprehensive. Though he was intimidated, protecting Yvette outweighed his

fear.

“Let go of my boss...” Jake insisted. However, his confidence wavered instantly when he saw Yvette tightly embracing Wilson.

He cleared his throat awkwardly and said, “Could you step aside? I need to take my boss back!”

Wilson’s expression remained unchanged, but his commanding presence made Jake instinctively fearful.

“That depends on who Yvette wants to go with.”

‘Ugo

“Of course, my boss will come with me!” Jake declared with confidence. “Just because she’s hugging you doesn’t mean she’ll go with you!”

“Is that so?” Wilson’s frigid demeanor sent shivers down Jake’s spine.

After suppressing his fear, Jake leaned closer to Yvette. “Boss, are you coming with me or him?”

Confident in their bond, Jake couldn’t believe Yvette would choose another man over him.

“Let’s go, boss. I’ll take you home” Before he could finish his sentence, Yvette pushed him away and said, “You’re so annoying. Go away

Yvette didn’t bother hiding her disdain for Jake. However, her arms remained tightly wrapped around Wilson’s waist, leaving no doubt about her choice.

Jake felt like a dagger had pierced his heart. He spoke with a pained expression, "Boss, given our relationship, you're choosing him? What does he have that I don't?"

Yvette, irritated by his whining, silenced him with a single sentence. "He's better looking than you."

Jake was speechless. Though he hated to admit it, it was the truth.

Wilson chuckled softly. He asked, "Do you Eke my face?"

"Kind of" Yvette pursed her lips, her tone proud when adding, "Not particularly"

"In that case, I'll have to try harder." Wilson's smile deepened. His low, magnetic voice teased in her ear. "How about spending the night at my place tonight?"

Without hesitation, Yvette nodded in agreement. "Okay." She didn't want to go back to Murray Manor tonight.

Initially, Wilson had only been teasing Yvette, but her quick agreement surprised him. A hint of resignation flashed in his deep eyes, but more than that, there was a sense of indulgence.

"No more agreeing to stay with other men in the future, okay?"

Yvette blinked innocently. Mischief glinted in her beautiful eyes as she deliberately said, "Geezer, you're so naggy!"

Yvette was deliberately provoking him again! Out of resignation, Wilson extended his hand to her.

His voice was lazy but with a hint of flirtation "Alright, this geezer won't nag anymore. Come with me."

After hesitating, Yvette placed her hand in his, letting him lead her away. As they disappeared into the distance, Jake still couldn't believe what had just happened.

What just happened? Had Yvette really left him behind like that?

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Chapter 49

Yvette and Wilson settled into the back of the car. Yvette's head throbbed from the effects of the alcohol, so Wilson began to massage her

temples.

At first, she enjoyed the soothing touch and was sinking into relaxation. But suddenly, a sharp pain made her wince, and she couldn't help but

let out a soft moan.

Yvette's moan sent a jolt through Wilson, his eyes darkening as his thoughts wandered. His Adam's apple rolled uncontrollably. If only they were somewhere else...

Realizing where his mind had drifted, Wilson's expression grew more intense as he forced those thoughts away. Damn, Yvette sure had a way of making him lose control

Wilson took a deep breath and gentled his touch when massaging over her scalp.

"Is this better?" he asked.

"Yeah." Yvette's frown eased as she settled back into her seat, her voice soft. "Just like that."

Despite her commanding tone, Wilson's face only showed affection. He chuckled and said, "Alright."

Samuel couldn't help but marvel silently as he watched them through the rearview mirror. Look at how Wilson was utterly captivated!

Half an hour later, the car pulled up smoothly in front of the villa.

"Mr. Quinn, everything was prepared as you instructed," the housekeeper said respectfully.

Knowing Yvette was quite a clean freak and couldn't stand the smell of alcohol on herself, Wilson had made sure everything was ready for her.

"Your room is ready. Would you like to freshen up now?" Wilson asked.

"Yes." Yvette nodded, eager to rid herself of the lingering scent of alcohol

As soon as she entered the room, Yvette headed for the bathroom. She was pleasantly surprised to find it stocked with toiletries and even fresh clothes

Blinking in surprise, Yvette sifted through her memories. Last time, none of this was here. Had he been expecting her return? Such a cunning

Half an hour later, Yvette emerged from the bathroom and answered a call from Sean.

“Yvie, where are you? We’ve been looking everywhere for you! Tell me where you are”

Before Sean could finish, Yara took the phone.

“Yvie, tell me where you are. I’ll come get you right now, okay?”

Yvette calmly replied, “Don’t worry, I’m not coming home tonight.”

“What? You’re not coming home?” Yara’s voice immediately turned anxious. “Yvie, are you still mad at me?”

“No,” Yvette said flatly. “I’ll be back tomorrow. Don’t worry about me

Knowing Yvette was resolute, Yara didn’t press further. She simply advised gently, “Alright, Yvie. It’s late now. Make sure you get some rest.”

After hanging up, a deep, lazy voice sounded outside the bedroom door. “Can I come in?”

With Yvette’s permission, Wilson entered with a cup of warm milk.

Yvette frowned slightly and pursed her lips. Milk before bed? Did he really think she was a child?

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Chapter 50

Wilson let out

a low, raspy chuckle as if he had figured out Yvette’s thoughts. His voice was dangerously alluring, “Having milk before bed helps you sleep better.”

“Alright, then.” Yvette reluctantly accepted the explanation and took the glass from him. She then sipped the milk slowly

Yvette was taller than most girls, so the knee-length nightgown she wore became a short skirt. It revealed her long, straight legs as she moved.

Wilson’s gaze darkened as he glanced at her legs. He quickly averted his eyes, although his Adam’s apple had bobbed uncontrollably.

When Yvette finished the milk, she noticed Wilson’s Adam’s apple moving and impulsively reached out to touch it.

“Yvie... Don’t touch that...” Wilson’s body tensed immediately.

He grabbed her wandering hand while his mesmerizing eyes darkened with desire. The usual cool restraint in his expression was replaced with something wilder and more dangerous.

Seeing his intense reaction, Yvette blinked innocently, feigning ignorance. "I was just touching your Adam's apple. Don't be so stingy!"

"Just?" Wilson's eyes narrowed playfully with a dangerous edge to his voice. "Where else do you

want to touch?"

After bearing his words, Yvette's gaze involuntarily dropped to Wilson's chest. Her intention was clear.

Realizing what she'd done, Yvette's ears turned crimson, and she tried to cover up her embarrassment with bravado. "Absolutely nowhere else!"

Wilson let out a low, enticing laugh filled with affection "Little mischief."

The following day, a household staff member greeted, "Ms. Murray, you're back!"

After hearing the staff's voice, Yara, Sean, and Irwin immediately rushed toward the door.

"Evie's back! Thank goodness!" Yara exclaimed.

A quick flash of jealousy crossed Yasmin's eyes when they hurried outside to greet Yvette.

Yvette had stayed out all night, yet they still fawned over her. In her opinion, Yvette should be punished for not coming home.

"Yvette, you're back!" Yara ran out and hugged Yvette tightly. "I was so worried you wouldn't come back!"

Irwin stepped forward, his expression filled with concern. "Vvis, I heard about what happened yesterday. It wasn't your fault. I'll go to Murray Estate and sort it out. I won't let him mistreat you again!"

Irwin could usually tolerate whatever trouble Alex caused him, but seeing Yara and Yvette mistreated was too much for him to bear

"That's right, Yvie!" Sean chimed in "If Grandpa ever does that again, I'll have your back. I won't let you suffer being wronged again."

Yasmin rolled her eyes in secret while listening to their comforting, words.

She was seething with jealousy. What kind of suffering had that bitch, Yvette gone through? She had upset Alex so much by flipping the table that she should be begging for forgiveness instead!

Yasmin uttered, "That's right, Yvie! You shouldn't have stayed out all night. We were all so worried about you! Besides, it's inappropriate for a girl to be out all night. People might start gossiping about it."

Yara felt Yasmin's words inappropriate. She didn't want Yvette to feel uncomfortable, so she tried redirecting the conversation by gently suggesting, "Yasmin, the doorbell just rang. Could you see who it is?"

Yasmin's face darkened instantly. Were they treating her like a housekeeper now?