

Deadly 561

Chapter 561

The door to the private room flew open.

Leonardo, who was shirtless and visibly agitated, poked his head out and barked, "What's going on?"

He had just heard the fire alarm and was about to rush out, but he hesitated. He was not sure how to deal with Yvonne. While he was still deliberating, one of his employees ran up and knocked on the door.

Leonardo noticed the panic on their faces beginning to fade. He quickly deduced that either someone had accidentally triggered the alarm or someone had done it on purpose to stir up trouble. His frustration mounted, and his tone became

sharper.

"Mr. Singer, someone smashed the glass encasing the alarm with a fire extinguisher, which triggered the system. The guests downstairs saw there's no fire and are now furious!"

"Idiots! Why are you wasting my time with this?" Leonardo snapped angrily.

footage and find out which moron did it! And send some fruit platters to the upset guests. Give them

was already fuming from being interrupted, lashed out at his staff. He hadn't even had

this and

forces. His close ties with Byron, the area's

sir! We'll handle

chastised staff scurried off to review surveillance footage

Yvonne's arrival and tampered with the system. The corridor's cameras were now

Leonardo slammed the door shut, another knock came almost immediately. Assuming it was his staff returning with news, he yanked

him, and everything went black. He

the door and stepped into the private room, giving Leonardo's unconscious body a nudge with her foot before walking

how to incapacitate someone quickly and efficiently without causing serious

lay sprawled on the couch, unconscious but seemingly unharmed apart from her disheveled top. Leonardo hadn't had the chance to act

Chapter 562

Daniel's initial confusion quickly gave way to composure as he turned to his two subordinates.

"Take her to the central hospital," Yolanda said. Her gaze lingered briefly on the unconscious Yvonne before she addressed Daniel.

"Understood!"

Realizing that Yolanda wasn't inclined to offer further explanation, Daniel wisely refrained from asking questions. As his subordinates moved to lift Yvonne, the sound of hurried footsteps echoed from the hallway.

"Hey!"

The earlier fire alarm had already stirred chaos, and Daniel's loud ascent hadn't gone unnoticed. A group of bar staff rushed toward them. Their eyes widened in alarm as they spotted Leonardo sprawled unconscious at the private room door. "Who are you people?" one of the staff demanded with panic in his voice.

"I'm your worst nightmare," Daniel sneered, stepping forward with an air of menace.

staff, he

with my friend? Tell him to crawl over here and apologize on his

demeanor around Yolanda, outside her presence, he commanded authority and fear. While he

the local underworld, they had grown accustomed to handling tense situations. Emboldened by their boss' reputation, they blocked

our boss is? He's friends with Byron! Mess with him, and you'll end

closer, intending to help Leonardo up, but Daniel's imposing stance kept them at

lips curled into a faint smirk. He immediately recognized

to focus on legitimate

this were a personal confrontation, the outcome might be uncertain, but with Yolanda involved, the scales tipped heavily in his favor. The people she associated with-figures like Zach, Blake, and Viktor from the Eternal Clan, could

you're not entirely clueless. Good, then you know what's at stake! If our boss has a word with Byron, none

staff's confidence surged,

happens to our

Chapter 563

Leonardo had always relied on Byron's backing to maintain order. No one dared cause trouble here, and if they did, a few threats were usually enough to scare them off. But this was the first time the bar staff had faced such a serious situation, and their unease was evident.

They quickly realized their boss had tangled with someone they couldn't afford to provoke. Though Daniel's exact background remained unclear, they decided to call for security to save face.

Yolanda, meanwhile, checked the time on her phone. Turning to Daniel's two subordinates, she gestured toward the unconscious Yvonne.

"Take her to the hospital. Quickly," she said. Her voice was calm but firm.

After an afternoon spent treating patients, Yolanda was exhausted and in no mood to linger.

"Got it!" Daniel barked while glaring at his men.

"Move faster! Or do you need me to do it myself?" He raised his foot, feigning a kick to spur them into action.

The two men wasted no time. They lifted Yvonne and made for the exit.

At the door, the staff hesitated, moving to block their way. But Yolanda's steady voice echoed from inside the private room.

"If something happens to her, not even your so-called Byron will be able to clean up the mess. Think carefully."

The staff exchanged uneasy glances. After a moment of indecision, they stepped aside to let them pass.

ensuring she would be taken to the hospital. Yolanda, meanwhile, wasn't overly

remained in the bar. Yolanda stayed for a while

was Yvonne's doing, and Yolanda had already

pulled out her phone and called

later, Blake arrived

ask Blake to clean up the local underworld

emboldened by Byron's protection, now turned pale at the sight of Blake. Panic spread among them, and they looked ready to

Yolanda didn't concern herself with them. Knowing Yvonne's calculating and vengeful nature, she was certain they wouldn't escape

everything was under control, Yolanda left the bar and hailed a taxi

she reminded herself it wouldn't be long before the original owner of

the central hospital, Winnie waited for Yvonne, who had been

doctors transferred Yvonne to a regular

to check her clothes. Seeing them intact and finding no discomfort in her body, she exhaled a deep

lightheaded, and the harsh glare of the hospital's fluorescent lights

her

would you like me to help you change

her head to see Winnie seated beside her

"Winnie..."

Chapter 564

Over the years, Yolanda must know about some of the things she had done.

If she were honest, Yvonne knew that if the tables were turned and Yolanda was

in danger, she wouldn't lift a finger to help. She might even feel a twisted sense of satisfaction at watching her struggle.

But now, Yolanda had stepped in to save her.

If this had been Yolanda from before her time in the juvenile detention center, Yvonne might have believed she was just naive enough to act so selflessly. But she wondered if the Yolanda of today was really that kind-hearted or if she had another motive.

Maybe Yolanda wanted to show her just how insignificant she had become in comparison.

Perhaps it was all about proving to their parents who the better daughter was now -so much better that Yvonne, her younger sister, had been reduced to such a pitiful state that she needed Yolanda's rescue.

As these thoughts raced through her mind, Yvonne's hands clenched involuntarily. "Yvonne? Yvonne?"

Winnie's concerned voice snapped her out of her spiraling thoughts.

Do you need me

for being here," Yvonne replied while

was still shaken from the

scumbag didn't get a chance to do anything! Once you've recovered, we'll go find

Yvonne interrupted

this from

this serious wouldn't be easy to hide from

want to involve the police, and nothing serious happened anyway. There's no need to blow things out of proportion,"

to what kind of people I've

for

wanted to protect her reputation and avoid making a fuss. Besides, knowing Yolanda had intervened, she was sure those jerks wouldn't

mind, she nodded

personal matter. Since she didn't want to pursue it, Winnie saw no need

tell Aunt Diana and Uncle Harold. But if they somehow find out and ask me about

act like you don't know anything,"

day. Go home and get some

Chapter 565

"It's here," Winnie replied, a little surprised. "It's in my backpack. Why do you ask?"

"Could you leave those personal items with me?" Yvonne asked hesitantly. She was frowning as if deep in thought.

"I'll deliver them to her myself the next time I see her."

"Of course!" Winnie said. She was delighted at the thought that Yvonne might want to reconcile with Yolanda in person.

Without hesitation, she retrieved the items Yvonne had asked her to deliver and placed them neatly on the bedside table.

"There you go. I'll leave them here."

Winnie, who was optimistic that tonight's events might resolve the lingering misunderstandings between Yvonne and Yolanda, didn't think twice about returning the items.

face when her eyes fell on

hospital room, Yvonne pushed herself up with

was still light-headed from the lingering effects of the drug Layla had slipped her, and

the seemingly harmless skincare bottle, Yvonne appeared lost in thought. After

in her eyes. Her hands clenched the bedsheet tightly, as

"Layla," she murmured.

"This isn't over."

...

morning, Yolanda received a call from

sorry I haven't been in touch. There were some

to deal with,"

Alfred, but recent turmoil in the Kaufman family had

I figured you had other priorities,"

urgency, and Yolanda saw no reason to

Chapter 566

"I'll pick you up myself!" Jude declared with sincerity. Instead of dispatching a subordinate, he chose to personally drive to Cerulean Abode.

He knew Cerulean Abode was Logan's property, and discovering that Yolanda resided in its most prestigious villa left him momentarily surprised.

However, Jude was wise enough to recognize that certain matters were best left unspoken. Yolanda's capabilities were well-known to him, and he had no intention of overstepping boundaries that might upset her.

When Yolanda emerged from the villa, Jude maintained his usual composure. His expression remained calm, and his tone was steady.

"Ms. Henderson, please," he said as he stepped out of the car to open the door for her. Once Yolanda was seated, they set off for the Kaufman estate. Along the way, Jude provided a brief overview of Alfred's condition.

The Kaufmans were a prominent family in Riverdale, with generations serving in significant official roles.

families, Yolanda had no memory of the Kaufmans prior to her rebirth. Even their branch in Creybia, a region teeming with influential families, had

didn't lack families with deep roots. Beyond the top three powerhouses, many families dominated various industries. To Yolanda, the so-called

Nigel, an attempted assassination of the Seinfelds, and

city where families had no history of deep enmity, such elaborate

had already caught Yolanda's attention. Though she remained cautious, exhaustive research and Rowan's surveillance of underground organizations had yielded no

into her mind. "Have I

"Ms. Henderson?"

train of thought. Snapping back to the present, Yolanda briefly surveyed her surroundings. She stepped out of the car as Jude attentively held

a medium-sized mansion. The gardens resembled Havaria's classical landscapes, with every plant meticulously arranged and

Southdale, making them a rarity in

the main residence. As Yolanda and Jude began walking, Bennet arrived in a four-seater golf cart to ferry them the

Henderson, please," Bennet said

Chapter 567

Jude must have introduced Yolanda to Alfred beforehand; otherwise, Alfred wouldn't have agreed to let her treat him.

Even Yolanda had to admit that many people tend to judge others by their appearance. While such prejudice didn't necessarily reflect a person's character, it was still unpleasant.

In her previous life, the former Miss Hoffman was a young prodigy who treated patients at an age even younger than the original owner of her current body.

Back then, as the eldest daughter of the prestigious Henderson family, she commanded respect—even from those who doubted her skills. People dared not openly question her abilities.

Eventually, her exceptional medical expertise silenced the skeptics. Those who had doubted her learned their lesson and never underestimated her again.

Now, however, now that she was reborn as a girl from an ordinary family in a small city, things were entirely different.

Yolanda could understand why others might be cautious, but she refused to tolerate behavior that trampled on her dignity. In her experience, those who maliciously insulted her or doubted her abilities had all paid a price.

time, she was curious to see if Alfred Kaufman, the head of the Kaufman family, would prove to be another shallow individual

Jude led Yolanda into

center of the room, on a mahogany couch, sat an elderly man with graying hair. He wore reading glasses and was engrossed in

of the

as he approached Alfred. His voice was filled

replied while setting the newspaper aside. His

"So, you're Yolanda?"

"Yes, Mr. Kaufman Senior."

slightly. Her demeanor was calm and poised. There was no sign of timidity often seen in younger people meeting Alfred for the first time.

and respectful-remniscent of how she once treated

young people he encountered either fumbled nervously in his

him a faint sense of being on the back foot. It made Alfred wonder if

Jude," Alfred said. "The Kaufman family

Chapter 568

"I'm saying this not because I don't trust you but to make sure you don't feel too much pressure," Alfred said gently.

"I'll take your pulse first," Yolanda replied calmly.

At a glance, Yolanda could tell from Alfred's complexion that he had likely been battling heart disease for many years. However, she refrained from making any promises before thoroughly examining him.

"Alright," Alfred said. He extended his hand without hesitation.

Yolanda placed her fingers on his wrist and focused intently. Less than 30 seconds later, she withdrew her hand.

Just as she was about to speak, a loud voice suddenly broke the tranquility of the room.

I brought

to shout like this,

toward the doorway. Alfred, on

he said with a smile

international medical team to look into my condition. What a coincidence

thought he was just being polite, but it seems he was serious," Alfred added. There was

expression relaxed as he turned to Yolanda and said apologetically, "Ms. Henderson, I wasn't aware he'd be bringing

fine," Yolanda said, waving

Asher brought could successfully address his condition, she saw no reason to intervene. Her presence here

into the room. His demeanor was as bold as his voice. He greeted Alfred and

was unremarkable. He had a slim build, but his presence exuded energy. Yolanda could discern from his posture and movements that he had a solid martial arts foundation, suggesting he was not

overly confident manner, bordering on arrogance, rubbed her the wrong way. Yolanda didn't mind bold personalities

struck her as precisely

Chapter 569

"Mr. Kaufman, hello." The blond-haired, blue-eyed man leading the group greeted Alfred in clumsy Culomian.

Behind him, the others were already unpacking their cases. They displayed cutting-edge medical equipment to everyone in the living room.

Alfred nodded at Paul, while Jude, upon hearing the introduction, looked at Asher with newfound respect. It was clear he had heard of Dr. Paul's reputation.

"Asher, you've really outdone yourself by managing to invite Mr. Smith!"

"I have some connections with Mr. Smith," Asher replied with a grin. "So, when he came to Havaria for a symposium, I convinced him to stop by Riverdale."

He beamed with pride and added, "With Mr. Smith here, Grandpa Alfred's illness is bound to be cured!"

"Well, that's quite the coincidence," Alfred said with a slight smile. "Jude also invited a doctor for me-a renowned physician from Willow Creek Clinic." He glanced at Yolanda thoughtfully.

"This can be considered a collision between modern and traditional medicine, right?"

raised an eyebrow. His eyes landed

you're joking,

medicine. In his experience, practitioners were usually

young lady is supposed to

a stern

Jude, you've been

Traditional medicine is nothing but a scam. They use old stories to mislead people. Aren't there enough

with heart disease for years, but that doesn't mean you should just grasp at straws. The medical resources in Havaria are limited, and putting your trust in

haven't you already seen all the best doctors in the country? Has your

loss for words. He couldn't immediately prove Yolanda's

it was a sign of guilt and became even more dismissive. He turned to Yolanda.

I can't stand people who use traditional medicine to deceive others. If you keep spouting nonsense, don't blame me for trying to teach you

actually hit a woman, but he had no problem

by his arrogance, merely furrowed her brow. Instead of defending herself, she said something completely unrelated. "How's the wig working for

Chapter 570

Recently, Asher had been experiencing hair loss for some reason. He developed a bald spot on the back of his head. Even prescribed medications from the hospital were ineffective, so he had no choice but to shave his head and wear a wig.

He had specially ordered a high-quality wig from overseas that looked really natural. It looked so convincing that even his family members could not tell the difference.

Though Asher did not really care about his appearance, he still had his pride. He would secretly visit the dermatologist while wearing a face mask, and even his parents were unaware of his condition. The fact that this unassuming young woman had seen right through it caught him off guard.

"Not only do I know about it, but I also know what's causing your hair loss." Tilting her head, Yolanda continued thoughtfully, "Based on your symptoms, it's alopecia areata, isn't it?"

"Nonsense!" Asher felt embarrassed, but his defensive reaction only confirmed Yolanda's diagnosis.

"Don't think I'll believe you can treat illnesses just because you make a few wild guesses!" Feeling uncomfortable under the curious gazes of Jude, Alfred, and the Kaufman family's staff, Asher quickly changed the subject. "Mr. Smith, please examine Mr. Kaufman first!"

then instructed his assistants to set up their advanced medical equipment. The assistants quickly sterilized the electrode pads with

equipment Paul was operating. Her expertise lay in traditional medicine, but her knowledge of modern medicine rivaled that

could cure Alfred's condition. Modern medicine relied heavily on surgery, but cardiac

enough, Paul's furrowed brow remained even after

is it, Mr. Smith?" Asher asked the blonde doctor

Kaufman's

he can treat you!"

who understood Westorian, could tell from

surgery, there are significant risks," Paul admitted. "I can perform the operation, but the success rate is only