

Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

Read Chapter 1 -

Chapter 1

"Yulia Hoffman was the heiress of the wealthiest family in Creybia. She was also known as the chairperson of Global-50 Hoffman Group and made a name for herself as Hestia's prodigy. "She joined a mercenary group ten years ago and became the world's top assassin four years later.

"Four years ago, she became the top professor in world-class healthcare. Three years ago, she topped the World Hacker List.

"At the young age of 17, she became a racing champion. Just a year ago, she set up the Grave Forces and beat Southeast Eridonia's martial arts champion.

"She became a leading figure in the country and founded the underworld. Alas, the prodigy herself died... in a terrible plane crash at 3:00 am today. She was only 19 years old."

The sudden tragedy was reported at 9:19 am, and the news was so sensational that the world was left reeling from it.

The infamous and intimidating Yulia Hoffman had died.

"Yulia!" Yulia. Yolanda. The voice that called out to her was disembodied and distant. Whose voice was it?

The young lady's gaze was laced with murderous intent when she opened her eyes. Her bones were aching, and she couldn't help reaching up to massage her throbbing temples. The next second, Yulia's gaze fell on the chubby hands before her. She started. These weren't her hands! Her hands were slender and delicately built despite the many days she spent holding a gun.

"Where am I?" she muttered to no one in particular.

She hissed when a slew of information invaded her headspace: "My name is Yolanda Henderson, and I'm a rebellious young lady who was sent to the juvenile detention center after my parents caught me stealing..." Yulia blinked. She was Yolanda Henderson - the heiress of the Henderson family who hailed from Riverdale.

Her twin sister, Yvonne Henderson, had grown jealous and hateful of her stunning looks and sharp wit while growing up. In hopes of stealing her parents' affection for herself, she framed Yolanda and set her up to become the child of her parents' nightmares.

Yvonne had painted her as a no-good ruffian who got into fights, played hooky, fooled around with boys at school, and had kleptomaniac tendencies. In the end, because Yvonne had pushed for it, her parents finally decided to send Yolanda to a juvenile detention center. It had been three years since Yolanda was held in the center.

Well played, Yvonne. Yulia vowed to avenge Yolanda.

"Yolanda, your family's here to take you home," said the warden, whose voice was characteristically cold and unfeeling as it pulled Yulia out of her thoughts.

She looked around and noted the basic and dilapidated cell she was kept in. A bowl of steaming oatmeal, which she presumed had been delivered not too long ago, was atop the wooden table across the room.

She took a glance at the oatmeal and immediately knew it had been spiked with poison. It was an imported slow-acting one, too.

Constant intake of the poison would lead to it accumulating in the system, and its effects included weight gain and chronic acne. The person who ingested it would die at the three-year mark without fail. Today happened to mark the third year Yolanda had spent in the juvenile detention center.

"It is 10:00 am on the 20th of August, and emergency news just came in. The private charter jet bearing the carrier number HY0921 reportedly exploded and crashed at 12:03 am yesterday morning.

"The victim of the tragedy was Yulia Hoffman, who was the heiress of the wealthiest family in Creybia, and the youngest chairperson of Hoffman Group. She was only 19 at the time of her passing..."

The news was playing on the television in the juvenile detention center's main lobby. Yulia turned to watch it, and her icy gaze fell upon the images of what was left of the plane that flickered across the screen.

The towering silhouettes of four young men were caught rummaging through the plane ruins in desperation as they called out her old name. "Yulie! Yulie..."

Her second-eldest brother, Isaac Hoffman, was muttering, "Don't worry, Yulie. I'm right here! I've come to get you... You can't be dead. You can't leave me like this..."

Yulia tipped her head to the side as her dispassionate gaze flickered. Her lips curled, but her smile did not reach her eyes as she said quietly, "I'm alive, Isaac. Wait for me to come home."

With that, she turned around and followed the butler who had come to check her out of the juvenile detention center.

However, just as she turned, an imposing figure materialized on the screen. The figure stood a few hundred yards away from the scene of the plane crash. He surveyed the aftermath of the tragedy with dark eyes as the crowd frantically searched for Yulia's corpse among the ruins. He pressed a hand to his chest in relief while tenderness shone in his gaze. "My heart isn't bleeding, so it must mean that you're alive somewhere. That's good. I've finally found you."

At the Henderson residence, Diana Whitmore was perched on the couch and squeezing out a tight smile at Zora Xenid, who sat across from her.

"Goodness, Diana. I'm surprised you're still here. Isn't your elder daughter being released from the juvenile detention center today? Don't you want to be there for her?" Zora asked snidely, as she knew it would irk Diana.

The Xenid family was more prestigious than the Hendersons. However, Yvonne, the younger daughter of the Henderson family, was far more gifted in terms of talent and academics compared to the Xenids' heiress.

All these years, Zora had been forced to live in Diana's shadow simply because her daughter was inferior to Yvonne. But after hearing Yolanda would be released today, Zora decided to drop into the Henderson residence to await Diana's return and mock her for it. "I've asked the butler to go in my stead," Diana explained. Her smile was growing stiffer by the second as she said, "Yvonne's tutoring session is starting soon. I'm afraid I must excuse myself, Mrs. Xenid. Perhaps you'd like to return some other—"

"It's fine. I can wait," Zora insisted when she sensed the dismissal. She smiled wickedly and added, "Besides, it's been three years since I saw Yolanda. Remember what a terror she was? She used to get into fights and go around stealing... I wonder if the juvenile detention center has changed her."

That was a blatant and unadulterated mockery.

Diana couldn't be more mortified. She had been regaled in high society because of Yvonne's accomplishments, but Yolanda was throwing her reputation down the drain.

Just then, a light screech came from outside the house, which indicated that a car had pulled up. Diana caught it and hurried to the door.

Contempt and disgust filled her eyes when she saw Yolanda, who stood at the doorstep. She had become fat and was covered in lesion-like acne.

"Mrs. Henderson, Ms. Yolanda Henderson has come home," the butler, Otis Pierson, announced.

Diana barely looked at Yolanda. It was as if Yolanda was not her child at all. She angled her head to the side and said to Otis, "We have a guest over. Don't come in through the front door, and take Yolanda through the back door instead. Do not let Mrs. Xenid see this ugly hag!"

Chapter 2

Yolanda did not miss the contempt in Diana's tone. She looked up slowly as her clear and shrewd gaze fell upon the older woman. She asked, "What do you mean I can't go through the front door?"

Diana was about to say something when Zora, who had been in the living room, came to the front door. Her high heels clacked against the polished floor as she approached Yolanda with a smug smile.

Upon seeing Yolanda up close, she gasped. "Goodness! Yolanda, is that you? What has three years of being in the juvenile detention center done to you? Where did all this extra weight come from?"

"Diana, you ought to bring her to the dermatologist before that horrible acne scars her face! You wouldn't want men to run at the sight of her, would you? It's bad enough that she's a talentless and an unambitious student, but to lose a pretty face..." Her words cut Diana like knives. In the past, Diana had made similar remarks about Zora's daughter when Yvonne was around, but only because Yvonne was an exceptional child.

Now that Yolanda was back, the scales had tipped in Zora's favor.

"Oh, I just remembered. With the new school term coming around, Yolanda's bad grades and less-than-savory permanent record would be a cause for concern. She wouldn't get into first-rate schools.

"I have a cousin who is a school vice principal. She'll be attending an art exhibition in three days. Maybe you could bring Yolanda with you, and I could introduce you," Zora offered.

Zora's smug expression belied her generosity. Yolanda saw through the former's act and interjected coolly, "No, thanks. The only admissions exam I'll take will be for the best high school in the continent."

Upon hearing this, Diana stiffened. Even Zora shot Yolanda an incredulous look. For some reason, she felt small under Yolanda's gaze. It was as if Yolanda was more powerful than her.

Yolanda spoke with certainty and left no room for questions.

"The best high school? What talent or academic achievements do you have under your belt?" Diana demanded furiously. She lashed out at Yolanda after enduring Zora's merciless taunts. "I wouldn't have to beg for favors if you were half as brilliant as Yvonne!" She then turned to address Zora. "It's very kind of you to offer, Zora, but I won't be bringing Yolanda to the art exhibition. Yvonne will go with me instead."

Yolanda fixed an icy stare at Diana as the words "half as brilliant as Yvonne" echoed through her mind.

"Diana, you'll have to reintegrate Yolanda into society now that she's been released from the juvenile detention center. We can't have the rest of fine society calling you a wicked and self-serving mother," Zora pointed out. She covered her mouth, but not before she snorted and left the house.

Diana looked like she had just swallowed a fly. She was starting to get sick of hearing about the juvenile detention center.

"This is all your fault!" she snapped at Yolanda. "Are you happy now?"

She stared at the heavy set and acne-covered young lady before her. How could she have birthed someone so ugly? Why did she have none of Yvonne's beauty and intelligence?

"I'll hire a painting instructor to begin lessons with you from tomorrow onward. I don't want you to embarrass me with your philistine tendencies when we show up at the art exhibition," Diana added spitefully as she huffed and stormed back into the living room.

Left on the doorstep, Yolanda looked up and surveyed the Henderson residence. Her eyes were like icy orbs of onyx as she stared at Diana's retreating figure. "So, this was what my brothers meant by favoritism."

Yolanda had been assigned a room on the second floor. She stopped in front of the master bedroom, which was also Yvonne's room, when she passed by it. She glanced at Yvonne's room, which had been decorated with opulence in mind. As for Yolanda's room, it was so basic that even the desktop was an out-of-date behemoth that took up considerable space.

"This is Yvonne's room," Diana informed when she noticed Yolanda taking in Yvonne's room. She added frigidly, "Your room is next door. Don't be upset that it's all you deserve. Yvonne is slated to get into a first-rate university soon, so she naturally gets the best room." Yolanda tipped her head to one side and looked up at Diana imperiously. "Do you believe privilege is something only an academically gifted child deserves?"

"Yes! If I had a choice, I would never have given birth to you. You kept stealing money and getting into fights in the past. If Yvonne's accomplishments hadn't made up for it, I would have died from sheer embarrassment!"

Diana did not mince her words, but they were so sharp that they could certainly inflict some serious damage. Yolanda had considered fulfilling daughterly obligations after she inherited this body from the real Yolanda, but it seemed she didn't have to go to such lengths. "I'm not your daughter. She's already dead," Yolanda said lightly as she opened the door to the guest room.

"You" Diana's fingers trembled with the urge to hit Yolanda. "I guess three years in the juvenile detention center has taught you nothing if you could still run your mouth like that! Why did you even come back here? You should have died in the center!" Yolanda heard each word loud and clear, but she was unruffled. She was no better than a robot.

Her face was reflected on the desktop. The acne had spread all over her face. It marred her features until they looked like they were bridged by it. She had looked better, and in her past life, she had been stunning.

She turned on the computer and began typing. She clicked on the link that redirected her to the Intercontinental Web. She was about to key in her password and inform a few members of her circle about her survival when a sudden beeping sounded. A pop-up appeared: "Wrong password."

Yolanda frowned and keyed in the same password again, but the beeping ensued with indication that she had typed in the wrong password.

It was impossible. Not two days had passed since the plane crash, and Yolanda was the only one who knew the password that let her access the Intercontinental Web. She even logged onto it mere minutes before she got on the plane. "Nydia?" she muttered under her breath. Nydia Hoffman was her adoptive younger sibling, who was of similar age and had similar skill sets. She was the only other person who knew the password to the Intercontinental Web. Nydia had selflessly gone on missions in Yulia's stead in the past life.

At the thought of this, Yolanda picked up her phone and dialed a familiar number. It belonged to the Hoffmans' landline in Creybia.

The call was put through after several rings. "Hello, you've reached the Hoffmans. Who's on the line?" came the weathered voice of the Hoffmans' butler.

"I'd like to speak to Isaac," Yolanda said.

The butler felt a chill run down his spine when he heard the familiar icy tone. The voice was different, but it made him squirm anyway. "Who... Who are you? Identify yourself!" "Michael, who's on the line?"

Suddenly, a voice so eerily similar to Yulia's rang through the background. Yolanda felt the air around her go still when she heard it.

"Ms. Hoffman, the person on the line wishes to speak to Mr. Isaac," Michael Green, the butler, answered dutifully.

"Isaac? Here, pass me the phone," the woman in the background said. Having gotten the phone, she put it to her ear and asked in a tone often used by Yulia in her past life, "Who is this?" The simple question made the sirens in Yolanda's head go off.

She thought about the mission she went on and the plane exploding. There was more to the plane crash than she initially believed.

Yolanda's gaze darkened as she bit out gravely, "Yulia was the only Ms. Hoffman in the household, and she died in a plane crash in the early hours of yesterday morning. Who are you?"

The question hung in the air. There was a beat of silence before the person said something that made Yolanda's skin prickle in alarm. The two words that the person uttered were the most preposterous Yolanda had ever heard: "I'm Yulia."

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Chapter 3

Nydia continued, "The person who died in the plane crash yesterday was Nydia, who went on the assignment in my stead."

Yolanda nearly scoffed at the absurd lie. Nydia had died in the plane crash yesterday? How ridiculous!

It was true that Nydia had been in charge of inspecting the plane before it took off, but she hadn't been on-site during the mission that day.

Isaac knew Nydia would sometimes go on assignments in Yulia's place, but it seemed he was told a different story this time-that Nydia had died in the plane crash, and Yulia was perfectly fine at home. Search the Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Yolanda snarled as she hung up the phone and tossed it on the table, muttering, "You're more ambitious than I thought."

Nydia had orchestrated the plane crash so that she could take Yulia's place as the heiress of the Hoffman family. Unfortunately, Yolanda had no intention to let Nydia get away with it.

However, despite being reborn, Yolanda could not take revenge. She could not defend herself in this body, which had wasted away in the juvenile detention center. More importantly, she had yet to purge the slow-acting poison from her system. If she showed up at the Hoffman residence like this, she had no doubt she would be taken out by assassins waiting in ambush.

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The next morning, Vincent Osbourne, the painting instructor Diana hired, was shown to the Hendersons' living room. He was in his 40s and had made a name for himself in Riverdale.

Inside the study, he gave Yvonne an approving once-over and said, "This must be the charming Ms. Yvonne Henderson. I've been telling my associates that the Hendersons have a prodigy among them. It's impressive that she's done so well for her high school entrance exam as to be offered a place at a top-tier high school."

Yvonne smiled demurely at the painting instructor. "It's a pleasure to meet you, sir."

She had a delicately chiseled face and was a soft-spoken young lady. Anyone who saw her could not help doting on her, unlike Yolanda. Despite her lack of beauty, Yolanda liked to keep to herself and behaved as if she was too good for anyone.

After complimenting Yvonne a few more times, Vincent finally deigned to look at Yolanda. "And who's this?"

"Yolanda Henderson."

"Yolanda?" Vincent repeated. His smile faded as contempt flashed in his eyes. "You were released from the juvenile detention center yesterday, weren't you? I'm guessing you haven't learned traditional painting before."

Diana's expression soured at the mention of the juvenile detention center and Vincent's pointed question.

"No, but I've dabbled in it enough to know what to do," Yolanda replied coolly. Not only that, she had mastered the art entirely.

A derisive gleam shone in Yvonne's gaze when she heard Yolanda's words. She thought it was the biggest joke she had ever heard. Yolanda couldn't possibly know what to do with a paintbrush when she had never even picked up traditional painting. Vincent berated a shade tersely, "Yolanda, arrogance is an unbecoming trait. It's all right to admit you haven't dabbled in a certain field. I can teach you as long as you are willing to learn. Pride will be of little help to you."

Yolanda looked down her nose at him. It was true that she had mastered traditional painting - she was even an internationally renowned painter. Her work could fetch tens of millions a piece!

"Over 300 famous paintings will be shown at the upcoming art exhibition, but the star of the show will be the painting made in less than a minute by a famous painter five years ago... Yolanda!"

Vincent grew furious when he realized that Yolanda wasn't listening to him at all. "Were you listening to me at all? The exhibition is in two days. You won't learn anything at this rate if you don't drop the attitude!" Yolanda looked up and met his gaze with a nonchalant expression. "What do I have to learn from someone whose skills are lesser than mine?"

Vincent stiffened. He wondered if he was hard of hearing at that moment. He had never met such an insolent student in his entire life.

He said sullenly, "I see what they meant when they said the Henderson daughters could not be any more different. If you're so brilliant, why don't you tell me about the painter who made this painting?"

The next second, an artwork that looked like the real thing appeared on the screen on the study wall.

Yolanda recognized it at first sight. Not only did she recognize it, she was also the painter. However, the image shown was of a counterfeit, albeit replicated with expert craftsmanship.

"Well, Yolanda? Go on and tell us whose painting it is. Show us that artistic knowledge of yours," Yvonne prompted with a false encouraging smile laced with disdain.

As far as Yolanda was concerned, she was being openly mocked.

Vincent couldn't help snorting at Yolanda's blank face as she stared at the painting. "I see no point in wasting my time and effort teaching a bullish delinquent like you.

Perhaps your mother should consider hiring someone else for the job." He had emphasized the word "delinquent". With a wave of his hand, he headed for the door.

At that moment, Diana entered the study upon hearing the commotion within. When she saw Vincent storming toward the door, she asked in alarm, "Mr. Osbourne, what happened?"

"Mom." Yvonne stood up and explained, "Yolanda said she's dabbled enough in traditional painting to know the art, and that Mr. Osbourne isn't good enough to teach her.

"But she was at a loss when Mr. Osbourne told her to identify a painting. Why did she do that? The art exhibition is in two days. She can't go around pretending to know things she doesn't..."

Diana was extremely disappointed after hearing Yvonne's explanation. She marched up to Yolanda and was ready to slap the young lady across the face.

At that moment, Yolanda turned and shot a deadly look at Diana. Her gaze held the promise of violence, and Diana shuddered at the murderous gleam as she drew her hand back.

When she registered what had happened, she snapped furiously, "Are you trying to aggravate me to death, Yolanda? Has three years in the juvenile detention center taught you nothing?"

"It's one thing to steal and get into fights, but to make up stories and pretend to be an expert in something? That's just blatant insolence! Why can't you be more obedient and stay in line like Yvonne?"

Diana's scathing remarks pulled Yolanda out of her thoughts. She looked away from the painting and caught Yvonne smirking at her from behind Diana.

Yvonne was amused to see her helpless and useless. If she had it her way, she would have Yolanda crushed underfoot forever.

But Yvonne was wrong, for what Yolanda said stunned her into silence. "The painting is called The Great Country. It dates back to mid-September two years ago, and I was debuted by a renowned painter, Simon Carter, at the Artists Association in Creybia.

"The painting costs 13 million dollars, but unfortunately, it isn't the real thing. It's one of the four replicas in Simon's collection. The real thing was created by Jess Harrington, a famous artist who only has three paintings in her name, and each of them fetched hundreds of millions of dollars.

"She hasn't painted anything after the initial three in her collection, which makes her art extremely rare on the market. As such, the original three pieces were replicated by a renowned artist, and this is one of them!" There was a deathly silence in the room.

Diana gaped at Yolanda, and the anger in her eyes was replaced by shock.

Yvonne's contemptuous smile slipped as she stared at the young lady before the screen.

Yolanda had spoken calmly, surely, and confidently. The sheer arrogance in her tone was not at odds with her carriage at all. How could such an air of superiority come from the young lady of the third-rate Henderson family? However, Yvonne quelled the uneasiness rising in her when she recalled Yolanda was nothing but trash. She likely made up the entire narrative about Jess Harrington.

Frowning, Yvonne chided, "Yolanda, what are you talking about? Who's this famous Jess Harrington you mentioned? Don't spew nonsense to Mr. Osbourne if you don't know anything about art."

But at that moment, the unexpected happened.

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Chapter 4

Much to Yvonne's surprise, she was wrong. Vincent, who stood at the door and had been about to leave, was stunned.

He looked up at Yolanda and trembled as he exclaimed, "No! She's absolutely right. What she said is true!"

Vincent hurried back into the study and stopped in front of the image of the painting. His lips quivered as he said, "This is only a replica. She's right about that. Who else in this world but Jess Harrington could create such astounding artwork? "It's a shame that she retired from the artistic world two years ago and only left behind three priceless art pieces. But... How did you come to know of the great Ms. Harrington?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by this. She clenched her fists so tightly that her nails dug into her palms. Even Diana couldn't help looking at Yolanda in bewilderment. Yolanda gave Vincent a deadpan look before she turned toward the door. She opened it and disappeared around the corner as she answered, "Because I'm her."

The words echoed through the room. She said she was Jess Harrington!

Diana and the others scoffed at this. "You're out of your mind. I thought you brushed up on your knowledge after you were invited to the art exhibition, but you're just delusional! How dare you claim yourself to be a renowned artist?"

"I'd be happy enough if you were half as brilliant as Yvonne and stopped with that delinquent nonsense that would land you in the juvenile detention center. But unfortunately, you've proven yourself to be nothing more than an embarrassment!"

It was true that Yolanda had not been half as brilliant as Yvonne in the past, but she was different now. If Yolanda chose to be her brilliant self, she would be peerless.

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After leaving the study, Yolanda returned to her room and turned on the computer. All she had to do now was purge the poison from her system, regain her strength, and return to the Hoffmans in Croybia.

She typed away on her keyboard with her chubby fingers flying over the keys as she typed out a long series of codes. The computer screen flashed as the page refreshed and redirected.

Several beeps and pop-ups appeared. "Hacking the bank system... Please key in the password... Decoding... Please key in the relevant code."

Another beep later, the encryption had been decoded. "Decoding successful. Please key in the name of the cardholder," informed the pop-up.

Yolanda typed a name that ended with "Hoffman."

A second later, the computer declared via pop-up, "Decoding successful!"

Yolanda leaned into her seat and stared at the transaction amount on the screen. Her lips curled as she muttered, "Sorry, Rowan." She drew a line at stealing from the bank, but with her accounts frozen by Nydia, she had no choice but to borrow money from her brother. Meanwhile, in a skyscraper in Croybia, four young men in their 20s were lounging on a fancy couch. The one leaning against the floor-to-ceiling window wore a white blouse, and he had the top two buttons loosened to reveal his sculpted chest.

His slender fingers wrapped around his phone as he scrolled through it. There was a playful smile tugging on his lips as he said coldly, "Isaac's right. If Nydia hadn't gone on the mission in Yulie's stead, Yulie would have died in that plane crash. "So I've decided that the four of us will stay by her side. Anyone who so much as lays a finger on her will be annihilated along with their families."

When the four brothers had rushed to the site of the plane crash, Yulia's body had just been recovered from the ruins. After several tests and verifications done by the coroner, was confirmed that the victim had not been Yulia, but Nydia, the adoptive daughter of the Hoffman family.

"Rowan's right." The young man in the suit leaning against the wall slowly looked up and added, "She was lucky to survive this time, but she might not be so lucky the next time. Countless people in this world are hoping she'd perish. "But... For some reason, I keep feeling like Yulia isn't quite herself today. She seemed different than usual when she came home, don't you think?"

The other young men deep in thought and wallowing in guilt looked up at their stern-looking brother in the black suit. "I have to agree with you, Caleb. She seemed different to me, too. But her looks and behavior are exactly like Yulia's. "Even her strength and her recollection of past details align with Yulia's experiences. You don't suppose you're traumatized by the false alarm, are you, Caleb?"

"No," the young man in the suit replied. He narrowed his eyes, and his gaze shone pensively as he said, "It's just a feeling. I can't help but feel like I'd stake my life to protect her when I see her. Perhaps she's just imposing in a way that makes one grovel at her feet." Still, despite the identical traits she shared with Yulia, be it her voice, looks, lifestyle habits, capabilities, or memories, Caleb Hoffman couldn't help feeling as if his sister had changed somehow.

A long silence ensued, but it was broken suddenly by a lively chime.

It was a message notification, and the chime came from Rowan's phone. He glanced down at the screen, and his eyes widened in disbelief like he had just read something he couldn't comprehend. "What the hell? How is this even possible?" His surprised cry caused the other three to look at him in confusion.

Rowan stared at the message for a long while before he finally looked up. He was still bewildered when he said, "A million dollars has been debited from my international bank account just a minute ago!"

"It's just a million dollars, so what's the big-deal, did you just say a million dollars? Caleb, are you behind this?"

"No," Caleb replied, "If I were, he'd lost at least a billion."

"Then who could have done it?"

Who indeed? Who else could have hacked into Rowan's account and stolen a million dollars from him? It wasn't so much a matter of money as it was security. After all, the bank they ran had an anti-breaching system curated by the best hacker in the world. And yet, Rowan had been robbed right under their noses!

"The only person who can go past our bank's security system is... That means... Yulia! It was Yulia! She's the only one who has the skills to break into the system."

The four brothers exchanged baffled looks. Their gazes darkened as Rowan pulled out his phone and tracked the IP address and location. He was stumped to learn that the person who stole his money did not hail from Cryebia, but Riverdale. "The hacking didn't happen in Cryebia. Does that mean Yulia is in the clear?" Caleb, who usually kept a level head, was suddenly anxious. If Yulia wasn't behind this, who could it be? Why did they only steal a million dollars? Caleb looked at the others as his brows furrowed. He said, "Rowan, go to Riverdale and track down the person who hacked our bank system at all costs!"

Be it friend or foe, and regardless of their purpose, the Hoffman brothers were determined to hunt down the troublemaker.

While Rowan was on his way to Riverdale, the newly rich Yolanda left the Henderson residence and made her way to the biggest hospital in Riverdale.

She did not miss the public's judgmental looks as she walked down the street. Some of them even recognized her as the young lady whose kleptomaniac tendencies had landed her three years in the juvenile detention center. Someone hissed in disgust while others commented outright, "Ugh, her face is repulsive."

Even the nurses at the hospital avoided Yolanda as they sneered, "Gosh, she looks like the stuff of nightmares!"

Yolanda ignored the hateful words cast upon her. She was about to leave after picking up her prescription when she suddenly heard someone screaming, "Doctor! I need a doctor over here! Please, help us!"

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Chapter 5

"What kind of crappy hospital is this? Where's your director? I want to see him right now! Bring out your best doctor! I'm warning you. The person lying in there isn't some average person!"

"He's Simon Carter, the renowned artist from Cryebia who was invited by your city to hold an art exhibition here! Who's going to be responsible if anything happens to him?" The man's furious voice traveled from the hospital room and echoed through the hospital hallways. Yolanda was about to leave when she heard this and stopped. "Simon Carter?"

The renowned artist from Creybia who had been invited by Riverdale? She remembered taking lessons from him in her past life, but he barely said two words to her on account of her identity.

At the thought of this, Yolanda turned around and made her way to Simon's hospital room. The middle-aged man pacing in the hall frowned and glared at her as he snapped, "Get the hell out of here, kid!" "Let me go in and take a look," Yolanda said.

The man assessed her incredulously. "You?" The more he looked at her, the less he felt like letting her through.

Hurried footsteps sounded from down the hall. A doctor in a white coat rushed toward the room and humbled himself before the middle-aged man anxiously. "How's Mr. Carter doing?"

"How is he doing? Your doctors just told me they could do nothing about his case!" The middle-aged man was incensed as he demanded, "Summon your best doctor at once!"

Francesco Wyatt, the hospital director, wiped the beads of cold sweat from his brow. "But the doctors who came to examine him earlier were our best. Could we send him to Creybia instead? Perhaps we still have time." "We're out of time, Mr. Wyatt." The nurse who left the hospital room shook her head gravely as soon as she went out. "Mr. Carter suffered an aneurysm on the way here. If we do not treat him within half an hour, he will die."

Half an hour. How was Francesco supposed to find anyone to take on the case if no doctor in the hospital could save him from whatever disease he was riddled with?

Just as they were caught in a dilemma, a crisp voice sounded from the other side of the hotel. "I can save him."

As soon as the words left her mouth, everyone in the hall turned to look at her derisively. The young lady they saw was stocky and covered in acne, and her features were marred by her blemishes. Yet, her gaze was clear, and her tone firm and confident. "We're at a hospital, missy. You can't joke about these things," Francesco warned as he glanced at Yolanda.

She looked up and regarded Francesco imperiously. "I wasn't joking. I meant it when I said I could save him."

The crowd around her grew displeased with her words. The middle-aged man and Francesco appraised her contemptuously. One of them then demanded shrewdly, "Who are you? Didn't your family ever teach you manners?"

"I'm Yolanda Henderson," she answered in clipped tones. After she had answered the question, she walked into Simon's room.

She was better off not speaking for now, as she had irked the crowd to no end.

The doctor grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the door. "What? You're the good-for-nothing child the Hendersons sent to the juvenile detention center! Didn't you just come out of the juvenile detention center after spending three years there?" Scoffing, he continued, "Yet you claim to have a way to save Mr. Carter."

Yolanda repeated impatiently and snapped, "Don't make me say it again, but yes, I can heal him."

Francesco and the crowd were indignant. Even the passers-by took one look at Yolanda and sneered, "How is it that the Hendersons have such an ugly piece of trash? It's one thing for her to skip school, but to go out of the house and embarrass her family like this is ridiculous!"

"She doesn't look like she knows medicine," someone commented.

Someone else snorted. "What medical skills can a woman who just got out of the juvenile detention center have? She could have walked away and spared her family from the embarrassment."

The disparaging remarks carried on. Yolanda looked up slowly at the chief and bit out the words icily, "You don't believe me?"

Someone laughed. "No one does! Who in their right mind would vouch for you or believe in you? Go away and stop holding back the doctor from saving lives!"

"Are you so oblivious that you don't even know you're trash, Yolanda? Did you come to take revenge upon society? Scumbags like you ought to rot away in prison forever!"

Yolanda listened to the scathing words and smiled, but it did not reach her eyes. "Fine, then. If none of you believe I can save the man, I'll just abandon him. But I've never been one to tolerate such insults. I'll show you what being a doctor is all about!"

With that, she shoved the doctor away from the door and opened it. She then slammed it shut and locked it from the inside, her movements too swift for Francesco or anyone to respond in time.

When they realized what she had done, it was too late. She was already inside Simon's room.

"What is she going to do?"

"Quick, get the door open! Mr. Carter is in there. If Yolanda hurts him..."

"Yolanda, I'm warning you! That man is one of the greatest artists who specializes in traditional paintings! If anything happens to him, I'll make you pay for it!"

A minute went by, and another. Yet, no sound or movement came from the room.

Francesco and the bodyguards tried to knock the door down as they cursed Yolanda countless times through the ordeal.

At that moment, the door opened with a whoosh, and Yolanda walked out of the room.

"What did you do to Mr. Carter? I swear, the hospital will make you pay if anything happens to him!" Francesco barreled into the room when Yolanda came out. He let out a breath of relief when he saw Simon lying peacefully on the bed, just as they had left him. After that, Francesco wiped the sweat from his brows and suddenly recalled something. He hurried out of the room and hollered, "Don't let her get away! Get her!"

But when the bodyguards looked around for Yolanda, they realized she had disappeared. They exchanged confused looks as they asked among themselves, "Where did she go? Where is she?"

Yolanda had vanished right under their noses!

Francesco's face turned grim as he snapped anxiously at the guards, "Split up and look for her! We must hold her responsible if anything happens to Mr. Carter!"

Despite his orders, he was relieved when he glanced behind his shoulder at Simon. Ugly and foolish as Yolanda was, he was grateful she had appeared.

After all, Simon had been beyond saving when the hospital checked him in as a patient. It would reflect poorly on the hospital if he had died in their care. The Carter family would hold the hospital responsible and pin the blame on Francesco.

But Yolanda had shown up in a clutch and offered herself as a scapegoat. If Simon died in their care, Francesco could blame her for his death if and when the Carter family demanded reparations. The hospital's reputation would be safe.

Just as Francesco was considering each detail of his plan, a relieved cry sounded from the room. The middle-aged man shouted, "Mr. Carter? Mr. Carter, you're awake! I need a doctor in here, pronto!"

Francesco froze. Simon couldn't possibly have awakened! If his condition upon arriving at the hospital was any indication, he would have died an unconscious man!

The next second, the flustered hospital director barged into the hospital room. He gave Simon a thorough examination and stared at the artist in disbelief. Even his breathing had grown steady. Francesco's mind went blank as he muttered, "How is this possible?"

The nurses and bodyguards were startled to see Simon awake and lucid. They didn't want to consider the possibility that the ugly young woman who had stormed into the room earlier actually cured Simon.

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Chapter 6

However, since Simon's body was too weak, he only remained conscious for a while before falling asleep again.

Yet, that was the least of Francesco's concerns.

He stared at Simon and was stuck in a daze for a while.

"What a miracle!

"This is really a miracle!

"Mr. Carter's condition has stabilized!"

Though he was certain that Simon would die, the latter's condition suddenly improved.

"Mr. Wyatt, is Mr. Carter alright now?" the middle-aged man beside him asked cautiously.

The man was Simon's assistant, Gordon Clark. He often planned Simon's schedules and took care of his living arrangements.

"He's alright at the moment, but..." Francesco paused.

After checking his body again, he realized that Simon's illness was only temporarily controlled.

Apart from that, there were acupuncture marks on the latter's temples and chest.

Francesco wondered, "Is Yolanda skilled in medicine?"

Then, he tried to remain calm and smiled at Gordon.

"He's fine at the moment, but he'll only be able to live on for a few more months. If he doesn't get proper treatment within this period, he will still have a heart failure." Though he didn't want to admit it, Yolanda saved Simon's life.

"What are we waiting for? Let's treat Mr. Carter's illness now!" Gordon yelled anxiously.

Meanwhile, Francesco sighed, "I can't help him... We have to ask Yolanda for help instead!"

If Yolanda didn't cure Simon's sickness fully, the hospital would've taken credit for rescuing him.

However, since he required more treatment after this, they wouldn't have been able to claim credit for it either.

"The Henderson family?"

Gordon wasn't from Riverdale City, so he didn't know who the Hendersons were.

"The Henderson family is a relatively rich family who are managing a business. Their reputation isn't very remarkable. The ugly and fat girl who you saw just now belongs to that family.

"I'm not sure what methods she used to treat Mr. Carter, but his condition has stabilized. If we want to cure his sickness completely, we'll have to find her."

Though the hospital wasn't able to claim credit for Yolanda's work, they pushed all the responsibility of treating Simon to her.

As such, Simon's condition wouldn't be any of their business in the future.

If Yolanda couldn't save him, it meant that she was just pretending to be capable.

"The Henderson family? I got it."

After thinking about it, Gordon took out his phone and called someone.

...

Once Yolanda returned to the Henderson residence, Diana started scolding her shrilly.

"Where did you go earlier on? You just came out from the juvenile detention center. Do you want to go back in now?"

"What did I do to deserve such an embarrassment in our family?" Diana looked at Yolanda resentfully.

She felt that Yolanda, who was useless and ugly, had tarnished her image!

If not for the sake of her own reputation, Diana would've cut off ties with the latter.

Meanwhile, Yolanda looked indifferent when she heard that.

After being reborn, she experienced familial relationships that were different from her past life. In her past life, she had four brothers and teachers who doted on her.

She didn't know that not all family members loved one another.

However, when Diana scolded her harshly, she felt the sadness that the original Yolanda experienced.

The original Yolanda was utterly devastated.

Since she couldn't contact her brothers at the moment, Yolanda decided to remain in the Henderson residence and take back whatever Yvonne had stolen from the original Yolanda. It was repayment for taking over the original Yolanda's body.

While she thought of a plan, someone suddenly hurled a book at her.

Though she wanted to dodge it, the poison in her body restricted her movements.

"Smack!"

The book hit her face.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry up and revise your traditional painting knowledge! We're going to attend an art exhibition tomorrow. If you embarrass me there, you'll get it from me!"

"Mom, Yolanda has always been wasting away her life like this. I brewed some lemon tea to soothe your throat. Don't hurt your body by losing your temper." Yvonne walked out of the kitchen while carrying a tray.

As she spoke, she carefully passed the drink to Diana. Her actions were elegant and appropriate. She behaved politely, like a daughter from a wealthy family who had been brought up well.

"Yvonne, you're so obedient." Diana looked at Yvonne affectionately.

The latter said, "Yolanda, you just came back. It's normal for mom to be unable to accept the way you turned out at the moment. If possible, you should avoid being around her in the future! Why don't you read some books and expand your knowledge first?" When Diana heard that, she looked disgusted again. "I was worried sick about her. But look at what she did! She ate so much and became fat like this.

"Even worse, she didn't learn anything at all! If I knew she'd turn out like this, I would've kept her in the juvenile detention center forever!"

Then, she looked at Yolanda. "You should learn from your sister. Look at Yvonne. Not only are her grades amazing, but she also gained the approval of her art teachers. "Besides, she has many friends in school and is the center of attention everywhere she goes. Reflect on yourself!

"I would've thought that you were switched with another baby at birth if you two weren't twins!"

If Yolanda had been useless since young, Diana wouldn't have been so upset and angry at her.

When she was young, everyone liked her, and she stood out from everyone else in her neighborhood.

At first, Diana thought that she had two beautiful and talented daughters.

Yet, her daughter who she placed all her hopes on became an embarrassment.

How could she accept that fact calmly?

"Mom, I think Yolanda will be able to correct her mistakes in the future. Just give her more time!" Yvonne stood behind Diana and looked at Yolanda condescendingly. Hmph!

When she was young, everyone said that Yolanda was much better than her. But now that they grew up, Yolanda had turned into a failure.

How the tides had turned!

When Yolanda saw how smug Yvonne looked, she wasn't upset at all.

She simply smiled and asked her, "Do you think you've become impressive just because you learned some petty tricks?"

"What do you mean?" Yvonne's expression instantly turned aloof.

However, Yolanda ignored her and looked at Diana. "Ask yourself if you've ever loved your daughter. She's just a tool in your eyes, and you're using her to brag to others in your social circle!" "What nonsense are you spouting?" Diana was infuriated.

Yolanda was amused when she saw Diana's reaction after she exposed the latter.

She could come up with many ways to create a conflict between Yvonne and Diana, who seemed to be pretty close.

But, instead of plotting in secret, it would be better to just reveal the truth directly.

Before Yolanda left, she looked at Yvonne with pity in her eyes. "If you're not that capable in the future, she'll treat you like how she treats me now.

"You're quite pitiful. Other children get unconditional love from their mothers without having to do anything, but you need to put in effort and trick her into loving you.

"If you have nothing better to do, you should consider if what you did to get her attention was worth it or not."

After that, Yolanda left the living room and headed to her bedroom.

On the other hand, Yvonne stood in the same spot and started blanking out.

Gradually, the expression on her face turned bitter.

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Chapter 7

When Diana saw the look on Yvonne's face, she panicked.

Then, she hurriedly yelled at Yolanda, "Yolanda, you're just a young girl. How can you be so evil? Both of you are my daughters, so why wouldn't I love the both of you?"

"I scolded you because you aren't hardworking, and you failed to meet my expectations!

"The reason why I'm so strict with you is because I want you to turn over a new leaf! Look at how you're behaving now. With a previous criminal record, do you think there'd be any school that would accept you?"

...

Yolanda ignored Diana's nagging and returned to her bedroom. Then, she locked the door and took out the antidote from the hospital.

Soon after, a sharp pain could be felt in her stomach. She gritted her teeth and endured half an hour of immense pain.

A few hours later, a black and sticky liquid covered Yolanda's body.

She opened her eyes and exhaled deeply before she went to the bathroom to take a shower.

Since there were too many toxins inside her body, the antidote couldn't force it all out. She would need half a year to purge all the toxins out of her body.

As it was gradually removed from her body, Yolanda's condition improved.

It was morning by the time she had finished showering, and she approached her closet to change before taking a walk outside.

Yet, when she opened her closet, there were only a few clothes inside that were from three years ago.

The only outfit that Yolanda could fit into was her junior high school uniform.

After putting it on, she headed outside and jogged around the neighborhood. Then, she ate some churros from a roadside stall.

As expected, when she returned to the Henderson residence, Diana and Yvonne had already finished their breakfast. They didn't leave any food for Yolanda.

Diana was already dressed immaculately, and she looked at Yolanda in disgust. However, since she was worried that their conversation the previous night would affect the way Yvonne viewed her, Diana still spoke up.

"You came back in time. Since you don't have any accessories to wear for the art exhibit, why don't you buy a few pieces with me?" Diana walked away in her heels before Yolanda could reply.

The latter kept quiet and followed Diana outside. When they boarded the car, Yolanda sat in the passenger's seat. This made Diana pretty satisfied with her behavior.

Unexpectedly, she didn't scold Yolanda for embarrassing her. Instead, she just sat in the driver's seat coldly.

Soon, the car stopped at the most luxurious commercial street in Downonair. Many renowned stores in Riverdale City were in the district.

Diana and Yolanda entered a jewelry shop that was made up of five floors. Once they entered the shop, they headed to the necklace section on the second floor.

"Pick one for yourself," Diana said.

Then, she scrutinized Yolanda and added, "We'll head upstairs to buy an appropriate dress for you later on."

Yolanda wasn't interested in jewelry, so she randomly picked a diamond necklace from the counter.

When the shop assistant saw her old uniform and fat figure, she looked disgusted. But she realized that Diana, who stood beside Yolanda, was dressed in branded clothes and seemed to be wealthy.

As such, she carefully brought out the necklace and said, "This necklace is the latest item in our shop. This suits you like..."

The shop assistant stared at Yolanda's chubby face and tried to think of an appropriate way to describe her.

But before she could finish talking, Diana shrieked, "20 thousand dollars?"

When the shop assistant heard that, her smile froze.

"Let her wear a cheaper one. It won't make her look any prettier even if she wears an expensive necklace!" Diana said.

"Madam, you..." The shop assistant's expression turned awkward.

She had already taken out the necklace, but because of Diana's words, she hurriedly put it back.

"How much is the cheapest necklace in this shop? Give me the cheapest one here," Diana said.

At the same time, another sarcastic voice was heard. "Oh, are the Hendersons that poor? Can't they even afford a necklace worth 20 thousand dollars?"

Diana turned around angrily and saw Zora Xenid behind. "What do you mean by that? I was just thinking that it doesn't suit her!"

The former's blood pressure seemed to rise once she saw Zora.

"You're right. What sort of necklace would be suitable for her?" Zora smiled calmly.

She seemed a little too gleeful.

"She's different from my daughter. Every time I bring her to the jewelry shop, I can't decide what to buy for her. After all, those expensive accessories suit her perfectly..." Zora looked amused when she saw the gloomy expression on Diana's face. "Don't get mad, Mrs. Henderson. It's because of genetics anyway..." Zora mocked the latter for being ugly!

Diana was infuriated. She regretted not bringing Yvonne along with her.

"Genetics? Do you think I'll give birth to trash like her? Though they're twins, Yolanda looks nothing like Yvonne. I suspect that she was swapped with another child at the hospital back then!"

"Oh? Then, you should check it out. If she was swapped at birth, you might be raising a beggar's child instead. Haha!"

Diana didn't know what to say and clenched her fists tightly.

Since she was very angry, she could only vent her frustrations on Yolanda.

"Have you finished choosing a necklace? Why are you so slow? If you have so much time to dawdle, why don't you spend it on studying instead?"

"I've seen everything, and I don't like them. Let's not buy a necklace," Yolanda replied coldly.

After hearing that, Diana thought that Yolanda was humiliating her in front of Zora.

"Why aren't you buying it? Do you really think we can't afford a necklace worth 20 thousand dollars?"

"I just thought that the necklace you chose wasn't good, so I intentionally said that it was expensive. Don't behave like a country bumpkin here!" Diana scolded.

Just then, the shop assistant greeted someone at the entrance. "Welcome! What brings you here today, Mr. Coleman?"

Harvey Coleman, the headmaster of First Academy, entered the shop. He came from the Coleman family, which had a background of prestigious scholars in the family.

Harvey had chosen to become an educator while his brothers became businessmen. The jewelry shop belonged to his younger brother, Grigor Coleman.

In the meantime, Harvey nodded slightly at the shop assistant and said, "My wife's birthday is coming up soon, and I want to buy a necklace for her. Please give me some recommendations." "Alright! That's not a problem!"

Since Harvey was almost as important as the owner of the shop, the shop assistant greeted him enthusiastically.

When Diana saw him, she straightened up. Yolanda probably wouldn't be able to enter First Academy, but Yvonne was in First Academy's elite class!

She wouldn't allow Yolanda to tarnish Yvonne's reputation in front of Harvey, so she instinctively grabbed Yolanda's hand and tried to leave the shop with her.

But before they could walk away, the shop assistant screamed, "Ah!"

Chapter 8

"The diamond necklace is missing!"

Everyone noticed the shop assistant because of her loud voice, and the store manager, Merrick Cardenal, ran over after hearing that. "What? The necklace was placed on the counter. How could it go missing?"

"What's wrong? Which necklace is missing?"

Then, the shop assistant hurriedly pointed at Yolanda and said, "It was... It was the necklace that she wanted to try on just now..." "How did you raise your kids, Mrs. Henderson? Even if she liked the necklace, she shouldn't have stolen it!"

In the meantime, Zora reacted swiftly and accused Yolanda of stealing the necklace.

All the shop assistants around them immediately looked at Yolanda.

Though there was no evidence to prove that Yolanda stole it, she was still a suspect.

They thought that Yolanda had stolen the necklace because Diana refused to buy it for her even though she liked it.

"She's doing something illegal at a young age. Do you know how to educate your child, Mrs. Henderson?"

"Well, that's expected. After all, she entered the juvenile detention center once. So, she's used to stealing things," Zora said.

After that, the shop assistant and manager looked very serious.

At the same time, Harvey looked in their direction curiously.

When Diana saw that, she panicked. "Yolanda, return the necklace right now!"

She was afraid that the incident would affect the Hendersons' reputation. Since she was angry and anxious, she almost slapped Yolanda instinctively.

However, Harvey suddenly spoke up. "You can't accuse someone without any evidence. There are surveillance cameras in the shop, so you can just check them."

Diana calmed down once she heard what Harvey said. Still, she continued to look at Yolanda repulsively.

At that moment, she wished that she'd strangled the latter to death during her birth.

After inhaling deeply, Diana calmly declared, "Admit your mistake now! You'll be able to amend your mistakes once you return the necklace. If the shop calls the police after checking the surveillance footage, I won't be able to help you!" She tried her best to remain calm to show Harvey that she could act rationally, even when the issue involved her family members.

"I didn't steal the necklace, so I won't be afraid if they check the cameras," Yolanda replied indifferently.

Diana gritted her teeth. "Why are you so disobedient?"

Zora's smile deepened. "It seems that you aren't going to admit your mistakes until it's too late! You're the only one in the shop who would do this.

"Who else would be able to steal the necklace apart from you?"

Zora made the right choice to go shopping that day! Because of this incident, Harvey would have a bad impression of the Henderson family.

In the past, Yvonne had always been better than her daughter. However, this situation won't happen again in the future!

"Are you going to embarrass yourself here?" Diana didn't want the staff to check the surveillance cameras.

She was certain that Yolanda had stolen the necklace. If the latter returned the necklace, they would just be humiliated in the end.

But if the staff were to check the cameras, things would become troublesome!

School was starting soon, so she didn't want this incident to affect Yvonne's reputation on campus.

Besides, to protect her reputation in her social circle, Diana needed to send Yolanda to a good school.

She had initially planned to bribe a private school so that Yolanda would be able to enter it two days later.

Now, everything was ruined! Everything was utterly ruined!

Which institution would accept a young girl with a criminal record who kept stealing things?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she felt. As such, Diana wanted to slap Yolanda.

However, Zora stopped her pretentiously. "Oh, Mrs. Henderson. Don't be too angry. You have to educate your child properly. Yolanda wasn't evil from birth.

"If you used your free time to teach your daughter how to be a good person instead of going out all day, she wouldn't turn out like this."

Diana pushed Zora away. "Don't interfere in this!"

Then, she warned Yolanda, "If you admit your mistakes now, I'll pretend this never happened. But, if you insist on behaving badly, I won't care about you anymore. The Henderson family wouldn't want a terrible daughter like you!" Yolanda's expression turned indifferent. "Do you not understand what I said? I told you that I didn't steal it."

Her words made Diana so mad that she started trembling. "You're not going to admit it? Alright! Let's check the surveillance footage then!"

Just then, the staff who went to check the cameras approached them hurriedly. "Mr. Cardenal, the cameras have stopped working. We can't check the footage from this morning."

"Why did this happen? Are the people from the technology department going to fix it?" Merrick asked worriedly.

"They are fixing the problem now. However, the hard disk has malfunctioned. Even if they fixed the cameras, we won't be able to get the footage."

Zora laughed softly. "So, there's no evidence now? Haha! Looks like someone will benefit from this!"

"What do you mean by no evidence?" Yolanda looked at Zora coldly.

After that, she slowly took out a phone from her pocket. The phone had been used by the original Yolanda before she entered the juvenile detention center.

It was a smartphone that no one used anymore, but Yolanda was a great hacker, so she'd be able to find out the truth so long as the phone wasn't broken.

"Why did you take out your phone? Haven't you embarrassed yourself enough?" Diana roared.

Yolanda ignored Diana and typed on her phone seriously. Two minutes later, she looked up and passed the phone to Merrick.

"What is this?" The latter took the phone curiously.

After seeing the image on its screen, he was stunned. "Isn't this the footage from our store's cameras?"

Everyone surrounded the phone and tried to look at the video. At the same time, Zora stared at the others in shock.

Suddenly, she felt that something bad was going to happen.

However, she didn't believe that Yolanda would be able to get surveillance footage from the shop.

After hesitating for a while, she approached the phone.

The video started from the moment Yolanda and Diana entered the shop.

Merrick stared at the video seriously. A while later, everyone saw the shop assistant, who served Yolanda, place the missing necklace in between the two counters. Just then, Zora appeared.

Since another staff member was hurriedly attending to her, she accidentally bumped into the counter.

Thus, the necklace dropped into the gap between the two counters and was stuck there.

Once she saw that, Zora was utterly embarrassed, while Diana froze in shock.

Not only did she wrongfully accuse Yolanda, but she also seemed very domineering in front of Harvey.

What was she going to do? Would Harvey get mad at Yvonne because of this?

"Move the counters away!" Merrick urgently ordered his staff.

Soon after, the counters were moved away. Everyone saw the missing necklace which was stuck in a corner.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't realize this..." the shop assistant apologized.

"Be careful next time!" Merrick warned.

Then, he breathed a sigh of relief. Thankfully, he didn't accuse Yolanda of stealing the necklace. Otherwise, the Hendersons might have sued the shop for framing their customers.

In the meantime, Zora, who had been humiliated, hesitated for a while. She asked unhappily, "How did she get the surveillance footage of the shop? Isn't this fake?"

"This is the surveillance footage. The position fits the angle of the shop cameras perfectly. Moreover, how could she fake the evidence in such a short time?" Diana retorted hurriedly. Though she didn't know how Yolanda found the footage, she had to mend her reputation in front of Harvey.

After looking at Yolanda, Harvey suddenly exclaimed, "You're so smart though you're a young girl! How did you find the surveillance footage within a short period? Have you learned how to hack before this?" He was filled with admiration for Yolanda, for he was the only one in the shop who knew how skilled her hacking skills were.

It wasn't just because Yolanda retrieved the surveillance footage within that period. But because Merrick had mentioned earlier that the videos from the shop cameras were gone.

So, Yolanda had to fix the footage before she could retrieve it.

She hacked into the shop's cameras, found the bug in its system, recovered the footage, and retrieved the surveillance videos in just a few minutes.

Harvey knew that less than ten hackers were as intelligent as her in Havarria!

Yolanda looked at Harvey calmly and said, "This isn't difficult for me."

Then, she turned to look at Zora and said intimidatingly, "Apologize to me now!"

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Chapter 9

"Why should I apologize to you?"

"Given the situation earlier, it was only normal for me to suspect you for stealing the necklace. Do you think anyone believed in you earlier on?" Zora yelled angrily.

She was a wealthy lady, so it would completely destroy her ego if she publicly apologized!

"Since there wasn't evidence just now, I didn't suspect her," Harvey replied.

After hearing that, Zora fell silent, and the expression on her face turned serious.

Her daughter was in First Academy, and Harvey was now speaking up for Yolanda.

If Zora continued behaving like this, Harvey wouldn't have a good impression of her.

Her daughter might be affected, too, if Harvey disliked her.

The only reason Zora and her husband were on good terms was because of her daughter.

If her husband found out that she affected their daughter's future, she would be doomed!

Once she considered the consequences of her actions, Zora gritted her teeth and told Yolanda, "I was wrong. I'm sorry!"

In the meantime, Diana felt very pleased when she saw Zora apologizing.

But before she could say anything, Harvey looked at her coldly. "You're her mother. You accused your own daughter of stealing the necklace even before there was any evidence to prove that. Is she your biological daughter?" "I..." Diana tried to explain the situation.

Yet, once she saw Harvey's stern expression, she didn't dare to speak again.

Meanwhile, Yolanda observed Diana and Zora coldly. She didn't want to remain in the shop any longer.

"You can continue shopping. I'm going home." Yolanda quickly left the jewelry shop.

When she reached the bus stop, a car suddenly stopped in front of her.

After the car windows were rolled down, Yolanda realized Harvey was inside the car.

"Where are you headed to? Let me take you there," he said.

Yolanda immediately opened the car door. "I'm going to Southly Drive, Pollen Street Apartment 55."

She knew that Harvey had his reasons for meeting her.

As expected, once she boarded the car, Harvey asked, "Are you willing to study at First Academy?"

"I doubt that First Academy will accept students who have been in juvenile detention centers before."

After hearing that, Harvey paused. He didn't know that Yolanda had entered a juvenile detention center previously.

However, First Academy was the best school in Riverdale. Many people tried to use their connections to beg him for a spot there.

Yet, Yolanda was different. Though Harvey had already offered her a spot there, she told him that she had been in a juvenile detention center before, and made no efforts to conceal her past.

At first, Harvey was impressed with her hacking skills, but he admired her personality later on as well.

"To be honest, if I hadn't seen your skills just now, I wouldn't have offered you a spot in First Academy even if Mrs. Henderson begged me to.

"But, after seeing what you did in the jewelry shop, I think I can make an exception for you," Harvey offered.

Though he didn't know why Yolanda was in a juvenile detention center previously, he admired talented people.

So, if Yolanda behaved herself in First Academy, he would disregard her past.

Yet, Yolanda remained emotionless when she heard that.

"The tests in First Academy aren't related to Computer Science, right?"

"That's right. However, we would allow you to study at Creybia University as a Computer Science student. If you study at First Academy, I'll give you a spot in that university." Harvey thanked his lucky stars that he went into the jewelry shop that day. Once Yolanda's hacking skills were revealed, other institutions in Riverdale would certainly fight to accept her.

After all, every institution had a list of recommendations for Creybia University, but not all recommended students would be accepted by it.

"Creybia University?" Yolanda thought about it.

Either way, she had to return to Creybia.

In her past life, she studied in schools owned by her family at a young age and had never studied in a public school before.

It would be interesting to experience a different life, so she nodded immediately. "Alright."

"I'll give you the admission notice letter now." Harvey hurriedly took out an admission notice letter from his bag and wrote down Yolanda's name on it.

Then, he stamped on it and said, "School will start in a few days. Report to First Academy with this letter when the time comes. I'll help you with your admission then."

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The next day, Diana, Yolanda, and Yvonne arrived at a five-star hotel in Dowonair.

The art exhibit was held in the banquet hall on the first floor of the hotel.

Since Yvonne and Diana cared deeply about the art exhibit, they dressed up magnificently for the event.

Diana thought long and hard about bringing Yolanda to the event. In the end, she made up her mind after Zora called her.

Diana knew that the latter gossiped a lot, so if she didn't bring Yolanda to the exhibit, she wouldn't be able to secure her position in her social circle.

As she was afraid that Yolanda would humiliate her, she bought a dress worth thousands of dollars for her. Even before they headed to the event, Diana kept reminding Yolanda not to get the dress dirty.

At the same time, Yvonne looked around and whispered to Diana, "Mom, the person over there is a famous traditional painter, Charlie Sullivan. Apparently, he's Mr. Carter's favorite student. "Let's say hi to him!"

Naturally, Diana couldn't miss this opportunity, so she approached him with Yvonne and Yolanda.

Before they met Charlie, Diana told Yolanda, "Just stand beside me later on and don't talk too much!"

She didn't want the latter to embarrass her.

"Are you Mr. Sullivan?" Yvonne introduced herself to Charlie. "I'm from First Academy, and my name is Yvonne Henderson.

"I bought your paintings before, and I respect you a lot. I really admire your line-drawing skills, and I think you rendered pansies really well. I'd like to learn from you if I have the chance to do so." Charlie was admiring an artwork when he heard Yvonne's voice. He then turned his attention to her and nodded approvingly.

"I didn't expect you to be so knowledgeable about traditional painting despite your young age," Charlie said.

"This is my mother. My older sister is standing beside her." Yvonne smiled and introduced Charlie to Diana and Yolanda.

In the meantime, Diana approached him and blocked Yolanda from his sight.

"Hello, Mr. Sullivan! I've heard my daughter talking about you before. She said that you're the artist whom she respects the most. It's a great honor to meet you in this exhibition today," Diana praised. Charlie smiled and shook his head. "You flatter me."

Though his words seemed humble, he looked a little smug. It seemed that he enjoyed the praises from Diana and Yvonne.

On the other hand, Yolanda had been blocked by her family members.

However, she didn't care-she wasn't interested in getting to know Charlie. As such, she turned around and observed other art pieces around her.

"Mr. Sullivan, can I observe the exhibition with you?" Yvonne asked Charlie.

"Yes. Let us walk together." After that, Charlie approached the next painting.

Yvonne followed him and made some comments about the art pieces from time to time.

She prepared in advance for this and even researched information about the exhibition's artworks. In fact, she even memorized them.

It left her a good impression on Charlie because she knew what to say about the art pieces.

After looking at some paintings, Charlie suddenly asked, "Will you be interested in entering the Traditional Painting major at Creybia University after you take the art exam?"

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Chapter 10

Yvonne paused for a while.

Then, she exclaimed in surprise, "I've always wanted to be in the Traditional Painting major at Creydia University!"

"But, I haven't met a good teacher to guide me along my journey. I think my painting skills can be improved."

She knew that the more humble she seemed in front of Charlie, the more he would develop a better impression of her during the art discussion later on.

"It's fine. If you want to attend the art exam, you can call me anytime." Charlie seemed to like Yvonne a lot and gave her his name card.

"Thank you, Mr. Sullivan!" Yvonne smiled sweetly and took the name card with both hands.

After that, they arrived at the last painting in the art exhibition.

This was the most expensive painting in the gallery.

Since Yvonne did her research in advance, she knew where this painting came from.

Thus, she immediately told Charlie whatever she'd memorized earlier on.

"This painting was done by Havaria's best traditional painter, Jess Harrington.

"Ms. Harrington kept a low profile and only had three public paintings in her collection. Those paintings are kept by a private collector now.

"This is one of her paintings! The Great Country is 120 inches long. Previously, many artists tried to replicate this. The famous traditional painter, Mr. Carter, tried to replicate it last year.

"Not only is this painting magnificent, but it is also novel and broke a few rules in the traditional painting world back then.

"When this painting was published back then, a few critics said that this painting lacked elements from traditional painting.

"However, a perfect art piece can withstand the test of time. Two years later, those who critiqued her painting relentlessly changed their minds about it.

"Ms. Harrington became a legend in the traditional painting world later on," Yolanda said.

Many guests were attracted to Yvonne's speech immediately.

"Though she's very young, this girl is so knowledgeable about traditional painting. She's so talented!"

"Yes. She's different from my child. He gave me the silent treatment after I signed him up for a traditional painting class."

"She's talented and hardworking. This girl will be successful in the future!"

When Diana heard those praises, she straightened up proudly.

No matter where she went, so long as she brought Yvonne with her, she would become the center of attention and the envy of many. Diana enjoyed being admired by others, which was why she was willing to spend so much money on Yvonne.

Yolanda, on the other hand...

Diana looked at Yolanda and thought, "Having one daughter is enough! Why did the heavens give me another useless child?"

In the meantime, Charlie's eyes lit up.

"How did you know about Ms. Harrington?"

Although Jess was a legendary artist, those who didn't know traditional painting well weren't familiar with her work.

Besides, since her painting skills were rather erratic, beginners couldn't copy her style.

As such, traditional painting teachers wouldn't usually introduce Jess' works to them. They were afraid that their students wouldn't be able to deal with it.

After all, if they tried to imitate her, it would only cause more trouble for them.

None of Charlie's students knew who Jess was, and they didn't know about her art pieces at all.

"I only know a little bit about her." Yvonne smiled humbly and continued, "Besides, I'm not that skilled yet. I have to improve my foundations first. As such, I can only admire Ms. Harrington's works, and I can't copy her art style." After hearing that, Charlie became even more pleased. "It seems that you know your abilities well!"

Once the people around her heard that, they started clapping, and Yvonne became the center of attention.

Meanwhile, Yolanda observed the art piece in a small corner and quickly lost interest in the painting.

After Yvonne finished her speech, Yolanda said slowly, "This painting is an imitation."

Though her voice wasn't very loud, she spoke when no one was talking, so everyone heard what she said. Immediately, all of them looked very serious.

It was rude to claim that an artwork was an imitation without sufficient evidence.

Not only would this offend the organizers, but it would also disrespect the guests there!

After all, she suddenly claimed that it was fake after everyone else praised the painting. Wasn't that utterly humiliating for everybody?

As expected, someone said coldly, "This exhibition is an important event in Riverdale's Cultural Festival. Why would there be fake paintings over here?"

"Don't pretend to know everything! You must be a high school student, right? Even if you want to attract attention, you should do so at an appropriate time!" The guests looked at Yolanda's face in disgust.

Since she said that The Great Country was fake, they disliked her even more.

"You're just a young girl. There are many experts here, so how can you interrupt this conversation?"

"Can't you see the traditional painting expert here? He didn't notice a problem in this art piece, so why would you be able to notice it?"

"Haha, do you think that you're better than Mr. Sullivan?"

Everyone started laughing.

Most of them mocked Yolanda for being too arrogant, while a small section of guests looked at Charlie in anticipation.

If Charlie debunked her claims, Yolanda would be forced to shut up.

When Charlie realized that everyone was looking at him, he looked at Yolanda and his face turned serious.

"You're spouting nonsense! This painting is done by Ms. Harrington! Who is your teacher? Let me talk to him!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sullivan. She's my older sister. Though she likes traditional paintings, she isn't skilled in them. So, she accidentally made a mistake. Please don't blame her..."
"Yolanda! You can just keep quiet if there's nothing you know of. There are so many famous painters here, so why are you talking now?" Diana badly wanted to slap Yolanda.

But because she cared too much about her reputation with everyone surrounding them, she held back and controlled herself.

"Yolanda, I know you just came back, so you aren't very confident in yourself. You must be eager to prove your abilities, but I think you should do your research first before speaking up!" Yvonne approached Yolanda and held her hand affectionately. "I'm sorry, everyone. My older sister was just spouting nonsense. I'll apologize on behalf of her!"

This made everyone even angrier.

"What's going on? Why is the older sister less obedient than the younger one?"

"It's not your fault! You don't have to apologize..."

Yolanda moved Yvonne's hand away as she approached the painting and observed it.

Her voice sounded intimidating and confident. "The Great Country is fake because the original artist, Jess, had a habit of leaving a unique signature on her paintings. Her signature is in her art pieces, and can't be seen by outsiders.

"When she drew The Great Country, Jess hid her signature on the mountains at this spot. However, this painting doesn't have her signature!"

"Haha!" Everyone started laughing.

They stared at her like she was a fool.

"I've never heard that Ms. Harrington has done that before!" Charlie pointed at the painting angrily as he turned to look at Yolanda. "Besides, even if what you said was true, how did you find out about her habit? Even outsiders couldn't tell where her signature was!" "Mr. Sullivan, don't quarrel with this arrogant fool!"

"She just wants to attract our attention. Let's ignore her and let her continue spouting nonsense by herself!" everyone said.

On the other hand, Yvonne tugged onto Yolanda's sleeve. "Please stop talking, Yolanda..."

"I know that you want to prove yourself in today's exhibition so that you'll be able to enter First Academy. But, this will only make everyone have a poor impression of you!"

Once Yvonne finished talking, everyone looked at Yolanda disdainfully.

"What? Does she think that she'll be able to enter First Academy?"

"How can she do that with her looks and intelligence? Does she think that First Academy will accept trash like her?"

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