

# Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

## Chapter 31

"Everyone says that I'm inexperienced in medicine. Aren't you afraid that I might worsen your health?" Yolanda asked Simon before starting the acupuncture. Anyone would feel skeptical if they saw a high school student claiming to be a doctor, but Simon seemed entirely untroubled.

He smiled.

"I know my own body well at this age. I might be gone if it weren't for you saving me that day," he said.

"I've seen many famous doctors, but my condition hasn't improved. You're my last hope. I won't have any regrets if it doesn't work out," he added.

With that said, he glanced at Yolanda and then remarked, "Besides, there's another reason. You give me an inexplicable sense of familiarity."

In fact, he didn't speak the whole truth. To be exact, he felt a deep sense of respect for Yolanda the moment he saw her.

It was an unusual feeling. Normally, he shouldn't have felt this way about a high school student.

"Familiarity?"

Yolanda was taken aback for a moment. Then, she smiled. She indeed had some connections with Simon in her past life.

Moreover, she had guided him through a creative bottleneck in traditional painting.

"Yes, it feels like I've met you before," he said.

Simon felt his own words sounded a bit absurd. He shook his head and stopped talking.

He then turned to Gordon and reminded him, "If my illness truly isn't cured, it's not because of Dr. Henderson. Do not put the blame on her!"

Gordon wanted to say something, but he reluctantly nodded in the end. "Understood."

As the acupuncture started, Yolanda inserted the acupuncture needle into the acupoint near Simon's temple. She then did the same on the other side.

Gordon had been kept outside the ward when Yolanda was treating Simon earlier.

Now that Gordon was in the ward with them, seeing the fine needles being inserted into Simon's head made Gordon shiver with unease.

However, what seemed like a dangerous procedure to him was second nature to Yolanda.

She had started learning traditional medicine at the age of five. Later, she studied both medicine and toxicology with her fourth expert. She also had experience with modern medicine.

She had even performed complex surgeries on other assassins in the organization earlier.

Yet, Yolanda's greatest interest remained in traditional medicine. She had studied many ancient texts on acupuncture techniques.

The technique she was using now was called the Five Elements Divine Needles. It was said to be passed down from an ancient physician, later modified by his apprentices, and it became a unique school of its own. Less than a handful of people in the country knew this technique today, and nobody else could use it proficiently aside from her and her fourth expert.

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Half an hour later, Yolanda removed the needles from Simon's acupoints.

"It's done."

"Mr. Carter, how do you feel?" Gordon asked as he quickly approached the bedside.

Simon opened his eyes, feeling much rejuvenated. His chest congestion was healed, and he could breathe more easily now.

"I feel much better now!"

"A miracle doctor! You really are a miracle doctor!"

"Although your illness is now treated, you'll need to take traditional medicine for a month as you're still weak. I'll write a prescription for you. Have your assistant get the medicine," she said. Yolanda looked at Gordon and asked, "Do you have paper and a pen?"

"Yes!"

Gordon hurriedly pulled out a stack of A4 paper and a pen from the bedside drawer. Yolanda took them and swiftly wrote down the prescription.

Simon initially just glanced casually at what Yolanda wrote. However, his eyes widened in shock when he saw her handwriting.

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## Chapter 32

How could Yolanda's handwriting be so similar to that expert? How could it be?

That expert had become the topnotch in the world. How could he be related to this chubby young girl?

Simon then laughed at his own thoughts. Perhaps he was hallucinating because he hadn't heard any news about that person for a long time.

"Mr. Carter, I'll get the medicine first!" Gordon said, not noticing anything wrong. He immediately left the ward with the prescription.

Harold, Diana, and Yvonne hurried into the ward as soon as Gordon left.

"Mr. Carter, how do you feel?" Harold asked.

Although he could see that Simon was indeed looking way better than before, he was still quite worried, for fear that Simon's health would suddenly take a toll. "I'm feeling quite good," Simon said.

Perhaps out of affection for the whole family, Simon didn't make things difficult for Harold and Diana.

He then slightly turned toward Yolanda and said solemnly, "Yolanda, you saved my life. From now on, you're my benefactor. Don't hesitate to ask if you ever need anything from me!"

The entire room instantly went silent as soon as Simon finished speaking. Harold, Diana, and Yvonne all stared at Simon in shock.

At that moment, they even doubted what they had just heard.

Did Yolanda really cure Simon's illness?

Yvonne slowly turned to look at Yolanda with doubt and resentment filled her eyes. She didn't know how Yolanda did it. But she knew that Yolanda had earned a huge favor from Simon by curing him.

In fact, if Yolanda ever wanted to join the traditional painting program at Creybia University, Simon could make it happen for her.

She had worked hard for so long just to keep Yolanda beneath her, ensuring she would always remain in her shadow. But now, Yolanda unexpectedly got an opportunity to rise to success! Meanwhile, Yvonne could only watch on helplessly. She couldn't do anything at that moment!

With that thought, Yvonne slowly clenched her hands into fists.

Her fingernails dug into her flesh under the immense force, yet she felt nothing.

As Yvonne glared at Yolanda with hostility, Yolanda casually glanced at her before shaking her head at Simon.

"Healing patients is a doctor's responsibility, so don't worry about it," she said. She hadn't rescued Simon for any sort of reward in return.

Harold snapped out of it when he heard what Yolanda said.

At that moment, he also slightly suspected Yolanda's abilities. However, thinking of Yolanda's situation, he could easily see that Simon was in excellent condition.

He hesitated for a while before saying, "Mr. Carter, I have a small request! I've always admired you so much. Would you have some time to create a painting for me as a keepsake?" "Sure, no problem!"

Simon agreed without any hesitation.

Yolanda had treated his years of chronic illness, so he wouldn't mind giving her family ten paintings, let alone one.

Yolanda watched as Harold, who had once gone to lengths to prevent her from treating Simon, now eagerly sought his help after she had cured him. Her gaze suddenly turned cold. But whatever she was thinking, she didn't stop Harold.

Yvonne became gloomier in that situation.

Just two hours ago, she had been hoping to obtain a painting from Simon's apprentice, planning to show it off to her father and trample Yolanda underfoot.

## **Read Chapter 33 -**

### **Chapter 33**

Two hours later, Harold managed to obtain a painting from Simon himself, all thanks to Yolanda. This was like an invisible palm slapping hard across Yvonne's face. However, Harold was too happy about securing Simon's work to notice Yvonne's expression.

He wouldn't have cared much even if he did notice it. After all, from his standpoint, the company's future took precedence over everything else.

Simon was feeling quite good today. After agreeing to Harold's request, he immediately instructed the bodyguards at the door to prepare paper and ink.

Harold and Diana busied themselves around Simon with utmost respect, carefully avoiding any mention of their earlier complaints about Yolanda's unconventional medical treatment. "I'm going to the washroom," Yolanda said.

She hadn't had the chance to wash her hands after administering acupuncture to Simon. Now that his condition had stabilized, she turned and left the ward.

Harold, Diana, and Yvonne were so focused on Simon's painting that they didn't pay any attention to Yolanda.

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Just when she stepped out of the washroom after disinfecting her hands, she heard hurried footsteps in the hallway.

"Move! Clear the way quickly!"

Just then, several nurses were rushing out of a VIP room, pushing a stretcher bed and hurrying toward the operating room.

"Evan! Evan, hang in there! Just a little bit longer, stay strong!"

A man in a suit was running alongside the stretcher, calling out anxiously to the man, Evan, lying on it.

Yolanda recognized the man in the suit as Zach, whom she encountered at the accident scene last time.

Seeing how urgent the nurses were, she could tell that Evan's condition had worsened.

However, she had already stopped Evan's bleeding that day. Therefore, he should have been completely out of danger after a basic surgery at the hospital.

Yolanda frowned, looking puzzled. She followed the nurses to the operating room instead of returning to Simon's ward.

After the nurses pushed Evan inside, they closed the doors behind them.

The surgery light flicked on and Zach was left standing outside. He punched the wall in frustration, his face full of guilt.

Yolanda approached him.

"Mr. Wright, what happened?"

"Ms. Henderson?"

Zach was momentarily taken aback to see Yolanda, but then he quickly calmed down and said, "Thank you for saving my son that day!"

He continued, "His health has been poor. Although the surgery after the accident was successful, the shock triggered a recurrence of heart disease."

"Does he have congenital heart disease?" Yolanda asked.

Yolanda had sensed an issue with the meridians around his heart when she was checking his pulse that day. However, she had to stop the bleeding urgently at that time, so she hadn't conducted a thorough examination. "Yes," Zach said with a sigh. "His mother had congenital heart disease too. She took a great risk giving birth to him, and she passed away not long after he was born."

"To be honest, we didn't agree to have this child at first, but my wife insisted..."

Zach choked as he spoke.

Just then, the surgery light suddenly turned off, and a doctor walked out from the operating room.

"Doctor, how's my son?" Zach hurried forward and asked.

The doctor shook his head. "I'm sorry, our team has done everything we can. We've contacted Dr. Derek Davidson, a famous miracle doctor from Riverdale City. He will be here shortly." They wouldn't usually seek external help.

However, Francesco was out of town and given that the Wright family had been significant benefactors to the hospital, the urgent situation forced them to call Derek, the miracle doctor. Zach felt his heart sink when he heard the news.

"Doctor, please tell me how much longer my son can hold on given his current condition."

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## Chapter 34

"Well... it's tough to predict. It comes down to how much fight the patient has left," the doctor said, hesitating.

Zach slowly closed his eyes, overwhelmed by a deep sense of hopelessness. But then he suddenly turned to Yolanda, and a glimmer of hope sparked in his gaze. "Ms. Henderson, could you please re-examine Evan's condition again?" Although Yolanda appeared to be just a high school student, her handling of the bleeding that day was nothing short of professional. Since Derek hadn't arrived yet, it wouldn't hurt to let Yolanda examine Evan first.

The doctor was taken aback by Zach's suggestion, his eyebrows furrowing in disapproval. "Mr. Wright, what are you talking about? You want a high school student to handle a patient in the operating room? I get that you're worried, but don't let your panic cloud your judgment!"

"But-" Zach was about to point out that Yolanda had some medical knowledge, but the doctor cut him off before he could speak.

"Has she gone to medical school or passed any licensing exams?"

"No, but I've been reading medical books since I was very young, so I do have some experience," Yolanda said, turning to Zach. "I'm willing to give it a shot if you trust me."

She spoke cautiously, trying to gain Zach's trust. If she had confidently claimed she could cure Evan, it might have only made him doubtful.

Meanwhile, the doctor beside them shot her a disdainful look. "Oh, you've been reading medical books since you were a kid, and now you think you're ready to handle patients?"

"I grew up watching medical dramas too, but I still had to go through med school, pass my licensing exams, and complete a five-year residency before I could step into an operating room!"

"You're too young to be making such bold claims. Do you even grasp the risks of treating someone without proper training? Every minute wasted on the operating table increases the patient's risk! Mr. Wright, our hospital has a duty to Evan, and we can't let her proceed!" A flash of doubt crossed Zach's face. The doctor had a point, but Zach had seen Yolanda handle Evan himself that day. To be honest, if it hadn't been for Yolanda, Evan might have bled out by now.

"Doctor, I'm the patient's family, and I want her to give it a shot! I'll take full responsibility if anything goes wrong!" Zach turned to Yolanda and said, "Please, come with me and check on Evan!"

Without waiting for a reply, he took Yolanda by the arm and headed straight for the operating room.

At that moment, the elevator doors at the end of the hallway slid open, and a group of people stepped out. At the front was a short, white-haired elderly man, followed by four or five men who looked like bodyguards. The elderly man quickly made his way toward the operating room. The doctor next to Zach immediately recognized the elderly man and quickly moved to greet him. "Dr. Davidson! Thank goodness you're here!"

"What's the patient's condition?" Derek asked, his gaze fixed straight ahead as he walked into the operating room.

The doctor trailed closely behind Derek, saying, "It's not looking good. He won't last much longer." [SEARCH THE Findnøvel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Derek's face was grim as he approached the operating table. He first lifted Evan's eyelids and then checked his pulse. His expression grew more and more serious.

Without wasting any time, he grabbed a set of acupuncture needles from the medical kit and carefully inserted them at several critical acupuncture points on Evan's body. Even with all the needles in place, there was still no reaction from Evan. Derek let out a deep sigh.

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## Chapter 35

"Such a poor child..." Even Derek, with all his expertise, was helpless against the grim reality.

The doctors and nurses around Derek looked downcast as they saw his expression.

"Evan!" Zach was visibly shaken by Derek's words. He barely managed to brace himself against the nearby wall, his eyes brimming with despair.

Yolanda, standing just behind Zach, saw Derek carefully removing each acupuncture needle. She quickly moved forward. "Don't take out the last needle!" she said.

Derek's earlier attempts to revive Evan had already cost valuable time. Every second was critical now, and there was no margin for error. The last needle was placed at Evan's CV 3 acupuncture point, and removing it could hinder the treatment. Derek stopped abruptly. When he saw it was Yolanda, he shot back, "This is an operating room! Who allowed you to come in here?"

It was one thing for Zach, as a family member, to be here, but anyone else could bring in bacteria and interfere with the medical team's work. Even though the patient had already passed away, it didn't mean anyone had the right to just walk in. Derek had a connection with the Wright family. He had watched Evan grow up, and seeing such a young life cut short was deeply painful for him. Yolanda's actions only made it worse. "You're disrupting our work here. Leave, now!"

Yolanda disregarded Derek's sharp reprimand. She went straight to the side of the operating table and started administering acupuncture to Evan.

When Derek saw Yolanda pulling out an acupuncture needle, he shouted angrily, "This is ridiculous! Evan is already gone. What are you doing?"

Fuming, he rushed forward to shove her aside, only to find that he couldn't budge her at all.

Yolanda didn't have time to deal with Derek. Evan's condition was critical. If the treatment had been delayed even another five minutes, she might not have been able to save him.

With a determined and intense focus, Yolanda started applying the most vital technique from the Five Elements Divine Needles to Evan. She first worked to clear the blocked energy pathways in Evan's body and then tried to stimulate his heart. Derek had been ready to stop Yolanda, but when he saw the precision and skill with which she performed the acupuncture, he was taken aback.

While Derek stood frozen, the nearby nurses couldn't bear to watch any longer.

"The patient has no heartbeat, and you're still poking needles into him? Have you no decency?"

"Where's security? Somebody get security and have her removed immediately!"

"This is unbelievable!"

The nurses couldn't grasp Yolanda's acupuncture techniques, but Derek recognized that she was using the Five Elements Divine Needles.

Derek himself knew only the basics of this method and couldn't apply it with any real skill. Yet here Yolanda was, a high school student, displaying a level of mastery that left him completely stunned.

"No need to call security! I authorized her to treat Evan!" Zach suddenly interjected, cutting through the barrage of criticism from the medical staff aimed at Yolanda.

Zach was out of options by now. Yolanda was his last hope.

"Mr. Wright, I understand this is hard, but Evan is gone. He won't find peace if you allow this to continue!"

"Exactly, Mr. Wright, even Derek couldn't help Evan. She's just trying to exploit your grief for attention. You shouldn't let her fool you!"

"What could someone her age possibly know about acupuncture? This has to be a joke!"

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## **Chapter 36**

Seeing Zach's resolve, the nurses did their best to talk him out of it, offering every argument they could think of. But Zach stood firm, unwavering in his trust in Yolanda despite their concerns. Recognizing that Zach wasn't one to back down easily, they eventually stopped trying.

Before long, Yolanda successfully got Evan's heart beating again. She exhaled in relief, wiping the sweat from her brow, and finally removed Derek's acupuncture needle from Evan's body.

The Five Elements Divine Needles technique was exceptionally exhausting. In most of her previous emergencies, Yolanda seldom had to use the most vital aspect of this technique.

But this situation was different. She was battling to pull Evan back from the edge of death. A moment's delay and Evan might have been lost forever.

Additionally, Yolanda had only recently been reborn and was still adjusting to her new body, which was still burdened with toxins. The effort of this rescue had taken a significant toll on her.

Derek shook off his initial surprise and asked, "How do you know about the Five Elements Divine Needles?"

"Since you're familiar with the Five Elements Divine Needles, you should understand what I was doing," Yolanda replied.

As soon as she finished speaking, the heart rate monitor beside them suddenly came to life with a beep. The doctors and nurses, who had been glaring at Yolanda just moments earlier, gasped in astonishment. "He has a heartbeat!"

"He's breathing again!"

Although Evan's breaths were still shallow, this was nothing short of a miracle to the medical staff. The doctors stood wide-eyed, their faces a mix of joy, shock, and disbelief, making them look almost comical.

How could this even happen? It was like witnessing the impossible! The patient that Derek had just declared beyond saving had miraculously come back to life. And the person who brought him back was just a high school student.

If they hadn't seen it with their own eyes, no one would have believed that a patient even Derek couldn't save had been revived by a high school student. But despite their shock and disbelief, Evan's heartbeat steadily returned to normal, and the deathly pallor on his face gradually turned into a healthy color.

Derek didn't have time to question Yolanda. He quickly began examining Evan. After a thorough examination confirmed that Evan was no longer in immediate danger, Derek finally let out a sigh of relief.

The nurses standing nearby still looked bewildered, a far cry from how they had previously accused Yolanda. A high school student, with no formal medical training, had brought a patient back from the edge of death.

It was nothing short of a miracle.

It took a while for anyone to snap out of their shock. And then, almost on impulse, they began to applaud.

"Ms. Henderson, thank you!" Zach exclaimed, tears of joy streaming down his face. Overwhelmed with emotion, he couldn't find the words to express his gratitude and could only keep repeating his thanks.

The doctors who had previously looked down on Yolanda hung their heads in shame. It was a lucky break that the security hadn't arrived yet. Otherwise, they might have been responsible for delaying the patient's treatment. Derek suddenly turned to Yolanda and gave her a respectful nod.

"Ms. Henderson, you are the most skilled healer I've ever encountered! I judged you by your appearance and failed to see your true talent. I apologize for my earlier rash behavior," Derek spoke with genuine sincerity. Even though Yolanda was young enough to be his granddaughter, he felt no bitterness. Her skills were more than enough to earn her the title of "miracle doctor."

"I'm sorry!"

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## Chapter 37

"Ms. Henderson, I'm sorry!" Derek was the first to speak, followed quickly by the other doctors and nurses in the operating room, who each offered their own apologies to Yolanda. "It's okay," Yolanda said, waving them off. "I know you all were just trying to do what's best for the patient."

These medical professionals weren't the type to judge others based on their status. From another angle, they were just doing their jobs, and Yolanda had no intention of holding it against them or harboring any resentment. "Ms. Henderson, you have my deepest gratitude from this day on. You're now an honored friend of the Wright family. Whatever you need, just say the word! I'd even lay down my life for you without hesitation!"

Evan was the most important person in his life, and Zach knew he could never fully repay Yolanda for saving him. He even felt a powerful urge to drop to his knees right then and there to express his profound thanks to Yolanda. Yolanda hadn't anticipated Zach getting so emotional. She quickly stepped forward to stop him before he could kneel.

"It's not that big of a deal," she said. "Besides, what would I even do with your life?"

Despite her family's legacy spanning a thousand years with strict hierarchies in her previous life, she had never been fond of such rigid traditions. She always treated those who served the Hoffman family with respect and never acted superior.

As her four brothers often said, the Hoffman family's strength had sustained their power for a millennium, not because they flaunted their authority or grandeur.

"But-" Zach was about to continue, but Yolanda cut him off.

"I won't hesitate to ask if I ever need your help in the future."

Riverdale City was new to her, and it made sense to build up some influence of her own.

"Alright, take this card." Zach pulled a gold card from his suit pocket. "This card gives you unrestricted access to the Wright Group headquarters and all its properties, free of charge. You can also make use of any of the Wright Group's resources and connections without needing my approval."

Worried that Yolanda might turn down the offer, he added, "You've done so much for me. I don't think I'll be able to sleep well at night

if you don't take this card."

"Alright, I'll take it," Yolanda said, accepting the Wright Group's gold card.

"Evan's out of danger now. I have other things to attend to, so I'll be heading out."

Zach escorted Yolanda out of the emergency room before quickly returning inside.

Yolanda headed back to Simon's ward and found him just finishing a landscape painting, with Gordon carefully applying his personal seal.

"Thank you, Mr. Carter! We'll leave you to rest now," Harold said, clearly pleased as he carefully held the painting in his hands. He had accomplished his goal and was excited to deliver the artwork to the general manager of the Doxcon Group.

"I'll be heading out as well. It's been an honor learning from you today, Mr. Carter. I hope I'll have the chance to learn from you again in the future!" Yvonne said politely as she rose and bid Simon farewell.

What Yolanda did today ignited an unexpected sense of urgency in Yvonne. So, when she realized that Harold was heading off to meet a client, she opted to cut her

conversation with Simon short and decided to join Harold instead. Connecting with Harold's business associates was an opportunity she couldn't pass up.

## Chapter 38

After Yvonne and Harold left, Yolanda checked Simon's pulse again. "Your pulse is steady. You just need to get some rest," she said. Yolanda then gave Gordon a few tips on caring for Simon before she and Diana left the ward together.

Diana followed Yolanda out of the hospital in a daze. Everything that had happened today felt surreal to her. However, her view of Yolanda had shifted significantly. Maybe Yolanda had genuinely been putting in effort at the juvenile detention center, rather than just wasting time, as Diana had once believed. "Landy, your dad won't be home for dinner tonight. How about I take you out for steak?" Diana asked.

Diana suddenly realized that it had been a while since she and Yolanda had gone out for a meal together. Usually, it was Yvonne who would beg for a meal alone with Diana after every piano lesson.

Diana couldn't remember the last time she had spent quality time alone with Yolanda. She decided to use this chance to take Yolanda out for dinner at a fancy Westorian restaurant-one she usually reserved for outings with Yvonne.

After all, Yolanda hadn't embarrassed her today. In fact, Yolanda had made her proud. Diana thought it was time to show her appreciation. Even though the odds were slim, Diana didn't want Yolanda to forget the support she had given her if Yolanda ever became successful.

Perhaps because it was a weekday, the Westorian restaurant was relatively empty. Diana chose a table by the window. When the waiter brought the menu, Diana handed it directly to Yolanda. "It's been forever since we've had a meal out together, just the two of us. Order whatever you want!"

With Diana picking up the tab, Yolanda didn't hesitate to treat herself. She scanned the menu and ordered a plate of premium Aussorian beef with fresh oysters, Frenorian mushroom soup, and for dessert, Tahirian vanilla caramel pudding with a cup of Earl Grey tea. When Diana took the menu back from Yolanda, a brief look of surprise crossed her face. She had never brought Yolanda to a place like this before, yet Yolanda ordered with the ease of someone who was well accustomed to dining at upscale restaurants, showing no sign of hesitation.

Diana remembered the first time she had brought Yvonne to this Westorian restaurant a few years back. Yvonne barely said anything when ordering and even made a fuss, asking the waiter how to eat raw meat because she didn't understand the different levels of steak doneness.

In contrast, despite her modest appearance and attire, Yolanda's demeanor and composure were more like those of a well-mannered young woman with experience, rather than Yvonne's. This surprised Diana. "Landy..." Diana picked up her glass of lemon water and took a sip.

She seemed to want to say something to fill the awkward silence, but finding the right words was proving difficult. She had never paid much attention to Yolanda before, and now she couldn't think of anything to ease the tension between them.

"Don't you like foie gras? Why didn't you order it?" Yolanda asked, drawing from the memories of her body's original owner. She had a clear understanding of Diana's preferences, possibly even better than Yvonne did. The original Yolanda had been well-acquainted with Diana's habits and tastes.

Yolanda couldn't help but feel a pang of sadness. The original Yolanda must have longed deeply for her family's affection. Still, due to Yvonne's manipulative ways and the favoritism from Harold and Diana, she never had the chance to express her feelings. "Huh? Oh, I just felt like trying something different today," Diana said awkwardly.

She hadn't expected Yolanda to know she liked foie gras. She realized she didn't know anything about Yolanda's tastes, not even whether Yolanda enjoyed Westorian cuisine.

Yolanda quickly picked up on Diana's thoughts and gave a gentle smile, saying, "If we have time next time, we could try Jalorian cuisine. I'm really into seafood." SEARCH the Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

## Chapter 39

Diana's face lit up with a smile. "Sure thing, I'll take you there another time!"

For some reason, Yolanda's simple words made Diana feel much more at ease.

It wasn't long before the waiter arrived with a tray. "Excuse me, here's your order of premium Aussorian beef."

Diana, in an uncharacteristically gentle tone, said, "Go ahead, dig in."

Just as she finished speaking, another voice caught her attention. "Ma'am, this bottle of wine is from the gentleman over there."

A young waitress, Olivia, approached with a tray and set an expensive bottle of wine down in front of Diana.

Following Olivia's gaze, Diana looked across the room and saw a balding, heavysset man with a shiny forehead grinning at her while raising his glass. Even though the man was older, his behavior was rather off-putting. The wrinkles on his face contorted into a sleazy, greasy grin.

Diana was wearing a light blue high-fashion suit from Harlowe today, paired with subtle makeup that gave her a youthful and stylish look.

Thanks to her diligent skincare routine, she appeared to be a sophisticated woman in her 30s. Anyone unfamiliar with her actual age might easily mistake her for Yolanda's older sister. She naturally drew some attention wherever she went.

Diana had dealt with her share of unwanted advances in the past. While she usually turned them down, she always remained polite and never came across as harsh. But the man's behavior was so sleazy that it made her feel extremely uncomfortable. She frowned in disgust and immediately told Olivia, "I don't know him, and I don't want his wine!"

"Ma'am, that gentleman is Mr. Samuel Liddell, a well-known businessman in Riverdale. You should consider yourself lucky that he's taken an interest in you. Plenty of women would jump at the chance to get his attention, and he wouldn't even look their way! "Turning down Mr. Liddell's offer simply shows that you're ungrateful." Olivia rolled her eyes after speaking, as if mocking Diana for being too proud.

It was clear that Samuel was a regular at this Westorian restaurant, and there seemed to be a flirtatious undertone in his relationships with the waitresses. Otherwise, Olivia would never have dared to speak to Diana in such a manner.

Yolanda set down her fork and knife, glancing over at Samuel. He was an overweight, unattractive older man who couldn't hold a candle to Harold. She couldn't help but be amused by the audacity of this sleazy man.

She wondered where he got the confidence to think that sending a bottle of wine would be an effective way to approach Diana. Diana wasn't some naive young woman and she wouldn't give any weight to such a cheap tactic.

"My mom and I don't need the wine, and this is our private time. We'd prefer not to be disturbed," Yolanda said, trying to keep her tone calm.



She preferred not to draw attention to herself in public. There wouldn't be any issue if Olivia and Samuel at the next table knew when to back off, especially since Yolanda had made it clear that this was their private time, meaning Diana naturally wouldn't entertain any offers from other men.

Unfortunately, Olivia seemed completely oblivious to the situation. She was emboldened by her connections and seemed to forget her place. She shot an irritated glare at Yolanda.

"You should stay out of grown-up conversations! Your mom should consider herself lucky to get approached like that. Someone as ugly as you wouldn't even get noticed!"

## Chapter 40

"How dare you say something like that? She's my daughter!" Diana snapped.

She might not have been fond of Yolanda's looks, but that didn't give anyone the right to badmouth Yolanda before her.

"Ma'am, I'm just looking out for you. Mr. Liddell is a highly successful man. You should appreciate that he's even considering you. Taking him up on his offer is a win-win for everyone. As for your daughter, I can have a car arranged to take her home shortly." Olivia's smile carried a hint of something more. The wine was just the beginning. Everyone knew where things were headed after that.

"Get lost!" Diana's face turned red with anger. She was used to attending proper events and had never been so disrespected. "I'm going to report you if you don't leave right now!"

"Alright, cut the act. I've had enough of your fake superiority!" Olivia scoffed.

She gave Diana a once-over. Her clothes were from Harlowe. They only cost a few thousand dollars, which was affordable for most middle-class folks. And Yolanda? She was wearing the most basic, low-end outfit imaginable. Olivia didn't even think they were worth her time.

Diana looked at the employee number on Olivia's badge and said sharply, "Call your manager. I'm filing a complaint against you."

Olivia rolled her eyes. "Is that all you've got? Complaints? Our manager isn't even here!"

She wasn't concerned. Even if Diana had money, she couldn't compete with Samuel's influence. Olivia wasn't intimidated by Diana's threats with Samuel on her side.

"Hey now, no need to get all worked up, darling." Samuel, who had a seedy look about him, sauntered over. He held a glass of wine and approached Diana with a smarmy grin. "Take it easy. I'm Samuel Liddell, just here to make a new friend!"

He wore a smug expression, convinced that no matter how much Diana resisted, she'd eventually be won over by his charm.

Meanwhile, the other guys at Samuel's table, looking for excitement, got up from their seats and slowly closed in on Diana and Yolanda. They were eager to see how things would unfold.

One of the tall men gave Diana a once-over with a lustful grin. "Mr. Liddell is one of the most influential businessmen in Riverdale City. Getting on his good side could pay off for you."

"Exactly! Quit pretending and make the most of Mr. Liddell's interest while you've got the chance. Play your cards right, and you could be living in a mansion and driving a sports car before you know it!" a short, stocky man added eagerly. The tall man nodded in agreement. "But if you don't listen and end up upsetting Mr. Liddell, you're in for a whole lot of trouble!"

"There was this actress who tried to play the saint, acting all high and mighty, and she ticked off Mr. Liddell. He yanked her from three leading roles just like that, and she ended up begging him to give her another chance."

"Looks like your family's in the business world, too. If you don't want to see it all go south, you'd better apologize to Mr. Liddell now and join him for a drink!"

Samuel's cronies eyed Diana with bold assurance, hammering her with their words and pushing her to give in.

After hearing Samuel's identity and what he could do with his influence, the other diners were keen to see how things would play out. Some of them even began to whisper among themselves.

Olivia, who had clashed with Diana earlier, shot her a triumphant smirk, as if mocking her for not knowing her place.

Seeing that Diana stayed cold and unresponsive, Samuel shifted his gaze with exaggerated interest toward Yolanda. "Is this your daughter? It's too bad she didn't get your looks. Otherwise, who knows what kind of fun we could've had together?" Diana's face turned ashen with rage at being so openly insulted. "Since you know she's my

daughter, you should also know I have a husband and a family. We're in a public place, so watch your mouth!"

She met Samuel's gaze with unwavering resolve. "I don't care who you are. I'm not interested. I'll call the cops if you keep harassing me!"

Then, she turned to Yolanda. "Landy, we're leaving."

Yolanda had just stood up when Olivia stepped in her way. "Did Mr. Liddell allow you to leave? Sit back down!"

Olivia reached out, trying to shove Yolanda back into her seat.

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