

Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

Chapter 41

Just before Olivia could reach Yolanda, a sudden, stinging slap struck her face. Her left cheek immediately began to swell. She hadn't expected Yolanda to resort to violence. Dazed by the unexpected blow, Olivia stood frozen, her hand pressed against her face. After a moment, she turned to Samuel with a look of hurt. "Mr. Liddell! She just hit me!" Equally taken aback by Yolanda's violent outburst, Samuel narrowed his eyes in disapproval. With a stern tone, he warned, "Miss, there's a consequence for such recklessness. No one has ever dared to hit someone under my watch!" "Yolanda, cut this out!" Diana's face went even paler.

Though she was seething with anger, she held back from being too forceful, wanting only to get away from the volatile situation as quickly as she could. However, Yolanda's actions had clearly angered Samuel and things had gotten out of hand. After giving Yolanda a stern warning, Samuel turned to Diana with a smile. "Well, since your daughter obviously can't control herself, shouldn't you, as her mother, offer an apology on her behalf?"

Diana clenched her fists, her jaw tight with anger. "My daughter stepped out of line. I'm sorry for her behavior. Now, can we leave?"

She silently cursed Yolanda over and over as she glared at Samuel's contemptuous expression. If it weren't for Yolanda stirring up this mess, they'd probably be on their way by now. Diana definitely didn't want to apologize, but she had no choice. Yolanda had once again shown herself to be nothing but a troublesome burden. Any goodwill Diana had once felt toward Yolanda had completely disappeared because of her reckless behavior.

"An apology needs to be genuine!" Samuel pursed his lips and nodded toward the bottle of red wine on the table. "You'll drink this whole bottle and join me at the club next door for a few songs. Only then will I consider forgiving you both!" "Don't push your luck!" Diana shot back.

Seeing no way out, she quickly reached into her bag for her phone, planning to call Harold for help. But the moment she pulled it out, Samuel grabbed it from her.

"Still planning to call for help? Let me make it clear. No one you call today will make a difference! You're coming with me!"

Samuel's patience finally snapped as Diana continued to resist. He signaled to the bodyguards standing nearby, ready to have them forcefully take Diana with them.

"What do you think you're doing?" Diana backed away in panic, flailing her handbag to keep the bodyguards at a distance. But there was no way she could hold her own against those strong, young men.

The bodyguards closed in. As one of the bodyguards reached for Diana, trying to pull her away from the table, his arm was suddenly gripped by a firm, plump hand.

The bodyguard glanced at Yolanda, attempting to shake her off with a rough jerk. But Yolanda's grip was unyielding and wouldn't budge.

"You're asking for trouble!" the bodyguard snarled, releasing Diana and grabbing Yolanda by the collar.

A sharp, unmistakable snap cut through the air.

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The bodyguard hadn't even laid a hand on Yolanda before his arm was snapped with a sharp crack. He let out a horrifying scream. The agonizing pain nearly made him lose consciousness right then and there. Samuel and his men were instantly stunned, their faces growing grim.

Diana looked at Yolanda in stunned disbelief. She couldn't believe Yolanda had broken the bodyguard's arm. She even questioned if her mind was playing tricks on her in her panic.

Samuel hadn't expected Yolanda to put up such a fight and hurt his bodyguard. His eyes narrowed as he locked eyes with Yolanda. He said, his voice dripped with menace, "Well, well! So you want to play tough, huh? Let's see how you fare against me!" He swiftly signaled to the other bodyguards standing behind him. "Alright, you lot, get her!"

Even though Yolanda had broken the bodyguard's arm, the others wrote it off as a lucky shot, thinking she'd only managed it because she caught him off guard. No one would suspect a plump, seemingly harmless young woman of being a serious threat. Unfortunately for them, the Yolanda they were facing wasn't just any average high schooler. As Yulia, the top assassin of the Xenith Order, she had already conquered Talon Academy by the age of seven. To her, these bodyguards were nothing more than pests. And she had flushed out most of the toxins from her system since her rebirth, which had greatly boosted her physical abilities. Facing these bodyguards wasn't as easy as it would have been in her previous life, but it was far from a real challenge.

Before long, Samuel's men were sprawled on the ground, clutching their injuries. Some were writhing in pain, and some were groaning in agony.

Samuel stared at his fallen men in stunned disbelief and muttered, "This can't be happening..."

Before he could finish his words, he noticed Yolanda's intense gaze fixed on him. Instinctively, he took a step back. "Do you have any idea who I—"

He never got to finish his sentence as Yolanda's kick sent him flying. He let out a scream as his hefty body slammed hard onto the dining table behind him. Plates and glasses crashed to the floor, shattering into pieces.

"You've got one minute to get out of my sight, or face the consequences!"

"Landy!" Diana was in shock.

She couldn't believe Yolanda had taken down all the bodyguards. Her face went ashen, and she instinctively took cover behind Yolanda. At that moment, she wasn't concerned with how Yolanda had learned to fight. All she cared about was keeping the situation from spiraling out of control.

Samuel's friends stared in disbelief at the bodyguards sprawled on the floor and at Samuel, who had been hurled across the room. In unison, they turned their gaze to Yolanda. Their expressions showed not only shock but also a hint of sympathy. They were well aware of Samuel's background. Yolanda hadn't just taken out his bodyguards. She'd sent Samuel himself flying across the room. They'd be surprised if Samuel didn't make her pay dearly for this.

As Diana saw the way everyone was eyeing Yolanda, a wave of dread washed over her. Samuel was clearly not someone to be messed with. Yolanda might handle seven or eight bodyguards on her own, but she couldn't take on the entire Liddell family. This situation was bound to escalate, and the Henderson family, or even the Henderson Group, might get pulled into the mess.

"You bitch! How dare you hit me?" Samuel growled as he got to his feet, holding his face and pointing at Yolanda. "You're done for! You hear me?"

He tapped Olivia and ordered, "Get every security guard in this place! No matter how tough she is, I refuse to believe one young woman can handle an entire crowd on her own!"

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This Westorian restaurant boasted four stories and had over 20 security guards stationed at all times. Including those off-duty and resting in the staff quarters, the total number exceeded 50.

Olivia had only been outside for a while when over 30 imposing, muscular young men followed her back inside.

Diana's face drained of color at the sight of the guards. Yolanda, on the other hand, stayed entirely untroubled.

"Feeling scared now, are you?" Samuel taunted Diana with a smirk. "If you don't want anything happening to your daughter, come here, apologize, and spend the night with me. Otherwise, none of you are leaving this place today!" "Asshole!" Diana shouted furiously. "Do you think you can get away with anything just because you're rich?"

"That's exactly what I believe. What are you going to do about it?" Samuel's smirk widened with satisfaction. "You've got one minute to decide. Don't blame me for making this tough if you don't play along!"

Before Diana could reply, Yolanda locked eyes with Samuel and said coldly, "You've got 30 seconds to get on your knees and apologize to me, or I'll show you what real regret looks like."

Olivia shot Yolanda a furious glare. "What kind of nonsense are you spewing? You think Mr. Liddell should kneel and apologize to you? Who do you think you are? Do you even know who Mr. Liddell is? Let me fill you in. He's the general manager at a Fusion Group branch and a distant relative of Mr. Wright.

"Insulting Mr. Liddell means insulting Fusion Group and the Wright family! Mr. Liddell has already given you a way out, but if you keep up with this shamelessness, you're in for huge trouble!"

As Olivia's words rang out, the onlookers around them gasped in shock. The Wright family was a major power in Riverdale City. They weren't the kind of people one crossed lightly.

Even Diana felt a jolt of panic. She hadn't known Samuel was the general manager of a Fusion Group branch, let alone a relative of the Wright family. This situation had just gotten a whole lot more complicated.

Samuel basked in Olivia's praise, his head held high with arrogance. He absorbed the awe and fear from the others while glaring at Yolanda condescendingly.

"Miss, you've got some nerve for someone your age! I've been running things in Riverdale for years, and you're the first one to have the guts to challenge me. Here's your final chance. Get on your knees, apologize, and lick my shoes clean.

"Your mother will come with me after that, and I might let this go. Otherwise, neither you, your family, nor your friends will find any peace from now on!"

He gestured to the security guards, who had just arrived, and said, "Start the timer. If she doesn't apologize within a minute, break her legs first, then drag her mother over to me!"

The guards standing nearby grinned at Samuel's words. "Don't worry, Mr. Liddell! There's no way they're getting out of this with us around!"

One of the guards quickly pulled out his phone and started the countdown. "59, 58..."

"Your time's running out!" Samuel said impatiently, his stare growing more threatening as Yolanda remained defiant.

"Five, four, three, two, one." The guard finished the countdown, and the group began cracking their knuckles, ready to move.

"Yolanda, what are we going to do now?" Diana asked, stamping her feet in frustration and panic.

No matter how skilled Yolanda was, she couldn't possibly take on dozens of security guards. And with Samuel backed by the Wright family's influence, fighting back might buy them some time, but it would ultimately lead to disaster.

Yolanda didn't answer Diana's question, neither did she show any sign of panic. Just as the security guards were about to move in, Yolanda reached into her coat pocket, pulled out a card, and tossed it straight to Samuel. "You'll regret it if you don't kneel and apologize before the countdown ends."

"What did you just say?" Samuel thought he must have misheard. He had never come across anyone as fearless-or foolish-as her.

"You think a card is going to scare me?" He caught the card Yolanda had tossed and gave it a quick, dismissive look. But in the next moment, his smug expression disappeared entirely. "T-This is..."

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"Mr. Liddell, what's the matter? It's just a regular bank card, right?" Olivia asked, noting the sudden shift in Samuel's demeanor and frowning slightly. She didn't recognize the card and assumed Yolanda was attempting to make amends with a monetary gift.

"Shut up!" Samuel snapped at Olivia, his frustration evident.

While others might not recognize the card, he knew exactly what it was. It was Fusion Group's VIP gold card, custom-designed by Zach himself, and issued only to VIPs of the Wright family. As far as he knew, there were fewer than five people in Havarria who had this card. "Where did this card come from?" Samuel's tone had shifted from stern to cautiously concerned.

"If you recognize it, then you should already know," Yolanda replied, her calm demeanor unwavering.

Samuel inhaled sharply. Refusing to believe what was in front of him, he flipped the card over, scrutinizing it closely and searching for any sign that it was a fake. But no matter how carefully he inspected it, he couldn't find a single flaw.

Yolanda noticed Samuel's actions and let out a soft chuckle. "Mr. Liddell, could it be that you don't actually recognize this card? Aren't you supposed to be some distant relative of the Wright family? Or maybe your status is too low to even be aware of it?"

Her comments left those around them puzzled, but Samuel's unease grew. A VIP recognized by Zach was someone he couldn't afford to cross. He was in serious trouble if Yolanda truly knew Zach.

But Samuel found it hard to believe that this seemingly ordinary high school student standing before him could be one of Zach's VIPs. Clinging to the last shred of hope, he pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

What if this VIP card was something Yolanda had found, or even worse, stolen? If that were the case, not only had she crossed Samuel, but she'd also crossed Zach. She'd be in serious trouble even if she managed to get out of this situation. The call connected quickly, and Samuel, brimming with anticipation, asked the burning question on his mind. When he heard the response on the other end, it was as if the blood in his veins turned to ice, leaving him frozen. What had he just heard?

Zach had confirmed that Yolanda was not only a benefactor but also a VIP of Fusion Group. He had even gone so far as to say that anyone who opposed Yolanda would be opposing the entire Wright family.

A wave of dizziness hit Samuel. He staggered back a few steps, barely managing to stay on his feet. He took a deep breath and abruptly stepped forward. The heavy thud of his knees hitting the floor echoed sharply. Samuel had actually knelt before Yolanda in a show of respect.

The atmosphere instantly plunged into a tense silence. Everyone around stared in shock, their eyes wide with disbelief. What was going on? Samuel Liddell was kneeling before an ordinary high school student!

"Ms. Henderson, I'm sorry. I was blind and foolish to offend you earlier. I realize my mistake now. Please, I beg you, don't hold it against me, and forgive me just this once!" Samuel pleaded, striking himself hard across the face as he spoke. The loud, sharp sound of his slaps echoed through the entire restaurant. Samuel knew all too well that if Yolanda didn't forgive him, Zach certainly wouldn't. [SEARCH THE FindNovel.net](http://www.TheFindNovel.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 45

Samuel's life in Riverdale City would become extremely challenging in the future.

The crowd that had been eagerly anticipating Yolanda and Diana's downfall was left in shock as they watched Samuel slap himself over and over. The onlookers were stunned, their hands covering their mouths in disbelief, worried that their agitation might lead them to

gasp audibly.

Diana was equally dumbfounded. Yolanda simply tossed a card, and Samuel immediately dropped to his knees before her. This was unexplainable.

Samuel was the branch manager of Fusion Group, a major player in Riverdale City. The Henderson family, though considered upper-middle class in the city, didn't even have the standing to discuss a partnership with Fusion Group.

"Mr. Liddell, what are you doing? Why are you kneeling before someone as worthless as her?"

Olivia, who had been riding on Samuel's coattails just moments ago suddenly came to her senses. She rushed over to Samuel, attempting to help him to his feet.

Her words rattled Samuel so intensely that he felt like he might have a heart attack. How dare she stir up more trouble before Yolanda had forgiven him? She was practically asking for trouble.

He raised his hand and slapped Olivia hard across the face. "You're the worthless one! I'll break both your legs if you ever disrespect Ms. Henderson again!"

Realizing that begging Yolanda was pointless, he turned to Diana in desperation. "Mrs. Henderson, please, just give me another chance! I promise I'll never make the same mistake again. I was out of my mind before. If you're upset, you can hit me, yell at me, or do whatever you want!"

He knew that if Yolanda didn't forgive him, Zach would certainly hold him accountable.

The more Samuel thought about it, the more terrified he became. He stayed on his knees, frantically slapping himself in front of Yolanda and Diana.

His cheeks soon became bloodied, but he didn't stop and continued to apologize desperately. "I'm sorry... I was wrong... I realized my mistake..."

The onlookers watched Samuel's pitiful display, their shock growing with each passing moment. They couldn't fathom what kind of power Yolanda possessed that could make Samuel so terrified.

Samuel's cronies, who had been ridiculing Yolanda for her looks just moments earlier, were now consumed with rising fear. They knew Samuel well enough to recognize that he wouldn't humiliate himself like this unless he were genuinely terrified. They wondered what kind of terrifying power Yolanda must have.

As they remembered their earlier mockery of Yolanda and Diana, cold sweat began to form on their foreheads. Two of them even started to tremble, their legs shaking as if they might collapse to their knees at any moment.

Olivia fought to hold back her tears, too frightened to let out a sound. She never imagined things would come to this, nor did she expect Samuel to bow down to a high school student.

But she wasn't naive. She knew that panicking now wouldn't do her any good. She quietly wiped her tears away and stepped back behind Samuel.

Diana glanced at Yolanda. She hesitated before saying, "Maybe we should just let it go."

It wasn't that Diana was soft-hearted. Normally, she'd be relentless and cause a huge scene if someone had her back. But right now, she couldn't grasp why Samuel was terrified of Yolanda.

If Samuel had misinterpreted something and later figured out his mistake, she could have ended up in deeper trouble. Besides, being harassed by a creepy guy wasn't something to brag about.

All she wanted now was to defuse the situation and get out of this mess as quickly as possible.

Yolanda looked down at Samuel, who was kneeling on the ground, and suddenly stepped forward. Without a second thought, she stomped hard on his left hand.

Samuel let out an agonizing scream, feeling like his bones were about to break.

Yolanda stared at him with a cold, detached expression. Her voice was calm and steady, yet it bore down on Samuel like a heavy weight, making it difficult for him to breathe. His body started to tremble uncontrollably under the intensity of her words.

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"The apology doesn't seem genuine," Yolanda said.

Samuel took a deep breath, trying to steady himself. Wincing in pain, he said cautiously in a shaky voice, "Ms. Henderson, I-I'm sorry... W-What can I do to show you I'm being sincere?" "You enjoy drinking, don't you?" Yolanda looked over at Olivia, who was standing behind Samuel. "Go get ten bottles of vodka."

Olivia blinked at Yolanda in confusion before quickly nodding. "Okay, I'll get them right away!"

Before long, Olivia returned with several waiters carrying ten bottles of vodka. She said nervously, "Ms. Henderson, the vodka's here..."

Unsure of Yolanda's intentions, she stood anxiously to the side while holding the tray.

"Make him drink all the vodka," Yolanda said calmly. "He can get up once he's finished all of them."

Diana, standing behind Yolanda, gently tugged at her sleeve. "Landy! Isn't this too much?"

Yolanda ignored Diana and addressed Olivia firmly, "Make sure he drinks every last drop of that vodka. Anyone who tries to cut corners will face the consequences if I find out."

Turning to the others around her, she added, "This is what happens if I catch anyone trying to help him."

She picked up a wine glass from a nearby table and let it fall, shattering on the floor. The onlookers held their breath.

"Let's go."

Yolanda wasn't interested in sticking around to watch Samuel drink. After shattering the glass, she grabbed Diana by the arm and left. Diana still looked somewhat bewildered even after they left the Westorian restaurant.

But soon, she turned to Yolanda and asked, "Landy, seriously, why is Mr. Liddell so scared of you? And where did you learn those moves you used earlier?"

"There are plenty of instructors in the juvenile detention center. You can pick up all kinds of skills there." Yolanda shrugged off the question with an excuse.

The excuse might have seemed a bit unconvincing, but it was hard for anyone to challenge it. She understood that people would eventually start to get suspicious if she changed too drastically. But Diana and Harold weren't the brightest, and their vanity made them pretty myopic.

When they noticed her transformation, their first thought wouldn't be to question why she had changed so much, but how her change could benefit the Hendersons. So, Yolanda never worried that these two would catch on to her transformation.

As for Yvonne, she might be somewhat sharp, but her jealousy clouded her judgment. Yvonne would only focus on finding a way to return Yolanda to her former pitiful self, without questioning further.

"So, you're saying..." Diana hesitated, choosing her words carefully. "You learned your combat skills in the juvenile detention center? What about your acupuncture skills?"

"Yeah, that too. There were plenty of books to read at the center," Yolanda replied casually.

"No wonder." Diana nodded, surprisingly convinced by Yolanda's explanation.

Diana didn't really care about how Yolanda had picked up these skills. What mattered was that Yolanda was no longer the person who used to embarrass her. That was all that counted.

"Even so, you should keep a low profile and avoid getting into fights. No matter how tough you are, you can't take on a bunch of bodyguards at once, right? We'll all end up

paying the price if you cross the wrong people," Diana advised. As she finished speaking, she suddenly remembered Yolanda's gold card.

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"What did you show that Liddell guy? Why did he get so freaked out?" Diana asked.

Earlier, when Diana learned that Samuel and Zach were related, she felt a shiver down her spine. But she never imagined Yolanda could make him back off so easily, even forcing him to apologize publicly on his knees. "You didn't fool him into this, did you? The consequences could be serious if he finds out you tricked him!"

Yolanda frowned at her but still responded, "I bumped into Zach at the hospital this afternoon and did him a favor. That card is from Zach."

She didn't elaborate on what favor she did for Zach. She knew that if Diana found out she had saved Evan, she'd likely use it as a chance to cozy up to the Wright family.

"Did Zach really give it to you?" Diana asked, her doubt evident. But then she thought about it and realized that only Zach could rattle Samuel in such a way.

Diana let out a sigh of relief. "You've got some luck, Landy."

She began to see Yolanda in a new light, no longer considering her a failure or a liability.

"Your dad's already stressed out because business hasn't been going well lately, so let's keep tonight's events between us," Diana said.

Yolanda nodded and hummed in agreement. She had no intention of spreading this around even without Diana's reminder.

Diana smiled with satisfaction at Yolanda's nod. She sighed inwardly, hoping Yolanda had changed and wouldn't cause her any more embarrassment.

Soon, they returned to the Henderson residence.

"Honey, we're home!" Diana called out as they walked in. She quickly noticed Harold sitting in the living room, looking frustrated. After changing her clothes, she approached him. "Is the project not going well?"

Harold shot her an annoyed look. "Where've you been? It's so late now! The place was empty when I got home!"

"I took Landy out for dinner."

Across the couch, Yvonne's eyes flashed with a sudden chill at the mention of "Landy," but she pursed her lips and didn't say a word.

Yolanda glanced at Yvonne before ignoring her. She turned slightly toward Harold and said, "Mr. Carter's paintings are the most expensive of any living artist in the Havarian art market. The manager you mentioned who likes traditional painting probably won't turn it down." "What could you possibly know?" Harold snapped, his mood darkening further as he was met with the sight of Yolanda's repulsive face.

Yvonne sneered from the sidelines. "You really think getting Dad a painting will help him seal the deal? Business isn't that straightforward. We missed the boat. Someone else already snagged that project!" she said.

"Why are you wasting your time explaining this to her? She's too thick-headed to understand anything!" Harold unleashed his frustration over the day's setbacks on Yolanda. He seemed to have forgotten that he wouldn't have gotten Simon's painting if it weren't for Yolanda.

"That's a fair point." Yvonne's spirits brightened slightly as she watched Harold's harsh treatment of Yolanda.

Harold glanced at Yvonne, the ever-sensible one, before turning to Yolanda with even greater disdain. "You should be contributing to the family as a daughter, but with that brain of yours, it's a miracle you don't cause even more problems!"

He waved dismissively at Yolanda. "Get back to your room! Your presence is enough to get on my nerves!"

Yolanda gave Harold a disinterested look, clearly not inclined to argue. Without saying a word, she headed back to her room.

Later, she did some online research on Doxcon Group, the company Harold was trying to strike a deal with. What began as a simple search soon turned up some surprising finds.

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Chapter 48

Surprisingly, the son of the general manager of Doxcon Group was the student council president of First Academy.

"The student council president..." Yolanda murmured, pondering for a moment.

First Academy had several thousand students, and she wasn't sure if her child still remembered their previous life after being reborn.

Hence, the most effective way to find the person she was looking for was to start with the student council, as they knew almost every student at the school.

Her primary goal was to avenge the original Yolanda. To do so, she must first earn Diana and Harold's trust and favor. Her plan was to let them have a taste of success through her help before stripping it all away, making them regret how they had treated the original Yolanda. This would put the original Yolanda's spirit at ease.

Even though she helped Diana out of a tight spot that night, she still couldn't replace Yvonne's place in her heart. Plus, Harold's attitude made her realize she needed to take drastic measures. Hence, she decided to help him secure the project he'd been after.

The next day, after her morning jog, Yolanda went to Doxcon Group. Even though she still appeared to be overweight, her recent exercise had paid off-she had lost five pounds in less than a week.

The original Yolanda's body had been so overweight and unhealthy that she was in a perpetually swollen state. Although she'd lost weight, she still looked bloated.

While waiting for the subway at the station, Yolanda found herself the center of attention. People were openly mocking her weight and the way her facial features seemed to be squashed together due to her size. Some even went as far as to gasp when they saw her. Yolanda, on the other hand, didn't feel a thing when she looked at her reflection. In fact, she found herself oddly curious about whether that man would still love her as much as he did in her previous life if he saw her now.

In her previous life, she was blessed with stunning features and a figure that even the most renowned international supermodels would envy, so she had never concerned herself much with her appearance. Yet, she had to admit that most people judge others by their appearance.

"If you're attending First Academy, I suppose I can take my time to restore my appearance," Yolanda mused, looking at her reflection in the glass-a reflection that seemed to draw disdain from everyone around her.

Then, a knowing smile crept onto her face. "It'd be quite interesting to meet you in this state, don't you think?"

Half an hour later, Yolanda emerged from the subway station and arrived at the entrance of Doxcon Group. Blake Rowse, the general manager of Doxcon Group, was the president's right-hand man. He'd been with the company for five years and had steadily risen through the ranks to his current position.

Of course, his rise to prominence was largely due to his influential family background.

Before arriving at Doxcon Group, Yolanda had done her homework on Blake's background and learned that the Rowse family was once a prominent family in Riverdale but had fallen from grace during Blake's grandfather's generation. Now, when people talk about Riverdale's elite, no one even remembers that the Rowse family was once a force to be reckoned with in the city.

Yolanda had also reviewed the bids from Henderson Group and its competitors, and she found that Henderson Group's proposal was more reasonable in terms of both the plan and the cost. Now that the project had been snagged by someone else, she suspected that, in addition to the renowned painting, the other party had promised Blake a hefty kickback.

As soon as Yolanda walked into the Doxcon Group, the receptionist looked at her with a hint of disdain.

Noting Yolanda's unattractive appearance and shabby clothes, she mistook her for a beggar, who had come to seek alms. She immediately yelled, "What are you doing here? This is private property!"

Yolanda got straight to the point. "I'm here to see your general manager, Mr. Blake Rowse."

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The receptionist sneered, "Oh, you're here to see our general manager? He's a very busy man. He's not going to see you unless you've got an appointment!"

"I'm a representative from Henderson Group," Yolanda said, pulling out Harold's business card and a project contract bearing Henderson Group's seal. She had slipped this contract out of his briefcase earlier that morning while he wasn't looking.

"Henderson Group?" The receptionist accepted the card and contract and eyed them skeptically.

While she couldn't spot anything amiss, she found it hard to believe that Henderson Group would send someone so young and shabby-looking to negotiate a deal.

The receptionist gazed at her apathetically. "I had no idea Henderson Group hired children."

"I'm Yolanda Henderson, daughter of Henderson Group's president. I'm here to see your general manager on behalf of my father, and I have something for him that he'll find very interesting."

The receptionist looked Yolanda up and down again, her doubt evident. She still couldn't believe that the daughter of a listed company's president would dress so plainly. Even though she had her doubts, she decided to call the general manager's office since the contract seemed legitimate.

After a moment, she set down the phone and told Yolanda, "Mr. Rowse's office is on the 15th floor; you can just take the elevator up on your own."

Had it been another guest, the receptionist would've offered to escort them. However, Yolanda's unassuming appearance and attire did not suggest she was from an affluent family, so even though she claimed to be the daughter of Henderson Group's president, the receptionist didn't take her seriously. Yolanda didn't let the receptionist's attitude bother her. She simply took the elevator to the 15th floor and found Blake's office at the end of the corridor. Pushing open the door, she was met with the sight of a man in a suit, smoking a cigarette and lounging with his feet up on the desk.

It was worth noting that Blake's rise to the position of general manager at Doxcon Group was largely due to his connections in the underworld. His extensive network helped him manage various factions in Downair when the group was developing projects, resolving numerous issues along the way.

Blake heard the door creak open, took the cigarette out of his mouth, and stubbed it out in the ashtray. He narrowed his eyes as he assessed Yolanda. "So, you're Harold Henderson's daughter?"

Yolanda shut the door and walked purposefully to the desk. "That's right. I'm here to strike a deal with you."

"A deal?" Blake scoffed. "What could you possibly offer me?"

He regarded Yolanda as nothing more than an unworldly high school student. He had already turned Harold down the day before and had no intention of handing the project over to the Henderson family. He had only let her up to warn her to stop pestering him. "I've gone through the other company's proposal, and I have a few questions," she said, pulling out a large stack of documents.

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"I've highlighted a few sections. You'll see what I mean when you get to those parts," Yolanda continued.

Blake took the proposal, feeling taken aback. He wore a frigid expression.

He skimmed through it before closing it and tossing it in the trash can next to his desk. "I'm not sure I follow. If you want to know more about the proposal, you should talk to the tech team at Henderson Group."

Yolanda sneered, "Oh? Alright, let me break it down for you. The prices in this bid look good on the surface, but if you cross-reference them with the latest industry standards, you'll see that a lot of the parts listed are out of date. I find it hard to believe that the general manager of Doxcon Group would miss such details during the bidding process.

"So, the real reason you chose this company was because they promised you a hefty kickback. And your so-called love for famous paintings? That was just a story you made up to deceive my father!"

Blake's expression hardened as he listened to Yolanda. "Well, aren't you brave for your age? Do you know that with just what you've said, I could sue you for defamation? Anyway, I don't have time for your nonsense. I won't pursue any charges if you get out of here right now!"

He still didn't take Yolanda seriously. He figured Harold had sent his daughter to voice these allegations to avoid direct conflict. However, Yolanda was merely a high school student-one he could scare off with a bit of bluster and a few empty promises about potential future collaborations.

"Do you honestly think I'd come here without any evidence?" Yolanda was unfazed when she realized he wasn't taking her seriously. Instead, she took out another sheet of paper and placed it on his desk. "Here, take a look at this."

"Look, kids should stick to what they do and stay out of adults' affairs. I advise you not to meddle in business matters!" He was about to crumple the paper and throw it in the trash, but when he glanced at the contents, his eyes widened in shock.

Then, he abruptly grasped the paper, rose from his seat, and demanded, "Where did you get this from? Tell me, right this instant!"

Looking at his fierce expression, Yolanda wasn't the slightest bit afraid. Instead, she found it amusing. "I'm sure you know what you've been up to better than I do."

The sheet of paper was a bank statement for Blake's account, detailing transactions from the past month. If this became public, it would blow the lid off his kickback scheme.

"This is ridiculous! I have no idea what you're talking about!" Blake roared, tearing the statement into shreds. "You'd better keep your mouth shut, or—"

Yolanda chuckled. "Or what? What's the worst you could do? Kill me?"

She found his threats as nothing more than a worn-out cliché from old crime films. She could easily dig up Blake's dirt with just a few keystrokes. Not only could she access his transaction records, but she could also track his call logs and driving routes with ease. Should this information become public, Doxcon Group would definitely launch an investigation.

If other factions within the company who disliked him were to get hold of this information, it might draw the attention of the commercial crime investigation unit, potentially turning it into a criminal case. If that happened, what awaited him would be a lengthy prison term.

It was obvious that he was growing anxious, and his inability to keep his cool made Yolanda realize that his position at Doxcon Group wasn't as unassailable as he assumed.

"Don't make me resort to drastic measures!" His gaze hardened with a dangerous edge. While murder was out of the question, he had no qualms about having someone rough up Yolanda to shut her up.

"I'm giving you one last chance," he declared, leaning over the desk with his hands planted firmly on it, his eyes locked onto Yolanda. "Tell me where you got those transaction records and hand over the original document!"

Yolanda tilted her head, and the amusement in her eyes dimmed noticeably. "It looks like you still don't understand the situation you're in. You're not in a position to make demands. You have to do as I say."

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