

# Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

## Chapter 51

Blake scoffed. "Very well, let's see how long you can keep that up!" Having said that, he picked up his phone and barked into it, "Send two security guards up!" Soon, two uniformed security guards rushed in. "Mr. Rowse!"

Blake pointed at Yolanda. "Lock her up in the basement. If anyone asks, tell them she's a troublemaker! And don't you dare let her out without my permission!" "Understood!" the guards responded promptly.

Blake had already come up with a plan. He would take Yolanda hostage and use her as a bargaining chip to negotiate with Harold.

He was certain a high school kid couldn't have gotten their hands on these transaction records. Yolanda's visit must've been Harold's idea, he surmised. Hence, he'd imprison Yolanda first and then settle the score with Harold.

The two guards closed in on Yolanda. Both of them hadn't even considered that she would put up a fight. After all, even if she tried her best to resist, she wouldn't stand a chance against them.

However, just as one of the guards was about to touch Yolanda, she swiftly took hold of his hand. In the blink of an eye, a sharp crack echoed through the room as Yolanda broke the guard's arm.

The guard screamed, as he hadn't expected Yolanda to be so strong. He hadn't seen it coming and was defenseless against it.

"You asked for it!" the other guard roared, raising his hand to strike Yolanda. But before he could land a blow, she kicked him hard, sending him crashing into the office door. The guard grunted before passing out.

Blake stared at Yolanda in disbelief. How was this possible? How could a girl possess such terrifying strength?

As soon as he snapped out of his shock, he grabbed his phone and yelled, "I need all the security guards we have here, right now!"

In no time, seven or eight more guards burst into the room.

"Get her!" Blake's face contorted in anger.

"Yes, sir!" The guards charged at Yolanda. Yet, these guards, who could usually take on multiple opponents at once, were completely outmatched by her.

"Useless bastards!" Blake cursed as he watched his men fall once more.

Yolanda shook her wrists and stretched her sore limbs.

"Feel free to call for more people." Her current state was a far cry from her former self, which made it impossible for her to fight at her best.

It was probably for the best, though-if she had been able to tap into her full strength, she would've demolished the office.

Refusing to admit defeat, Blake called in another dozen guards. Yet, the outcome was no different all of them were defeated by Yolanda with ease. He stood frozen behind his desk, unable to believe that Yolanda could single-handedly take on Doxcon Group's entire security team. His pride was in tatters as he watched his own men get thoroughly wrecked by a teenage girl on his own turf.

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## Chapter 52

"Damn it!" Blake cursed, blinded by rage. The transaction records were the last thing on his mind. All he could think about now was teaching Yolanda a lesson so she'd think twice before acting so arrogantly in front of him.

In a fit of rage, he pulled out a dagger from his desk drawer and lunged at Yolanda. He had once been entrenched in the underworld, so he was no stranger to a fight. He doubted that a high school student could possibly outrun the dagger in his grasp. However, before he could drive the dagger into Yolanda, his wrist was struck by something she hurled. The dagger hit the ground with a sharp, metallic sound. Blake was about to reach for another knife in a different drawer when Yolanda's hand closed around his wrist with a vice-like grip.

"Wha-" he trashed violently, using every bit of his strength to break free, yet her hand remained firmly locked around his wrist. Then came a bone-jarring crack as his wrist was snapped.

Blake let out a guttural, agonizing scream.

As soon as she let go, he stumbled backward several steps, crashing into the desk behind him. The security guards who had fallen to the ground witnessed this chilling scene unfold in stunned silence, holding their breath and not daring to make a sound. "H-How dare you cause a scene on my territory?" Blake roared, despite the pain making him break into a cold sweat, as he had never felt so humiliated before.

Yolanda chuckled before stepping forward and kicking him to the ground. "I'm dying to see how you're going to teach me a lesson," she taunted, stepping on his chest.

The crushing pressure on his chest

made it almost impossible for him to move or breathe. He croaked out, "Let... let go of me..." His pupils dilated in horror as, in the blink of an eye, he noticed that the dagger he had intended to use against Yolanda was now in her hand.

While keeping her foot pressed down on Blake, she casually twirled the dagger in her hand. Yolanda took in the growing terror on his face and let a cold smile spread across her lips.

A heartbeat later, the dagger rapidly

loomed larger in his vision.

Instinctively, he shut his eyes tight The crisp sound of marble

shattering rang in his ears. Blak net

stiffly turned his head and found the

dagger lodged right beside his ear.

He couldn't believe that Yolanda had managed to drive the dagger into the marble floor with her bare hands. He inhaled sharply, and in an instant, a thin layer of cold sweat formed on his forehead.

He slowly turned his gaze to Yolanda and noticed that this plain-looking girl's pitch-black pupils were gleaming with a profound and unsettling coldness.

As soon as their gazes met, he was overwhelmed with a chilling sense of impending doom. It felt as if all the blood in his body had turned cold in an instant.

He stopped struggling, and his fierce expression was instantly replaced with fear. At that moment, he felt as fearful as a bird caught in a snare.

He parted his lips, his voice trembling. "I-I'm sorry... I was wrong! I-I'll give you the project in the south of the city! I'll agree to whatever you demand-just please, spare me and keep the transaction records under wraps!"

At this point, he realized he was

completely at Yolanda's mercy. He

couldn't match her in a fight, and she had the upper hand with the evidence she held. Plus, they were at the company. If things were to escalate and the board members were to get involved, he would be done for.

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## Chapter 53

"So, you're finally ready to do business with me?" Yolanda asked, pleased as she lifted her foot from Blake's chest. Then, she turned around and sat on the couch next to the desk. "Have the project contract drafted and ready for me to review within half an hour." "Yes, of course..." Blake scrambled to his feet and swiftly made a phone call. Half an hour later, the project manager knocked on Blake's office door with the contract in hand. As soon as he walked in, he was struck dumb by the scene before him. Blake, battered and bruised, cowered behind his desk like a cornered bear. Meanwhile, a chubby girl in sportswear sat across from him on the couch, sipping juice with one hand while flipping through a financial magazine with the other. The manager soon snapped out of it. "Mr. Rowse, here's the contract you requested." He anxiously approached Blake and placed the contract on the desk respectfully.

"Alright, you can go now," Blake said brusquely, waving his hand dismissively. He felt humiliated to be seen in such a sorry state by his subordinate.

Before leaving, the manager couldn't help but take one last look at Yolanda, wondering who she was.

Yolanda, ignoring his scrutiny, waited until he was gone before closing her magazine and placing the juice on Blake's desk.

"Here's the contract, Ms. Henderson," Blake said with a smile, handing her the document respectfully.

Yolanda accepted the contract and shot him a cold look. "Don't bother attempting to send someone after me. If what you've done becomes public, you'll be the one losing your job at Doxcon Group."

Blake stiffened as her words sank in. Had she caught him secretly reaching out for help? Impossible! He had been so discreet-there was no way she would have noticed.

Having made it to his current

position, he was used to navigating through tough situations. He soon regained his composure and smiled at Yolanda. "How could I possibly do that I'm genuinely sorry for what I've done."

Looking at Yolanda, Blake was filled with a fear he had never experienced before. In that moment, he completely squashed the thought of doing anything to harm her.

For someone of his means, losing

the general manager position wouldn't be the end of the world for him. However, if his bribery scandal was exposed, he would make an enemy of the chairman of Doxcon Group-and his own life would be at stake.

Ignoring him, Yolanda turned her attention to the contract. Once she confirmed that everything was in order, she told Blake, "I'm looking forward to working with you."

Then, she took one more look at him

and said, should warn you that

your liver is failing from all that

drinking. You should go to a hospital for a checkup as soon as possible."

From the look in his eyes, she could tell he wouldn't dare to cross her anymore. That meant he could be of use to her down the line. So, it would be a shame to see him go so soon. Blake was taken aback. "Are you a doctor?"

However, he soon brushed it off. "I appreciate it, Ms. Henderson, but I'm a picture of health. I doubt I'm falling ill anytime soon!"

Yolanda didn't want to argue with him. Before leaving, she handed him a wax-sealed pill. "This is a painkiller. You'll be needing it." Then, with the contract in hand, she left his office.

"A painkiller?" Blake took a good look at the pill before tossing it into the bin. "As if I'd fall for that!"

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## Chapter 54

Blake threw away the pill and stared at his reflection in the mirror for a while. He tried to hide the bruise on his forehead with his bangs. Then, he put bandages on the areas he couldn't cover.

He had a social gathering that night. When he arrived at the restaurant and someone asked about the injuries on his face, he came up with an excuse and hastily changed the subject.

Before long, everyone was chatting and clinking glasses. "Blake, you don't look so good today," someone said.

Another person chimed in, "Yeah, you've been attending a lot of social gatherings lately. Maybe you should see a doctor soon."

"I'm perfectly fine! It's probably because I haven't been sleeping well the last few days. It's no big deal!" Blake insisted, pouring himself another glass of wine. However, as he lifted his glass, he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his chest. Everyone around him noticed something was amiss and asked with concern, "Are you alright, Blake?"

"I'm..." Blake couldn't articulate further. In the blink of an eye, everything went black, and he passed out.

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When Yolanda walked into the Henderson residence, Harold, Diana, and Yvonne were having dinner in the dining room.

Harold's brows furrowed as soon as he saw her. "School's about to start, and yet you're still not hitting the books. You're out all the time, and you're only home for dinner. Do you think our house is just a hotel for you?" Harold had been in a bad mood all day after losing the Doxcon Group project, and everything was getting on his nerves. So, when he saw Yolanda, he took it out on her. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Come, join us for dinner." Surprisingly, Diana had the housekeeper set out utensils for Yolanda without making a fuss.

Yvonne noticed the shift in Diana's attitude and discreetly pursed her lips. "Dad, Yolanda must've had something important to take care of. Please don't hold it against her she said sweetly, serving some dishes to Harold and Diana like the perfect daughter she was.

Yolanda watched Yvonne's inept performance with a cold gaze. Without saying a thing, she pulled out a chair and sat next to her. Rather than easing the tension, Yvonne's words only made things worse. Harold's expression hardened. "What could she possibly be up to that's so important? She's always goofing around, all she cares about is having fun!

"Why can't you be more like Yvonne? After learning that our company lost a big project, she stayed up all night to draft a proposal for me! Meanwhile, all you do is add to my problems. What good could you do?" Yvonne's proposal, though rough around the edges, showed she genuinely wanted to help.

Yolanda, on the other hand, acted as if it was none of her business. The more he thought about it, the more frustrated he was with Yolanda. "I'm not getting any younger, and the company is going to be yours and your sister's one day. With your attitude, how can I trust you to work there?"

"Dad, Yolanda's still young. It's only natural for her to want to have fun," Yvonne interjected. "I'll work hard and strive to help manage the company as soon as possible!"

"Oh, Yvonne, you're just too thoughtful! If only Yolanda could be more like you, I'd be grinning in my sleep!"

Without uttering a word, Yolanda pulled out the contract she had brought from Doxcon Group and placed it on the table. She then lifted her gaze and said apathetically, "Here, take a look at this."

"What's this?" Harold asked with a frown, perusing the contract. Soon, his expression changed drastically. "Where'd you get this from?"

"I'm sure you can see the seal on the contract, no?" Yolanda responded indifferently. "Doxcon Group has given the project to us."

"That's impossible!" Harold

exclaimed. Having negotiated with

Blake, he was well aware of how

firm his stance was. Plus, he

couldn't even change his mind with Simon's paintings. So, it was

obvious there was no room for

negotiation.

## Chapter 55

It had only been 24 hours. How could Blake possibly change his mind?

Besides, even if Blake wanted to work with them, there was no way he'd talk to Yolanda, a high school student who didn't know a thing about business.

"Did you forge this contract?" Harold questioned Yolanda icily.

Before she could respond, he roared, "I know you want to prove yourself at home, but this isn't the way to do it! I can't believe you'd forge contracts at your age! Don't you know it's a crime? If I call the cops, you'll be sent right back to the juvenile detention center!" Meanwhile, Yvonne, sitting across from Harold, tried to hide the smile tugging at the corner of her lips.

With a disapproving frown, she patiently advised Yolanda, "How could you do something like this, Yolanda? You'd ruin the company's reputation! Dad merely criticized you a little yesterday. You didn't need to go as far as forging a contract to prove yourself!" Harold shot Yolanda a withering look. "I guess I wasn't off the mark when I said she's brainless!"

"Yolanda, did you really forge that contract?" Diana, who had begun to have a slightly better impression of Yolanda, began to waver when she saw her pull out a contract with Doxcon Group.

Diana didn't believe Yolanda could secure a contract that Harold couldn't even land. Besides, she'd just been released from the juvenile detention center a few days ago and knew nothing about Henderson Group's operations. There was no way she could've persuaded the general manager of Doxcon Group.

With these thoughts in mind, Diana's gaze toward Yolanda grew colder. "I genuinely thought you had changed for the better... I can't believe you'd pull something like this. I'm so disappointed in you."

"Hurry up and apologize to Dad, Yolanda. You're clearly in the wrong here!" Yvonne chimed in.

"Yvonne's right," Diana said sternly. "You need to apologize to your father, Yolanda."

Meanwhile, Harold, who was going over the contract, didn't say a word.



Gradually, his expression chalet

After going through the whole

contract, he couldn't spot any signs of forgery. Even Doxcon Group's seat on the last page seemed legit.

He couldn't help but wonder if this contract was legitimate. Harold, still skeptical, delved deeper into the fine print.

Yvonne, on the other hand, continued to pretend as if she was looking out for Yolanda. "Why aren't you apologizing? Do you really want to upset Dad?"

Yolanda looked at Yvonne coldly. "I didn't forge the contract, so why should I apologize?"

"Y-You didn't forge the contract?" Yvonne's eyes widened with disbelief. "There's no point in being stubborn.

You're only making me, Dad, and Mom more disappointed in you!"

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Then, she turned to Harold and said, "I think you should handle this situation, Dad. Since she won't up to her mistake, I'm not going to ask for leniency on her behalf!"

However, as she said that, a sense

of schadenfreude filled her heart Yvonne couldn't believe that Yolanda had gone as far as to forge a contract just to gain their parents'

favor.

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Initially, she had thought Yolanda had become more astute and could potentially threaten her standing in the family. However, now she realized she had overestimated her.

"Honey, I know Yolanda can be a handful, but please don't let her upset you. Let's just eat first!" Diana said, reaching for the contract in Harold's hand.

"Why are you so focused on this forged contract? Just tear it up and throw it away! We can't let anyone else find out about this. It's humiliating!" "Don't touch it..." Harold refused to let go of the contract.

He stared at the seal for a while before saying stiffly, "This contract... It's legitimate."

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## Chapter 56

"What did you just say?" Diana and Yvonne exclaimed in unison.

How could that be possible?

Both of them knew exactly what Yolanda was capable of, and there was no way she could have secured the contract with Doxcon Group.

Yvonne, in particular, sprang from her seat and hurried over to Harold, straining to read the details of the contract. Even Harold, who had confirmed the contract was legitimate, found it hard to believe.

"There's no doubt about it. This contract is legitimate," he said solemnly. Then, he looked at Yolanda and demanded, "Be honest. How'd you manage to secure this contract?"

Yolanda looked at him impassively and explained, "I took the proposal you left in the living room and went to see the general manager of Doxcon Group. He found our company's idea innovative, so he changed his mind."

Anyone with any work experience at all would find her story dubious. However, that was beside the point. All she needed was a plausible excuse. Whether Harold bought it or not was out of her hands.

Even if Harold were to ask Blake...

Blake would never admit to being blackmailed by her over the kickbacks, so he'd have no choice but to go along with her story.

Harold fell silent after hearing that. He had a feeling there was more to the story, yet Yolanda clearly had no intention of elaborating, so there was no point in pressing her

further. Perhaps because everything felt unreal, Harold couldn't feel a shred of joy despite securing the project.

"Dad, are you sure you've checked it thoroughly? Maybe it's so well-forged that you missed it!" Yvonne pressed, still unwilling to let it go.

"Do you really think I can't distinguish between a legitimate contract and a forged one?" Harold snapped.

He had been irritated to begin with, and Yvonne's relentless doubts about the contract were draining what little patience he had left.

"If you don't believe me, you can just call Blake and ask for confirmation," Yolanda said nonchalantly, looking at Harold.

After hearing that, Harold's eyes lit

up. He immediately turned around and went back to the living room to get his phone. After a while, he returned to the dining room with a genuine smile on his face.

"It seems I've misjudged you, Yolanda. Mr. Rowse said you explained the project methods in great detail and with impressive clarity. But you've never been

labeled

exposed to the company's business

before. How'd you become so knowledgeable about it?"

Blake's unexpectedly positive attitude during the call took Harold by surprise. Consequently, his impression of Yolanda had improved a lot. "There's a library in the juvenile detention center where I could borrow books. I spent most of my time there studying," Yolanda responded quietly.

After hearing her explanation, Harold didn't press the matter further. After all, he couldn't care less about how Yolanda had acquired her business knowledge. All that mattered to him was that she had secured the project for him.

"That's impressive! It looks like you really have come a long way. I hope you won't let yourself become complacent again. Once school starts, be sure to focus on your studies and work hard."

Out of the corner of her eye, Yolanda noticed Yvonne's increasingly dark expression and couldn't help but curl her lips slightly. "Of course I will."

Yvonne's face contorted in anger as her words sank in. However, she soon lowered her head and attempted to hide her frustration by drinking her soup.

Yolanda watched her every subtle movement with keen interest.

Was that all it took to unsettle her?

However, Yolanda was just getting started.

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In the blink of an eye, it was the first day of school. Early in the morning, Yolanda and Yvonne set out together.

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## Chapter 57

As soon as Yvonne stepped out of the Henderson residence, she quickened her pace and went in a different direction, parting ways with Yolanda.

She believed that Yolanda must have used some underhanded tactics to deceive Mr. Coleman. Otherwise, with Yolanda's abilities, she would never have gotten into First Academy.

It was the first day of school, and Yvonne was adamant about keeping her distance from Yolanda, whom she considered beneath her. She didn't want anything to ruin her day.

Yvonne's actions played right into Yolanda's plan. Yolanda, guided by her GPS, made her way to First Academy.

It was the first day of school, and lots of students had shown up early. As soon as Yolanda set foot on campus, she became the center of attention.

"Woah, look at that fat girl over there! She looks awful..."

"Oh my God, what the heck is that crap on her face? It's disgusting!"

"How did someone like her even get into First Academy?"

"She's not actually a student here, is she?"

"I can't believe our school would take in someone like that. It'll ruin our school's reputation!"

The students made no attempt to hide their disdain for Yolanda's appearance. Even though they were reluctant to be near her, they stood close enough to gossip about her, showing no regard for the fact that their disparaging remarks were clearly audible to Yolanda. Ever since her rebirth, Yolanda had been so used to being criticized for her looks that she couldn't be bothered to waste her breath on these people who felt good about putting others down.

Yolanda was about to head toward the classroom building when someone suddenly stood in her way. "Well, well, well, if it isn't Yolanda Henderson! I didn't expect you to be out of the juvenile detention center so soon!"

Yolanda looked up and found a girl in a pink dress with small eyes standing before her. A quick scan through the memories of the original Yolanda revealed that this was Rachel Smith, an old classmate from junior high school who always had it out for the original Yolanda. Rachel would often rally up other girls to bully the original Yolanda, and it seemed like she hadn't changed a bit after all this time.

"Time sure flies. I never imagined you'd look even uglier than before you went to the juvenile detention center. Now, you're so ugly it's almost sickening!" With an air of superiority, Rachel stood before Yolanda, deliberately emphasizing "juvenile detention center". Her words successfully drew the attention of the surrounding students.

"Did she just say juvenile detention center?"

"Seriously? This hideous creature has actually been to the juvenile detention center?"

"How'd the school even accept someone like her?"

"Trash like her doesn't belong in First Academy!"

The students' voices grew louder. Rachel looked at Yolanda with a triumphant smile and continued to taunt her, "Did you hear that? People like you don't belong here. If you know what's good for you, drop out!"

"That's right! You're not welcome here! Get lost!"

Initially, the students looked down on Yolanda because of her appearance. However, when they learned she'd been to a juvenile detention center, they felt her presence at First Academy was a

direct insult to students like her,

who came from affluent families and excelled academically.

The crowd was now in an uproar, eager to drive Yolanda out of the academy.

While Yolanda was being subjected to a barrage of verbal abuse, Yvonne walked into the academy. It didn't take long for her to spot Yolanda and Rachel standing right in front of her.

Yvonne was well aware of Rachel's

disdain for Yolanda, and now that Rachel was spilling all of Yolanda's dirty secrets in public, she blended into the crowd to watch the O spectacle unfold.

"Get out of here, you eyesore!"

"What's with that look on your face? How dare you show us this attitude?"

"Our school doesn't welcome trash like you who've been to a juvenile detention center!"

Hidden in the crowd, Yvonne reveled in the public humiliation of Yolanda.

"What's all the commotion about?" Just then, a stern voice cut through the heated argument.

"Mr. Coleman!"

"Mr. Coleman!"

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## Chapter 58

As soon as Harvey walked into view, the students straightened up and greeted him respectfully.

The girl who had been the most vocal tried to explain, "Mr. Coleman, we—"

However, before she could get a word in, Harvey cut her off. "I heard you loud and clear! So, you wanted her out of First Academy?"

He walked up to the girl. "Since when did you get to call the shots here?"

The girl, who had been so brash a moment ago, shrank under the headmaster's intimidating gaze, too scared to speak.

Harvey's gaze swept across the rest of the students, cold and unforgiving.

"I can't believe you're all ganging up on a fellow student on the very first day of school! Do you think this is the standard of conduct at First Academy? If anyone is unworthy of being here, it's not Yolanda-it's each and every one of you standing here!" Harvey then pointed to a random boy and asked, "Tell me, what's the first line of our motto?"

"It's... unity and friendship," the boy answered nervously. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Have you upheld that?" Harvey's cold voice made the students shrink back in fear.

Then, he pointed at several students and said, "You, you, and you-clean the bathrooms for a week after school and hand in a written apology to my office. Any objections?"

"No..." The students were too intimidated by Harvey to speak up, let alone object.

Harvey's eyes roamed over the silent students until they landed on Yvonne in the crowd. His expression hardened in an instant. "And you! can understand why the others joined in the commotion, but can't believe you. As Yolanda's younger sister, you just stood there and enjoyed the show!"

He had always seen Yvonne as a model student. He couldn't believe that the student he held in such high regard would stand by while her sister was being publicly humiliated.

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Yvonne's face lost all its color as she scrambled to explain, "Mr. Coleman, I—"

However, before she could say a word, he cut her off. "Save it. You're going to clean the restrooms after school, just like the rest of them!"

With that, he walked straight up to Yolanda. "Come with me, Yolanda. I'll show you around the campus."

The students gasped, jerking their heads up as the headmaster's words sank in.

How could Yolanda, of all people, be given a personal tour of the campus by Harvey? Even the top students of the year didn't receive such special treatment.

With all eyes on them, Harvey and

Yolanda walked toward the classroom building. It took a moment for the people standing there to process what had just happened. en FindNovel

"Why's Mr. Coleman being so nice to her?"

"That hideous thing's been in juvie and has a criminal record! Plus, she was always the bottom-of-the-barrel student in junior high. Who does she think she is?"

"I can't believe a good-for-nothing like her is going to First Academy. What a joke!"

## Chapter 59

Rachel was also one of the students who had to clean the restrooms. Her eyes burned with resentment and jealousy as she glared at Yolanda's retreating figure. "It's so obvious that she's got connections. Otherwise, Mr. Coleman wouldn't be treating her like this!" Realization dawned on everyone as Rachel's words sank in. Then, their anger intensified. "I can't believe she used connections to get in. She's so shameless!"

"Who does she think she is? She ought to take a good look at herself and realize what a joke she is!"

A sly smile crept onto Rachel's face as she watched the crowd's anger grow. Then, she gathered the students who were also stuck with toilet-cleaning duty.

"Let's find a way to teach that loser a lesson. I want her to see that she can't just act all superior because she has Mr. Coleman backing her up! Here's the plan. After school, we corner her and..."

Rachel's plan instantly wiped away Yvonne's resentment over being reprimanded by Harvey and punished with toilet-cleaning duty on the very first day of school.

Yolanda was trash and should know her place. She would soon realize that First Academy was out of her league.

Then, Yvonne glanced at the main entrance of the classroom building and suddenly recalled that Yolanda hadn't been assigned to a class yet. Promptly, she slipped away from the crowd and made a beeline for the building.

After entering the classroom building, she noticed that Harvey and Yolanda had finished their tour on the first floor and were starting up the stairs. Pretending to head back to her classroom, she quietly followed behind them.

After reaching the second floor, Harvey and Yolanda walked straight down the corridor to the classroom at the end. When Yvonne saw them stop at that classroom, her eyes



widened in surprise. That classroom was Class A, the most prestigious class at First Academy.

It was safe to say that Class A was given the best resources the school had to offer, along with all the opportunities to represent the school in competitions and priority for recommendations to prestigious universities.

At that moment, Yvonne stared

daggers at Yolanda, her jealousy

reaching a fever pitch. She had sacrificed countless nights of sleep before the exams and had devoted herself to mastering piano and traditional painting to earn additional points. Yet, all her hard work had only earned her a spot in Class C.

Yolanda, on the other hand, had effortlessly deceived her way into Harvey's good graces and was now brazenly placed in Class A after being released from the juvenile detention center. How was this fair? How could that piece of trash be in Class A?

Yvonne's face flushed with anger. However, she quickly pulled herself together and pulled out her phone. Then, she texted her friend, Tina Beck, who was in Class A.

Meanwhile, Clara Bennett, the homeroom teacher of Class A, followed the principal's orders and escorted Yolanda into the classroom.

She clapped her hands twice to get everyone's attention and announced, "Everyone, quiet down! I'd like you all to meet our new classmate, Yolanda Henderson. She'll be joining us for the rest of high school, so let's all give her a warm welcome!"

The students in Class A who were studying looked at Yolanda with disinterest. A few looked at Yolanda with visible distaste because of her appearance, while most simply glanced her way before diving back into their test papers. After all, Class A was the best class in First Academy, and the pressure from the frequent changes in the roster made its atmosphere notably heavier than in other classes.

It was the first day of school, and the

baseline test was just around the corner, so most of the students were using every last minute to cram. Consequently, after Clara introduced Yolanda, the applause in the classroom was sparse and short-lived.

"Yolanda, go ahead and sit in the back row by the window," Clara said, used to the students' indifference. After assigning Yolanda her seat, she went to break the seal on the envelope with the test papers inside. Just then, Tina, who was seated in the middle of the classroom, piped up. "Ms. Bennett, I have a question!"

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## Chapter 60

Caught off guard, Clara stopped what she was doing. "Yes, Tina?"

"This class is supposed to be for the top 50 students in the whole academy, isn't it?"

"Yes, that is correct. Why do you ask?" Clara responded, puzzled.

"Then, how did she even get in here? I know her. She was consistently at the bottom of her class in junior high school and was eventually sent to the juvenile detention center for repeated misbehavior. I'd just like to know why a student with a juvenile record is allowed to be here to receive the same education as the rest of us, who are all so talented."

As Tina's words echoed through the classroom, everyone looked up in shock. Clara was equally taken aback. "Wait, what? She was sent to a juvenile detention center?"

Clara immediately looked at Yolanda, who had already taken her seat in the back row, and asked, "Yolanda, is what Tina just said true?"

"It's true. I did go to a juvenile detention center," Yolanda admitted candidly.

It was the truth, and she had nothing to hide. Besides, it wouldn't be long before Yvonne spread an embellished version of the story throughout First Academy, so there was no use denying it.

"She's admitted it! Ms. Bennett, do you really think someone like her deserves to be in Class A?" Tiana questioned pointedly.

The rest of the students in class looked at Yolanda with disdain. Initially, they had been indifferent to Yolanda because they didn't know her. Now, having heard about her consistently poor grades and her time in juvenile detention, they felt that having her in Class A was an insult to their hard work.

"Ms. Bennett, how did someone like her end up in our class?"

"She's clearly not qualified for our school. She must've pulled some strings to get in!"

"Why was Yolanda assigned to our class, Ms. Bennett?"

Clara stood at the front of the classroom, dumbfounded. Harvey had only dropped Yolanda off without filling her in on her history. Now that she had learned about Yolanda's poor grades and her time in juvenile detention, she couldn't help but think that Harvey was out of line.

However, who was she to question the headmaster's decision?

Clara had no choice but to intervene as the students were getting rowdy, and the class was getting out of control. "Settle down! We're about to start the test, so let's maintain some order!" "Don't skirt around the issue, Ms. Bennett. Answer our questions!"

"Exactly, the test can wait! It never takes us that long to finish anyway, and we always turn in our papers early." The honors students were confident, brushing off Clara's attempt to silence them. "Well..." Clara looked at Yolanda, silently hoping she would come forward and address the issue herself.

However, the students' anger intensified when she failed to reach an immediate decision.

"Looks like she must have pulled strings to get in! Why else would Ms. Bennett remain silent?"

"Get her out of Class A!"

"She doesn't deserve to be in the same classroom as us!"

Tiana smirked at their outrage. "Ms. Bennett, to allow this waste of space to stay in Class A is a direct affront to the rest of us! If the school insists on covering for a student with a juvenile record, we'll have to look into transferring to another class for the sake of our future."

"That's right! If Yolanda's here, we're all switching to another class!"

The color drained from Clara's face in an instant when she heard that. Class A was her golden egg, and as its homeroom teacher, she had been enjoying all the benefits. However, if the students decided to switch classes, she would have to forfeit those benefits and accolades to someone else.

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