

Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

Chapter 61

Clara was starting to panic. "Hold on, let me check with Mr. Coleman first..."

Clara was about to seek Harvey out when Yolanda abruptly rose from her seat. Yolanda looked at Tina and asked, "Your name is Tina, right? Do you want to make a bet with me?" "A bet?" Tina scoffed. "Why would I bother betting with someone like you?"

"I know you're against me being in Class A because of my poor grades. But what if I ace the entrance exam and come out on top of the entire grade? What will you have to say then?" "Top of the grade? You?" Tina's face revealed her disbelief at Yolanda's bold claim.

The other students couldn't help but look at Yolanda with disdain. "You, a junior high school dropout, dare to say you're going to be at the top of the grade at First Academy? Who are you trying to fool?" Naturally, Clara wasn't buying Yolanda's claims either.

"I'll need to talk this over with Mr. Coleman before we proceed, Yolanda. For now, please sit down," she said, glaring at her.

Yolanda glanced at Clara apathetically before continuing, "Should I fail to secure first place, I'll leave the school. However, if I do come out on top, Tina, you'll be my underling and have to obey my orders until you graduate from First Academy."

With that, she looked at Tina with a provocative smile. "Well, what do you think? Are you game for a bet or not?"

"Of course I am!" Tina was enraged by Yolanda's nonchalant demeanor. If she didn't dare to accept such a sure-win bet, she wouldn't be able to hold her head up in front of her classmates.

"I'm game for the bet!" Tina pondered for a moment before adding a twist, "But if you don't come out on top, you'll have to get on your knees and apologize to everyone in Class A. After all, every second you've spent here before the test has been a blight on our class." The other students enthusiastically rallied behind Tina. "That's right, you have to get on her knees and apologize to us before you leave First Academy."

"Fine by me," Yolanda responded indifferently.

After hearing that, Clara smiled. "Since you're going through with this bet, I'll be the one to oversee it."

Should Yolanda not make first place, she could simply remove Yolanda from her class without offending Harvey Conversely, if Yolanda did come out on top, her class would gain

Clar Valuable asset. Either way,

saw it as a win for her.

With that, she resumed her serious demeanor. "Let's start the test now. No more talking among yourselves."

Clara started handing out the test papers, and the classroom fell silent.

As the test commenced, the students seated around Yolanda kept a close eye on her every move while working on their own papers They were certain that, as long as Yolanda didn't cheat, she wouldn't be able to secure the top spot in the grade. To prevent Yolanda from cheating, they checked on her almost every few minutes.

Yolanda, on the other hand, didn't spare a glance for anyone around her. She was too busy answering the questions. The entrance exam for First Academy turned out to be easier than she had anticipated.

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Initially, she had expected the entrance exam to be difficult since First Academy was the best academy in Riverdale. However, she found its ease to be disappointing.

While answering the questions, Tina also turned around to look at Yolanda. When she noticed her scribbling away, the scorn and disdain on her face deepened.

It was pathetic according to Tina. Yolanda clearly didn't know anything, yet she tried to cover it up by scribbling on the paper. Did she actually think that would secure her the top spot? Tina couldn't decide whether to admire her nerves or call her stupid.

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Before long, the morning had slipped away. During her lunch break, Yolanda headed over to the student council office.

Often, students were more aware of what was going on at school than the administrators. After all, the student council president, much like an informant in a

clandestine organization, had access to a breadth of information that could surpass even the headmaster's knowledge.

Yolanda wanted to find out whether that person was a student at First Academy as soon as possible, and she knew that the student council could give her an answer more quickly.

When she entered the student council office, she found several members gathered around a long table near the door, eating takeout.

A tall boy sat behind the student council president's desk, lounging with one leg draped over the other. Propping himself up with one hand on the desk, he exuded an air of arrogance, his expression suggesting that he owned the entire student council. The boy, who had been flipping through a campus magazine spread out on the desk, looked up when Yolanda walked in. His brows drew together at the sight of her less-than-pleasant appearance.

Then, he slammed the table and yelled at the student council members who were still eating takeout, "Get her out of here! Do you think just anyone can waltz into the student council office?"

The members of the student council noticed Yolanda as well. They were about to approach and escort her out of the office when Yolanda calmly walked past them and straight up to the arrogant boy. "I told you to get out! Didn't you hear?"

Before he could finish his sentence, Yolanda kicked him out of his seat. He landed on the ground, watching in disbelief as Yolanda took his place behind the desk. His jaw dropped, and he almost forgot about

the pain he felt.

"H-How dare you..." Since becoming the student council president, he had always been treated with the utmost respect by the students in the academy. He had never seen anyone as arrogant as Yolanda. "Andrew Rowse?" Yolanda looked at the student council president's nameplate on the desk, then at the boy still sitting on the ground. "So, you're the student council president?"

Andrew snapped out of his shock and scrambled to his feet. "Who are you? How dare you act so arrogantly here at First Academy? Aren't you afraid of being expelled?"

"I'm Yolanda." Yolanda looked at him apathetically.

"Yolanda? That name sounds oddly familiar..." While Andrew was racking his brain trying to remember who Yolanda was, the other student council members were so taken aback by Yolanda's actions that they forgot about Andrew's order to kick her out and froze in place,

Andrew looked at his dumbfounded underlings and snapped, "Well, what are you all waiting for? Someone's stirring up trouble in the student council office! Aren't you going to inform the disciplinary office?" Yolanda found his defiant yet hesitant demeanor amusing. "It looks like the student council president isn't very well informed. Haven't you heard who welcomed me into the academy this morning?"

"A-Andrew..." One of the council

members seemed to recall

something and suddenly pointed at Yolanda with wide eyes. "She's the girl who was personally escorted to class by Mr. Coleman this morning! Mr. Coleman even punished the students who mocked her by making them clean the toilets after school!"

"Is that so?"

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Andrew merely sneered. "Big deal. I bet you don't know who my father is, do you?"

When he brought up his father, Yolanda didn't respond right away. She was well aware that Blake was his father, but she didn't see the need to play her hand just yet.

"If I don't report this to the school's higher-ups, you'd be facing more than just a disciplinary action!" Andrew mistook her silence as fear.

After hearing that, the other student council members secretly laughed at Yolanda's foolishness for daring to challenge their president. It was especially amusing that she had no idea who Andrew's father was. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so bold as to stir up trouble in the student council office.

Andrew's father was the general manager of Doxcon Group, well-connected with the underground forces in Riverdale, and involved in numerous collaborations with them. If Yolanda had crossed Andrew and gotten him to ask his father for help, she would be in for a lot more trouble than just a school sanction.

"I'll give you 24 hours. You can reach out to anyone you want. But if I'm still around tomorrow, I'll be the new student council president of First Academy, and you'll all be working for me. Deal?" Yolanda sat calmly in Andrew's seat, her demeanor as

composed as ever. "What? You must really have a death wish!" Before Andrew could respond, the other student council members burst into laughter.

"We won't fault you for not knowing Andrew's background, but if you still refuse to apologize after we've warned you, you're clearly asking for trouble."

"Exactly! If Andrew loses his temper, you won't just be kicked out of First Academy. You won't be able to stay in Riverdale either!"

"Hurry up and apologize! Who do you think you are to challenge our president?"

Everyone in the office laughed at Yolanda's overconfidence. No one took her seriously.

"Fine, if that's how you want to play, I'm game!" Andrew glared at Yolanda. "You're in for it now!"

"Show her what happens when you cross the student council, Andrew! Make her grovel and apologize to you in front of the whole academy!"

"Exactly! Since she's got the nerve to stir up trouble in the student council office, she needs to pay the price."

When the other members noticed

the look on Andrew's face, they knew he was definitely going to use his father's connections, and they couldn't help but look forward to the moment when Yolanda would be on her knees, crying and begging for mercy.

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Having accomplished what she set out to do, Yolanda promptly left and returned to Class A. The entrance exam test results weren't out yet, and even though the students in Class A were eager to kick Yolanda out of their classroom, they had no valid reason to do so. Hence, they could only resort to sarcastic jabs.

Yolanda didn't let their remarks affect her. Finding the afternoon classes too easy, she pulled out a newly published programming magazine from her bag and flipped through it casually.

Soon, it was time to get out of school. Yolanda left the classroom with her backpack. Before reaching the entrance, she noticed a group of students, mostly girls, gathered at the academy gate.

Right then, a tall boy came up to Yolanda and stood in her way. Yolanda looked up at him. To most people, he would be considered tall and handsome, comparable to the celebrities that people fawn over in the entertainment industry.

However, having grown up with four

handsome older brothers and later meeting her beloved, Yolanda's standards were exceptionally high. Used to the presence of attractive men in her everyday life, she didn't

feel anything special when she saw this boy.

Yet, the other girls around her were visibly jealous and surprised when they saw the boy approach Yolanda.

"Is Prince Bryce seriously waiting for that eyesore? That can't be!"

"Heavens, this can't be real! I refuse to believe Prince Bryce is friends with someone like her!"

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Prince Bryce? Yolanda heard the murmurs of the crowd and arched her brow at the boy in front of her. She found the whole "Prince" thing a bit cringey. She searched through the memories of the original Yolanda and realized she'd seen him before. "Yolanda, do you remember me?" Yolanda noticed that the boy didn't seem bothered by her weight or appearance. In fact, when he saw the acne on her face, his eyes softened with a hint of sympathy and concern. "Are you Bryce Cooper?"

Yolanda recognized the boy before her from the original Yolanda's memories. He was Bryce Cooper, the second most popular guy at First Academy. The reason the original Yolanda knew him was they had attended the same junior high school, and he was one of her closest friends at the time.

Bryce was willing to befriend the original Yolanda because she had inadvertently saved his life. He had a sudden heart attack on his way home from school, and the original Yolanda, who happened to be passing by, called for an ambulance.

The original Yolanda considered it a minor act of kindness, but Bryce had never forgotten it. Hence, when he learned Yolanda had enrolled in First Academy, he immediately sought her out.

When he saw what Yolanda had become, he didn't turn away with disgust. Instead, his heart ached for her, imagining all the hardships she must've endured in the juvenile detention center to end up like this.

"You remembered me?" Bryce's eyes lit up when Yolanda got his name right.

"Yeah, I remember you," she said calmly. "We were classmates in junior high school."

He wasn't bothered by Yolanda's cold demeanor. Instead, he was delighted that she remembered him. "I heard you're attending First Academy as well! If you need anything, just come by Class B, and I'll help you out!"

"Why on earth is Prince Bryce talking

to that eyesore? Is he seriously going to be friends with her? I can't

accept that!" The girls around y

were green with envy as they

watched Bryce make an effort to talk to Yolanda.

Bryce wasn't domineering, but he never gave the time of day to his admirers. Once, he even yelled at a girl who wouldn't leave him alone, reducing her to tears.

Yolanda was overweight, unattractive, and had poor grades. She had only managed to get into First Academy through her connections. The girls couldn't understand why Bryce would be interested in her.

With these thoughts in mind, a few of the jealous girls began brainstorming ways to make Yolanda pay for daring to get close to Bryce, intending to show her the consequences of her actions.

Just then, two girls pushed through

the crowd and walked up to Yolanda. Dressed in black miniskirts with backpacks slung carelessly over their shoulders, they looked like the kind of troublemakers who had little interest in studying. "You must be Yolanda. Someone's looking for you!"

Yolanda took a moment to size up the two girls and asked apathetically, "Who's looking for me?"

"You'll find out when you get there. Just follow us!" the two delinquent-looking high school girls said, looking down at Yolanda.

"Yolanda, it's probably best if you-" Bryce looked at the two girls' clothing and appearance and thought they didn't seem like the best company.

He was about to advise Yolanda against following them when she nodded. "Lead the way."

He couldn't do anything about it, and worried for Yolanda, he followed her out of the school. Soon, the girls led Yolanda to a small alley next to the school gate. There, a tall girl wearing e

a baseball jacket with dra wearing

embroidery was sitting on

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motorcycle, playing with her phone. A few rough-looking punks were gathered around her.

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Drawing from the original Yolanda's memories, Yolanda soon figured out who the girl in the baseball uniform was. Her name was Casey Miller, and she was the biggest bully around. Even back when the original Yolanda was still in junior high, Casey had already built up quite a fearsome reputation. As soon as the two delinquent-looking girls saw Casey, they quickly toned down their attitude and said cautiously, "Casey, we've brought her here!"

Casey sized Yolanda up. "So, you're Yolanda Henderson? How dare you mess with my friend on the first day of school? I'm going to make you regret it!"

The students who had picked on Yolanda that morning were made to scrub the restrooms by Harvey. This made them resent Yolanda, and they wanted to get back at her.

However, since Harvey was clearly on Yolanda's side, they were afraid that if they took any action, the academy would hold them accountable. Fortunately, one of them

happened to be Casey's neighbor. So, they pooled their money and hired Casey to deal with Yolanda and teach her a lesson.

Then, they planned to seize the opportunity to capture footage of Yolanda crying and begging for mercy and post it on the academy's forum, ensuring that all students could witness her public humiliation. That was how this scene everyone came about.

Initially, Casey had planned to collect her payment and get down to business, but when she saw Bryce standing next to Yolanda, she had a change of heart.

Bryce noticed the hostile looks Casey and her goons were giving Yolanda and was worried that she might get hurt.

"You should leave, Yolanda. These people look like trouble," he hurriedly said.

"Not so fast! Where do you think you're going?" Casey sneered. Then, she waved her hand at her goons, who swiftly closed in on Yolanda and Bryce.

"I'll be honest with you. You've messed with the wrong person. I'm here to make sure that you end up on your knees, begging for mercy."

Looking at Casey's arrogant expression, Yolanda had a pretty good idea of who the "wrong person you shouldn't mess with" was.

There were several people

threatening to teach her a lesson that day, but if Andrew had really wanted to deal with her, he wouldn't have sent these few people. After all, while Casey and her goons were pretty well-known around here, they weren't part of the underworld.

To those in the underworld, she was just a small fry. So, it had to be those students who were punished by Harvey to clean the toilets for

mocking Yolanda at the academy

gates that morning.

When Yolanda realized that Casey and her crew weren't sent by Andrew, she couldn't help but feel that the whole thing had become somewhat anticlimactic.

However, Casey mistook Yolanda's silence for fear and grew even more arrogant. Pointing at Bryce, she said, "Hey, handsome, if you want to save this ugly duckling, I'll give you a chance."

"What do you think you're doing?" Bryce asked with a frown, glaring at Casey. "One more move, and I'm calling the cops!"

The delinquents cracked up, almost doubling over at Bryce's threat.

"Seriously? You're going to call the cops over a bit of trouble? Grow up already!" one of them jeered.

"By the time the cops show up, you'll already be beaten to a pulp!"

Bryce's face flushed crimson, trembling with rage. "Don't push your luck!"

It was only natural for an honors student like him to feel powerless against these delinquents.

"Easy there, handsome. If you don't want her to get hurt, your only option is to be my boyfriend and come with me tonight!" Casey's eyes were locked on Bryce, and it was obvious that she was eyeing him with a hungry look. en FindNovel

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"If you don't, I'll have them break her legs right now!" Casey declared, eliciting a wave of raucous laughter from those around them.

The goons, including the two delinquent girls who had brought Yolanda, wore meaningful expressions as they watched intently, eagerly awaiting Bryce's response.

Bryce's face darkened after hearing her threat. He felt insulted, but if he refused, Yolanda's leg would be broken. He was caught in a wrenching dilemma, torn by the decision. However, before he could respond, Yolanda suddenly appeared right in front of Casey. Yolanda was so fast that Casey and her goons barely had a chance to register what was going on before a sharp crack echoed through the air. Casey screamed as a searing pain shot through her left leg, and she lost her balance, collapsing to the ground. In the blink of an eye, Yolanda had broken her leg.

Tears streamed down Casey's cheeks as she writhed in pain, yet she still managed to curse, "You bitch! I'll make you pay for this!"

"Casey, are you okay?"

"Casey!" The delinquents were stunned for a moment. After coming to their senses, they all rushed to her side.

Once the searing pain had subsided, Casey clutched her left leg and pointed at Yolanda, shrieking, "What are you waiting for? Go break her legs!"

After hearing that, the goons immediately sprang into action, charging at Yolanda. All of them saw Yolanda as nothing more than a fat and foolish high school girl. They assumed that the only reason she had been able to break Casey's leg was simply because she had caught Casey off guard.

There was no way they couldn't take care of a high school girl. All of them thought they could have her down for the count with a single punch. Yet, to their surprise, before they could even get close to Yolanda, each of them was sent flying by her powerful kicks.

Soon, a series of blood-curdling screams echoed through the alleyway.

The boy Rachel had tasked with capturing Yolanda's humiliation on film hid at the entrance of the alley. His body was racked with fear. He couldn't believe that Yolanda could single-handedly take on several delinquents. Who would have thought she could be so nimble with her heavy build?

He rubbed his eyes, convinced he must be seeing things. To his dismay, when he peered into the alley again, the scene hadn't changed. The delinquents were still on the ground, groaning in agony, while Yolanda stood under the streetlight, calm and collected. After the initial shock wore off, a wave of fear washed over him. Instinctively, he shrank back. The fear of being caught was so overwhelming that he abandoned his task and hastily retreated.

However, as soon as he emerged from the alley, he spotted another group of fierce-looking men approaching.

"Hey, have you seen a girl who's extremely fat and ugly?" demanded the middle-aged man leading the group, grabbing him by the collar.

The middle-aged man was Liam

Turner, the head of security at

Doxcon Group. After receiving a call

from Andrew to deal with a troublesome student, he gathered his men and rushed over. However, due to heavy traffic, Yolanda had already left the school by the time they arrived. So, they had no choice but to search for her outside.

"S-She's over there..." the boy stammered, pointing down the alley.

"Let's go!"

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Soon, Liam led his men into the alley. He spotted several people on the floor not far ahead and quickened his pace.

At that moment, Casey clutched her injured leg and yelled at Yolanda.

"You ugly bitch! Don't think you can get away with this just because you've got some skills. Let me tell you, my uncle is the head of security at Doxcon Group! Do you know what that is? He could crush you like a fly with just a snap of his fingers!" Suddenly, she heard footsteps approaching from up ahead. She quickly looked in the direction of the sound.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Liam arriving, and she hurriedly shouted, "Uncle Liam!"

"Casey? What are you doing here?" Liam was taken aback.

"Uncle Liam, they bullied me! They even broke my leg! It's that fat, ugly girl! You have to stand up for me!" Casey exclaimed.

Liam glanced at Yolanda. He thought that this student matched the description Andrew gave.

Then, he asked her, "Are you Yolanda?"

"You're looking for me, too?" Yolanda chuckled and continued, "Perfect. I'll deal with the both of you today."

Since Casey mentioned that Liam was from Doxcon Group, she guessed he was here for her.

Knowing Andrew, the men he sent should be arriving now.

"Such arrogance!" Liam scoffed, not taking Yolanda seriously at all. "I'm going to teach you a lesson today. You need to know your place." Casey was excited to hear Liam's threats. "Uncle Liam, break her legs! I want her to spend the rest of her life in a wheelchair." "Yolanda!" Bryce murmured, noticing that Liam had brought dozens of tall, muscular bodyguards. He couldn't help but feel a little worried. Even if Yolanda knew some martial arts, she couldn't handle so many professional bodyguards simultaneously.

"Don't worry." Yolanda remained unfazed. "When they charge at us, just step aside."

Bryce couldn't take on these bodyguards, and standing there would make him a target.

Bryce was speechless. It felt embarrassing for him to do what Yolanda said, but her words made

his heart skip a beat. At that moment, he found himself drawn to her

en FindNovel

"Are you sure you'll be okay?"

He was slightly worried. He couldn't believe Yolanda could handle so many bodyguards.

"Of course," Yolanda replied and stretched her arms.

Since her rebirth, she spent most of her time with the Henderson family or attending art exhibitions and parties. She never had a chance to stretch her limbs. These bodyguards were perfect for some warm-up exercise.

Back when she was training at Talon Academy, her sparring partners were all top ten finalists from the World Martial Arts Tournament. However, even those people never posed a real threat to Yolanda, let alone these burly security guards with no skills.

"Get her!" Liam barked, and the bodyguards charged forward.

"Too slow!" Yolanda moved in a flash, suddenly appearing in the midst of the bodyguards.

She weaved effortlessly among them, and when she returned to her original spot, no one had realized what she had just done.

The bodyguards only felt a sharp sting on their necks. When they instinctively reached up to touch the area, they found a shallow cut on each of their necks.

Though the wounds weren't deep and the bleeding quickly stopped, a chill ran down their spines.

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They might have died if she cut any deeper.

Initially, the bodyguards didn't take this fat and ugly girl seriously at all. Some even thought it was a waste that Liam sent so many of them to deal with a high school student. Now, the group of ferocious men felt a bone-chilling fear. None of them dared to provoke Yolanda further.

"What are you all standing around for? Get her!" Liam didn't see what Yolanda did. He scolded his men when he noticed them standing there dumbfounded. "Mr. Turner, we..."

The bodyguards looked at each other. None of them dared to step forward and face Yolanda.

Upon hearing this, Liam roared furiously, "You useless bunch! You can't even handle a high school girl?"

Just as he was about to pull out his phone to call for reinforcements, Yolanda took out her phone and dialed a number.

"Your men are trying to break my legs. You can decide how to handle this," Yolanda said, then handed her phone to Liam.

"What are you trying to do?" Liam had a bad feeling after hearing Yolanda's words.

He took the phone anyway and asked, "Hello? Who's this? Don't mess with me! She offended Mr. Andrew today! No one can save her!" Then, he heard a furious voice on the phone.

"This is Blake."

The instant he heard the voice, Liam froze, and his blood ran cold. He never expected Yolanda to know Blake.

Then, he heard an order from Blake and nodded in agreement. His body trembled as he returned the phone to Yolanda.

Yolanda took her phone back.

Before Blake could say anything, she spoke, "Be here within ten minutes or face the consequences."

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Casey didn't notice the change in Liam's expression. She continued to

threaten, "It's no use calling for help. I'm telling you, you're dead meat for pissing me off!"

"Uncle Liam, call all of your men here! Let this bitch know what happens when she messes with you!"

"Shut up!" Liam yelled. He was even more terrified after hearing Casey's words. He wouldn't dare to order more men here.

Everyone knew Blake was the

general manager in charge of Doxcon Group's operations. Offending someone Blake knew would lead to dire consequences.

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After much consideration, Liam finally decided to apologize to Yolanda before Blake arrived.

"Ms. Henderson, I'm sorry! Please forgive me!"

Yolanda looked at him coldly.

"You need to be more sincere."

"I'm sorry!" Liam yelled. Then, he gritted his teeth and dropped to his knees before Yolanda.

Casey was stunned by Liam's actions.

"Uncle Liam, what are you doing? Why are you kneeling before this loser?"

"Shut up!" Liam wished he could sew Casey's mouth shut. "Apologize now. Otherwise, I won't be able to save you when Mr. Rowse comes."

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Casey was stunned by Liam's reaction. She asked in confusion, "Mr. Rowse? Isn't he Doxcon Group's general manager? He'll surely help us out." Just as Casey finished speaking, a car pulled over outside the alley. Moments later, a group of men rushed inside. Leading them was a sweaty Blake.

"Ms. Henderson! You've finally reached out!" Blake exclaimed, looking at Yolanda as if she'd just saved him.

"That pill you gave me last time..." Blake began, but before he could finish, Casey's face lit up with joy. Ignoring her pain, she hobbled over to him as quickly as she could.

"Mr. Rowse, I'm Casey. My uncle is the head of security at Doxcon Group. This ugly woman doesn't respect Doxcon Group at all. You should teach her a lesson... Ah!"

Before Casey could finish, Blake suddenly raised his hand and slapped her hard across the face.

"Who do you think you are? Ms. Henderson's my savior and a VIP of Doxcon Group! Anyone who disrespects her is disrespecting Doxcon Group!"

"What?" Casey clutched her face, standing there in stunned disbelief. "You... You're saying this ugly woman is your savior?"

Blake gave her another hard slap.

"Call her ugly one more time, and I'll shut your mouth for good!"

"Mr. Rowse!" Liam hurried over, profusely apologizing.

"My niece doesn't know any better. I'll make sure she learns her lesson when we get back. I've already apologized to Ms. Henderson. It's all my fault. I didn't know who she was and offended her. Please, don't be angry!"

Liam knew very well that Blake used to be a thug. He didn't play by the rules. If they got on his wrong side, it wouldn't end with just a couple of slaps.

Blake shot a cold glare at Liam. "Keep your people in line! Otherwise, you can kiss that head of security position goodbye!"

Just then, Liam's phone rang. He glanced at the caller ID, and his expression instantly turned complicated.

"Is this really the time to answer the phone?" Blake snapped. "Get your people to apologize to Ms. Henderson, now!"

"Mr. Rowse, Mr. Andrew is calling. The reason I'm here today is also because Mr. Andrew said someone offended him. He asked me to teach her a lesson."

Blake's expression turned dark. "What? Did Andrew ask you to come? That bastard!"

Liam quickly nodded. "Mr. Rowse, it was all Mr. Andrew's idea. I wouldn't dare use the company's security resources without his orders

Blake took a deep breath and said, "Give me the phone!"

Liam quickly handed the phone to Blake.

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The moment Blake took the phone, he began to give Andrew a lecture.

Andrew remained silent as he listened to Blake's scoldings. He dared not say a word when he realized his father had answered the phone.

"If you cause any more trouble, I'll break your legs and cut off your credit card!"

"Dad, I'm sorry! I really am!"

"Apologize to Ms. Henderson right now!"

With that, Blake handed the phone to Yolanda with a forced smile. "Ms. Henderson, my son wants to apologize to you." "Hello?" Yolanda answered.

Andrew muttered in terror, "Ms.

Henderson, I'm sorry! The position of head of the Student Council is yours. I'll step-down tomorrow and be your assistant. I'll do anything yo@say. Just give me the word."

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Although Andrew didn't know why Yolanda had such powerful connections, Blake's furious tone was enough to make him genuinely afraid. He had never seen his father so angry before. "You don't have to quit the Student Council. From now on, you'll work under me. Whether or not I forgive you depends on how you behave," Yolanda said.

Andrew immediately responded, "No problem! I'll do anything you say!"

"Alright, we'll talk about this tomorrow at school," Yolanda replied, handing the phone back to Blake.

Blake took the phone and gave him another round of scolding.

Then, he reprimanded Liam before Yolanda, finally bringing the situation to a close.

After Liam, Casey, and the others left, Blake rubbed his hands together and asked Yolanda, "Ms. Henderson, there's something I'd like to ask for your help if you don't mind." "Who is this?" Bryce asked, eyeing Blake nervously.

Although Blake was extremely respectful to Yolanda, Bryce was still worried she might be taken advantage of.

"He's a business associate of my dad's. Don't worry about it. It's late. You should head home," Yolanda turned to Bryce and said.

"Alright. If you need anything, just call me!" Bryce said as he handed her a piece of paper with his phone number written on it. He gave Yolanda a lingering look before reluctantly leaving.

"I've reserved a private room at a nearby restaurant. I was wondering if you'd do me the honor of joining me for dinner?" Blake asked.

Yolanda glanced at him and replied, "Let's go."

She knew that Blake was being unusually respectful today because he needed something from her.

Then, Blake drove them to a restaurant nearby.

Once the dishes were served, Blake quickly filled Yolanda's glass with orange juice before raising his glass.

"Ms. Henderson, it was my fault for not believing in you. I started feeling discomfort in my chest last night. This morning, I went to the hospital, and the doctor told me it's a chronic condition with no effective treatment during flare-ups

Blake had spent the entire day in agony, tortured by his condition. It wasn't life-threatening, but it was caused by years of heavy drinking and an erratic lifestyle. Whenever it flared up, the pain was so

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unbearable that he felt like ending it all.

"I accidentally lost the pill you gave me. Could you..." Before he could finish, his phone suddenly rang.

Blake glanced at the caller ID, then looked apologetically at Yolanda.

After Yolanda nodded, he answered the call, lowering his voice as he spoke briefly on the other end.

A moment later, Blake looked back

at Yolanda and said, "Ms.

Henderson, the father of the girl who offended you in the alley earlier,

Daniel has some ties with muat ne

cousin. He wants to come over and

apologize to you."

Blake didn't want to meet with Daniel, but his cousin begged him. Besides, it seemed reasonable that the Miller family would apologize to Yolanda since Casey offended her, so he decided to ask for Yolanda's opinion. "Whatever. He can come if he wants to."

Blake nodded. "Alright."

Not long after, someone knocked on the door, and a middle-aged couple walked in.

The man was tall, with a long face and broad chin. He looked like someone who had a lot of dealings with the underground circle.

The woman beside him looked much younger, with fair skin, narrow eyes, and a flashy outfit that easily cost close to thousands of dollars. They were Casey's parents, Daniel and Helen.

Helen had a gift box in one hand. She followed Daniel inside and flashed a polite smile at Blake.

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