

## How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence

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Stunned, the policeman called his colleagues at the police station skeptically and asked them to check their email.

As it turned out, they really found a new email containing a surveillance footage. In the video, a group of people were bullying Casandra, moving her desk to random places and throwing her books and homework wherever they pleased.

This riled up the police officers.

However, there were too many students involved in the video, so there was no way they could all be taken away. Not to mention, all of them were Grade 12 students. The police couldn't ruin all the kids' futures.

At once, the policeman was caught in a dilemma.

Casandra could tell it, too, whereas Christine breathed a long sigh of relief.

'So what if the police watched the video? Almost everyone has bullied Casandra, so they won't be able to punish all of us. What can she possibly do?' scoffed Christine on the inside.

"Since you feel troubled, Officer, then forget it," Casandra said considerately.

She thought that since this policeman couldn't handle the matter, she'd simply find someone else who could.

"We've watched the surveillance footage. It's very comprehensive and conclusive, but there are too many people involved. Besides, you guys are only a little more than a month away from SAT. We can't..." he trailed off, adding "ruin their futures" mentally.

"Officer, are you saying I should sacrifice for the greater good? As the victim, I have to forgive the perpetrators without even getting an apology. Is that what you mean?"

Casandra's tone abruptly became cold.

Edward knew that she had gotten mad.

"Since the police don't wish to interfere, I believe that someone will stand by me," she continued.

“What are you going to do, child?”

An ominous feeling sprang up within the policeman.

“I’m not going to do anything. I don’t understand the principle behind the law not

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punishing the masses, nor am I that noble of a person to sacrifice myself for the  
perpetrators.”

Casandra went on, “I have the complete video of the one I sent you. Since you can’t give me  
justice, I’ll let the law do it.”

Casandra, who had been reborn, would not spare anyone who hurt her!

“Mr. Youngblood, help me draw up a civil complaint!” Casandra forwarded the surveillance  
footage she sent to the police station to Jonathan Youngblood, a lawyer.

“What’s wrong, Casandra?” Jonathan asked with concern.

“Oh, nothing. I’ve been bullied in school and would like to sue the school along with all my  
classmates. I will send you the name list. Please help me draft up the civil complaint by today.

Thank you.”

“Okay, no problem. Are you all right, though?” Jonathan queried.

“Yes. I’ll hang up now.”

Never in a million years did Edward expect that Casandra would sue the school as well.

“Casandra, um, can we discuss this...” He thought, ‘You can sue anyone, but don’t sue the  
school!’

When everyone in class heard that they were going to be sued, they instantly panicked and  
looked at Christine in unison.

Christine was also inwardly panic-stricken at this moment.

But it suddenly occurred to her that Casandra was not favored by the Yates family at all, so  
she didn’t believe they would give the latter money for a lawsuit.

“Who knows if you’re telling the truth? You could just be bluffing!” Christine’s face was grim, but  
she stubbornly refused to admit her faults.

“We’ll know if I’m bluffing when the time comes.” Casandra turned to look at the two police officers and Edward. “Mr. Huddleston, Officers, you’re not needed here anymore. You can go.

But, Officers, keep in mind that you’ll have to face the music for today’s outcome!”

“Turns out, just and honest police are also snobs who play up to those in power. Alas! Looks like there really isn’t kindness in this world!” she mused.

“You-”

Casandra was no longer in the mood to continue with today’s lessons, so she carried.

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her schoolbag and returned to

Springmount Townhouse.

Hugo had just finished shopping and came home when he saw Casandra slumped on the couch, looking wholly unladylike..

Yet, this was the real side of her.

“Why are you back today, Ms. Yates?” Hugo inquired.

“No reason. I just don’t want to go to class today.” Casandra closed her eyes and rested.

‘Hm, this is comfy!’ she mused.

“All right. Then, I’ll go prepare the ingredients for lunch today-”

Before Hugo could finish his words, the phone rang with an alarm.

It signified someone hacking into his account.

“Ms. Yates, I’ll go upstairs and have a look first.”

Hugo turned on his device and discovered that someone was looking for him on the dark web.

[Can the miracle doctor make a home visit now? The consultation fee will be increased to 2 billion dollars.]

It was a message Kenneth had asked Yannick to send.

They couldn’t afford to wait anymore.

A year ago, during a mission, Kenneth’s buddy, Kayden Yates, was poisoned and had his leg bones crushed to save Kenneth.

It had been a year, but the poison still wasn't eliminated and aggravated his condition instead.

His legs had also become crippled.

Today, Kayden's vitals were all abnormal, and he even had several cardiac arrests. Yet, the miracle doctor had only previously promised to visit on Saturday. As Kayden wouldn't be able to last that long, Kenneth had no choice but to hack the account that accepted the job.

Hugo replied: [I'll have to ask my boss. Give me a second.]

He went downstairs, seeing that Casandra was eating a snack.

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Of course, it was what he had bought home.

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"Ms. Yates, the person that the Zelinski family is trying to save seems to be on the brink of death. They want you to make a visit today, and they've increased the consultation fee to 2 billion dollars."

She raised one of her delicate eyebrows slightly, feeling rather astonished.

'2-billion-dollar consultation fee! Woohoo, I've hit the jackpot!' she cheered to herself, relatively ecstatic.

"Go reply to him that I'll visit at two o'clock in the afternoon. Tell him to have the consultation fee on hand," Casandra stated confidently and proudly.

"Got it!"

'2 billion dollars, check!

"This is perfect!" she thought.

After lunch, Casandra went upstairs and put on makeup, disguising herself to the extent that nobody would be able to recognize her.

"Let's go."

Hugo drove toward Pinehart Mansion, a mansion belonging to the Zelinski family.

As long as Drieso's miracle doctor, Faye, went on a consult, Hugo would definitely be present too.

Hugo drove the car directly through the gates to the front door of the mansion.

Yannick, who knew Hugo, was already waiting there. Hugo was the face of Whitecrane Hall.

Whenever Faye went for a consult in Drieso, Hugo would be around.

Cassandra merely changed her appearance mildly, but she succeeded in making it impossible for anyone to tell whether she was an acquaintance.

“Are you Dr. Faye Quirke?”

‘Isn’t she way too young?’ wondered Yannick.

“Why? Do you have doubts?”

“No, no, no. I just didn’t expect you to be so young, never mind a girl.”

After all, Faye had no Adam’s apple, which made it impossible for her to be a man.

“Please come in. My boss is waiting for you.” Yannick respectfully welcomed them into

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the mansion.

Kenneth’s pupils changed slightly at the sight of the guests.

“This person’s so familiar!” he pondered.

“Where’s the patient?” Faye went straight to the point.

“On the third floor. This is my boss, Mr. Zelinski!” Yannick replied reverentially. Kenneth had wanted to meet Faye in advance to see if the miracle doctor was genuinely as miraculous as rumored.

“Are you confident you can cure my friend?” Kenneth questioned. Regardless, it was impossible for him to believe someone who came so readily.

He needed to see Faye’s true competence.

“I won’t know before I see the patient.” Faye maintained a professional attitude.

“Yannick, take Dr. Quirke upstairs,” ordered Kenneth.