

## How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence ( Cassandra ) Chapter 16

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Chapter 16

Cassandra briefly froze when she saw the patient.

'In the previous life, his death seemed to be a sensation. If I recall correctly, he was some kind of deputy team leader for a special operations force or something.

'I think he had the military rank of the youngest senior colonel in Clusia.

'His true identity was only revealed after his death. They held him a grand military funeral, and he received everyone's condolences, she ruminated.

At that time, Kayden's funeral was even broadcast live on the Internet. Cassandra saw the trending topics but didn't pay much attention to them.

"To think this man is actually here.

'Since he's the deputy team leader of the special operations force and is appearing in Kenneth's home, perhaps Kenneth is also a member of the special operations force?

'A businessman on the outside but actually a military personnel?

"Tsk, tsk. He's done a good job concealing himself, she pondered.

A traditional medicine practitioner always paid attention to studying a patient's condition.

After observing Kayden's complexion, Cassandra read his pulse to diagnose him.

Next, she examined his reattached but non-functional legs.

The poison in him was polka dot begonia.

It was named after the seven small yellow dots on its petals. Most importantly, its flower root and leaves were highly poisonous, but if it was not refined, it would not hurt people.

Someone who could refine poison with polka dot begonia was likely a poison expert.

After all, this poison hadn't been used for ages.

It was truly already incredible for Kenneth to have kept Kayden alive for a year.

Generally, people poisoned by polka dot begonia tended to die soon after.

"Dr. Quirke, can you cure him?" Kenneth asked in a deep voice, but his tone was mild.

This stunned Yannick a little.

'What's happening? Why is Mr. Zelinski being so gentle?' he wondered.

11:22 Fri, 16 Feb MØH

Chapter 16

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However, even Kenneth himself had no idea why he was speaking in such a mild tone. It was as if Faye had a magic power that made people involuntarily want to get close to her, just like Casandra did.

'But Faye likely isn't Cassie. Cassie suffered so much in the countryside. If she's the miracle doctor, Faye, how many hardships would she have had to endure before she got to where she is now?' he mused.

"Of course. I can treat his legs too," answered Faye collectedly..

"In that case, please go ahead with the treatment."

This came as

a surprise to Kenneth and the rest. They initially thought it would already be good to eliminate the poison, but Faye was saying she could treat Kayden's legs, too..

"But..." Casandra trailed off, but Hugo had already completely understood what she wanted to say.

"Previously, you only placed an order for the elimination of poison, Mr. Zelinski. The treatment of his legs wasn't within the job scope," Hugo clarified.

He meant to say that if they wanted to treat Kayden's legs, they had to pay more.

Casandra was struck dumb.

"That's not what I meant!

The man before me was kind to me in my previous life. How could I possibly raise the fee?' she thought.

In a trice, Casandra was speechless. She wanted to refute it, but if she did, she'd be discrediting Hugo..

Hence, she decided to go along with it.

In reality, she merely wanted to say that she needed a kind of herb that was fairly difficult to find.

That was all.

"The fee can be negotiated. As long as he can be cured, it doesn't matter how much it costs," said Kenneth.

"Well, you'll need to send someone to look for a herb named 'telegraph plant. It can cure his legs," instructed Casandra.

It was a herb that she didn't possess on hand and was rather in need of

Fri, 16 Feb

Chapter 161

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Unfortunately, the asking price of it in Windstreet Auction House was too high for her to afford. It was so expensive that it exceeded the value of the herb itself.

Even though she was rich, she couldn't just spend money like water.

"Where can I find it?" Kenneth asked.

Looking at Faye's expression, he reckoned she knew the answer.

"How about this? There's no need to increase the consultation fee. As long as you get the telegraph plant and hand it over to me, I'll take it as the consultation fee for his leg treatment. What do you say?"

Casandra thought it was a very good deal.

She could not only cure the bedridden patient but also offset the consultation fee, not to mention own the telegraph plant. It was killing three birds with one stone.

'Only an idiot would turn this down!' she pondered.

"Then, my friend's legs..."

"Don't worry.

I will definitely cure him, but the leftover telegraph plant belongs to me."

Casandra's mature and hoarse voice was persuasive.

Indeed, she brought a voice changer so that no one could recognize her true voice.

"Deal," agreed Kenneth.

"Tomorrow night, Windstreet Auction House will auction off two telegraph plants. The rest is up to you."

"All right. Dr. Quirke, please eliminate the poison first, then."

Casandra turned around and stuffed a pill into the mouth of the person lying in bed.

"Get a bigger basin and place it under his chin. He's about to start vomiting blood," she ordered.

Soon after, everyone saw the patient wake up and begin to vomit black blood endlessly.

It was not only black but also foul-smelling.

Before long, his vomit filled half a basin, and he couldn't get any more out.

Even Kenneth found the smell fairly putrid and reflexively furrowed his brows.

Casandra, on the other hand, looked entirely unaffected, as if this was a walk in the park.

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## Chapter 16

She took out silver needles and began to apply them to the patient's chest, arms, and top of his head.

All in all, 120 silver needles were used up.

It was quite a haul.

"I'll remove the needles in half an hour and let him bleed out again. You know the patient's blood type, right? After the bloodletting, it's best he receives a transfusion. Otherwise, he may lose too much blood from the elimination of poison..." Casandra didn't verbally mention that it'd lead to death, but it was understood.

"Rest assured, Dr. Quirke. We have spare plasma of the same blood type as him," Yannick replied.

Fortunately, as Kayden's physical condition had to be monitored at all times and doctors would also occasionally draw his blood and give him transfusions, the mansion behind Pinehart Mansion had been converted to a blood bank to store plasma that matched Kayden's blood type.

"Mm. In that case, prepare another basin and bring the plasma over in 20 minutes."

Yannick's face turned pale as he thought, 'Another basin?'

'Is the blood gonna be smelly again?'

As it turned out, yes, the blood stank, and it was way worse than when Kayden vomited it out.

Unable to stand it anymore, Yannick started to retch the moment he walked out of the room.

It stank worse than a roomful of surströmmings!

After Casandra was done with Kayden's bloodletting, Hugo immediately took the plasma and an infusion tube from Yannick's hands,

Then, he inserted the tube at once and gave the patient the blood transfusion.

"The poison has been more or less eliminated. The rest will have to be forced out via medicinal bath and acupuncture." The whole treatment also took a toll on the frail Casandra, causing her forehead to be covered with sweat.

"Thank you, Dr. Quirke."

Kenneth had no doubt that his pal could likely survive.

He looked at the two basins of black blood. Now that the poison was eliminated,

11:22 Fri, 16 Feb M

Chapter 16:

Kayden should be fine.

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“Take two pills a day from this bag. One’s for consumption, while the other’s for dissolving in water at 122 degrees Fahrenheit for his medicinal bath. It’s best to do so in a wooden bathtub instead of a ceramic one.” Cas sandra contemplated if she had missed out anything before continuing, “And don’t wear clothes either. Take the medicinal bath naked. During the first bath, I’ll have Hugo keep an eye on it. On Saturday afternoon, I’ll come over and proceed with acupuncture treatment.”

The polka dot begonia, though highly poisonous, was not intractable.

Although there was no antidote, it could be eliminated.

“Okay. Thank you, Dr. Quirke. I’ll have someone wire the consultation fee to you later.”

In high spirits for once, Kenneth spoke much gentler.

Yannick, standing aside, secretly wondered if his vacation time would be approved if he asked his boss at this time.

“Ask Hugo for the account number, said Cas sandra.

She then turned around and said to Hugo, “Hugo, I’ll be leaving first. Have the patient consume the medicine later. Half an hour after that, let him take the medicinal bath.

You’ll follow up and explain the things to note to them for the first bath. Thereafter, they can do it on their own.

“Got it, Boss,” Hugo answered.

He had just witnessed her wonderful needle technique again and watched her eliminate the polka dot begonia in merely an hour. Needless to say, he was simply in awe of Cas sandra’s greatness now.

Kenneth volunteered to see Faye out.

After walking to the car, Cas sandra hesitated.

‘How is Hugo gonna go back if I take the car?’ she contemplated.