

## How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence ( Cassandra ) Chapter 17

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Chapter 17

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Kenneth saw Faye's dilemma.

For some inexplicable reason, he abruptly suggested, "How about I give you a ride back, Dr. Quirke?"

The moment this question came out of his mouth, he, too, froze for a bit.

He was only following his heart.

After all, in his view, Faye was too alike to Cassandra.

"That's too much trouble, Mr. Zelinski. Just send someone to take me home will do."

The main reason was that Cassandra didn't want to drive back, only to have to turn around shortly after to pick up Hugo.

"It's no trouble. It's my honor to serve you, Dr. Quirke." Kenneth's lips quirked up faintly.

Even the slight smile managed to reveal his chirpy mood. "This way, please."

Yannick's biggest feature was his observation skills. Once he saw Faye's dilemma, he immediately drove out his boss' most beloved car.

It was a Bugatti sports car, La Voiture Noire..

Only one existed in the world.

Cassandra fell a little silent, thinking, 'Isn't this car... a bit too ostentatious?'

Although she also liked the car very much, to her, it was only suitable to be admired.

If it were driven out

everyone would know it was Kenneth on the road!

At this time, Kenneth had already gotten into the driver's seat.

Left without a choice, Cassandra could only get into the vehicle as well.

"Where to?" he asked.

"Whitecrane Hall will do."

She'd go to Whitecrane Hall and have Jeremiah take her home.

After all, it would be suspicious if Kenneth sent her back to Springmount Townhouse.

On the contrary, Whitecrane Hall was a much more open and transparent option.

Everyone knew that Whitecrane Hall was Faye's territory.

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11:22 Fri, 16 Feb M

Chapter 17

“Okay.”

Kenneth stepped on the accelerator and sped out of the mansion.

On the way, he cagerly wanted to get to know someone for once. “Dr. Quirke, what’s your real name? Based on your voice, I presume you’re pretty young, yes?”

Casandra was at a loss for words.

“Bruh, are you trying to run a background check?’ she mused.

“This... doesn’t seem to have anything to do with you, Mr. Zelinski.”

After all, she had cured his buddy, so their transaction was pretty much over.

There was no need for them to know each other on an intimate level.

“There’s still a long way to Whitecrane Hall. It wouldn’t be nice of me if I don’t strike up a conversation with you.” In other words, he was saying he wanted to hit on her, and she’d better agree.

Unexpectedly, Faye said out of the blue, “Then, I’ll take a nap. Wake me when we get there.”

She was likely the only person in this world who would really regard Kenneth as a driver.

“Hah!”

Kenneth found it quite interesting that Faye could ignore him like this.

Forty minutes later, the car pulled up at the front of Whitecrane Hall.

“Dr. Quirke, we’re here.” He spoke up to wake her up.

“Thanks. Take care.” Casandra opened the car door and walked toward the shop.

“Dr. Quirke, won’t you give me your contact number?”

Casandra was lost for words.

“Isn’t it rumored that Kenneth, the heir of the Zelinski family, is a cunning, moody, and murderous man who spares/no mercy toward anyone who tries to climb into his bed?”

‘If so, who is this amiable and kind gentleman in front of me now?’

‘Has he been possessed?’ she pondered.

“If you need anything, just contact me through Hugo.”

2/5

Chapter 17

It was a polite refusal.

Ignoring Kenneth, Casandra went straight to the back office and found Jeremiah, was playing video games, before asking him to take her home.

Right then, she was already dressed in the look of a student.

At school, after the last class, everyone felt that Casandra's words in the morning were a bluff and didn't mean anything.

They seriously looked down on her.

However, to their shock, the first student who tried to step out of the classroom door was blocked.

"Excuse me. Is this Grade 12's Honors Class One?"

The unknown person at the door was dressed in a light gray suit, about five feet eleven inches tall, and wore gold-rimmed glasses, looking roughly twenty-seven to twenty-eight years old.

"Yes. Who are you looking for?"

"Then, I'm at the right place." The visitor smiled lightly, but his gaze was full of chilliness.

"I've been entrusted by Ms. Casandra Yates to send a total of 43 civil complaints for each student in Grade 12's Honors Class One. Please check"

He took out a thick pile of envelopes from his briefcase, the first name of which was Christine.

Everyone's faces changed drastically when they heard this.

'Casandra is actually serious!

'How could she be so shameless?' were their thoughts.

"In addition, our law firm has sent a lawyer's letter and civil complaint to all of your parents. Therefore, I believe you guys should be clear about what to do next"

After saying that, the visitor left and went to the principal's office next.

In the meantime, the rest of the classmates panicked.

"We didn't want to target Casandra. It was all instigated by Christine! Didn't she say that Casandra's a disfavored imposter? Why are we being sued now?"

'What should I do? If my parents know that I've bullied my classmate at school. I definitely be punished when I get home!' they reflected.

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Chapter 17

A student ran to Christine and interrogated her, "Christine, didn't you say that Cas

sandra wouldn't dare to sue? What about now? What's going on here!"

"How would I know what's wrong with Casandra?" Christine still didn't really believe this was possible.

'Hiring a lawyer to file a civil complaint against so many people costs a huge sum! How could Casandra possibly get that much money?' she pondered.

"I don't care. I only bullied Casandra because of you. You have to deal with this matter. If my parents find out that I bullied my classmate at school, I will be finished!"

Many students nodded in agreement.

"Now you're blaming me? Weren't you guys happily bullying Casandra back then, too? Since we're going to be finished, let's do so together, then!" Christine couldn't be bothered anymore.

'Anyway, I'm not the only one. So what if I started it?

"I merely wanted to avenge my best friend, Lisa,

'She'll defin

protect me.

"There's nothing for me to fear. The Yates family is rich and powerful, so they'll certainly win this case no matter what, she thought.

"You-"

The other students never imagined Christine would be so unscrupulous, but now, they were more worried about how their parents would react upon finding out about this.

'Now that the civil complaint has been filed, what about the evidence that Casandra has?

'Has our parents seen it?

"What's gonna happen if they did!' they brooded in fear.

The more they thought about it, the more afraid they were. With that, everyone went home one after another.

Only Samuel and Christine remained leisurely and apathetic.

"Samuel, Casandra has seriously gone too far this time. She's even suing you."

Anyone who could get into an elite school was not to be underestimated, albeit Christine didn't know Samuel's true identity.

Fri, 16 Feb M

Chapter 17

Nevertheless, according to how Yulissa often buttered up to him, Christine reckoned his

identity must be influential.

“Well, you guys are being sued too, no?” Samuel’s countenance didn’t look great, especially after he saw the video evidence.

His classmates had ganged up to bully a girl right under his nose.

This was really a rude awakening for him.

Thus, he was not at all innocent and, instead, the most terrible one.

The perpetrators were undoubtedly abhorrent, but he who stood by and did nothing was no better.

Christine fell silent, musing, ‘Shouldn’t you lay your cards on the table at this time and fight to the end with Casandra?’

Meanwhile, Jonathan personally handed the civil complaint to Edward, the principal who was in for a headache.

Jonathan was genuinely callous, showing no mercy even toward former acquaintances.

Could you persuade Cassie to only hold the others accountable and leave the

“Jonathan,  
school alone?”

Edward thought that everything was negotiable.

“Mr. Huddleston, Cassie has been in your school for two months. Yet, not only did you not know about it, but you even let her experience two months of bullying. Even if she doesn’t sue you, I will. You’d best think about how to apologize to her.”

With that, Jonathan turned to leave, leaving Edward to watch the former’s carefree back view in helplessness..

As soon as Jonathan exited the principal’s office, he sent a message to Casandra: [All the civil complaints have been delivered to the defendants.]

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