

## **My Rebirth 461**

### Chapter 461

At the Hansen residence, Soren Hansen, the head of the Hansen family, looked worried. He didn't know why all the projects in the company had gone wrong to some extent since yesterday, and he even lost a few projects.

The loss had reached tens of millions of dollars. If it continued, he didn't know how much he would lose.

He was a little confused. These projects were all good, and there had never been any problems. What happened

now? Why have all the project issues come up now?

Someone on good terms told him privately that he had offended the wrong person, but he didn't remember whom he had offended in the past two years.

He had always been honest and dutiful. He would do it privately even if he wanted to deduct some money. On the surface, everything seemed to be okay. So, who did he offend?!

He questioned his wife, "Did you offend someone outside and get the company involved?"

He thought, 'Is it easy for me to make money after working so hard outside? How could she offend people everywhere?'

Hailey felt inexplicably. "How much time have I spent outside this year? You refuse to hire Dr. Quirke for Cassidy's treatment and won't let me save money for her medicine to ease her suffering. After being home for so long, you still accuse me of offending someone? Soren Hansen, be reasonable!"

Thinking that Soren had all the money in his hand and refused to give it to her and their daughter, she felt slightly uncomfortable!

She had grown suspicious that Soren had someone outside, fearing he might withhold money to support his illegitimate child. Despite hiring a private detective who had tracked him for over half a year, traveling across the globe, there was no evidence of any such child.

Then, she dismissed her doubts, yet refused to accept that Soren was overly obsessed with money.

It was good for him to lose money now!

“Just stick to the facts when discussing things. What’s the point of dragging in unrelated matters? I’m just asking; if it doesn’t exist, then it doesn’t,” Soren was dissatisfied with her words.

What was he talking about? Why was she related to Cassidy’s disease?

Invite Dr. Quirke here, and the starting price was 1 billion dollars. And let alone if Dr. Quirke raised the price on the spot, they would not afford it, okay?

He could do anything with this money!

Moreover, life and death depended on wealth. For Cassidy’s disease, all well-known doctors couldn’t do anything about it. Could Dr. Quirke have a solution?

It was just a scam.

He wouldn’t be a slut and give money to Dr. Quirke!

She couldn’t even think about it!

“Humph, you just liked your money. How much did you lose now? Why don’t you use it to invite Dr. Quirke?” Hailey questioned harshly.

She finally got the chance. Now she wanted to question Soren about why he didn't take her daughter's life seriously!

"It's none of your business! I won't mistreat you. If you talk about it again, I will cut off your and Cassidy's living expenses so that you have no money to buy the medicine!" Soren threatened her.

However, Cassidy, who was just going home, heard this and paused.

It was a little ironic that her father could say such words.

As a child, she disliked Sofia because Sofia's parents were kind to her despite Sofia being also a girl at home. Although Sofia had an elder brother, her parents were sincere and kind to her. Nevertheless, her father mistreated

her.

At first, her father was kind to her, but he valued money more.

Sometimes, it was sad to think about it!

'Thanks to my mom and Sofia, I haven't become bad for so many years.'

Soren felt slightly embarrassed when he saw his daughter come back, assuming she had overheard their conversation. However, there was no point in explaining now, so he kept quiet.

"Dad, Mom, I'm back," Cassidy greeted flatly.

Hailey hurriedly greeted her, "You're back. You seem to have lost weight. Have you taken the medicine, on time these days?"

"Yes, I do," Cassidy replied indifferently.

“Dad, I heard something happened in the company. Is it serious?” Cassidy asked, pretending to be concerned.

“It’s not a big deal. It can be solved,” Soren was reluctant to talk more things about the company with Cassidy.

Although Cassidy would manage the company in the future, he had to keep the money in his own hands.

Suddenly, Soren’s phone rang.

“Hello?”

“Really!?” Soren jumped up and cranked his voice up a notch.

With a bang, the phone fell to the ground.

It was shut down after being dropped.

“It’s over,” Soren mumbled to himself.

Upon seeing this, Hailey nervously asked, “What’s wrong? What’s wrong with the company?”

Cassidy subconsciously wanted to care about him but didn’t step forward.

“Recent company statistics reveal that we’ve lost a staggering 1.2 billion dollars due to canceled partnerships and the compensation for arising issues!!” Soren lamented painfully.

Losing such a huge money was killing him!

How could this happen?

Why did he lose so much money all of a sudden?

“Soren Hansen, what’s wrong with you?!” Hailey was unwilling to hear that.

“Back then, when I asked you to take out money to hire Dr. Quirke for Cassidy, you refused, saying that 1 billion dollars was too much. You were afraid Dr. Quirke was a liar! You’ve lost 1.2 billion dollars in the blink of an eye. It would have been so much better if you had used that money to treat Cassidy, but now it’s all over! What on earth are you doing? You give me back the money!” Hailey began to go crazy and kicked Soren hard. She couldn’t accept

this.

She thought, ‘Obviously, you can save our daughter with this money. But it’s all a loss!’

Soren was impatiently beaten by his wife. “Piss off!” He pushed her and said confidently, “If I had spent so much to hire Dr. Quirke for Cassidy, then we would have declared bankruptcy by now!”

Now, he felt fortunate that he didn’t give much money to hire Dr. Quirke then. Otherwise, his family would be in trouble.

“You...”

“I’ll go now. You can solve the problem yourself,” Cassidy felt a little suffocating. She thought, ‘With all their wealth, why are they still fighting over money? If I hadn’t met Cassandra, I would have surely succumbed to this illness. But thankfully, Cassandra—who is also Dr. Quirke—is here to heal me. She gives me hope that I can overcome this.’

She left without looking back. It seemed that there was no need to look at them now.

On the other side, Jeremiah appeared in front of Cassandra and showed her the data. He said as if he was asking for credit, "How about that? I made him lose 200 million dollars more, which is 1.2 billion dollars in total. Tomorrow, the money will be transferred to my account!"

As long as Jeremiah thought of receiving 1.2 billion dollars, he felt that his busy work in the past two days was not

in vain.

However, Cassandra glanced at it and said, "When the money arrives tomorrow, transfer it to my card. Thank you."

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Jeremiah stared at Cassandra, but she didn't look at him and felt he should do it.

He protested loudly, "What did you say? I've been working hard for so many days, and none of them is mine."

Then his work would be in vain!

"I didn't say you would get a reward," Cassandra rightly replied.

Jeremiah couldn't say anything, just gestured with his fingers, "I..."

"Just remember to transfer the money to me tomorrow. If you have nothing else to do, go back quickly," Cassandra

said.

Jeremiah looked at her in disbelief as if she was looking at a stranger!

“Oh, damn it! You’re just using me!” Jeremiah protests!

He thought, ‘This chick is a manipulative female! She’s all sweet talk and charming when she needs a favor, but she’s indifferent as soon as I finish what she wants. What a scumbag! When she needs me, she’s all ‘bro’ this and ‘bro’ that. But once she’s got what she wants, she’s like, ‘Get out of face!’”

Cassandra looked at him and asked, “What did you say?”

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“Nothing, nothing. I’m leaving now,” Cassandra’s stare didn’t faze Jeremiah.

If it were just Cassandra, he would have played her for 300 rounds, but Kenneth’s involvement complicates things!!

There was a murderous look in his eyes!

He felt like a third party interrupting their rest.

If he didn’t retreat, Kenneth might beat him.

That look was so terrifying. Didn’t he just say “using me“?

Didn’t he know what kind of person his wife was?

He thought he had to ask Yannick for comfort.

Otherwise, his little heart could not bear it!

Cassandra was caught off guard by Jeremiah's departure. He had to pat the table before, but why did he leave so obediently today?

This was a bit unreasonable!

In a blink, a strong arm popped out from behind her and wrapped around her.

Tsk, it turned out that Kenneth was here. He ran away in fear.

'I can use this trick next time. When the time comes...' Cassandra thought.

Jeremiah felt like someone was whispering ill of him when he got in his car.

'Damn it! No way! I've left, and you still scold me behind my back! Kenneth, fuck...!!'

After scolding Kenneth in his heart, Jeremiah felt much happier. But thinking that the 1.2 billion dollars would disappear tomorrow, he was sad and drove to find Yannick.

During this period, Yannick worked for Kenneth in the company except for tasks, but he enjoyed himself at home!

Jeremiah thought it was not fair.

Jeremiah wondered if Yannick had gotten off work so late.

In the Pinehart Mansion, Kenneth held Cassandra's waist from behind and said in a slightly doting tone, "It's late. Have an early rest."

Cassandra's back tensed up momentarily.

She noticed her body becoming rigid, accompanied by a fresh onset of pain!

It was almost PTSD!

"I'm not sleepy. I'll go to bed later," said Cassandra, her voice a bit tense, and her gaze shifting away.

She shouted, "Susan, I want to drink soup. Could you cook it now?"

'I'm sorry, Susan. I have to bother you for my waist!' she thought.

'The soup will be stewed for two hours. At that time, it is already midnight. I can drink it and fall asleep immediately.'

Susan smiled and said, "OK. I know you like it, so I have stewed it tonight. It is not hot or cold, and the temperature

is right."

Cassandra was speechless. She wanted to say dirty words.

Kenneth laughed in a low voice.

'Cassandra does many things to avoid having intimacy with him. Susan may take at least two and a half hours to stew soup. At that time, it is past one o'clock in the morning. How could I have the heart to do it with her then? But Susan prepared the soup in advance.'

"I don't want to drink now," Cassandra was a little depressed, "Susan, go to bed early."

Seeing Cassandra's upset look, Kenneth felt distressed. "Let's just sleep tonight, and I won't do anything. How

about it!”

Cassandra’s eyes lit up, and she asked in disbelief, “Really?”

“If you said so, I’m unsure if it is true,” Kenneth wanted to tease her.

“Then I won’t ask. Let’s go to sleep,” Cassandra was instantly happy.

It was as if nothing had happened during the day, and no one could have affected her for a long time.

“But you have to make it up to me tomorrow night,” Kenneth held Cassandra in his arms and whispered. His voice was so attractive that it made Cassandra’s legs soft.

Cassandra was now in a dilemma, not knowing whether to take this step.

It was a little tricky.

She knew one couldn’t get something for nothing, but he could’ve waited until she got up.

She could stay up for a few nights or even stay up all night without sleeping for 65 hours.

Now Kenneth made her sleepless every day!

This was terrible!

It was a wrong decision to feel sorry for him!

“Let’s talk about it tomorrow,” Cassandra didn’t want to continue the conversation.

After Cassandra had two good nights of sleep, Kenneth began to think about trying some particular positions at

night!

The next day, when Cassandra woke up, she received a 1.2 billion dollar transfer from Jeremiah, and this guy was

crying!

But Cassandra ignored Jeremiah.

The treatment plan had just come out at that time, and she could tell Cassidy.

So she called Cassidy and Sofia.

When Sofia arrived, she held a special box and put it in front of Cassandra like a treasure. "Cassandra, I've brought

the wild ginseng with a history of one thousand years. Take a look!"

Cassandra was stunned and somewhat surprised. She hurriedly opened the box to check, watched it for a long time, and said, "It is indeed a thousand-year-old wild ginseng."

"That's fine. I thought someone was lying to my father. Now it is yours!" Sofia said generously.

She hoped Cassandra could take it and treat Cassidy well!

Cassandra shook her head and said, "Name your price. I'll buy it."

It was hard to get, and she wouldn't take it for granted.

It was a little guilty to get something for free.

"No, this is your reward for treating Cassidy. You mentioned that you would travel to your mentor's place to obtain the medicine, which is costly. Since Cassidy and I are strapped for cash, we can only do our utmost to make up for your expenses," Sofia said seriously.

Cassidy also took out a card and handed it to Cassandra, "Cassie, there's some money on this card, but it's not huge. My dad has always been very generous to me. I've sold my house, car, and limited-edition bags here. The remaining funds will be given to you gradually over time. You've already been so kind to me. Even though I don't need to pay the consultation fee, the medicinal ingredients are costly, so I can't accept them for free."

Cassandra was stunned momentarily and didn't know whether she should be angry.

"Take them all back, including Sofia's card from last time," Cassandra said, handing it to Sofia. "I've already told you someone will cover the consultation fee, so don't fret about it. I'll give you what the market price of this wild ginseng is."

Cassidy and Sofia ignored Cassandra's last words and asked in unison, "Who paid the consultation fee?"

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Cassandra also took out a bank card and handed it to Cassidy. "There are 1.2 billion dollars in this account, which is the loss of the Hansen family these days. Whether it's compensation or cooperation money, it's all here. You keep it well. It's always right for girls to take more money."

She took out Sofia's bank card yesterday and said, "Take back the money you gave me. I said I don't need it."

Only after Jeremiah suppressed the Hansen family did she realize that although Soren loved his daughter and would generously give her money, he would not give her that much. Soren gave up when he knew that other doctors were helpless in treating Cassidy's illness. It was disgusting.

Since he didn't want to give it to Cassidy, it was not a big deal to let him lose money somewhere else and give it all

to her.

Cassidy was shocked. Didn't her dad say all the company projects went wrong when she came home yesterday?

It turned out that Cassie did it to vent her anger.

Sofia was shocked!

"Cassandra, you're so amazing. It turned out that you did all this. I thought no one had a deep hatred with the Hansen family!" Sofia spoke directly again.

Cassandra was silent.

Cassidy was silent.

She thought, 'Sofia, say a little less. Can you change your temperament a bit? Can you think before you speak?'

Sofia's mouth froze. She thought, 'Damn it! I must have said something wrong!'

"Cassandra, I was wrong. I'm sorry!" Sofia looked like an apologist.

Cassandra seemed to have gotten used to Sofia's speaking, so she didn't care about it. She told Cassidy, "The Hansen family will not be in big trouble from now on. The 1.2 billion dollars is a lesson for your father. You can keep the money. If anything happens in the future, I will charge you, but I will give you a discount."

Cassidy refused to accept the bank card, and she was deeply moved. If she hadn't gradually matured over time, she would have had to grow up quickly when she realized her illness and her father's reluctance to pay for it.

It was not easy in the adult world, but when she met Cassandra, nothing seemed to be a problem. Such growth became a little relaxed.

She pushed the bank card to Cassandra and said, "This money is yours. My father values money too much. It's okay for him to lose money. Just keep it."

"I don't need it. It's a waste in my hands. You take it,

going to refuse, Cassandra glared at Cassidy indifferently, which frightened her so much that she didn't dare to speak.

'In that case, I'll donate it in the name of Dr. Quirke, Cassidy thought.

Finally, Cassandra bought the thousand-year-old wild ginseng from Sofia but didn't ask for it.

She just asked for a fee, meaning she had promised to give it to her idol.

Sofia only took 200 thousand dollars, but Kenneth transferred 2 million dollars to her.

For Cassandra, even 20 million dollars of wild ginseng was like a freebie. She put it back in her laboratory happily.

She told Cassidy to stop taking the medicine these two days, and it would take three days before she could start

treatment.

After Cassandra put everything away, she thought of something. She turned on the computer and transferred 200 million dollars to Jeremiah for his hard work.

After all, he had been busy for so many days. It was better to reward him in case this guy spread rumors

everywhere.

She closed the computer and went upstairs to find Kenneth.

Upon seeing Cassandra, Kenneth waved at her, allowing her to come over.

She nestled in his arms, adjusted comfortably, and said gently, "I'm returning to Mr. McCall's shabby house. Will you

come with me?"

There were a lot of treasures in there. Cassidy needed herbs this time, which could only be found in the shabby

house.

Kenneth raised his eyebrows and said, "You often talk about Mr. McCall's home?"

“Yeah, there are all precious herbs in it. There are also ordinary herbs, but they could be more precious. I can’t wait to grab them and bring them back!”

Cassandra has a mysterious obsession with Omar’s shabby house.

If only the herbs were all hers, she could study whatever she wanted!

“Okay, I’ll go with you and try to get more this time. What do you think?” Kenneth thought it was a good suggestion. He could drive a car with more space.

Then, he could get Cassandra whatever she wanted.

Cassandra was a woman who acted promptly and decisively, always ready to take action. So, in the afternoon, Kenneth and she drove straight to Omar’s villa.

Omar was shocked when he saw Cassandra. He thought, ‘What’s going on? Why did the two of them come back? It has only been a few days since they separated!’

Why did he always feel Cassandra’s eyes were full of evil intentions?!

Kenneth brought two tonics to Omar, saying that they were gifts. But it was not all tonics, but two precious herbs. Of course, the premise was that Cassandra already had such herbs.

Omar looked at them suspiciously and said, “Is it a trap?”

Cassandra took it for granted and said, “Of course not. I just came back to see you. The scenery here is gorgeous in spring, so I plan to stay there for a few days.”

‘And pick up some treasures!’ she thought:

Omar didn't believe it. This was the worst scenery in the suburb of Drieso, and even if it had to be developed, it would take several years. Cassandra could say that the scenery was good.

"Do you think I believe that?" Omar teased.

Cassandra said, "Of course. Don't you trust me?"

Omar was speechless. In this world, one could believe anyone but not her, okay?

For the first time, he trusted her. His medicine cabinet was destroyed.

The second time he trusted her, one-third of his preciousness was ruined.

She lied to him so many times. Would he believe her again?

"What on earth are you coming back for? When things are out of the ordinary, there must be something fishy," Omar didn't believe a word—coming back to see the scenery? That's about as likely as him winning the lottery!

Seeing that Cassandra didn't fall for it, she could only tell the truth, "Nothing. I want to come back and see your

herbs."

'By the way, take some away!' she thought.

Omar was feeling a strong sense of caution!!

He knew Cassandra must be here for his precious medicine!

He spent most of his life looking for herbs. Could he give them to her easily?!

“No, I disagree, no way!”

Omar refused without asking what had happened, which showed how precious those treasures were.

But Cassandra was not the kind of person who would give up just because someone said it was impossible.

So Cassandra said calmly, “I know you don’t agree, so I brought Kenneth back to stay for two days.”

‘If it doesn’t work out, I will grab them by force!’ she thought.

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Kenneth cracked a faint smile, totally smitten with how wickedly clever his sweetheart could be.

Ignoring Omar’s refusal, Cassandra marched right to her own room.

Omar was speechless.

Lost count of how many times he had questioned his life choices, wondering just what on earth he had taken

under his wing.

Disrespectful, always aiming to rile him up, and now, even coveted his precious medicinal herbs.

In the room, Kenneth gently stroked Cassandra’s hair and said, “Never thought you’d be this cunning, with a bit of a

childish streak too, huh?"

Cassandra tilted her head, looking at Kenneth, unable to resist saying, "That's a bad thing?"

She mused about Kenneth's words, 'Omar likes me being unbridled, doesn't he?

'Otherwise, I wouldn't act this way the moment I'm back to this place.

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'No matter what happens, this place always gives me the right to be myself, relaxed, worried about nothing.'

"No. It's a pretty good one. Every side of you is wonderful. Your happiness is the top priority," he said. He was speaking from the heart. To him, he didn't care what kind of person Cassandra was. What he truly cared about was.

her happiness.

"Well, I feel relaxed coming back here because life was quite easy here. This place is not far from Rootland Village. I used to study here, and came back to take care of Grandma after finishing my studies. She was living a much easier life back then. Tired but sweet old days. I even dreamt about saving her, but..."

The conversation turned somewhat melancholic, even a bit stifling.

This place was both a source of happiness and gloom for her.

Kenneth pulled her into his arms, heartbroken. Cassandra sniffed, "It's okay. All that's in the past now. I haven't dwelled on it much, just happened to think about it."

Poking Kenneth slightly, Cassandra pointed at a cabinet in the corner, “That’s where Omar kept the toys he prepared for me. They should still be there after all these years.”

Though saying this, she mused, ‘They were there a few years ago, at least. Whether they still were, was another question.’

Curious, Kenneth opened the cabinet, finding a bunch of quaint and quirky stuff, “They’re all still here.”

He carefully took the toys out, one by one.

Cassandra felt a warm familiarity. “Omar made these for me when I was ten years old. Can’t believe they’re still

here.”

Bamboo dragonflies, panda dolls, and other trinkets.

Kenneth could tell that Omar truly doted on her as if she were his own granddaughter.

“Cute things,” Kenneth commented, handling them with care.

The bamboo dragonfly, well-preserved but clearly aged, could crumble if not handled delicately.

“This was his biggest charm, attracting me to learn traditional medicine with him.” Those petit stuffs, reminding her

of the old days, amused her, ‘If I was not the poor little girl without any toy, would I be tricked into becoming a

traditional medicine practitioner?’

Kenneth couldn't help but chuckle, 'My dear, studying traditional medicine just because of toys?

'If I'm not wrong, the true reason you studied traditional medicine, which requires tons of patience and time, was your grandma's wish. Otherwise, how could it distract you from making money for a living?'

"Actually, there's another important reason. Omar once paid me 1 million dollars to study it with him. With that money, I could save Grandma. So without a second thought, I agreed."

It was the quickest way to get such an amount of money.

Even if it meant dealing with strangers or traffickers, she had no better choice.

Her words confirmed Kenneth's suspicion. 'I just knew it. She did all this for her grandma.'

"You've done a very good job. If it weren't for Omar teaching you, there would be no Dr. Quirke, and you wouldn't have been able to change so many people's lives." Kenneth hated it when she belittled herself as a gold-digger.

There was no more convincing example than the miracle that happened to Kayden, who was sentenced to death with only one more week to live. But she managed to bring him back to life within a month. Kayden regained consciousness and could even stand up.

To Kenneth, Cassandra was basically working magic.

He was incredibly grateful, having only Kayden and John who were like his brothers in arms. Losing one would have been devastating.

And there was Leanna. Though that woman had a heart as cold as ice, the fact that she had woken up and been cured of her poison was a testament to Cassandra's extraordinary skills. Despite Leanna's slumber, Harper was

now in good health, clear proof of Cassandra's capabilities.

"Maybe you're right. But don't you think the fees are too high?" Cassandra laughed, posing the question.

Reflecting on it now, she herself found the prices astonishingly high.

"Not really. Though your rates are steep, you adjust them based on the situation to save those who have a strong will to live. For those who truly want to live, who have no lawsuits or resignations to fate, haven't you offered free treatment since they couldn't afford the fees? It used to be once a year, now it's every three months. You've done a very good job and you can't save everyone. Please go easy on yourself," answered Kenneth in earnest.

Dr. Quirke treating patients in person, with only 100 slots available each time, was already beyond her capacity.

She had already invested a lot in charity, with new drugs R&D being bottomless pits of expenditure. All those expenditure was shouldered by her.

If she treated everyone for free, the title of Dr. Quirke would lose its meaning.

Cassandra felt understood by Kenneth.

Just when she thought of stealing a kiss from Kenneth, Omar entered, looking utterly disgusted. "You two, get out

here!"

Cassandra rolled her eyes at Omar. "What's up?"

“Oh, dinner is ready.” Despite his words of disdain, his actions spoke differently—he had gone ahead and prepared the meal himself.

“Coming!” Cassandra responded cheerfully.

She went downstairs with Kenneth and saw a table full of dishes, including her favorite which was also Omar’s signature dish, reminiscent of early days studying traditional medicine when Omar would occasionally cook it for

her.

But Omar couldn’t read the girl in front of him anymore. She seemed to be confident about gaining something and indifferent to anything at the same time.

He thought, ‘Has it been so long that I can’t predict her actions anymore?’

‘What’s her next move? What does she really want?’

Omar’s voice was tentative, “Kenneth, I know you’re a quite busy businessman and need to take charge of the big picture. You’d better go back home after dinner.”

Omar deemed Casandra a bomb waiting to explode, with a purpose that could strip his herbal collection bare.

“We’ll be back tomorrow. If you’re unwilling to give me anything, that’s fine. Am I not allowed to rest for a night after being so tired?” Cassandra didn’t insist, as herbs weren’t part of her plan. “I’m just really sleepy and want to sleep.”

Omar was speechless.

He told himself, ‘She must have changed her tactics.’

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Cassandra looked at Omar, feigning sorrow. "Cassidy's ill. She used to support and respect you a lot. Since you don't want to save her, I guess there's nothing I can do."

Omar was lost for words.

'Playing the victim? What a nice trick!

'However, since it was Cassidy, I'd like to offer a hand.'

So he asked, "Tell me about her."

He didn't want Cassandra to lose any of her true friends.

Cassandra shared Omar Cassidy's situation, Omar was also shocked at the severity.

"Do you need me to help?"

"It's a bit tricky but not too difficult. We're just short of a few herbs..." Cassandra's intentions were abundantly clear.

Omar got the point.

"What do you need?" Omar resigned himself to his fate, figuring that offering willingly was a far better option than being outright robbed.

Cassandra listed five names. Giving away each one of them would make Omar's heart bleed.

He thought, 'The cunning girl deliberately chose the rarest ones!

'Can she be even more "considerate"?''

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"Wait here," Omar said and reluctantly went to his pharmacy and cut a bit of each herb Cassandra requested, his heart bleeding.

While doing this, he pondered, 'Hopefully, it would be enough.'

Soon, Omar returned with the herbs, "Take these and go back quickly."

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"There's no rush. Cassidy just stopped her previous medication today. She needs to stop for three days before we can start the new treatment. I'll go back tomorrow." Cassandra yawned after insisting on staying here.

"I'll go see Grandma and then head to bed," she added, outlining her plans before promptly heading out with Kenneth, making sure to secure the herbs.

Since it all went surprisingly smoothly, with the rare herbs in hand, she adjusted her plan and decided to lighten

Omar's collection only "a bit" that night.

Omar watched Cassandra's departing figure, puzzled, 'Is she really going to stay?'

Later that night, Omar was asleep when Cassandra suddenly got up, startling Kenneth.

He thought, 'Didn't we get the herbs already? Then we can just leave tomorrow. What she's planning now?'

"Kenneth, grab the stuff. We're heading home tonight," Cassandra whispered as if about to commit theft.

"Huh? Why the rush?" Kenneth was a little confused.

"Perfect timing for a getaway." She knew too well that Omar was a heavy sleeper, now was their best chance to raid his treasure trove.

Kenneth was stunned, 'What, a getaway?'

'Is she planning to grab those herbs right now?'

Without a second thought, Kenneth sent a message to Yannick. And soon three people were mobilized, entering Omar's house.

Cassandra and Kenneth quietly went downstairs and sneaked into Omar's pharmacy.

Familiar with the layout, Cassandra opened the treasure cabinet, filled with Omar's prized herbs, some exclusive to his collection.

With three extra pairs of hands, they managed to take a significant amount.

As they left, Cassandra told Ethan, "You're good with psychological support. If the Omar faints from shock tomorrow, call me!"

Then, Kenneth drove them away.

The next day, Omar found the silence in the house unsettling. And he noticed that the door of Cassandra's room

was open.

He immediately knew that something was amiss.

He could barely contain his unease. 'My herbs! My treasure!!

Rushing to his pharmacy, the sight nearly made him faint, but Ethan caught him in time.

Omar asked in shock, "Who are you? Why are you here?"

"I'm here to look after you, as ordered by Mr. Zelinski," Ethan said this as if Kenneth was the culprit.

'Mr. Zelinski? Is he one of Kenneth's men?'

The mention of Kenneth irritated Omar even more.

'This Mr. Zelinski is literally a bandit! All my treasures are gone now. It would be better to kill me!'

"Go to ask your Mr. Zelinski to give my herbs back!" Omar was beyond furious.

He knew that Cassandra would definitely take the herbs, but he didn't expect that she would rob him of a significant portion of his collection.

' 40%, Cassandra! Did you think you're entitled to a share of my stock? That's too much!'

"Mr. Mccall, calm down. Whatever Mr. Zelinski took is for a good reason. After all, he's sort of your son-in-law," Ethan tried to soothe him, but to no avail.

“Humph, a good reason? It’s for Cassandra! He knows nothing about traditional medicine. Cassandra is the one who covets my collection.”

He mused, ‘What Mr. Zelinski? I’m not a fool. It must be Cassandra who planned all this. No one except her has the ability to pick those herbs that are mutually complementary!’

‘No, I can’t just sit idly by. I need to implement better security measures specifically targeted at Cassandra!’

Back at Pinehart Mansion, Cassandra was thrilled.

It was almost dawn. Having secured her coveted herbs, Cassandra, who was too excited to sleep, dived into her

lad.

After categorizing and experimenting with them, she emerged, visibly pleased.

“Happy?” Kenneth asked.

“Yeah, these are all mine now. I’d be crazy not to be happy.” She had been eyeing these for so long, and now that they were finally hers, she couldn’t help but revel in the joy.

“As long as you’re happy.” Kenneth’s lips curled into a sly smile, his eyes gleaming with mischief, hinting, “Now that the wife is happy, shouldn’t the husband get a little happiness too?”

Cassandra was caught off guard.

“I’m off to prepare medicine for Cassidy. I don’t have that time. You go ahead and enjoy yourself,” she said before turning to leave. But she wasn’t fast enough to escape Kenneth, who caught her in his grasp.

Cassandra found herself cradling in Kenneth's arms, and the latter said, "I know how quickly you work with your medicines. Cassidy needs to stop her medication for three days, and you need to check on her again in one day. There's still plenty of time. I've been your accomplice in crime, isn't it only fair to reward your husband?"

Kenneth grinned cunningly. He was running out of time, with only two days left before his intense training session began, which he would also attend. Soon, he'd have to live like a monk.

Failing to seize this moment would be a disservice to himself.

After a moment's thought, Cassandra, wrapping her arms around his neck, gave him a quick peck on the lips. "Is this enough?"

"Far from enough." He would not be satisfied by a kiss.

Kenneth carried Cassandra back to the bedroom. The latter's eyes were wide open out of embarrassment.

"Don't be naughty. It's still daytime. Not now."

Even with the curtains drawn, the sunlight could seep through. Thinking of what would happen next, she blushed

as red as a rose.

Kenneth's bold moves and unwavering gaze spoke of a desire.

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“Babe, I’ve only got a few days left, can you really bear to leave me hanging?” Kenneth’s voice carried a pitiful tone, reminiscent of a peacock in courtship, desperately flaunting its feathers to gain affection.

“I can totally bear it. I think your isolation training was way too short. You should extend it till the end of the year,” Cassandra replied stiffly, at her wit’s end. She felt that Kenneth’s desire was over too consuming.

The past few days had left her visibly struggling. Her lower back was about to give out on her.

Despite her fondness for having sex with Kenneth, the frequency was getting to be too much.

Kenneth’s eyes darkened, his gaze becoming inscrutable with a hint of cunning, “In that case, why don’t you just stay in bed for the next couple of days?”

Without giving Cassandra a chance to argue, he sealed her lips with his, muffling any retorts she might have had.

Cassandra didn’t manage to counter Kenneth. In the end, she was utterly spent to the point of not wanting to move a single finger.

She fell asleep around noon, without having lunch or even a sip of water, unresponsive to Kenneth’s calls. This worried him enough to summon a doctor, who concluded she was simply exhausted.

Kenneth realized he needed to reflect on his actions. He couldn’t keep wearing Cassandra out like this.

He knew she was getting really exhausted, but he just could not stop. It was as if he was addicted to her presence, her sweet scent that lingered around him, stirring his emotions and causing an unrest within that he couldn’t

control.

He found himself drowning in desire, unable to restrain his movements.

After some deep reflection, he vowed to change.

Caressing Cassandra's cheek, noticing the signs of weariness on her face, he decided to retreat to his study to work, letting her rest undisturbed.

In the Pinehart Mansion today, everyone moved with extra care, speaking in hushed tones to not disturb her rest.

It was the next morning when Cassandra woke up.

Kenneth's side of the bed was cold, indicating that he had been up for a while. But she couldn't find him either in the living room or in the study.

Susan, seeing Cassandra awake, felt concerned but also pleased.

She was all too aware of the transformation that came over Kenneth whenever he was with Cassandra, turning him

into a man of tenderness and generosity, a true lover at heart. Their affection for each other turned the entire mansion into a haven of sweetness, much like lovebirds in their blissful world.

"Ms. Yates, you're awake! Mr. Zelinski prepared breakfast for you. Shall I bring it over?" Susan greeted her warmly.

"Sure, bring it here. I'll eat at the coffee table. Where's Kenneth?" Kenneth was good at making breakfast. Cassandra took a bite of the food and asked.

"He's gone to the office, said he won't be back till tonight," replied Susan.

Cassandra was skeptical, 'Going the the office?

‘He’d been practically glued to home these past few days, and now suddenly he changed his mind?’

“All right, I know.” She continued eating without further inquiry.

She planned to take the herbs to Whitecrane Hall for further compounding after breakfast. A herb needed could only be found in Whitecrane Hall. It seemed they had a monopoly on this herb.

Upon arriving at Whitecrane Hall, Cassandra found it surrounded by a crowd.

Pushing through, she saw Hugo treating someone, though his expression was grave.

“Hugo, Dr. Quirke hasn’t taught you anything for so many years? A random illness could kill you?” A man standing next to Hugo sounded very arrogant and even a little provocative.

“What’s going on?” she asked, approaching them.

Cassandra’s presence boosted Hugo, who had planned to call her if he couldn’t nail it.

“Ms. Yates, someone here is challenging us!” exclaimed Scarlett from the reception.

Cassandra was irritated by the audacity of those bullying a poor old man, simply to leech off Whitecrane Hall’s fame with their new clinic,

She scolded inwardly, ‘Challenging? A bunch of hypocrites!’

Cassandra faced them coldly, inquiring, “Is it true?”

Hugo nodded in confirmation awkwardly. There had been people who came here to challenge him in medical skills, so as to win fame and customers.

Facing the challengers, her gaze sharp and voice cold, she asked, "You're here to challenge us?"

"Well, it's not exactly a challenge, more like a friendly exchange. What if we can cure what Hugo can't? Wouldn't

that prove our clinic's worth?" one of those challengers, Adrian Blackwood, retorted, clearly provoking.

Adrian knew it was impossible for them to surpass Dr. Quirke. But Hugo, Dr. Quirke's helper, would be much easier

to deal with.

Being better than Hugo was enough to make them famous. Where there's fame, there's fortune.

Cassandra, unfazed, turned to Hugo, "Can you handle this on your own?"

Hugo decided to tell the truth out of the sense of responsibility as a doctor. "I can only control it temporarily, not cure it," Hugo admitted, disappointed in his limitations.

"Then leave it to me," declared Cassandra, taking silver needles and other tools from him.

Adrian, skeptical, mocked her youth, "Does Whitecrane Hall have no better doctors?"

He studied Cassandra very closely. "What can a young girl know about traditional medicine? Hugo, even if you can't afford to lose, sending a girl won't make things better. It seems that we're kind of bullying her, haha!"

Cassandra simply stated, "I'm his apprentice and have studied traditional medicine for years. If I cure this patient, you leave, right? Why use a sledgehammer to crack a nut? I can handle this all by myself."

Her age was convincing as an apprentice.

“But since this is a competition, I think we should set some rules, don’t you think?” Cassandra looked at Adrian with

a playful smirk, her tone laced with light mockery.

“Of course, what’s the stake?” Adrian was inwardly thrilled. He’d come for a prize, and now Cassandra was handing

it to him on a silver platter. How could he not take it?

Cassandra said, “We treated the patient you brought. So, you must treat the patient we brought. Of course, I won’t pick a terminal case for you. If you manage to cure this one, you win, and Whitecrane Hall admits defeat. We’ll pack our things and leave. How does that sound?”

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“If I cure the patient you’ve brought, and I win, you guys get lost and stay away from Whitecrane Hall. Sounds good?” Cassandra suggested.

Adrian did some quick thinking. Winning could mean shutting down Whitecrane Hall, allowing them to dominate

the market of Drieso.

After all, without the famed Dr. Quirke around, how capable could Hugo’s apprentice be?

But something about Cassandra seemed familiar, though he couldn’t place where he’d seen her before.

The crowd was flabbergasted, wondering, ‘Who is she exactly?’

The crowd was abuzz with conversation. “Isn’t that Cassandra Yates? She knows traditional medicine too?”

“I also recognize her. Cassandra is practicing traditional medicine? Seriously?”

“Are you guys fans of her? No one can be that skilled in so many areas. Just use your brains. Traditional medicine isn’t something you can master just by being smart because it needs years of experience.”

“I think so too. She seems to be making a joke at a time like this!”

“Let’s just watch. I have a feeling there’s going to be a twist!”

“Oh, no! I can’t miss this. I’m starting a live stream now. This topic is going to explode, and this would be the perfect chance to attract followers!”

While saying this, this woman immediately took out her phone and started a live stream, tagging “Everything about Cassandra.”

Soon, her live room was flooded with fans eager to see what was going on.

Cassandra, noticing the Adrian’s silence, urged, “Have you decided? If not, take your patient and leave.”

Adrian had just overheard the conversation, pondering, ‘This was Cassandra Yates! Leveraging her influence could skyrocket my fame!’

“Fine, but you must keep your word. We’re not bringing in any exceptionally difficult cases, and you can’t deliberately make things hard for us,” Adrian insisted, wanting to ensure no foul play.

“Don’t worry. Your people will go with Hugo to pick the patient you want. How about that?” Cassandra offered a fair solution, giving them the final say.

“Deal!” agreed Adrian.

He was surprised that Cassandra seemed to be unfazed about this agreement.

“So, do I start treating this patient, or do you want to switch to another?” She knew these guys would not be kind enough to only prepare one patient for this challenge.

“Switch. This patient has been under Hugo’s care. Taking over now would seem like cheating,” Adrian said, signaling his people to bring forward another patient.

Cassandra suddenly asked, “Dr. who? Please tell me how to address you?”

Just got here, and she knew nobody.

“Dr. Blackwood,” Adrian replied arrogantly, eyeing Cassandra.

“Okay,” Cassandra nodded.

Adrian’s team brought in a person covered in pustules, his face swollen and emitting a foul odor, causing the onlookers to step back from the stench.

Even Adrian couldn’t hide his disgust.

The live chat exploded with reactions to the unpleasant sight:

[Yikes, no disrespect to the patient, but I can’t handle this!]

[Suddenly, my Starbucks doesn’t taste as good. Do I swallow or spit it out?]

[My pancake... How am I supposed to eat now?]

[This is scarier than a zombie. How can she even treat this?]

[I'm curious about Cassandra's plan. This seems impossible!]

[I myself study traditional medicine. Sorry to all my teachers, I can't even look straight at this.]

[It's so gross, I'm going insane!]

[I'm from Juset University. Cassandra studied traditional medicine. But I doubt if she will be able to deal with this situation.]

[It must be really terrible to see it since you guys here stepped back just now.]

[We were repelled by the stink. I just arrived at Whitecrane Hall and almost passed out.]

[Just the fact that Cassandra isn't fazed by this wins her points in my book.]

[Cassandra graduated from the Traditional Medicine Department of Juset University. The professors said there's

nothing left to teach her.]

[Really? Is that even possible?!]

Adrian smirked triumphantly at Cassandra, his gaze filled with disdain, "Ms. Yates, please."

"Yes." Cassandra's voice was really calm.

Cassandra approached, noting the patient's swollen wrists made it impossible to diagnose from his pulse. She felt his labored breathing which was likely to stop at any moment.

Cassandra sighed, deciding to find a breakthrough from the patient's statement. The patient confessed, "I've eaten...some wild game meats before. And the last time, it was a bat, which led to this. Doctor, please save me."

He was desperate for help. Having lived in this state for half a year, he feared death was near.

His family had abandoned him, and even his neighbors treated him like a monster.

He would be willing to give everything to his savior.

Cassandra frowned at the severity of his condition, the foul smell from his mouth nearly overwhelming.

"Your habit of eating wild game must have been long-standing. And eating wild rabbits is one thing, but bats? Are you serious?" Cassandra couldn't help but chastise him. Such dietary choices were unthinkable and had led to his current plight.

"Yes, yes, I'm begging you to save me," the patient pleaded, attempting to kneel but crying out in pain as his sores throbbed excruciatingly.

"Stand up," Cassandra instructed, then turned to Hugo, "Get my gloves and a mask."

The pustules hadn't burst yet, posing no risk of spreading, but that could change once they were drained.

"Hand out medical masks to everyone," she told Scarlett.

Then, she addressed the crowd, “I’ll be draining the pus from the patient’s sores later. We can’t be sure if it’s airborne, so I need everyone to step back and maintain a safe distance.”

She had a large bucket prepared with a protective cover, though a modest precaution, to prevent splashes.

Hugo returned with what Cassandra requested and her silver needles as well, which had been disinfected here since its owner had been resting at home those days.

Hugo knew these were exactly what she wanted.

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When Cassandra was about to start giving acupuncture to the patient, Adrian and his companions subconsciously stayed away. This patient’s disease was very strange. Unexpectedly, Cassandra was so bold that she started treating the patient.

‘Humph, if the patient is dead, Whitecrane Hall would be in a lawsuit, Adrian thought.

About an hour later, Cassandra finished the acupuncture. She breathed a sigh of relief, as did the onlookers and netizens in the livestream.

Acupuncture was only the first step, and then the blood in the pustule needed to be released.

Cassandra took off her gloves and took out a set of surgical tools from her bag. Then she changed into new gloves, disinfected the scalpel, and began to cut open the pustule.

Hugo wanted to help Cassandra, but Cassandra stopped him. Before she was sure whether the blood contained the virus, it was better not to let more people get close so as not to cause harm.

It wasn’t blood that was coming out of the pustules; it was something black like it was poisoned.

Many of the onlookers began to retch. It was too smelly and sour.

Seeing that someone was about to take off his mask, Hugo hurriedly stopped him. "You can't take off your mask. If you cannot stand it, you can leave now and take off your mask in other places. Remember to wash your hands and

disinfect them."

Some people couldn't stand the smell anymore. Even the people who ate and drank coffee around couldn't stand it and all left. The owner of the restaurant didn't know what was going on that there was such a stench coming from

it. It smelled like a lot of sewers

The smell was really bad. "Cassandra frowned more and more tightly, and she also couldn't stand it.

But treatment couldn't be done by halves.

After all the black blood was drained, that man's skin shrank back.

Aside from the fact that his skin was still a little ugly, he seemed to have changed as a whole.

The blood on his face was from the back and side of his neck, so after the blood was drained, most of his face

recovered.

"How's it going? Are you feeling better?" Cassandra asked.

"I can breathe smoothly, I feel much better." The patient stood up in surprise.

It seemed that even the wound on his body was not a big deal.

“Ok” Cassandra said.

Cassandra let s

someone seal the blood water and take it away, Instead of being disposed of directly. The blood must be tested to confirm that it was not infectious and non-toxic before being thrown out.

“Hugo, you bandage the patient first, and then I’ll check his pulse.” Cassandra took off her mask and gloves. The

lobby of Whitecrane Hall was no longer smelly after the blood had been taken away.

Adrian looked gloomy. He didn’t expect that Cassandra did it. Even he wouldn’t dare do such an operation.

However, Cassandra did it. Checking a pulse would be easier for her.

That was amazing!

[Holy crap! Cassandra is so amazing. I can’t believe she cured the patient.]

[I want to praise Cassandra, but I don’t know how. What should I do? My friends.]

[It doesn’t matter. Just kneel.]

[That’s awesome! I’m so impressed!]

[Just for this, no one can say anything bad about Cassandra in front of me from now on.]

[Cassandra's fans are so endless about her. This is the basic quality of being a doctor.]

(I also want

to say that. Don't you feel embarrassed when a group of people compliment Cassandra? I'm embarrassed for you guys.]

[Shut up!

up! As long as you're a doctor, you can do it? Why don't you let Dr. Blackwood do it? Isn't he a doctor?]

[It's enough. Don't talk rubbish here if you're not capable.]

When Hugo brought the patient back, the wound had been bandaged, and he changed into an energetic person. Although his skin was wrinkled, there was no stench on his body.

Adrian was stunned and thought, Why did he become like this? It's easy for Cassandra to check his pulse now. Originally, he wanted to mock Cassandra through this man. But he didn't expect Cassandra to cure this man.

"Sit down. I'll check your pulse," Cassandra spoke coldly with a serious expression.

The patient reached out his hand gratefully. A few minutes later, Cassandra said, "There is no other problem. As soon as the blood is released, you will be cured. Go back and get some nutrition. I'll ask Hugo to prescribe traditional medicine for you."

The patient kept thanking her. "Thank you Thank you Ms Yates You are a miracle doctor My wife ran away and my parents abandoned me because of my disease. I can't thank you enough for curing me ~

Cassandra flashed a faint smile to respond him

“Although you’re cured, remember that you don’t eat that game meat anymore. They carry viruses and bacteria. If you eat them, they will make you like this again.” Cassandra couldn’t help but say something

If it hadn’t been for her professionalism as a doctor, she would have started vomiting wildly with the dustbin in her

arms

“Yes, yes, I see. I will obey your instructions and never eat these things again.” The patient nodded quickly.

“Well, you can go back,” Cassandra said.

Cassandra looked at Adrian and asked, “Are you satisfied?”

Adrian snorted coldly and said disdainfully. “Who knows if your diagnosis is correct?”

Then you can diagnose him again,” Cassandra said indifferently.

Adrian slightly raised his eyelids with some contempt in his eyes, but he still grabbed the patient’s hand and began

to diagnose

How is that possible? How could this happen? It is just a little blood loss? But it wasn’t like the diagnosis before,

Adrian thought

“Just take care of yourself” Adnan thought for a long time but couldn’t find any problem, so he could only say this

Everyone burst into laughter

The patient left happily. He wanted to go home and have a good rest, then get his wife and children back, and

apologize to his parents

Cassandra looked at Adrian “Ask Hugo with your people to choose a patient.”

Adrian’s face was a little cold

go myself” His reputation was at stake, and there was no room for carelessness

“Ok, but if you choose some patients with common cold to participate in the competition, it will be unfair

Cassandra said coldly

Adrian was somewhat powerful, but he wasn’t that great Maybe he was capable but was overshadowed by

Whitecrane Hall, so it was difficult for him to stand out. So he wanted to choose this road to prove himself

“Don’t worry I won’t do such a thing” Adrian said

Hugo made a “please” gesture and asked Adrian to follow him.

The onlookers were getting excited. They were all ready to watch.

## Chapter 469

After a while, Adrian chose a ruddy-faced and healthy-looking man to appear.

[That's...]

I have to say that Dr. Blackwood is good at finding people.]

[Why didn't Dr. Blackwood come to my house and choose me? I look much paler than this person.]

[He's a bit shameless. It's not fair!]

[Shame on him. What he did doesn't match what he said. I want to curse him.]

[Don't hold it back. I've had a lot of it, too.

[What's the fun in this competition? It's so unfair.]

The onlookers also couldn't understand. Someone shouted, "Doctor, don't you think you have gone too far? You find a person covered with pustules for Cassandra and choose someone who looks so good and very healthy for you. You are kidding, right?"

Adrian's face darkened, but he didn't see who was shouting there.

Scarlett praised this man silently. He was so brave and good at talking. "Nicely done, dude, Scarlett thought.

“Those who look healthy have many diseases. This patient looks ruddy, but he is seriously ill,” Adrian said.

Cassandra found a place to sit down. She felt a little pain in her waist, which was worse when she bent over just now. She needed to rest.

Hugo was silently paying attention to Cassandra. ‘What’s wrong with her? She used to see two more patients like this without getting tired. Why is she so tired today?’

kel have

“It looks like I’ll have to arrange a check-up for her later.’

However, Hugo didn’t know that Kenneth was the culprit.

In Zelinski Group, Yannick rushed into the office with his phone. “Mr. Zelinski, Mrs. Zelinski is...”

Kenneth looked at Yannick with a cold face and sharp eyes. Yannick subconsciously wanted to quit, but he had something important to tell Kenneth.

“What’s wrong with my wife?” Kenneth looked at Yannick.

“She went to the Whitecrane Hall, but someone was challenging her at the Whitecrane Hall today. It was broadcast.

live.” Yannick handed the phone to Kenneth, and it happened to be a live stream.

“Go to the Whitecrane Hall” Kenneth immediately got up, threw the phone on the table, and left.

Yannick hurriedly took back his phone. ‘It’s not bad. Mr. Zelinski didn’t smash my phone, and I saved my phone this time. It’s congratulatory! It’s something worth sharing!’

However, Jeremiah ignored his sharing at all.

In Whitecrane Hall, there were still many onlookers protesting and thinking it

I was u

unfair.

Even if he couldn't find a person with pustules, he should at least choose someone who looked bad and critically

Cassandra said at the right time, "Dr. Blackwood, you can start. Don't waste time."

She introduced to the onlookers, "This patient has been in Whitecrane Hall for a month, and everyone is at their wit's end. Dr. Blackwood, please take a look at him."

Cassandra admired Adrian's taste and picked the most serious patient in Whitecrane Hall. Hugo couldn't cure this patient, so he asked her to help with the diagnosis. Today, she came over with medicine and was ready to diagnose by the way.

Unexpectedly, Adrian directly chose this person as his patient. Cassandra was also curious to see how Adrian

would treat this patient.

Adrian was speechless.

Only then did the onlookers feel relieved. Then they accept it reluctantly.

They didn't know why they believed Cassandra for no reason as if Cassandra had a magical ability to make them

abedient.

After feeling the pulse of the patient, Adrian's brow stretched and then sweat came out of his forehead. It looks like this patient will be very difficult to cure.

"I need medical equipment for examination." Adrian didn't see what the patient's symptoms were, so he assumed

that he could find out through the medical equipment.

Hugo was a little dissatisfied. Why could Adrian use modern medicine? That was unfair.

"Okay, go ahead." Cassandra was generous enough to agree to Adrian's request.

Cassandra had seen the case of this patient, and all the equipment couldn't find out his symptoms. Hugo was also confused. As long as it was a general check-up, there would be some symptoms more or less. But this person had

no symptoms at all which was the biggest problem.

Moreover, according to Hugo's report, the man coughed up blood many times in front of them. However, after coughing, he could not detect any symptoms in any of the examinations.

So she also wanted to see what Adrian could find out this time.

After many examinations, Adrian came out with a gloomy face and asked, 'Ms. Yates, Hugo, it's boring for you to be like this. He has no symptoms. Your equipment is broken, right? Nothing has been found out. Do you think it's

reasonable?”

Cassandra chuckled. “This patient is like this. This is the biggest problem, isn’t it? It’s not that the equipment is broken, but that his examination results are the same in all hospitals. If he hadn’t coughed up blood often and felt that he would not live long, he wouldn’t have come to the doctor.

Adrian was stunned. Was there such a disease?

Cassandra asked the patient, “Can I show your case to this doctor? He is making a treatment plan for you.”

The patient was stunned and asked suspiciously, “Really?”

“Of course. Even if he can’t give you a good plan, I will cure you, Cassandra said.

“Okay,” the patient said.

When Adrian received the case, his face was cold. He felt that Cassandra didn’t feel shame at all and said such

arrogant words.

But after watching the case, his face was cold again. The examination results from several hospitals were the same. This patient didn’t have any diseases, but the patient and Hugo both said that he was coughing up blood. What’s going on? It seems to be a little tricky. If I can’t cure this man, then I will lose, Adrian thought.

Time went by and everyone waited impatiently.

“How long do we have to wait? Can you treat him or not? It’s already afternoon,” one of the onlookers who were watching said.

“Hurry up. If you can’t do it, just let Cassandra do it,” another onlooker said.

As soon as these words came out, the man was strangled at the back of his neck.

It was Yannick who picked him up. “How can you order Cassandra?”

Kenneth walked slowly towards Cassandra. Seeing that she was sitting there with a trace of sleepiness in her eyes, he felt even more guilty.

“Why did you come here when you woke up?” Kenneth asked gently.

“Bring the medicine. Cassidy also needs some herbs in Whitecrane Hall.” Cassandra leaned against Kenneth with her head against his waist.

The posture was very ambiguous.

Chapter 470

[Ahhhh! What did I see?!]

[Please turn the camera to Cassandra and Mr. Zelinski! All I want to do is to see them!]

[Me too! Me too!]

[Mr. Zelinski is here. I feel Cassandra’s aura has changed!]

[Exactly. Cassandra was domineering at first, but she looks cute now. I didn't expect Cassandra to act coquettishly!]

[Is cold and aloof, but now she is so clingy. I am a little moved. What's

it an illusion? In the past, Cassandra was wrong with me?]

[Boo-hoo! I'm so envious of them! I'm also glad that someone finally cares for Cassie]

[I'm about to cry. What a touching scene!]

The streamer saw an increase in the number of comments on the screen, and some even showered her with gifts when the camera was aimed at Cassandra and Kenneth. She won big this time.

[Are you guys overwhelmed by her again? Are you having fun? That's just Cassandra's public persona. How could you be so moved by her? She's not worth it.]

[I won't blame you if you don't understand. I'll scold you if you deliberately make caustic remarks about Cassandra]

[How outrageous Cassandra's fans are! Don't you know whose channel this is? Your remarks are disrespectful to the streamer.]

[If someone showers me with gifts worth a few hundred dollars, she can say whatever she wants in my channel. It won't stop her. Don't be so mean!]

"How much longer does it take? Let's go home together," Kenneth asked, gently rubbing Cassandra's head and tightening the grip on her waist.

He regretted having too much sex with Cassandra the night before. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so tired.

“Pretty soon,” Cassandra replied. As long as Adrian admitted defeat, she could go home.

She decided to fill the prescriptions tomorrow.

“Okay, I’ll be waiting for you,” Kenneth said.

Adrian was at his wits end. “You deliberately made things difficult for me by giving me a patient with a complex

disease. I’m not convinced,” he said to Cassandra fiercely.

Cassandra frowned at Adrian, “W–What did you say?”

“I’m not convinced. I won’t admit defeat. You are cheating,” Adrian yelled.

“If my memory serves me right, you chose the patient by yourself. Hugo didn’t introduce him to you or force you to choose him. You made your own decision, and you blame me? Dr. Blackwood, don’t you feel ashamed?” Cassandra said directly.

If it had happened before, Cassandra would have had him thrown out without saying anything..

“You...” Adrian’s face turned purple with rage.

He thought, “How rude of her!”

“Don’t go too far!” he said.

Cassandra snorted. “Huh? Aren’t you here to challenge me? You’re the one who made things difficult for Hugo. You chose the patient by yourself. You only have yourself to blame.”

“Yannick, throw all the troublemakers out! Do you really think you can throw your weight around in Whitecrane Hall? It’s your wishful thinking to get popularity by challenging Whitecrane Hall!” Cassandra said coldly.

She got used to asking Yannick to help her. After all, he made the best infantrymen.

It was also probably because Jeremiah had mentioned Yannick too many times in front of her recently, causing her to unconsciously direct him to do things!

Yannick was overjoyed to do what he asked,

He thought, “I need to work for Mrs. Zelinski after finishing Mr. Zelinski’s work. I’m as busy as a bee!”

“Cassandra, you...” Yannick was unconvinced when Yannick began to kick them out.

“The traditional medicine practitioner values self-cultivation, serenity of mind, and humility. However, you’re so competitive. Are you certain you can become a qualified doctor? You don’t have any medical ethics. You don’t deserve to be a traditional medicine practitioner!” “Cassandra thundered.

Yannick kicked those challengers out and Hugo also drove away the rubberneckers, leaving the patients only.

As for the patient who appeared to be fine, Cassandra asked him to come to Whitecrane Hall in less than an hour if he coughed up blood the next time.

Because she couldn’t tell what he was wrong at the moment.

When they got home, Susan had already prepared dinner for them.

Cassandra’s stomach turned as she looked at some greasy dishes and soups. Blurgh!

She thought, 'Oh no! The chain reaction is starting now!'

She wanted to cry at the thought of that patient's nasty smell.

She rushed to the bathroom and vomited in the toilet.

Kenneth was

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panicked and hurriedly followed her into the bathroom. "Are you okay, Cassie? You're not feeling well?" he asked with concern.

Wasn't she fine when she went out this morning?

"I'm fine. I just want to vomit," Cassandra explained, She couldn't get the patient out of her head.

The patient was cured. She didn't understand why she began to vomit now.

Susan hurriedly followed up to check on Cassandra. As she saw her vomit so violently, her eyes lit up.

"Mrs. Zelinski, are you pregnant?" she asked.

Vomiting was a symptom of pregnancy!

Kenneth widened his eyes and looked at Cassandra in disbelief.

But he seemed to have forgotten common sense and the time when he and Cassandra registered marriage.

“Of course not, I don’t feel very well as long as I thought of that patient,” she replied.

Cassandra was speechless for a moment. If she got pregnant now, Kenneth would doubt whether she had cheated.

on him.

Susan looked disappointed and thought, ‘What’s the rush? They just got married,’

‘Then I’ll cook some ginger soup for me. It will make you feel better,’ she said.

“Okay. Thank you, Susan,” Cassandra said.

At last, Cassandra didn’t eat anything and drank a bowl of ginger soup. It was quite delicious.

Kenneth held Cassandra in his arms, his heart aching for her. He also skipped the dinner.

After a long time, Cassandra didn’t feel any nausea.

“I feel sleepy and want to go to bed,” she said.

Kenneth carried her upstairs. They hugged each other tightly on the bed. “Cassie, I’m leaving tomorrow,” Kenneth suddenly said.

Cassandra looked up sharply, confused.

“What do you mean?” she asked.

“Before the closed training, I need to attend two confidential meetings. We’re not allowed to contact the outside world during the meeting. I must go tomorrow,” Kenneth explained.

Actually, he took the initiative to attend these two meetings. He was afraid that he wouldn’t stop himself from having sex with her in the coming days, so he applied to attend the meeting and began training.

Cassandra frowned and said with dissatisfaction, “Why so sudden?”

“The two meetings are impromptu. I have no choice but to attend them.” After a pause, Kenneth joked, “So you can have a good rest at home now. No one will tire you out.”

Cassandra snorted. After thinking for a while, she rolled over and sat on him.