

My Rebirth 61

Chapter 61

The doctor could not stand it anymore. It was inappropriate for a noblewoman to yell. It showed that she had no manners.

“It’s okay now. You can leave,” the doctor said impatiently.

“Is that all? Doesn’t he need to be hospitalized?” Miranda almost doubted the doctor’s skills.

She wondered why Benjamin did not need to be hospitalized after suffering such a serious injury.

The doctor was also confused to see someone who was eager to be hospitalized.

“He hurt his finger. He didn’t have an operation or bleed. Why does he need to be hospitalized? Just be careful after going home.”

The doctors almost felt that it was some online viral trend. Fortunately, they came here in time. Otherwise, the wound would have healed.

Although his broken finger would not recover for a while, it would not affect his daily life. The doctor was confused, wondering why they needed to be hospitalized.

“Are you any good? I think you’re a charlatan!” Miranda made a scene.

The doctor had never seen someone who insisted on hospitalizing their husband.

“If you want to be hospitalized, you can go through the formalities. There are still beds available.”

No one wanted to stay in the hospital in this season.

The doctor found the couple strange.

Yulissa could not stand it anymore.

“Mom, Dad only hurt his finger. He can go home and recuperate. Don’t waste public resources.”

Miranda immediately listened and found what her daughter said made sense.

As Leonardo left first, there were only Benjamin, Miranda and Yulissa left.

They walked through the hospital corridor, and a lot of people passing by stared at

Yulissa.

“Look, is that the adopted daughter who was exposed to abuse the real daughter this morning?”

“That’s her. The two people beside her are from the Yates family. They seem to be here to see a doctor!”

“Where did she get the nerve to come out and be with her adoptive parents? It’s so disgusting!”

“The Yates family is blind. They picked up garbage and ignored such an excellent daughter. I can’t believe them.”

“Didn’t the six heirs of the Yates family treat her as their own sister? I think they treat her more like a lover. Otherwise, how could they be so disappointing?”

“Yeah, I used to think that the six heirs of the Yates family were excellent, but now I can’t even find words to describe it.”

Yulissa heard every single word. She clenched her fists tightly to control her temper.

‘Cassandra, I won’t let go of the humiliation I suffered today!’ Yulissa thought.

She could not stand it anymore.

When Leonardo returned to the company, the shareholders were sitting in the office again.

“Mr. Yates, how are you going to explain to us? Don’t you know that your words and actions represent the company’s image? Look at what you’re doing now!”

Leonardo bullied his own daughter and only doted on his adopted daughter. Several people ganged up to bully his own daughter, and now it was exposed that his adopted daughter abused his own daughter.

They wondered what was going on.

Misfortunes never came singly.

“We’ll give you a satisfactory answer. Please give us two more days,” Leonardo answered, behaving like an elite at this time.

“How can we give you time? The charity gala hasn’t been solved yet. And your adopted daughter has created new problems. We invested so much money on it to make a profit,

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not to let the Yates family waste it!” A shareholder lost their temper and slammed the table.

These days, the stock had almost plummeted deep into the ground.

He had invested so much money, but now he had the illusion that he would get nothing in return.

He regretted it.

Other shareholders also echoed, “That’s right. We invested so much money not to let the eldest daughter of the Yates family waste it. You have to give us an explanation!”

Leonardo had a feeling that they would not let it go if he did not come up with a reasonable explanation today.

“My sister, Cassandra, started this...”

Suddenly, a female shareholder interrupted him, “Mr. Yates, please stop saying that. I watched your videos and conversation. All I can say is that if you treat consumers as fools, you will eventually be destroyed!”

The female shareholder was a mother. If someone did this to her child in the future, she would definitely kill them.

“I won’t work with such a company anymore. I’ll withdraw my investment. Compensate me according to the original price when I invested in it!”

This year would have been in vain.

It was better than losing money.

“Ms. Fuller, don’t do this. Let’s sit down and talk about it.” Leonardo was a little anxious. Yates Group was already in trouble. If the shareholders left, Yates Group might as well go bankrupt.

“There’s nothing to talk about. The Yates family has twisted values and doesn’t deserve to be my partner. I’d rather find another investment!” After saying that, she walked away.

“I’ll give you an explanation within today. Go back and wait and see what happens.” Leonardo was a little powerless.

“We’ll wait for your good news, Mr. Yates!”

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Leonardo was left alone in the office. The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. He slammed the folder in his hand hard and made a loud bang that echoed in the office.

After returning to the Yates residence, everyone sat in the living room.

He sat opposite Yulissa, a little hesitant as he did not know what to say.

“Leo, do you have something to tell me?” Yulissa asked.

“Lisa, I want you to apologize in public...”

However, Miranda was unhappy before Yulissa could comment.

“Leonardo, what’s come over you? Your sister is innocent. Why did you ask her to apologize?”

Everything would be ruined with this apology.

“What should we do then? Yates Group’s shares are about to hit rock bottom. After what happened, do you know how many partners want to terminate their contracts? Several shareholders even wanted to withdraw their investments today. Mom, do you think the Yates family can still be saved if this continues to develop?”

Leonardo roared irritably.

He could not figure out a way to deal with this situation. Everything started because of Yulissa, so she had to come forward.

“You can’t put Yulissa through this!”

“Leo, how’s the company now?” Benjamin asked solemnly.

“Ms. Fuller has withdrawn her investment and asked us to compensate according to the price when she became a shareholder. Several shareholders also wanted to withdraw their investment. I soothed them, but I have to give them an explanation today!”

Benjamin was silent for a while.

“Lisa, go to your room and make an apology video to post on the internet. Be sincere.”

Miranda disagreed and immediately wanted to retort, “I disagree. I disagree with putting Lisa through this!”

Jasper also disagreed.

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However, Raymond said nothing and even went upstairs.

Anyway, whatever happened to the Yates family had nothing to do with him.

“What should we do then? We have to settle the shareholders. According to the Yates family’s current loss, how long can we hold on?”

Benjamin lost his temper, ignoring the pain in his hands and face.

“But Lisa will suffer! Jasper said something even Miranda did not say

I know she’ll suffer a little, but what can we do? Don’t worry. Everyone will forget it after some time. Ask Fred to let Lisa join the entertainment industry and build a new persona for her after she graduates.”

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Since Leonardo had said so, Yulissa could not reject it anymore.

Therefore, she said generously, “I’m sorry for the trouble, Leo. I’ll go to my room and make an apology video now. I’ll publish it if you think there’s no problem with it, okay?”

Leonardo stood up and walked to her, rubbing her head. “I know you’re wrong. When this is over and the Yates family is saved, I’ll give you whatever you want, okay?”

Yulissa nodded obediently. “This started because of me. Let me solve it. I don’t need anything. I’m happy as long as Dad, Mom, and all my brothers are well.”

This easily aroused men's desire to protect, especially those with male chauvinism.

It took Yulissa about half an hour to record a nearly two-minute apology video. After watching it, Leonardo found no problem with it and published it directly.

However, public opinion unexpectedly waned.

It meant that an apology was useful.

Yulissa's image was

was already very eroded to some extent. Although Yates Group still suffered losses,

Benjamin was overjoyed. He gave her 400 thousand dollars and asked Yulissa to buy whatever she wanted. She could also ask him for more money if it was not enough.

Yulissa accepted it without hesitation. "Thank you, Dad. It's my duty."

Two days later, Cassandra flew to Spauria as promised.

However, she unfortunately encountered Kenneth on the plane.

He was a little surprised where Cassandra was going.

"Cassie, are you going to Spauria?"

Cassandra was speechless.

She wondered if he knew but still asked the obvious.

it

"I believe everyone on this plane is going to Spauria." They were heading for the same destination.

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Kenneth was rendered speechless.

He was mad that he had asked a stupid question.

"Is it because of your part-time job?"

"Yeah."

"What a coincidence. I'll be in Spauria for a few days too. Just call me if you need anything. Have you arranged your accommodation?" Kenneth asked.

His long-winded behavior made Cassandra think he looked like Hugo.

He was different from the rumors. She wondered who called Kenneth cruel when he was obviously a thoughtful man.

"Someone has arranged it."

If she had to arrange such a thing herself, she would not have come here.

A few hours later, the plane landed in Spaulina.

Yannick had arranged a car in advance and was already waiting outside the airport.

arrangements.

However, Cassandra came alone and probably had not made the arrangements. Therefore, Kenneth asked, "Where are you staying? I'll drive you there first."

"No thanks, Mr. Zelinski. You can go ahead. Someone will pick me up!" Cassandra refused politely.

As soon as she finished speaking, someone called her, "Elaine!"

It was Timothy, the president of Modern Beacon Synergy. Kenneth recognized him immediately because they had met before.

Cassandra waved her hand, signaling that she was there.

Timothy walked up to her and gave her a warm hug. She subconsciously looked at Kenneth.

Somehow, she did not want Kenneth to misunderstand.

Kenneth's face darkened when they hugged each other.

He did not want any stranger to hug Cassandra.

65%

+5

2/5

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He wanted to cut off Timothy's arms.

"You ungrateful brat. You were gone for so long and were out of contact. If Jeremiah hadn't texted saying that you were here, are you going to keep it from me?" Timothy complained like an abandoned child.

Cassandra answered, "I asked him to contact you"

Timothy was happy to hear that. It turned out Elaine had asked Jeremiah to contact him, and he was glad.

"Mr. Zelinski, the person who came to pick me up is here. Since you have something to do, why don't you go ahead first? Contact me on WhatsApp if anything happens." Cassandra said.

Timothy looked at the man aside. "Mr. Zelinski?"

Kenneth was the richest man in the world. He was murderous and cold-blooded.

Timothy wondered why Kenneth was here and, most importantly, why Elaine was with him.

Kenneth hid the sharpness and murderous look in his eyes. "Okay, be careful."

Then, he got into the car and left.

In the car, Kenneth ordered coldly, “Yannick, find out which hotel Cassandra is staying in.”

Outside the car, Cassandra glanced at Kenneth’s car, which was leaving slowly, and withdrew her gaze. “Let’s go.”

“Do you want to check out the company first?” Timothy asked.

“Okay!”

She came here for Modern Beacon Synergy anyway. It was good to talk at the company.

They reached the CEO’s Office on Modern Beacon Synergy’s 46th floor.

Cassandra chose the position herself. She had learned a lot of skills and dabbled in this area, but she did not expect it to be so successful.

It was a surprise for her.

Coupled with Timothy’s business-savvy mind, Modern Beacon Synergy grew and

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became a legend in the business world.

“Timothy, I want to discuss something with you.” Cassandra did not beat around the bush and wanted to tell him directly.

“Okay, go ahead.” Timothy put the coffee in front of Cassandra.

“I want to buy back the shares I gave you. Can you give me a discount?”

65%

According to Modern Beacon Synergy’s current market value, it would cost her around 20 billion dollars to buy back her previous 45 percent of shares, and that was with a discount.

However, she did not seem to have enough money.

Timothy’s expression changed as he was a little angry. “What do you take me for? If you hadn’t given me a chance, how could I have achieved what I am now? Do you think the share agreement that you signed is valid? I didn’t sign it. Do you think you succeeded?”

Cassandra was stunned.

She was confused by what he meant and wondered if that meant he did not sign it.

“You mean, you didn’t sign it?”

“Of course. Do you think everyone is as heartless as you, giving up everything like you’re making arrangements for what happened after you died?”

He had heard about what happened in the country, and he felt sorry for Elaine.

“Shut up! I’m already regretting it.”

“It’s no use regretting it. The Yates family seems to be doing better, but their shareholders have quietly sold their shares. I sent someone to buy them at a low price. Yates Group’s shares aren’t worth a high price.”

Cassandra finally heard something that pleased her.

“How much have you

“Probably 35 percent.”

collected?”

Cassandra shook her head. He would only be Yates Group’s second-largest shareholder.

Yates Group had a total of 42 percent of shares, and the rest were odd lots. Only by exceeding the Yates family’s integrated proportion could they change the owner of

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Yates Group.

“It’s not enough. You need at least another 8 percent.”

“I heard Benjamin gave Raymond a 5 percent share when he came of age. Do you think he’ll sell it?”

As soon as Timothy said this, Cassandra could almost determine that the guy had always kept an eye on Drieso.

“You can try. Both his hands are disabled now. If someone tells him that they can help cure one of them, I think he should be willing to do so.”

After all, he had seen through Raymond’s family. No one would hire a doctor for Raymond.

He should be willing to sell the shares for his own sake.

Cassandra thought Raymond’s left hand would heal in a few months anyway. He was just getting cured ahead of time.

Raymond could break his hands a second time if he had already broken them once. The most important thing now was for them to take his shares first.

Chapter 63

The day after Cassandra came to Spaunia, someone from the music association came.

He was a middle-aged man in his early 40s. His tanned face, dark eyes, and thick eyebrows exuded nobleness and elegance. He might have been born with an elegant temperament or developed it under the influence of music, as it seemed that time hadn’t left many traces on him.

“Cassie, you’re finally here. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

The person speaking was Marcus Sullivan, the youngest chairman of the music association.

“Sorry. Something happened recently,” Cassandra said calmly.

At that time, she was lucky to meet Marcus in Rootland Village. He taught her all the musical instruments she could play. Technically speaking, he was like her teacher.

Therefore, Cassandra was relatively patient with him.

After teaching her in Rootland Village, he left and said he would pursue his dream. Unexpectedly, when Cassandra was 15 years old, she heard that he became the chairman of Spaunia’s music association.

“I’m glad you’re here. Life is all about moving forward.” Marcus patted her shoulder and said, “It’s time for you to join the semifinals tomorrow. It will be difficult for the music association to explain if you don’t show up again!”

The music association had been under a lot of pressure for so long since the competition started.

It was because most of the contestants came for Samantha. The competition lasted over two months, and they were under great pressure. Fortunately, Cassandra finally arrived.

It meant they didn’t have to let the trainees down.

Cassandra was silent. In her last life, she didn’t show up at all. The competition went on, but the reputation degraded a lot. However, Yohannes won the championship with the music score Yulissa gifted him and became a popular young musician.

There would be a good show now that she was here in her new life.

“Mr. Sullivan, don’t worry, I will show up on time tomorrow,” Cassandra reassured.

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When Cassandra returned to the hotel, she was about to open the door when she heard, “Do you live here too?”

It sounded like Kenneth.

Cassandra was a little surprised. “Mr. Zelinski, why are you here?”

The encounter left her no choice but to believe in fate and coincidence.

“Yannick booked the hotel for me. I didn’t expect you to stay here.”

“Exactly. What a coincidence.”

“I have something to deal with, so I can’t stay long. Why don’t we have dinner together if you have time later?” Kenneth’s words made Yannick feel like a ghost had possessed the former.

‘I wonder who has such a gentle and considerate boss. Anyway, I don’t,’ Yannick thought.

Cassandra subconsciously wanted to refuse and didn't want to waste his time, but she couldn't help saying, "Okay."

After Kenneth received a satisfactory answer, he left.

He handled the matter as fast as he could and didn't delay any longer. Even the other party felt Kenneth was in a hurry today and seemed to be in a good mood.

When Kenneth got back to the hotel, it was already eight o'clock in the evening.

Cassandra was a little hungry. She had irregular meals at the Yates residence, so she had gastrosis.

During this period, Hugo helped her to recuperate. She always had a regular diet and didn't expect her stomach to hurt again while she waited for Kenneth today.

She frowned slightly and could still bear the pain.

"Can we go for dinner now?" Cassandra asked.

"Let's

go. The kitchen staff has done preparing, and we can start eating downstairs."

'My Cassie must be starving, he thought.

The next day at the Camille International Music Competition, Yohannes was getting ready backstage and heard Samantha would attend the semifinals.

2/5

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'My idol. I can finally meet my idol and must make her take me as an apprentice, he exclaimed inwardly.

The stage was ready. Samantha's nameplate was placed in the middle of the panel, and Marcus was on her right side.

Everyone was surprised to see a young woman who was barely 20 years old sitting in Samantha's seat.

'Ms. Jenkins is only around 20 years old? That's impossible. But Mr. Sullivan doesn't seem surprised at all and even talks to her dotingly, they thought.

Among them, Marcus was the only one who had met Samantha.

They decided to wait and observe first.

When the competition officially began, all the contestants showed their talents respectively. When they saw who Samantha truly was, they were very surprised. Some even became fans and wanted to take photos with Cassandra, forgetting about the competition.

“Dear contestant, today is the semifinals. Please take the competition seriously,” Cassandra had to remind the contestant. Otherwise, the competition might become a fan-girl scene.

When it was Yohannes’ turn, Cassandra raised her eyebrows with interest and waited for his performance.

Yohannes was a little nervous and didn’t look Samantha in the eye when he went on stage. He bowed to the judges and started his performance.

Yulissa gifted him the piece of music. He wanted to give it to his idol to express his admiration for her.

The melodious sound of the violin made people feel relaxed and pleasant.

However, only Marcus’ face darkened immediately after the first part of the melody played.

He looked at Cassandra beside him and saw she was calm as if everything was under control. Then, he decided to play along with her.

Three minutes later, Yohannes’ performance was over.

“This was my performance. I look forward to your comments.” After bowing, Yohannes

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formally looked up at the judges.

Suddenly, his pupils trembled.

Why does Samantha look so familiar? Isn’t she the vicious Cassandra? Why is she sitting in Samantha’s seat?’ he wondered,

“Cassandra, you...”

One of the judges picked up the microphone and said excitedly, “The song is beautiful. I like it very much. I’m giving you an S!”

Another judge also gave an S, meaning they approved Yohannes’ skills.

However, when it was Marcus’ turn to comment, he didn’t say anything for a long time. but disqualified Yohannes.

Yohannes frowned, and even the other judges couldn’t understand why.

Yohannes had been a violinist since elementary school. He thought he was good at it and couldn’t accept his disqualification. “Mr. Sullivan, may I know what I did to be disqualified?”

Marcus said unhappily, “Yohannes, let me ask you something. Did you write the music yourself?”

What annoyed him most was Yohannes stated that he was performing a self-composed violin piece on the lineup list.

“Yes.”

“I’ll ask you again. Did you compose it yourself?”

“Mr. Sullivan, I’m sure that it’s my own composition,” Yulissa said that she didn’t care about it and allowed him to say it was his work.

That was why he said that.

“Then I have nothing to say more. What about you, Samantha?” Marcus looked at Cassandra.

“Yohannes, you said it was your composition. Do you have any proof?”

Cassandra’s question made Yohannes feel annoyed.

“That brat! Does she really think she’s Samantha? I can’t believe she’s so vain and got

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close to Mr. Sullivan! Besides, how dare she question me in public! She needs to be taught a lesson!’ he exclaimed inwardly.

“Of course. I always bring my draft with me.” Yohannes took out a folded paper from his suit pocket.

After it was unfolded, dense rows of notes appeared.

‘What else can they say now?’ he thought.

Chapter 64

The host passed the script taken out by Yohannes to Marcus. Marcus glanced at it, and the rage on his face became even harder to suppress.

‘He doesn’t even know how to cheat properly. How dare he participate in the competition directly with Cassie’s music score! Is he dumb or what?’ he mulled.

This was an ordinary music score. Unless someone was familiar with Samantha, they wouldn’t grasp her signature.

After all, this score was a flawed, unfinished draft.

Marcus just didn’t expect it would end up in the hands of Yohannes.

“Yohannes, you cheated without a shred of self-awareness, and now you’re unabashedly claiming this is your original work.” Marcus raised the music score in his hand. “Do you know that based on this alone, I’ll be able to take legal action against you!”

“No, it is my original work. How could I cheat?” Yohannes refused to believe Marcus’ one-sided statement.

He felt that Yulissa would never mean harm to him; this music score, as she explained, was a gift she had prepared for her idol for an entire year.

However, because Yohannes was gearing up for the competition and faced a creative block, Yulissa decided she might as well let him use it.

The paper even had an imitation of Samantha's signature next to a hand-drawn sunflower. It bore her calligraphic style and a large letter S.

Yulissa explained she had intentionally imitated it, so it was just a way of her paying homage to her idol.

Samantha's signature only consisted of the last name "Jenkins" in calligraphic style. Hence, Yohannes understood Yulissa's explanation and believed his sister.

"It's just a tribute to Ms. Jenkins that's intentionally imitated. You can verify it; the handwriting is different from Ms. Jenkins".

Marcus snorted dismissively, thinking, 'Of course, it's different! This was written by Cassandra when she was 13. But why is this discarded draft suddenly showing up here?'

Yohannes' elucidation was not at all convincing.

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"Cassandra, say something. Don't you know whose work this is?" demanded Yohannes.

Everyone in the family knew that Yulissa had given Yohannes a piece, and Cassandra was no exception. Yet, she hadn't said anything thus far.

"What do you want me to say?"

Yohannes was frustrated. "You can't just label Lisa's work as plagiarism just because you dislike her!"

On the stage, Cassandra rolled her eyes. "Are you ignorant or seriously dumb? Did Yulissa drug you all, making you obediently follow her every word? As if whatever she says goes! Didn't you take a closer look at the peculiarities of that music score? Look at the signature and sunflower. Did you not suspect them at all? Don't tell me you're going to say this is just a coincidence!"

It was beyond Cassandra's expectations that Yulissa would actually hand over the former's discarded draft straight to Yohannes. Cassandra scoffed inwardly. She was waiting to humiliate Yohannes, but as it turned out, he beat her to it, humiliating himself.

Yohannes was caught off guard by her question and left dumbstruck. He had personally made a copy because he couldn't bring himself to use the gift from his sister. Therefore, he had kept the original preserved all this time.

"Cassandra, you are just doing this on purpose because you're jealous of Lisa!"

His words had long fueled suspicions among everyone present, for Cassandra and Yohannes sounded as though they were siblings.

'Could it be that Yohannes pulled some strings behind the scenes?'

'But based on the current situation, it seems like his original work is a plagiarism of Samantha's piece,' were their thoughts.

“Since you won’t admit it, I’ll make you concede.” Cassandra turned to Marcus and said, “Mr. Sullivan, please have the music association send over the score they’ve preserved for this piece.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already arranged it. It’ll be delivered shortly.”

“Cassandra, must you do this? You’ll ruin Yohan,” said Yulissa.

‘Why can’t she just shut up?’ thought Cassandra in annoyance.

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She couldn’t recall whether the Yates family attended the concert in the previous life or not.

Nonetheless, it was good that they’d come, as she could deal with them all at once.

As for Yulissa, she only came because Leonardo thought that too many things had happened back home and felt sorry for everything she had gone through. Hence, he contacted Yohannes and told their mother to bring Yulissa along for a change of scenery and to watch the competition.

Little did they expect such a turn of events.

Cassandra confronted Yulissa with an air of superiority, meeting the latter’s eyes head- on. “You’re the one who’s gonna ruin him, not me. You gave him this music score, right? Then, is this piece your original work?”

For some reason, Yulissa felt a hint of panic.

“Of course, I wrote it. Who else could it be?”

Yulissa had found this music score after rummaging through Cassandra’s storeroom. After doing thorough searches to confirm that there were no other backups, she took it, studied it extensively, and altered the signature before giving it to Yohannes.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine Cassandra would show up at his competition venue.

What if this music score is written by that damned Cassandra?’ Yulissa brooded.

The paper of the original music score had yellowed. Had she presented a new one to Yohannes, suspicions would certainly arise, for it wouldn’t align with her explanation that she’d meticulously prepared it for a year.

“Yulissa, did you really think no one would notice that you sneaked into my room while I was out and took the music score? At that time, I let it go, thinking you wanted it for Yohannes. Now, however, I’ve regretted it. I’m not even part of the Yates family; why should I cover for a plagiarist?”

Yulissa’s entire body trembled with fury when she heard the word “plagiarist.”

‘What the hell is this darn Cassandra talking about!’ she fumed internally.

“Don’t tell me you’re gonna say you composed this piece? Even if it were your creation, what’s wrong with giving it to your own brother?” Yulissa didn’t see it as a big deal at all.

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Moreover, she even put Cassandra on the spot, implying that since they were all biological siblings, Cassandra shouldn’t be so ungenerous with a mere music score.

This would make Cassandra look like she was making a mountain out of a molehill.

“You took someone else’s hard work, Yulissa Yates! Even if it’s a draft that’s thrown away, it still belongs to someone else. You people are truly as shameless as ever!” sneered Cassandra.

“Watch your words, Cassandra! Apologize to your sister!” Miranda couldn’t sit still anymore. Now that the blame was being shifted onto Yulissa, she had to step in.

“Security, escort her out!” Marcus ordered for people to take Miranda away.

‘What a shrew!’ he remarked on the inside.

“Cassandra, are you really just going to stand there and watch our mom get mistreated?” Yulissa asked in disbelief.

“Just to clarify, that’s your and Yohannes’ mom, not mine. I, Cassandra Yates, do not have a mother. All I have is a grandma named Blossom Yates!”

Cassandra naturally couldn’t be bothered about whether Miranda would be taken away or how Miranda would be treated. After all, she wasn’t done dealing with Yohannes’ matter yet.

“Why do you always have to compete with me? If you like this piece, I’ll gladly compose a special one just for you. Why must you fight with me over who created it and fight Yohan for the score? Don’t you know how important this is to him?”

Yulissa burst into tears, giving everyone the sense that she was heartbroken, incapable of persuading a stubborn, rebellious person.

“Yulissa, when you gave away my music score, did you ever consider that you and your brother won’t just be suspected of plagiarism but also outright theft?”

“Cassandra, enough with your slander! This piece was composed by Lisa. How did it suddenly become yours? Don’t tell me you’re going to claim to be Samantha next! Hurry up and get lost from Samantha’s seat. You’re not worthy of sitting there!” yelled

Yohannes.

“You got it right this time.” Cassandra paused before declaring, “I. Am. Samantha. Jenkins!”

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Chapter 65

There was an uproar at the scene.

“What? She said she was Samantha?”

“No way, Samantha has been famous for several years, and her music is a compulsory subject of the music association’s entrance and promotion examination. Besides, her music has been included in many countries’ textbooks, but now you’re telling me that Samantha is a young girl?”

“I don’t think Samantha looks older than me!”

“Is this world a fantasy? I don’t believe it. I don’t believe that Samantha is a beautiful young lady!”

“In my mind, Samantha is only a little younger than Mr. Sullivan but has a detached temperament and is my ideal type of partner. Now, you’re telling me that Samantha is a cute, young lady?”

“I don’t think this is true. It doesn’t make sense!”

“Mr. Sullivan had said it in person, so how could it be fake?”

While everyone was discussing loudly among themselves, a staff member came over from the other side. “Mr. Sullivan, here is the thing you had asked for.”

It was the first and final draft of music scores, which was kept in the music association.

The song was about longing and yearning for family affection.

Marcus said, “Yohannes and Ms. Yulissa Yates, since both of you insist that the music is your original work, can you look at what these are?”

The camera on the scene had cut to Marcus and the display box in front of him.

There was a date of the initial and the final draft indicated respectively on the scores, in which the initial draft date was five years ago and the final draft last year.

Cassandra had revised the score but was dissatisfied with plenty of versions during the revision.

The theme of the first draft was about desperation. At that time, not long after Blossom died, to Cassandra, her life was in a downfall.

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With that desperation in her mind, she composed the piece, with no one touching it since. However, she revised it last year, changing the theme from losing hope to seeing the light, as well as the family affection she longed for.

When Yohannes and Yulissa saw the two drafts, their expression instantly turned pale.

They thought, 'How could this happen? How could the draft we have belong to Samantha's?'

Yulissa said, "No, it can't be. I took this score from Cassandra's room. How could it be Samantha's? How could Cassandra be Samantha?"

She thought, 'Cassandra is an uneducated and vulgar country girl whose parents don't love her, so how could she be Samantha? Samantha is Yohannes' idol!'

Yulissa suddenly felt that Cassandra might be a liar and that she would not be the real Samantha.

"Do you have any

evidence to prove that you are Samantha? It won't be enough with just Mr. Sullivan's proving that you are her!" Yulissa was getting more and more

determined with her own thoughts.

However, Yohannes, on the other hand, felt that his dream had been shattered.

When Marcus took out the two drafts, Yohannes immediately knew that what Yulissa gave him was not the original one.

He had been victimized badly by Yulissa.

It was his dream to step on Camille's stage, win the championship, and become Samantha's apprentice. But now, Samantha had become his most despised younger sister, who had made him feel ashamed like this.

It was impossible for him to accept such a truth.

Yulissa's words brought Yohannes back to reality. He thought, 'Yulissa's right! Does Cassandra say that her being Samantha makes her Samantha? Who will believe her if there's no evidence?'

The audience also said with suspicion, "She's right. There must be evidence to prove it!"

"That's true. Without proof, I can also say that I'm Samantha. I can play a musical instrument anyway!"

"We won't believe it without any proof!"

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After the last statement was shouted out by the audience, Yulissa felt that many people were still siding with her.

Cassandra replied, "If you want proof, what proof do you want? Let me show you. I'll give you all a chance to request anything."

Cassandra's confident demeanor made Yulissa a little nervous.

A female audience shouted from below the stage, "Samantha has an official Twitter account. Use that account to post a tweet of 'Hello, Yelena Ziegler.'" She wanted Cassandra to post a tweet about greeting her and mentioning her name.

Instead of responding directly, Cassandra took out her phone and tapped on the screen.

The process was a little hasty as she forgot the password of Samantha's account, so she had to change it.

Cassandra said, "You can check it on Twitter now."-

The female audience opened her Twitter suspiciously and checked on Samantha's homepage, where a tweet showed: [Hello, Yelena Ziegler.]

The female audience was utterly shocked. "Oh my goodness! She's really Samantha. She has Samantha's account."

"It's not a big deal. Maybe she's Samantha's operation staff!" Another audience retorted, "Samantha's most famous piece is 'Reborn.' Play it, and I'll believe you then!"

The piece named "Reborn" was the goal pursued and direction of efforts for all musicians in the present day.

It was because no one but Samantha herself could play the original version of "Reborn" successfully.

The adaptation of the piece was what was more popular now.

Yulissa thought that Cassandra's lies would definitely be exposed. Yohannes had been practicing the piece named Reborn for many years but failed, so he gave up in the end helplessly and practiced the adaptation instead.

"Prepare a piano on the stage." The request from Cassandra was like a confrontation to the challenge.

After the piece was finished, the entire place fell into an eerie silence, and no one responded for a long time. Even Marcus was stunned listening to it, thinking that

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Cassandra was indeed born to perform music. Without her presence, it would be a great loss to the world of music.

Everyone stood up and began to applaud loudly.

"I finally get to listen to the live version of 'Reborn' as if I was truly rebirthed. The despair and pain from the previous life were suffocating, but after being rebirthed, the scenery of standing at the peak is truly amazing. Ms. Jenkins, I love you!"

"Ms. Jenkins, I love you!"

The whole audience expressed their love for Cassandra.

Yohannes closed his eyes in despair. 'She's really Samantha!'

"What other proof do you all still want from me?" Cassandra asked indifferently.

“I heard that you have an exclusive customized medal of Camille, which is the only one that exists in the entire world. Ms. Jenkins, I wonder if you could let us have a look at it?”

The request was proposed by Yulissa. There was only one medal of that kind in the world. She thought that even if Cassandra wanted to fake it, she could not possibly do it.

Therefore, Yulissa believed it could reveal Cassandra’s true colors.

Instead, what she witnessed was Cassandra simply taking out a medal with a musical note as the base and engraved with the names of “Samantha Jenkins” and “Cassandra Yates” from her pocket.

Cassandra thought, ‘She really refuses to be convinced until facing a grim reality. How could she forget that this is the best convincing proof?’

The name “Cassandra Yates” on the medal was particularly dazzling.

The organizer sent someone to check on the item, and it was proved that the medal was real.

Since the matter had come to this point, Yohannes had to admit that it was the biggest blow for him.

However, he could not destroy his music career in such a way. Now that Samantha was his younger sister, he thought that he could get prior access to any of her music scores in the future.

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He said, “I’m sorry, everyone. It was Yulissa who had caused a misunderstanding. I apologize for all the trouble, but this is our family business, after all...”

Since no one asked Cassandra to provide more proof anymore, she went straight back to her seat.

“Family business? Yohannes, what are you talking about? Who’s even a family with you?” she retorted.

Yohannes replied, “Cassandra, stop it. I’m your fourth elder brother. You asked someone to throw Mom out just now, so go apologize to her right now!”

Cassandra was rendered speechless.

She wondered if Yohannes had been out of his mind.

She said, “Yohannes, I haven’t held you accountable yet. Are you trying to order me around now?”

Yohannes turned furious but could not vent his anger too much. “We are siblings. Even if Lisa took your music score, it was not really a big deal. You are so insensible for insisting on making a fuss of it and making everyone know about it!”

Upon hearing the outburst, Marcus almost turned livid, wanting to hit Yohannes.

Cassandra said, "Siblings? Mr. Yohannes Yates, don't you know that I have severed the relationship with the Yates family? The family has already issued a statement about it, so it's better for you two to think about the explanation to the police about your plagiarism!"

Marcus then added, "Besides, Yohannes seriously violated the music philosophy. He plagiarized and stole others' music achievements in private, causing immeasurable losses to others. Therefore, the music association in Spaulnia will take the lead in banning Yohannes Yates from the music industry, terminating all his music performance activities, and lastly, permanently disqualifying him from the competition."

Every single word of Marcus' powerful and resonant declaration shattered Yohannes' heart.

Chapter 66

Cassandra smiled and thought, 'There will be nothing more devastating than this.'

However, she did not think it was enough.

Those people were self-righteous and self-centered as they still blamed her openly without shame, even if they had already realized it was their own problem.

She reckoned that in Yohannes' mind, there might already be a deviation. Samantha was his younger sister, and just based on this alone, Samantha could bring great glory to Yohannes' music career.

That was why Yohannes said mercifully that they were all family and asked Cassandra not to hold anything against the family.

However, he did not expect that Marcus would directly ban him from the industry, and he wondered what his future would become since he was only 22 years old and would have no future after being banned.

He tried to explain, "Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sullivan, I didn't plagiarize! The score is written by my sister. My sister is Samantha, so there are no such charges that exist."

He regretted everything now, thinking that he should have been nicer to Cassandra in the past. That way, he would have become the most influential person in the industry.

now.

However, in the current state, he was like a public enemy, receiving everybody's

criticism.

Marcus looked disdainful, as he had never seen such a shameless person before.

“Indeed, Samantha wrote this music score, but the copyright is not hers.” Marcus' words made Yohannes feel as if he had fallen into an abyss.

Only then did Yulissa realize that she seemed to be in trouble.

The fact that she took the score from Cassandra's room became indisputable, and both the original and final versions of the music were in the music association, making her insistence on the originality a joke.

Cassandra watched them with a gloating expression. Looking at their suffering, she felt very delighted in her mind, but it was still not enough. The comfort felt in her soul was far from enough.

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“Yohannes, you can only blame Yulissa for bringing you such a special music score.” Cassandra blinked after opening her eyes slowly, with ruthlessness filled in her gaze. “To tell you the truth, although Samantha wrote this score, the copyright belongs to the music association in Spaunia. So, not only did you plagiarize the score, but you also infringed upon it. As for whether the music association will press the matter further, it depends on Mr. Sullivan's mood. About the pursuit from me, I'm sure Samantha's fans will answer it on my behalf.”

What Samantha had implied was that she would listen to her fans' requests. As long as they wanted a suing, Yohannes would be sued. However, if they decided not to, Cassandra could choose not to have those people as her fans.

She did not need a group of fans who would persuade her to forgive others.

Camille International Music Competition was a big topic in the music industry, so almost every country had its journalists present.

The news of the scene had been spread back to Cassandra's country.

[Big Shocking News! Cassandra Yates Is Samantha Jenkins!]

[Samantha became famous five years ago. Cassandra was only 13 years old at that time! My goodness!]

[That's ridiculous, but it's also excellent at the same time. When I was 13, I was still yet to graduate from elementary school, but Cassandra already became Ms. Jenkins!]

[Everyone, that's not the point!]

[That's right. Although the fact that Cassandra is Samantha is ridiculous, aren't

Yohannes and Yulissa even more absurd? One of them claimed Ms. Jenkins' score to be their original work. I can't believe someone would just use it like that to participate in a competition. Exposed, huh?]

[The music is not popular, but it doesn't mean it does not exist.]

[How dare they have the nerve to say it belongs to their sister? It's so disgusting!]

[I don't think it's such a big deal. This is a problem between siblings. Just

communicating well with each other will do. There's no need to make such a fuss, right? Cassandra's just making a mountain out of a molehill!]

[Shut up! Didn't you hear Mr. Sullivan say that the copyright of this music score belongs to the music association? Do you even know what copyright means? If the

copyright is not in Samantha's hands, can she even call the shots?]

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[I advise you all not to be such a saint. You reap what you sow. The Yates family treated Cassandra so badly. Even if she didn't comment anything now, they asked for it!]

[That's right. I support Ms. Jenkins to hold them accountable.]

[I support Ms. Jenkins in holding them accountable. For creators, copyright is really important to them. As long as we know that every note and word beneath the pen of the original creators is filled with their effort, what rights do the people even have to plagiarize the works? Even stealing them with confidence!]

[I'm so angry now! I also want to say that Yohannes is so disgusting. When the Yates family announced the renunciation of their relationship with their daughter, why didn't he mention that Cassandra was his younger sister? Now, isn't it just because she's Samantha that he doesn't want to part with this cash cow?]

[How ridiculous. Disgusting!]

Cassandra browsed Twitter and checked the comments and topic discussions.

She said, "It seems that Samantha's fans disagree with the settlement. I think it's time to hold you two accountable, then. I'll leave this matter to Mr. Sullivan."

Cassandra was no longer in the mood to stay here. Since she had made Yohannes and Yulissa feel ashamed, it was time for her to leave.

"If I remember correctly, Yohannes is the last contestant. All the previous contestants' scores will remain unchanged then. I'll come back in two days for the final. Everything is settled for today, right?" Cassandra asked.

Marcus replied, "It is. You can go back first. I'll deal with the tremendous mess here."

He felt heartbroken for Cassandra.

Although he was 40 years old, if he had been more frivolous when he was younger, he might already have had a daughter as big as Cassandra. Therefore, he always treated Cassandra as his own daughter.

He looked at family members of the Yates family, the family that Cassandra had longed for such a long time.

Marcus remembered that when Cassandra first found out about her family, she was very happy to share the news with him, saying that in the future, she would have a family to love her, feeling warm upon meeting her family.

Therefore, Cassandra wanted to start over and live a new life, wanting to give up

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everything she had.

Marcus thought with a sigh, 'In the end, what did she get in return?'

Although he did not know what had happened when Cassandra was back in her country, from how Yohannes behaved just now, he knew how much the family rejected Cassandra.

In that case, Marcus thought there was no need for him to be polite to them anymore.

With Cassandra's departure, many audiences also left, following their idol.

Most of them did not come for the contestants. It was only when they heard that Samantha was going to be present today that they came here actively.

Now, Samantha had left, but the audience had not interacted with her yet, thinking that they could not just leave like this because it would become a regret to them without an interaction with their idol.

Most of the people left to go after Cassandra.

"Samantha!"

"Samantha!"

"Samantha!"

The voices behind Cassandra became noisier and louder. She turned around and looked at the crowd coming toward her.

The leader was a man and a woman, holding her album and a signboard with

Samantha's name on it.

"Ms. Jenkins, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. Nice to meet you! I am your fan."

"Nice to meet you, Ms. Jenkins!"

Everyone shouted in unison.

When Cassandra heard their greeting, something seemed to be germinating and growing in her heart.

However, it felt a little hard to grasp and

guess.

“Hello, I’m Samantha!” Cassandra responded.

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She thought, I’m your favorite Samantha. Thank you for all your love. I feel sorry for being unable to repay in return!’

Chapter 67

Looking at the lovely fans before her, Cassandra felt once again that her mistakes in her previous life were ridiculous and stupid.

Even possessing a high IQ, she wondered why she could be blinded by family affection, losing the direction of her future.

“Ms. Jenkins, when will you release your new song? We haven’t updated our favorite list of your songs for a long time!”

Cassandra could not help laughing as her fans urged her for new work.

With her stunning beauty, her smile captivated the fans in the front row.

They screamed internally, 'How can Samantha be this cute? She's still a little girl. She looks just like a little sister to us!'

"I will make new songs soon. I won't keep you all waiting for too long," Cassandra replied.

She seemed to get an inspiration, and she thought it was a good idea to gift her song dedicated to her fans. With the greeting from the fans just now, she felt that besides the few people around her, there were unexpectedly such cute people in the world.

Upon hearing the reply, the fans were so happy that many of them kept spinning on the spot in excitement.

"No matter how long it takes, we will wait for you!" they shouted.

Cassandra took a few steps back and bowed deeply to her fans, expressing her gratitude.

It turned out that in addition to family affection, there were many unspoken feelings in this world, such as friendship with the fans.

Cassandra turned around and left for Modern Beacon Synergy, having some matters to be settled.

Back at the scene of the competition, Yohannes tried to negotiate with Marcus.

"Mr. Sullivan, this is not what you think. Can you please let me explain?" he thought he could not be defined as a plagiarist just like that.

If that happened, his future career would be ruined.

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Yulissa also stood up for Yohannes. Since Cassandra had left, as long as they could persuade Marcus not to pursue the matter, the situation could be solved much easier.

She said, "Mr. Sullivan, please don't misunderstand my brother. He's really an excellent musician and has won many awards, so he will not commit plagiarism." Yulissa looked troubled and hesitated to say certain words. "Mr. Sullivan, to tell you the truth, this music score was written by my elder sister, Cassandra, and she asked me to give it to Yohan. She said she wrote the score herself, but she was worried that Yohan wouldn't accept it, so I reluctantly kept it a secret for her."

She then continued, "Please don't blame Cassandra for this. She's still young and doesn't understand copyright consciousness, but Yohan is indeed innocent in this matter. Please let him off the hook and lift the ban on him."

Yohannes looked at Yulissa gratefully and thought, 'As expected, Yulissa is the most considerate after being raised by my side since childhood, knowing to stand by my side. Unlike Cassandra, that stupid brat! She even dared to do such a dirty thing... When we get home, I must teach her a lesson!'

Marcus could not help but laugh out of frustration. He did not expect the Yates family to have such a demeanor.

Just then, Miranda also came in after having a long quarrel with the security guard outside, behaving like a shrew.

She asked the siblings, "Lisa, Yohan, are you two all right? How did you explain it just now?"

She then said to Marcus, "Mr. Sullivan, Cassandra is my daughter. I can call the shots on her business. She won't pursue this matter further. Sorry for the trouble!"

Miranda was Cassandra's mother. To her, even if Cassandra were Samantha, nothing would change.

Marcus' assistant, who was standing aside, could not stand it anymore and thought, 'What a weird family!'

Marcus replied, "Madam, I don't know how you define plagiarism or infringement, but, unfortunately, your son has committed both, and Cassie hasn't started pursuing the matter further yet. Otherwise, you can have a taste of the famous lawyer, Mr. Jonathan Youngblood's vicious means."

Miranda retorted, "I don't care. Cassandra gave us this music score. If you want to hold someone accountable, you should seek her instead of going against Yulissa and

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Yohannes!"

Marcus slammed his hand on the table.

He shouted, "Why are you all so disgusting? Didn't your family announce the renunciation of your relationship with Cassie? What are you even trying to imply now? Mother? Elder brother? Where are you when Cassie needs you most? You're having a good life with your adopted daughter. Why do you care about the life or death of your biological daughter?"

He continued, "Cassie sacrificed so much to get back to your family, but all of you treated her like a useless country bumpkin. After severing the relationship with her, all you want is for her to solve this issue after knowing that she's Samantha, but I can tell you very clearly about this. Yes, Samantha can turn back her words with me, but how you persuade her is up to you. If I can hear Samantha's forgiveness by this hour tomorrow, everything will be negotiable. On the other hand, if there's no response from her, nothing you say will work!"

He thought that these assholes should apologize to Cassandra, feeling angry that the family had lived way too comfortably without any punishments.

He could ban Yohannes directly, but the punishment was too merciful for the family. Their malicious behavior should be known to everyone, causing outrage from the public.

Marcus decided to give them a day to have them realize their own mistakes. He would then push them into the abyss.

After all, he only promised to negotiate with them, and it did not mean that he would agree to let them off the hook.

Back on the 46th floor of Modern Beacon Synergy, Cassandra sat in the chair of the CEO's seat. "What do you want to talk about?"

After Cassandra asked, Timothy began to act miserably. "Ms. Yates, you can't just focus on your own brand. You also have to take care of us, right? Although every piece of clothing in the clothing sector will be a hit, they look too ordinary and cannot leave an impression on the consumer's memory. Modern Beacon Synergy's clothing sector doesn't have loyal fans, which is a big disadvantage to the company!"

Timothy thought life was too difficult for him. All the other sectors were continuing to thrive, having memorable impressions or logos, but only the clothing market was forgotten by everyone.

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Cassandra remained silent.

She asked, "Don't we have chief designers? Why can't they design what you want?"

Although the current market was dominated by young people, not only did the company have veteran designers who could stabilize the market, but there were also young designers with emerging talent among the chief designers. If Cassandra remembered correctly, the chief designer of the clothing sector was poached from Dowsome Design, so she could not believe that the designer could not give out satisfying works.

Timothy replied, "The design is also very fashionable, but according to our market research, it's just an ordinary piece of clothing. People will buy it as a momentary novelty. Yet, the clothes will be stored away after being worn less than twice, which will not help the brand's reputation!"

He thought, 'Why would I come to her otherwise if not for this matter?'

Cassandra tapped her fingers on the table, pondering.

Timothy said, "Elaine, this is also your company. You can't leave it alone."

Cassandra replied hesitantly, "I... I still have to take the SAT."

Timothy turned utterly confused as he thought, 'What did I hear? What did she say? SAT? Did you buy those certificates you owned?'

He said, "You... You want to take the SAT?"

He screamed in his mind, 'Are you kidding me?'

"Yeah," replied Cassandra.

Timothy was getting triggered by that reply. 'She's a big shot! Why waste her time on such a thing?'

He asked in disbelief, "Why are you wasting your time on this? You're a big shot, and you want to go back to take the SAT?"

Cassandra shrugged indifferently. "I have my own reasons, so even if you want me to come up with some designs, you have to wait until after the SAT ends."

Some of the shareholders in Modern Beacon Synergy were locals in Spaunia, so they did not know much about the meaning of Clusia's SAT.

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"How long will it take? Six months? Or a year?" one of the shareholders asked directly.

"The SAT will be held in June. So I will give you the designs in August," Cassandra replied.

She thought, 'Oh, I should have set the date before the school starts.'

It did not matter whether Cassandra went to attend university. However, it was worth looking forward to seeing Yulissa have a breakdown.

Chapter 68

When Yohannes finally found Cassandra's address by putting in his connections, he did not expect Cassandra to stay in such a fine hotel.

The family walked to the front desk and asked the receptionist politely, "Hello, is there someone named Cassandra Yates living in this hotel?"

The receptionist nodded slightly and replied politely, "I'm sorry, but due to customer privacy, we cannot disclose any customer's information. We apologize for any inconvenience we might cause you. I hope you can understand."

"She's my younger sister. Just tell me which room she lives in. Rest assured; I won't make things difficult for you," Yohannes said politely, but his tone implied that he would not back down at all. He had to see Cassandra, or else his career would be ruined.

"In that case..." The receptionist paused. "You can give her a call then."

Anyway, the staff had a rule against disclosing customer information without permission. If the matter were to be pursued, the staff could not bear the responsibility.

Yulissa said, "Miss, she's my elder sister. She had a little conflict with us and ran away from home. We wanted to find her, but she didn't want to see us. Could you please help us check which floor she is on?"

Yulissa's words made the receptionist hesitate. She thought, 'Is the customer really running away from home? But aren't all the people living on that floor the staff of Camille International Music Competition? Strangers are not allowed to go up there!'

She then replied, "I'm sorry, but this is the customer's privacy. We cannot reveal that information to you."

In the end, the receptionist stuck to her professional ethic.

"You..." Yulissa did not expect the receptionist to be so disrespectful.

However, she still handed a gift box to the receptionist with a good temper. "Please do me a favor, miss."

The receptionist did not even take a glance at the gift box but called the security guard through the walkie-talkie instead, "Guard, there are three people making trouble here. Please bring them out immediately."

Miranda got anxious. "What is the meaning of this? It's fine that you don't want to tell

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me where Cassandra is, but how dare you call the security guard to chase us out! Where's your manager? Let your manager out here and meet me!"

The receptionist replied calmly, "Madam, we're at Spaunia. We don't have any custom of Clusia here. This hotel has surveillance coverage at every angle of the place. If I accept this gift, I will get a loss greater than the amount of this gift. Why should I accept it?"

This was the only six-star hotel in Spaunia with very high welfare benefits, so no staff would want to ruin their good future for a petty profit.

Then, along with the security guard, Cassandra also came in as she had planned to return to the hotel after finishing her business.

She recalled that Kenneth seemed to mention that they would have dinner at night.

When Miranda saw Cassandra coming in, she ran to her immediately. “Cassandra, you damn brat! Where in the world have you been? Why did you just come back now?”

With Miranda’s immediate questioning after coming up to her, Cassandra turned very annoyed, so she responded unhappily, “This is where I live. What are you all doing here?”

Miranda shouted, “You damn brat! How dare you harm Yohannes like this? Are you even taking me seriously? You must apologize to me!”

After hearing Miranda’s words, Cassandra felt that her plan to perish the Yates family must be put on the agenda. She could not let them cause trouble before her anymore.

Cassandra said, “Mrs. Yates, after breaking off the parent–child relationship with me, we should treat each other like the other is dead and not interfere with each other. Why do you always come to me every time something happens to your family?”

She thought, ‘They’re so ridiculous.’

Miranda shouted, “What are you talking about? I’m your mother. We can never sever our relationship in our entire life. Stop talking about breaking off a relationship!”

To be honest, she regretted asking Benjamin to issue the relationship sever statement. Now that she learned that Cassandra was both Elaine and Samantha, any one of her reputations could make the Yates family even more successful.

However, she blamed Cassandra for this, as she accused the latter of not wanting to make her identity clear in advance. Now that so many misunderstandings happened, Miranda could care less about the Yates family.

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Cassandra said, "Seriously, if all of you have all the good and bad things in the world, what need is there for justice? If you're here just to say such nonsense, please leave."

The security guard was here anyway, so the nonsensical people could be taken out.

Yohannes interrupted, "Cassandra, I'm here to apologize to you. Mr. Sullivan said he would not ban me only if he obtained your permission not to..."

Cassandra remained silent.

She thought, 'If someone asked what speechlessness is, my reaction would be that.'

"Mr. Yates, is that your way of apologizing with that kind of attitude? I really have no comment for it," said Cassandra.

She thought, 'Just a sentence of "I'm here to apologize to you"? He considers that an apology?'

"What else do you want?" Yohannes did not want to bow to his younger sister. He just could not do so.

"I don't want anything. I just want you to get the punishment you deserve." She then thought, 'If an apology is gonna solve everything, why do we even need the police?'

Yohannes suggested, "Cassandra, let's be reasonable. How about this? If you call Mr. Sullivan to deal with my affairs, I will ask Dad and Mom to take you home personally and let you become the eldest daughter of the Yates family."

He thought that the stated condition was already considered very tempting for Cassandra, as she wanted to attract their parents' attention anyway, so it would be an honor if they took her home in person.

'Fight fire with fire, so what should I do to deal with naive people? A naive person like Yohannes is really stupid. After having the thought, Cassandra replied, "Mr. Yates, if you haven't had the chance to

access the internet, why don't you go online and check out what everyone is discussing before you suggest anything? In other words, is the Yates family full of gold? With my status as Samantha, do you think your family is worth my

time?"

Yohannes stared at Cassandra with widened eyes.

He thought, 'What's wrong with her? Why would she say such things? Isn't she...'

"You all don't have to waste your energy on me. You should bear the responsibility if you do something wrong. It's animal behavior to evade responsibility. I will definitely

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hold you and Yulissa accountable! Cassandra ignored them and walked past them to the front desk

She told the receptionist, Please record this down. If these three people or anyone from the Yates family come to me in the future, no need to ask for me at all. Just let the security guards take them away!"

"Cassandra, are you still human? Yohannes is only 22 years old. Can you bear to see his future getting ruined like this?" Miranda's voice resonated throughout the hall, attracting attention.

Cassandra countered, "Did I let him plagiarize the music score? Did I give it to him? Did I let him use it in the competition? Didn't Marcus give him a chance? Yohannes insisted that the score was his original work. He insisted on trusting that idiot Yulissa and would believe whatever she said. Now you're saying I ruined him. Mrs. Yates, don't you think you are hilarious? Who do you think caused him to end up in such a state? It was all because of Yulissa. Did you ask what she was looking for when she went to my room? Why did she take the score away? Why did she want to give it to Yohannes? Did she ask for my opinion when she gave it to him?"

She continued, "When something has gone wrong now, you want me to forgive all of you. Do you think I'm a saint to serve your family personally? Let's take a step back and consider the matter. Even if I'm

not Samantha, the piece and music score don't belong to Yohannes or Yulissa. Yohannes played it in public and even marked it as his original work. Yet, when you all find out the truth afterward, you want me to give you the copyright. Do you think it's even possible?"

"If I hadn't had Samantha's status, you might have squeezed me to death here, right? So, don't you pretend to have a deep mother–daughter and sibling bond right before me. It's just disgusting!" she finally shouted.

Chapter 69

The behavior of the people from the Yates family was truly disgusting.

Even if they knew what they had done was wrong, their attitude was still very arrogant. Cassandra wondered if they really still thought of her as the fool who had just returned to the Yates family back then.

The family took everything for granted. Even if they knew it was Yulissa's fault, they could still blame Cassandra for the cause of the issue. Cassandra thought they were a bunch of insane people.

If it had not been for the fact that one should not believe in fictional things, she nearly suspected what type of creature Yulissa had transformed from that made the Yates family love her this much without boundaries.

They loved her so much that they lost their principles.

Cassandra returned to her room with her face looking a little gloomy. After pondering about something, she had her expression darkened.

The Yates family never learned their lessons. Cassandra wondered what kind of delusion they had received that they could stand on a moral high ground and bestow their favor on their own family members.

In her previous life, it was because of this attitude that her life was ruined. She thought, 'Do they think I will continue to go the same way in this life again?'

Knock! Knock!

Cassandra's thoughts were pulled back to reality. She instantly concealed the emotions shown on her face and replaced them with indifference. When she opened the door, she did not expect to see Kenneth standing at the entrance.

"Mr. Zelinski, anything I can help you with?" Cassandra asked.

Kenneth looked at the young girl, who looked more indifferent than ever. He could not help feeling distressed for her and asked with a rare gentleness in his tone, "Are you upset?"

Cassandra was stunned, wondering how Kenneth could figure out that she was upset.

"I'm not," she replied shortly.

Kenneth did not ask further but replied softly instead, "Are you free? Let me take you to

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get some specialty cuisine in Spaunia."

Cassandra felt silent because she had been to Spaunia many times and had eaten almost all the delicacies here.

However, she did not know why she nodded and agreed to go despite being a little

upset.

Kenneth smiled slightly, and his expression turned brighter, just like frost being melted away by the spring breeze.

Without the Yates family to disturb her, Cassandra felt quite comfortable going out.

The most specialty food street in Spaunia was a place visited only by locals, which had the best food one could find there. Those food streets that were filled with a commercial atmosphere and for taking photos and check-ins were too commercialized. Cassandra did not like them, but those were not the places Kenneth wanted to take her to either.

The foot street Kenneth had brought Cassandra to have a quiet neighborhood, but was full of life. Not only did it have the local characteristics of Spaunia, but several unique Clusian restaurants were located there too.

“What do you want to eat?” Kenneth asked.

Yannick and Kayden both mentioned that whenever a girl was unhappy, apart from wanting jewelry, handbags, and money, she might just want to eat a big meal to vent her emotions. Maybe having a dessert might boost her mood, too.

However, Kenneth had only eaten two meals with Cassandra. Dishes he could eat were served the first time, and food during the second time was prepared by Yannick according to what he could eat, so he did not know what Cassandra preferred to eat at

all.

Therefore, he just brought her to the food street so she could eat whatever she wanted.

The only good thing about Spaunia was that every shop accepted credit cards. With that, Kenneth would let Cassandra enjoy her meal without any worries.

Cassandra also did not hesitate to get any food, as she thought it was Kenneth’s treat anyway. Kenneth had so much money, so she did not have to worry about spending too much.

After all, Kenneth had spent 2 billion dollars on the consultation fees and 600 million dollars for a telegraph plant.

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Hence, Cassandra went through a lot of shops and bought halloumi cheese, khinkali, dolma, and pljeskavica according to her preferences.

She had also bought meat and some main dishes.

There was a long table with 65 feet on the food street for the guests to eat.

Cassandra placed all the delicacies together contentedly and devoured them happily. It was as if the gloominess caused by the Yates family had been swept away.

“You like all of these dishes?” Kenneth asked.

If Cassandra liked the food, he could hire those chefs to go to Pinehart Mansion and cook good food for her alone in the future.

“Quite. Aren’t they specialties? I just bought them to try the taste. Cassandra did not seem to have any favorite dishes. It did not matter who made it, and even if it was homemade by herself, there was nothing special about the dishes. As long as the food was edible, it would be good for her.

“Do you

have any favorite dishes?” Kenneth asked.

Cassandra was stunned, as if she had never thought about this question.

“No.” It was not a lie because she really did not have one.

Kenneth smiled faintly and took out a small cake from behind him. “Here. Have some after-meal dessert.”

It was just an ordinary cake that could be bought everywhere, but Cassandra wondered why she felt warm in her heart.

She took the cake and placed it in front of her, staring at it in a daze. “Thank you.”

Kenneth cursed in his mind, ‘Cassie’s such a simple girl who’s easy to satisfy, so why did the Yates family treat her like that? That family deserves to rot in hell!’

He then felt confused as he thought again, ‘But why are the people from Modern Beacon Synergy buying Yates Group’s shares recently? If I remember correctly, Timothy had nothing to do with the Yates family. Could it be that he has something to do with Cassie?’

“Why did you invite me to eat?” Cassandra asked.

In addition to Kenneth’s label of violence and cold-bloodedness, it was said that he had

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a secluded lifestyle. It was also rumored that the Zelinski family's diet every day had the freshest food, and even a lot of ingredients had to be airlifted to the family on that single day. The highest standard of their meals seemed to cost a few hundred thousand dollars

One meal would cost a house in a tier-one city, even in a place like Five Ring in Dricso

However, at the current moment. Kenneth brought Cassandra to the food street to enjoy specialty food sold there, which cost no more than 80 dollars at most. Cassandra wondered if a man who had a secluded lifestyle like Kenneth wanted to visit this kind of place to have a try at some food eaten by normal citizens

No special reason. It's just that I saw you being upset. After hearing that food can make people forget their worries I decided to bring you here. Based on your mood now, at least it proves that my decision is right. Kenneth smiled faintly. When he was facing Cassandra, he did not act superior at all, even giving off a very comfortable feeling

“What decision? Cassandra asked.

Kenneth replied. “The decision to take you out for food!

Cassandra remained quiet.

She felt like her brain was out of function.

After hanging around outside until ten o'clock at night, Kenneth took Cassandra back to the hotel for a rest. Now that Cassandra was relieved from her emotions, she would forget about the unpleasantness when she got up tomorrow after a good night's sleep.

Just as they were on their way back. Kenneth found something was amiss when he was driving. He realized that there was a car following them.

The car must have not long since they caught up to them because Kenneth only just passed an intersection. It seemed like the car followed them at that very moment.

Cassandra reacted agilely and asked. "Is someone tailing behind us?"

Kenneth was stunned and said admiringly with a smile. "Cassie, you are very vigilant!"

"Who is it?" Cassandra asked again.

She thought it was not someone she knew anyway, since no one in the world wanted to harm her except the Yates family.

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"Are you afraid?" Kenneth blamed himself for bringing trouble to Cassandra.

"What's the point of saying that now? The trouble has come to us. How can we deal with the enemies?" Although Cassandra's combat skills were not weak, she could not fight with opponents equipped with guns. They could shoot from a distance, and she could not fight them back in close combat.

She felt a little inconvenienced being unarmed.

Cassandra had forgotten that she was not in Clusia. Guns were allowed where she was

now.

"Open the storage box in front of you. There are tools in it," said Kenneth.

Cassandra did not react in panic at all when facing the criminals in the cars behind them, which surprised Kenneth very much. He thought that she really gave him surprises every day.

Chapter 70

In the city at night, every road was crowded. The traffic in Acocester of Spania had always been horrible. Kenneth wanted to drive his car onto the expressway. Otherwise, it wouldn't work there

As soon as he got on the expressway, Cassandra was loading the gun beside him when the attack started from behind

Bang Bang

She rolled down the window and shot at the front tire of a car. The tire went flat, and the car was forced to stop.

Cassandra frowned. She had just counted. There were 20 bullets. Now that she had used one, only 19 left. Taking the five cars behind them as five people, the bullets were not enough

She found microbombs, but they were just some simple self-defense weapons, only suitable for close-range bombing and escape.

“Mr. Zelinski, as a global boss, why is your weapon so shabby?”

She was still in the mood to chat with Kenneth when the people behind were continuously shooting at them.

That was not a modified car, so the safety performance was not high. Therefore, Kenneth could only drive in S curves to confuse the opponents in order to dodge the attack from behind.

However, only one car had a flat tire, while the other four already caught up with them side by side.

The bullets hit the car with a tinkling sound, like the sound of death, close to their ears.

Kenneth immediately stepped on the gas pedal and drove at the maximum speed, racing all the way.

Five cars were chasing each other on the expressway. Fortunately, Yannick had prepared the car for Kenneth to pursue women, so he temporarily picked one with excellent performance and strong horsepower.

Kenneth only knew that he couldn't fight at that time. Bullets had no eyes. If Cassandra was hurt, he might go crazy.

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He only had to deal with them a little longer and hold on until Yannick brought his

men over.

However, Cassandra didn't think so. She felt it hadn't been that exciting for a long time. Thus, she stuck out her head and gave one of the cars another flat tire.

While driving, Kenneth did not forget to praise her, "Cassie, your shooting skills are good."

"It's not too bad."

Cassandra estimated the distance with those cars and checked Kenneth's remaining weapons. Then, she had an idea. "Slow down a little bit and let them catch up. I'll throw this into their cars."

The microbomb would explode in 20 seconds once set off. It could play a very subtle role as long as the timing was calculated correctly. After all, that type of microbomb was powerful.

"It's too dangerous. I object," Kenneth refused without hesitation.

If it were Yannick and the others in the car with him, they would have confronted the opponents head-on. However, the one in his car now was the most precious treasure in his life. He could not afford anything to go wrong. Although that idea was good, he would not let Cassandra take the risk.

“I’m confident. Trust me.” Cassandra was a little annoyed that he didn’t believe her. “It’s not that I don’t trust you. It’s just too dangerous. I don’t want you to get hurt.”

Cassandra was stunned. There was some inexplicable feeling in her heart, which disappeared quickly before it even emerged.

“I won’t get hurt. We will first slow down the car. When they attack us from both sides, you and I will throw the microbomb at the right time. Then, we will accelerate and

evacuate.”

The two cars with punctured tires didn’t catch up. They only needed to deal with the people in those three cars. There would be no need to wait for others to come to their rescue. They could save themselves.

“Are you sure you want to do that?” Kenneth asked.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

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He decided to accompany her. He would not let her get hurt as long as he was with her. Even if something happened, he would protect her.

Kenneth’s car speed gradually slowed down. Their accelerated to outflank them.

pursuers didn’t suspect and

Just as the car on each side was parallel to theirs, and the people were about to shoot, Cassandra and Kenneth threw a small object into their cars through the windows at the same time.

Before they could even react, Kenneth sped up and ran away.

Boom!

Two cars blew up.

Looking at the two explosions behind them, Cassandra smiled triumphantly. "Look, I told you I could do it."

"There is one car left. How are you going to settle it?"

If she was not wrong, the two cars with flat tires had caught up. In that case, they had to deal with more than just one car of people.

"I can't think of anything yet. You keep a constant speed for now, and I will blow their tires first to buy us some time."

The rescue hadn't come yet. She had to save the limited weapons.

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However, Kenneth didn't immediately agree with her method. Instead, he asked, "Can you drive?"

Although Kenneth knew she was good at racing, he didn't know if she could drive.

"Yes."

“You drive, and I’ll take care of those people.”

The two exchanged seats as fast as they could. Cassandra kept the car running at a constant speed while keeping an eye on the cars on their tail through the rearview

mirror.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

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Three shots were fired. Kenneth blew out the tires of three cars in less than two

seconds.

Before she could react, another three shots resounded.

Cassandra couldn’t help reminding, “Save your bullets. There aren’t many left.”

She looked in the rearview mirror, only to see those three cars had stopped moving, and nobody got out.

She exclaimed inwardly, ‘What the fuck! Is he still a human?’ Kenneth fired three shots in a row and settled three people. Whether they were dead or not, their time was

wasted.

Cassandra stepped on the gas pedal and drove forward at full speed as if she was racing.

She made a turn at the fork ahead and drove onto the main road in the city.

At that moment, Kenneth's phone rang. "Mr. Zelinski, are you all right?"

"I won't be by the time you come to my rescue."

Yannick was dumbfounded. "We've brought our men to the expressway. Those people have been subdued."

When Cassandra heard that, she thought they were not too slow and did a good job.

"Take them back and interrogate them overnight to find out who sent them."

Kenneth hung up the phone and looked at Cassandra with interest. "You seem to be interested in that kind of scenario?"

Cassandra's heart skipped a beat. She thought, 'Oh no! Am I exposed?'

"Perhaps every woman has a dream to be a heroine?"

Kenneth was rendered speechless.

"Regarding what happened this evening, did you offend anyone?" Cassandra was quite curious about who would send five cars to pursue Kenneth. They had to have deep grudges.

"Maybe it's about business territory or profit." Kenneth changed the topic. "Are you frightened?"

Cassandra lightly tapped the steering wheel with her left hand. She smiled evilly and

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said, "What do you think?"

'I don't think you're scared at all. You're even a little excited!' Kenneth thought.

"I'm relieved as long as you're alright. You were implicated by me and got involved. I'm worried that you will be targeted. I will send someone to protect you from now on."