

Rebirth vs. Rebirth: Tragedy to Triumph (Violeta and Zelena) Novel

CHAPTER 131

Rebirth vs. Rebirth: Tragedy to Triumph.

Chapter 131 Are They Purposely Raising the Price?

Finished

The bangle was stored away.

The auction continued.

A few more bracelets were showcased, but none appealed to Zelena.

She couldn't stop thinking about that violet jade bangle from earlier. Jade bangles are natural and non-renewable. Without placing a higher bid, she wouldn't **come across** another identical one anywhere.

After a while, a white glassy jade bracelet with floating flower patterns was presented.

White glassy jade isn't exactly rare, but its price lies in the unique floating colour on it. It's so clear and transparent that it looks just like glass!

It was so beautiful, it looked like glass.

This was the ultimate compliment for jade!

Zelena's eyes sparkled. "Mom, Dad, I want this bracelet. It's stunning!"

Feeling guilty for not getting the previous bangle for her, Mrs. Blake was determined to win this one. She nodded to Zelena and said, "Lena, I'll ensure you get this bracelet."

Bracelets aren't as perfect **as** bangles in craftsmanship, quality, or aesthetic value, so they tend to be cheaper.

However, "glassy jade" means it won't be much cheaper.

Irene also liked the bracelet. "Honey, this one's pretty too. Let's get it for our daughter."

Anton said. "These beads aren't as nice as that bangle from earlier."

Irene replied, "What do you know about style? It's shiny and beautiful. Our daughter will love it."

Anton nodded in approval **and** said, "Sure, let's place our bid."

Following the auctioneer's presentation, the initial price stood at a hefty 450 thousand.

Soon enough, people were eagerly bidding one after another.

"Four hundred eighty thousand!"

"Five hundred twenty-five thousand!" Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Five hundred fifty-five thousand!"

The price slowly increased, and soon it reached 690 thousand.

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Chapter 131 Are They Purposely Raising the Price?

"Seven hundred fifty thousand."

The value and colour of the bracelet were incomparable to the previous bangle.

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Finished

Seven hundred fifty thousand was already the highest point, and increasing the price further would exceed its value, and the price was not appropriate,

So quite a few folks bowed out of the bidding.

Observing the price reaching a steady point, the auctioneer seated at the forefront jotted down a figure.

Seven hundred eighty thousand."

Mr. Blake assumed that once he had shouted out 780 thousand, no further bids would come in.

To his surprise, another participant entered the fray. Glancing forward, he spotted the same two individuals who had previously bid on the bangle, which left him feeling slightly irritated.

Not

ein. Are they seriously trying to jack up the price on that bracelet?

Eight hundred forty thousand!”

The auctioneer’s face showed no emotion as he stated, “Nine hundred thousand.”

Mr. Blake increased his offer, **and** the auctioneer **stood** firm without yielding.

Mrs. Blake also sensed the unreasonableness of the front–row bidders. Initially, it seemed the bracelet could have been secured for **just** a bit over 600 thousand, but now the price had soared to 900 thousand.

Is the auction house possibly manipulating the bidding process?

If it weren’t for their desire to purchase it for Zelena, they wouldn’t have considered spending such an exorbitant amount!

Nevertheless, with the previous **bangle** already sold, they were **resolute in** securing the bracelet this time.

Mr. **Blake** raised his bidder’s **sign**, “Nine hundred thirty thousand.”

The auctioneer said, “Nine hundred seventy–five thousand.”

One million and twenty thousand.”

“One million and fifty thousand.”

Seated at the forefront, Irene recognised the bidding voices, finding them oddly familiar, reminiscent of those who had contested them for the bangle earlier.

Thus, Irene subtly turned her head to glance behind, spotting Mr. and Mrs. Blake immediately.

Irene recalled them from the time they had probed Violeta’s foster parents’ residence upon her return.

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Chapter 131 Are They Purposely Raising the Price?

“Honey, it’s Vio’s foster parents bidding against us,” Irene remarked to her partner.

Anton caught Irene’s words and looked back in disbelief. “Seriously? How come?”

Finished

Irene gently grasped Anton’s hand. “Honey, they raised Vio until she was eighteen, and they never treated her badly. They were the ones who competed with us for the bangle previously, so why don’t we let them **have** it this time?”

Anton narrowed his eyes, as generosity wasn’t his strong suit.

Yet, Irene’s words struck a chord with him.

Violeta had been part of the Blake family for eighteen years. Before discovering she wasn’t their biological daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Blake had treated her with love and care as if she were their own.

Considering the years they had spent raising her, Anton acknowledged that he should feel appreciative towards them.

“Alright, let’s let them have the bracelet.”

“Yup.

Anton signalled the auctioneer to stop the bidding and let go of his paddle.

The auctioneer, following his lead, halted the price increase.

Even so, the bracelet’s price had already skyrocketed to one million and fifty thousand.

More **than** one million for a jade bracelet?

This price is ridiculous, especially since the jade is good in texture and clarity but lacks colour.

It’s not worth it at all!

Mrs. Blake whispered, “Do you think the people in front are raising the price on purpose?”

Mr. Blake felt a bit annoyed too. “I think so.”

Mrs. **Blake** suggested, “If they’re driving up the price on purpose, let’s push it higher. If they keep up. back out and let them take the loss!”

Mr. Blake nodded and shared the same idea as Mrs. Blake.

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CHAPTER 132

Rebirth vs. Rebirth: Tragedy to Triumph

Chapter 132 Additional Bracelet

He raised his paddle and shouted, "One million two hundred thousand!"

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Finished

He thought the auctioneer in the front row would keep raising the bids, but to his surprise, there was no movement at all!

Mr. Blake was stunned.

After a three-second reminder from the auctioneer at the centre table, there were still no new bids.

With a decisive bang of the gavel, the auction was settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Blake were shocked. They had outsmarted themselves, one million and fifty thousand was already ridiculous, but now they were stuck with a price of 1.2 million. What a waste of money!

However, backing out now would be too embarrassing.

They had to swallow their frustration, their expressions grim.

Next to them, Zelena was overjoyed.

Although she didn't acquire a bracelet valued in the tens of millions, obtaining a 1.2 million bracelet was still pretty great!

“Mom, Dad, thank you so much! I love you guys!”

Mrs. Blake forced a smile. “Lena, as long as you’re happy, that’s all that matters.”

Although Zelena liked it, they always felt that they were at a loss.

The auction **was** over.

Irene still felt a little regretful that she didn’t help Violeta buy the bracelet she wanted.

In the auction house’s backstage, the **owner** personally expressed gratitude for their robust support during the event.

Having been a steadfast **patron** of the auction house for many years, **Anton’s acquisition** of the bangle that day boosted his total expenditure by an additional 600 thousand.

As the proverb states, mutual gain forms the foundation of enduring collaboration.

When the staff brought over the violet jade bangle they had won and **packaged** it into a gift box, they also brought along another string of glassy jade flower bracelets,

Irene opened the gift box and was slightly surprised to find another bracelet inside.

“What’s the deal with the additional bracelet?”

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Chapter 132 Additional Bracelet

#Finished

guests, come to Verilancia in person this year. I saw Mrs. White really liked the floating flower glass bracelet before, but I don’t know why you withdrew from the auction later.”

Irene returned the smile. “Because the people who participated in the auction at that time had some favours for our family, I opted to let them have the bracelet.”

The auction house owner nodded and introduced the bracelet with floating flowers and said. “To be honest, this bracelet is made of the same material as the one auctioned before, but the floating flowers on this one are very rare. It has green jade, yellow jade, and purple jade. These three floating colours are rare and even I have rarely seen them in all my years of working at the auction house. It is **more** precious than the previous

one. I wanted to keep it for myself, but seeing that Mrs. White **was** quite regretful about the previous bracelet, I am happy to give this bracelet to you as a personal gift.”

The owner’s words caught Irene off guard.

Upon close inspection, she observed that each bead of the bracelet displayed various floating colours, rendering it more exquisite and stunning compared to the previous one adorned only with green **floating** flowers.

But the price of such a beautiful bracelet must be different from the previous one.

Irene and Anton looked at each other.

“No, we will buy it.”

The auction house owner waved his hand. “Since I said it was a **gift**, it has to be a gift. You don’t need to say **more**. We have cooperated more **than** once. If you feel uneasy, just think of it as you paid for it.”

Aside from the additional 600 thousand spent that day, Irene has purchased a significant amount of jade from their auction house over the past few years.

Middlemen profited from the transactions, and they’ve made a good amount from her purchases.

Giving away one bracelet to secure a major client and guarantee future sales is a no-brainer.

They wouldn’t **be** this generous with just any customer.

Ajade bracelet featuring three vibrant floating colours, so rare and lively, is indeed a precious discovery. Those unfamiliar with jade might easily mistake it for simple glass rather than something so valuable.

Due to the auction house **owner’s** firm insistence, Irene and Anton agreed to accept the bracelet.

This new bracelet made up for Irene’s earlier disappointment of not winning the jade bracelet.

Her **mood** lifted considerably.

“We’ve got both a bangle and a bracelet now. When we get back, we’ll give them to Vio. She’s going to love them. [Search the website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Seeing **his** wife happy made Anton happy, too.

After leaving the auction house, they returned to their hotel. Once there, Irene video-called Violeta

With a six-hour time difference, Violeta and her group had just arrived at Willowbrook when Irene's **call** came through.

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Chapter 132 Additional Bracelet

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Staying in a yurt on the Willowbrook Grasslands, Violeta stepped out with her phone in hand, looking for Niall.

"Niall!"

Niall was outside smoking with a few Yurtlandians. When he heard Violeta calling, he quickly put out his cigarette.

"What's up?"

"Mom and Dad are **on a** video call. **Come** here!"

Niall walked over to join Violeta.

Seeing Irene and Anton on the screen, he greeted, "Hey Mom, Dad! How's Verdancia treating you?"

Irene held up the bangle and bracelet they had won at the auction. "Vio, your dad and I got some great stuff at the auction tonight."

Even through the screen, the jade bangle and bracelet sparkled brilliantly, radiating a luxurious glow.

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CHAPTER 133

Rebirth vs. Rebirth: Tragedy to Triumph

Chapter 133 Falconry Festival.

“This is beautiful! Thank you, Mom and Dad!” Violeta exclaimed.

Niall chimed in, “Where’s mine?”

Finished

Irene was putting the gift box away. She replied, “Why do you need a gift for at your age? When you bring home a wife, I’ll let her pick a few of my jewellery pieces.”

Anton laughed heartily and asked, “Vio, did you have fun on the prairie?”

“Of course! I even trained an eagle. Niall, hold my phone. I’ll fetch Hera here to show Mom and Dad,” Violeta said.

She shoved her phone at Niall, then ran to the camp to get the birdcage.

Niall sat on the grass, watching his parents on the phone screen.

“Mom, you’re just using the daughter-in-law as an excuse because you don’t want to buy me anything”

Irene retorted, “Exactly! You have your own money. In the future, you can buy your wife something on your own.”

Anton interjected, “Niall, **have** you met anyone special there?”

Niall looked up at the sky and said, “It’s not that easy to meet someone I like. Would you be okay if I brought someone random home?”

“Of course **not**,” Irene said, “but you need to hurry up.”

Violeta returned with the birdcage. Hera climbed out of the cage and stepped on her back as soon as she put her hand inside.

“Mom, Dad, look! This is Hera, my little eagle.”

Irene and Anton leaned closer to the screen.

“Oh, it’s a young golden eagle,” Anton remarked.

“Vio, how long did you train it?”

“Seven days!” Violeta replied.

Irene’s heart ached instantly. She exclaimed, “Seven days? Really, Niall! How could you let her do that? Aren’t you supposed to stop her? What if something happened to your sister?”

“Mom, I couldn’t stop her,” Niall defended **himself**.

“It’s okay, Mom. I insisted on training the eagle, Violeta assured.

Anton was less worried. He believed young people needed challenges.

He smiled proudly and said, “Well done. Vio. I’m proud of you.”

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Chapter 133 Falconry Festival

“Where are you now?” Irene **asked**.

“We’re in Willowbrook. We’re attending the Falconry Festival in a few days,” Violeta said.

#Finished

Irene nodded and probed, “Are you comfortable where you’re staying? Eating well? Is it cold there?”

They chatted for half an hour.

Zoren and Hayden returned on horseback and joined the conversation briefly. Later, Sophia called them for dinner. The siblings finally ended the call.

Since they were with Sophia, the Reids treated them well.

After **dinner**, they lay on the grass, gazing at the stars that seemed close but unreachable.

For two days, the youngsters raced horses and had fun on the grasslands.

The Reids had many skilled falconers. Violeta learned various training techniques and watched many grown eagles hunt rabbits on the grassland.

Hayden personally demonstrated training Zeus to return to the **cage** and answer the whistle.

During whistle practice, Violeta noticed Hera's keen sensitivity to the sound, more so than other eagles.

It was a thrilling new experience for her to subdue the animal to follow her commands.

It was an entirely different experience compared to the previous one. One required the **animal** to act proactively, while the other was more about passive obedience.

Being able to **train and** bond with her **own** eagle was absolutely incredible!

Time flew by, and the Falconry Festival arrived.

On the festival day, the Reids' falconers weren't the only few that attended; there were several from other families in the grasslands.

They had to compete to catch the most rabbits.

The coveted prize for the winner was a silver whistle.

The Reids crafted it specially, adorning it with totems symbolising good luck and blessings.

The whistle's value lay in its commemorative significance and honour.

Violeta **and** Sophia, as novices, could only watch the event because their eagles didn't fully respond to their whistles.

Only Hayden, with Zeus, qualified to participate in the rabbit hunt.

During the hunt, the falconers rode alongside their birds, tracking them across the grasslands.

From afar, Violeta and the others watched the spectacle of dozens of eagles soaring g in the sky.

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Chapter 133 Falconry Festival

Zeus, with its distinctive fur, stood out among its peers.

Finished

As the whistles echoed through the air, the eagles locked onto their targets and dived towards the ground.

The Reids purchased and released most of the rabbits to protect the environment. They would serve the captured rabbits at the evening feast, ensuring nothing went to waste.

Upon their release, the rabbits scattered wildly, with some diving into their burrows.

The winner would be the eagle that caught the most rabbits within the set time. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

In no time, the eagles spread out across the sky.

“Look, there’s Hade!” Zoren pointed.

Everyone looked towards where Zoren pointed. They saw Hayden on horseback atop a hill. The light obscured his face, but his silhouette remained clear. The horse grazed, and the silver chain in his hand glinted in the sunlight, making him particularly striking.

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CHAPTER 134

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Chapter 134 Champion

In no time, Zeus returned with two rabbits in his claws. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hayden caught the rabbits and tossed them into a cage. Zeus flew off again to catch more.

He moved back and forth, eventually catching nearly ten rabbits.

The game lasted only thirty minutes.

The eagles cried out as Violeta watched them through binoculars.

Every ten minutes, they released a new batch of rabbits, totalling three batches.

Once the three batches were over

over, so was the game.

Each falconer carried their cage, most filled with rabbits, though some had fewer.

Hayden's cage was almost bursting with his game.

The judge began to count.

When they saw Hayden's cage, the judge exclaimed, "Wow! That's a lot!"

Rabbits were pulled out and counted one by one, then placed into a larger cage nearby.

"Fifty–**six** rabbits in total! Not bad! You have the highest count so far."

Finishedi

The judge **laughed** heartily and held high expectations for Hayden. If all went well, Hayden was on track to win this year's Falconry Festival.

Those waiting in line behind him saw how many rabbits Hayden's eagle had caught and cast envious glances at Zeus perched on his forearm.

"Hayden!" someone called out.

Hayden turned.

He saw Violeta and her group riding towards him on horseback.

Zoren jumped off his horse, asking, "How many did Zeus catch?"

"Fifty–six," Hayden replied.

Sophia's eyes widened, and she exclaimed, "Wow! That's the most I've ever heard of!"

Jasper and Liam approached, fist–bumping Hayden. "Zeus is impressive!"

Violeta and Niall also dismounted.

"Impressive! Zeus is truly remarkable, Violeta remarked.

Balance:

713 +85

1 Coins 1 Pearls

Chapter 134 Champion

Violeta quickly pulled her hand back.

Niall laughed and teased, "It seems even eagles can be possessive!

Hayden cast a cold glance at Hera, which spread its wings.

"In a few years, Hera's size should surpass Zeus's," Sophia noted.

#Finished

In the avian world, females are typically larger than males. Hera was still a young eagle, but it would grow significantly, possibly outgrowing Zeus,

"Kee—eeeeee-arr!"

Hera proudly screeched as if understanding Sophia's words.

Fifteen minutes later, the counting ended.

With fifty-six rabbits, Hayden **was** indeed the top scorer.

The host declared, "The one who caught the most rabbits for tonight's roast is contestant number 9, Hayden Frost!

"Hayden is this year's Falconry Festival champion!"

Clap! Clap! Clap!

The crowd applauded to celebrate his victory.

The game wasn't the most important part. The highlight **was** the process and the delicious rabbit feast that awaited in the evening.

After the game, people dispersed across the grassland to release their eagles.

Some set up bonfires, preparing to roast rabbits later.

Dale Reid, the head of the Reids, personally handed Hayden a ceremonial gift box containing the silver whistle prize.

Sophia said mysteriously, "This isn't just any silver whistle! My dad made it with special materials mixed. **with** silver. It's said to have magical properties!"

Hayden glanced at the whistle in the box and asked, "What magical properties?"

Dale patted Sophia's shoulder, saying, "Not as magical **as** she claims. Actually, this whistle is made **from** materials left by our family's first falconer three hundred years ago. Legend has it he could summon a phoenix

"The materials used in this whistle are what remained from his forge

Of course, they didn't melt down **his** whistle to make this one. They only used about a fifth of the original materials.

The Reids held the Falconry Festival every five years. It required a unique gift. **Thus** these precious.

Balance:

713 +67

1 Coins. 1 Pearls

Chapter 134 Champion

Everyone was amazed by Dale's story.

Zoren asked, "Could the first falconer really summon a phoenix?"

Liam remarked, "This whistle is definitely worth keeping. It has a high collectible value!"

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Jasper gazed at the sky and remarked, "Summoning a phoenix would be a spectacular sight, like something out of a movie!"

For some reason. Violeta felt a sense of familiarity with the story.

In her past life, while learning beast-taming from her master, he had told her a similar **tale**.

Their forefather could command all beasts on land, while a woman in the far north could control all birds in the sky. They were once lovers, but they sacrificed their union to save

the **world**. After countless reincarnations, they might meet again somewhere in the world.

At the time, Violeta thought her master was just telling her a bedtime story.

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CHAPTER 135

Chapter 135 A Gift From Him

After all, you can find mythological stories like these all over the internet!

But who would have thought that today, on the prairie, they'd encounter the descendants of such legendary tales?

Violeta fell silent, deep in thought.

That evening, they had a delicious rabbit roast. The aroma was mouth-watering.

Finished

Everyone gathered around the campfire, savouring rabbit legs dipped in a unique sauce. They were utterly entranced by the flavour..

Laughter and songs filled the air as everyone relished the moment.

Of course, they also took a group photo during the Falconry Festival.

After snapping the picture, Violeta sent it to her parents to show them how many places they had visited together.

The Reids kept the group photo.

They spent a few days in Willowbrook, exploring everything there was to see.

As beautiful as the prairie was, staying too **long** could become a bit dull.

Sophia noticed her friends waning enthusiasm and suggested a visit to the ancient ruins in the east. The group set off that same **day**.

By the time they arrived at the town, it was **already** night.

Sophia had arranged their accommodations in advance. After settling their luggage, the group headed out to explore the night market. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The night market was vibrant, with numerous stalls selling local snacks, clothing, and handicrafts.

Sophia led them to a clothing store. She said, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do. Let's get changed."

They entered in modern attire.

Moments later, they emerged in traditional ethnic outfits.

The rich culture of the prairie permeated every detail, including long robes, belts, and boots.

Violeta wore a white robe and a long headdress that hung down from her head. The look gave her an ethereal, otherworldly appearance,

As the group walked through the town, they attracted plenty of admiring glances.

They stopped at a stall selling handmade jewellery. Violeta picked up a pair of earrings. She held them up to her ears, admiring herself in a mirror.

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Chapter 135 A Gift From Him

Sophia leaned forward and nudged her. "They look great. You should buy them."

"They do, but they don't match my outfit," Violeta said. She put the earrings back and said, "I'll buy something next time if it suits me better."

She continued checked out other earrings.

Regrettably, she couldn't find anything she liked.

Finished

Sophia grabbed Violeta's hand and said, "I know a better place with some good materials. Come with me; I'll **take** you there."

With that, she grabbed Violeta and left with her.

Niall sighed and said, "Wait for me, guys!"

They hurried to catch up with Sophia and Violeta

Hayden glanced at their retreating figures. He picked up the earrings Violeta had left behind. The garnet earrings looked delicate and exquisite in his palm.

"How much?" he asked.

"Fifteen dollars a pair," the vendor replied.

Hayden quickly paid and slipped the earrings into his pocket.

After that, he casually followed the others.

After exploring the night market, the group returned to the
returned to the guesthouse.

The next morning, Violeta sat at the breakfast table in a groggy state and yawned.

She suddenly noticed a pair of earrings on her plate. Picking them up, she realised they were the ones she had admired last night.

Sitting across from her, Hayden was eating breakfast alone. She looked at him and asked in puzzlement,

"These are

"A gift for you," he **said**.

"A gift? When did you buy them?"

"Last night."

Violeta had not bought the earrings because they didn't match her outfit.

Now, she didn't have to worry about that anymore.

The earrings weren't expensive, so she accepted them.

Still, she felt she couldn't just accept Hayden's gift without giving something in return. She decided to buy

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Chapter 135 A Gift From Him

The town wasn't as lively in the morning as it was at night,

Violeta took Sophia with her to shop for a gift **for** Hayden.

They wandered around until they came across **a** store **selling** calligraphy quill pens.

After some thought, Violeta decided that a calligraphy quill pen for Hayden.

would be a good i

Various pens lined the shelves. Violeta approached the counter and carefully selected the pens.

However, she didn't find any of them with particularly refined qualities.

She headed to the **counter** and asked, "Do you have any better pens?"

Finished

The store owner lazily replied, "Better ones? Sure, I have some top-quality goose feathers. Which one do you want to see?"

"Show me both.

The owner stood up and pulled out a box from under the counter. He said, "Here you go."

When the box opened, Violeta saw pens of exceptional quality, far superior to those on the shelves.

One pen stood out with its metal shaft **and** delicate feather. The feather had brownish spots on it, which gave the pen a unique look.

It reminded Violeta of a similar pen she had seen in a museum.

"This one is quite impressive. Can I try it?" **she** asked..

The owner chuckled and asked, "Girly, you want to buy it?"

"Yes," Violeta replied.

“You have a good eye. Unlike the factory–made pens on the shelves, I handcraft this one myself. However,

I have a rule: you must know how to write with it. Can you write?”

“Can I write?” The question surprised Violeta.

Sophia interjected, “Hey, that’s a bit condescending. Even a three–year–old can write nowadays.”

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CHAPTER 136

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Chapter 136 You Can’t Write

The shop owner stroked his beard and **said**, “You’re too naive.”

He stepped out from behind the counter, and his scholarly aura was in full display. “My pens are unparalleled **in** the country! No one would dare claim otherwise.”

Wow!

He had confidence!

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Finished

“Many people want to buy my pen, but I only sell it to **those** who can truly write. If they can impress me, I’ll give the pen away for free.

Sophia responded, “**That’s** great! Hand me the pen and ink. I’ll write for you!”

Violeta observed the situation sceptically. From her perspective, it was clear that the **pens** the shop owner brought out were exquisite. Those were handmade pieces, certainly not comparable to ordinary ones.

They also appeared to be stamped, but the seal was too small for her to read clearly.

Such bold claims—could this man be a renowned master hidden in the small town?

“Sophia, can you write with a quill pen?”

Sophia nodded confidently and said, “Of course. I’ve practiced calligraphy for six years. Let me try.”

A young assistant emerged from behind a screen, carrying ink **and** pens..

Violeta noticed a faint, lingering fragrance in the air as she ground the ink, which most likely came from the ink itself.

“Is this Sable Ink?”

The shop owner suddenly turned and looked at Violeta with surprise.

“Impressive. You have good eyes. Yes, this is one of the four famous inks, Sable Ink.”

Sable Ink was one of the four renowned inks. It was well-liked for its dark, glossy colour that does not fade **over** time, and it has a unique fragrance.

Usually sold by weight, such a precious item was quite expensive.

Yet, in this ordinary shop, they casually brought out a piece of Sable **Ink** for grinding.

It seemed both the shop and the owner were nothing but ordinary.

Sophia was unaware of the gravity of the situation. She picked up the pen.

After that, she dipped it in ink and began to write.

Her confident strokes revealed that she had indeed practiced. Her italic calligraphy was quite good.

For **an** ordinary person to achieve such proficiency with a brush was commendable, considering **that**

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Chapter 136 You Can't Write

Sophia finished her piece, writing her name on the paper.

Smiling at Violeta, she asked, "How is it?"

Violeta nodded and praised, "Pretty good."

Unexpectedly, the shop owner glanced at it **and** snorted, "This? It's just scrawl!

Take the **ink** back! What a waste of my ink."

His comment left the two speechless.

9.77%

Finished

Sophia exploded. "What do you **mean** by scrawl? If **this** isn't writing, what is? Your **standards** are too high!"

The shop owner retorted, "Do you know how much this pen costs? If my standards weren't high, everyone would have a pen made by Cyril Hum!"

Cyril? The name sounded familiar to Violeta.

However, she couldn't place it immediately.

Sophia's face turned beet red from the shopkeeper's scolding. Furious, she placed the brush on the table **and** grabbed Violeta's wrist. "Let's go, Violeta! This old man has no manners. I don't want his pens, even if they were free! Hmph."

Cyril waved them off disdainfully and said, "Go on then. Free? As if I'd give one to you for free. Ridiculous.

Sophia pulled Violeta out of the shop before she could say anything.

Once outside, **Sophia** kept grumbling.

"I've practiced for six years! Many people say my writing is beautiful, but he called **it** scrawl? He even said. it wasn't even a writing? I'm **so** mad!"

Violeta suppressed her laughter and said, "Alright, calm down. Maybe his standards are different from **ours**. He's more rigorous."

She had intended to try her hand at writing.

Sophia dragged her away before she got the chance.

The two returned to their guesthouse.

Sophia was still fuming. She continued to vent her frustration back in the guesthouse.

They sat on a swing outside the guesthouse.

Violeta thought about the pen, **and** she agreed it was indeed exceptional.

She decided to return to the shop in the afternoon to see if her calligraphy could impress Cyril and get that exquisite Umber pen.

2/3

07:58 Wed, 19 Jun 0

Chapter 136 You Can't Write

After lunch, Violeta prepared to head back to the shop.

Niall saw her leaving and asked, "Where are you going. Violeta?"

She smiled and said, "Just going out to buy something. I'll be back soon."

Liam added, "Vio, we're going to watch the wrestling match later. Make sure you're back in time.

"Got it!"

Violeta left the guest house and headed towards the shop.

Before she could reach it, she heard a commotion **and** saw a crowd gathered ahead.

She quickened her steps towards the shop.

"What's going **on**?"

77%8

Finished

A kind woman told her, "The Houles ordered pens here half-a month ago, but they were chased out by the shop owner. The Houles are the most powerful family in this **area**. Despite their repeated attempts, the shop owner consistently scolded and kicked them

out. Today, Mr. Wally Houle personally arrived, and the shop owner harshly criticised his writing. So, here we are....

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CHAPTER 137

Rebirth vs. Rebirth Tragedy to Triumph

Chapter 137 Conflict

In the middle of their conversation,

a piece of paper floated out from the store.

Violeta took a step forward, picked it up, and glanced at it. She saw a few words scribbled on it.

Wally Houle most likely wrote it.

At first glance, the writing was truly atrocious.

₩ 77%출

Finished

Before, Cyril had criticised Sophia's writing as mere scribbles. Compared to her writing, Wally would receive a good scolding.

"Whether you agree to sell it or not, you will sell it today!"

A gruff voice emanated from within the shop. Violeta discarded the paper and stepped inside.

Inside, the young assistant stood in front of Cyril, who was clearly upset. The shop was in disarray, with items scattered and broken everywhere.

The man in his twenties sitting on a chair by the shelves was likely Mr. Wally, the heir of the Houles.

Cyril was stubborn as ever. He declared, "Your handwriting is unworthy of my pens. Even if you beat me to death today, I won't make a custom pen for you."

Wally was infuriated by his claim. He retorted, "Fine! You're still being stubborn? Boys, give him a good beating!"

"Yes, Mr. Wally!"

A few servants stepped forward, raising their fists, ready to beat Cyril.

"Stop it!"

Violeta stepped in and blocked their path. She said, "You can't hit him."

Cyril was an elderly man. If he

Ghurt, who would Violeta turn to for a tom pen?

The servants paused and lowered their fists.

Wally, who occupied the **chair**, paused. Wally eyed Violeta, captivated by her beauty. Wally asked, "And who might you be?"

Violeta retorted, "Who I am is none of your concern. Is there no law here? You can't just beat people up."

Wally leaned back, his eyes appraising her with a hint **of** amusement. He asked, "Law? Here, the **Houles are**

the law!"

Violeta could

Violeta couldn't find the words **to** rebuke him.

The last person she had met with such arrogance was Nyla at the inn.

1/3

Chapter 137 Conflict

Finished

Despite his stubbornness, the old man didn't want to involve outsiders. He warned Violeta, "You **shouldn't** get involved. They have more people. You're just a young girl; you'll get hurt."

Violeta was surprised by Cyril's concern that the old man was looking out for the youngster.

Despite his sharp tongue, he had a protective side, which **changed** her opinion of him slightly.

"Don't worry, they can't hurt me."

"Oh, **such** big talk."

Wally stroked his chin, **barely** concealing a leer in his gaze as he looked at Violeta. He asked, "Who are you to this old man? Why are you standing up for him? You look quite appealing to me. If you're his granddaughter or something, maybe if you sweet-talk me, I'll let you off."

Violeta furrowed.

Cyril snapped, "You spoiled brat! No wonder you're such a disgrace. No matter how much wealth you inherit, one day **you'll** squander it all."

The Houles' servants widened their eyes in shock.

Their employer hated being called a disgrace the most.

Sure enough, Wally was enraged. He commanded, "Beat this old man to death! Hit him until he can't speak!"

"Yes, Mr. Wally!"

The servants charged forward.

Violeta pulled Cyril aside. She grabbed a broken plank from the wreckage. She swung it left and right, sending the servants flying out of the shop.

"Arghh!"

Whoosh!

Thud!

The crowd outside, which had gathered to watch, quickly scattered as the servants fell. The servants clutched various parts of their bodies and were unable to get up.

Cyril and his assistant stared at Violeta in shock. They never expected the girl to be so skilled in combat.

Wally was left alone without anyone backing him up. He stammered, “You! You! You...”

Violeta walked **in**. She tapped his face with the plank and asked, “Why are you stammering? Get out of here and make room for me!”

Wally stood up quickly. He tripped over the broken items as he ran out, tumbling right onto his servants.

“Mr. Wally, are you okay?”

Wally scrambled un from the ground humiliated.

2/3

Chapter 137 Conflict [search the Find_ website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Finished

He roared, “You useless lot! You can’t even handle a girl! What are you still doing here? Get home now!”

In a moment, they all fled, disappearing without a trace.

After they were gone, Violeta turned to Cyril and said, “Your shop took quite a hit. Only this chair seems intact. Have a seat.”

Cyril asked, “Why are you back? Didn’t I tell you this morning that your writing is gibberish? You won’t get my pen. Give up.”

She replied, “Hey! How ungrateful. I just helped you.”

Cyril waved his hand dismissively and said, “That’s a different matter. Principles are principles! I stick to them!”

Violeta smiled and said, “I don’t expect you to give me a pen for nothing. I’m here to earn it with my writing. If you like it, as you said, you’ll give me a free pen.”

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CHAPTER 138

Rebirth vs. Rebirth: Tragedy to Triumph

Chapter 138 Violeta Can Fight

“Can you write?”

“A bit.”

Finished

Cyril thought of how Violeta had wielded the wooden plank earlier, which gave him quite a surprise.

“Alright. Get her some ink and pens,” he said.

The assistant nodded quickly and hurried behind the screen to fetch the tools.

The paper and ink were brought out.

They set up a small table that had survived the shop’s raid.

The assistant was busy grounding the ink on the side.

Violeta picked up a scattered brush from the floor, cleaned it, and dipped it in ink.

With swift, fluid strokes, Violeta began writing. Her hand moved effortlessly, and she wrote a poem.

I sleep in the clouds and dream of the sky. I’ll keep dreaming as life **passes** me by. I think my dreams keep

me sane.

After finishing the last stroke, she handed the paper to Cyril.

Cyril took the paper and examined it with a serious expression. “Your strokes are bold and powerful. Quite **impressive**,” he remarked.

“How long have you been practicing?”

Violeta’s eyes lowered and said, “I’ve lost count.”

If she were to calculate, it would span for two lifetimes.

She began practicing calligraphy at the age of seven in the Blakes household, even winning a calligraphy

of this life to the previous one made it an incredibly long time. award in high school.
Adding the *years*

“How old are you?”

“Eighteen this year.”

Cyril turned to his assistant and said, “Fetch me more paper.”

Then he looked at Violeta and **said**. “I’d like to see you complete the poem.”

“Alright.”

The boy returned with a fine paper. Violeta dipped her pen in ink and began to write. Slowly, the full poem emerged on the paper./

Cyril watched intently. When she finished, he nodded.

1/3

Chapter 138 Violeta Can Fight

77%8

Finished

Violeta smiled and asked, “Does that mean I can get a free pen now? I want the one you showed me **this** morning.

Cyril went behind the screen to retrieve the pen. He asked, “Do you know the story behind this Umber pen?”

Violeta remained silent.

Before Cyril picked up the pen, a voice came from outside the shop.

“This is the **place!** Mr. Wally, she’s still inside!”

Violeta turned to see the Houles she had fought earlier, returning with reinforcements. *Wally h*

had been humiliated earlier. This time, he brought in many fighters to reclaim his reputation.

He pushed through the crowd and glared at Violeta, who was inside the shop. Wally barked, "So, you're still here! I thought you'd run off. Saves me the trouble of finding you. You dare to cross me? Today, you'll pay!"

"You

think you're tough? Let's see how tough you really are!" Wally spat.

Violeta scanned those men, and she asked with a smile, "Here for revenge? Fine, let's play."

She stepped outside, not wanting to further wreck the already damaged shop.

People on the street hurriedly stepped back.

Wally's men soon surrounded Violeta **as** soon as she left the shop.

At Wally's request, ten burly wrestlers charged at her.

Their physical disparity was stark.

Violeta nimbly dodged their punches, using their force against them, and fought them with Harmony Flow. She deftly redirected their blows, sending them crashing into each other.

At the other end of the street,

Hayden and his friends were walking by.

"Hade, are **you** searching for Vio?"

Zoren chattered incessantly. [search the Find_ website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Vio left shortly after lunch. Not sure—Hey! What's going on up there? Is that a fight?"

Zoren's sharp eyes immediately caught sight of the commotion ahead. Everyone's gaze followed his direction, seeing a large crowd gathered around.

"Let's check it out," Hayden said.

As they approached, they heard the sounds of some men falling to the ground.

Thud-

07:58 Wed

Chapter 138 Violeta Can Fight

“Ouch, my back...”

“Fight, you idiots! Where are you aiming your punches?”

Violeta said nothing.

She was having a good time, making the hefty wrestlers look like clumsy puppets.

77%

Finished

When Hayden and the others pushed through the crowd, they saw Violeta at the center of the action.

A hefty man was being toyed with like a fool in front of her.

“Vio!?” Zoren called out.

Violeta had just finished off the last big guy when she heard Zoren’s voice. She turned and smiled. “You guys, what are you doing here?”

Jasper laughed and said, “We were planning to watch a wrestling match this afternoon. I should’ve come here instead.”

Liam added, “Yeah, this is better; there is no charge for the ticket fee.”

Violeta knocked down all the men Wally brought, infuriating him.

Zoren asked, “Vio, have you left right after lunch to **fight?**”

“Not exactly. I came to get a pen. They just happened to show up, so I entertained them,” Violeta explained. Hayden glanced at the men scattered on the ground, then at the shop beside them.

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CHAPTER 139

Rebirth vs. Rebirth Tragedy to Triumph

Chapter 139 Revenge

Wally sensed trouble and tried to sneak away.

Finished

Violeta **was quick** on her feet. She **grabbed** him on time **and** said, “Mr. Wally, don’t even think about leaving.

“You’ve trashed the **shop**. Aren’t you going to pay for the damages?”

Wally was terrified. He had thought this woman was just good at fighting, but she had taken down the wrestler he brought from home.

This is terrifying!

She’s a beast!

“I’ll pay! I’ll pay!”

Wally stammered, “How much? I’ll send the money over in a bit.”

Violeta shook her head and said, “No way. You’re staying here. Call someone to bring the money.

Wally, now completely subdued, agreed, “Alright.”

They walked into the pen shop.

Cyril had already found the pen for her and said, “Here’s the one you wanted.”

Violeta took the box and opened it. Inside, the pen lay perfectly. Its body was beautiful, made with the finest materials.

Hayden saw the pen and immediately recognised it, saying, “It’s the Umber pen.”

Cyril praised, “You have a good eye.”

Violeta turned to Hayden curiously and asked, “How did you know its name?”

Hayden replied, “My family **used** to have one.”

Cyril narrowed his eyes and questioned, “**That’s** impossible. A pen like this is made exclusively for the palace. The only other one **is** in a museum.”

Hayden smiled but didn’t answer. Instead, he asked, “Did you make this pen? Are you a member of Hum family?”

Cyril nodded and revealed, “Yes, I’m Cyril Hum, the 23rd–generation heir of the Imperial Pen Makers.”

His

response enlightened Violeta.

No wonder Cyril’s name sounded familiar. He was the heir of the Imperial Pen **Makers**.

No wonder this old man dared claim his pens were the best in the nation. His eccentric personality made sense, given his background.

1/3

Wed, 19 Jun

Chapter 139 Revenge

To avoid them, he opened **a** small shop here.

It was by sheer luck that Violeta found him..

Wally was squatting nearby. He had already made a call.

He then waited for his family to come and pay for the damages and take him home.

Wally had been clever. He called his uncle, who loved him and held a high position in the city.

Once his uncle arrived, Wally was confident that this woman would no longer be a threat.

€ 77%0

Finished

When his uncle found out he'd been beaten, not only would the shop not be compensated, but these people would be **in** serious trouble.

The thought made Wally smile inwardly.

With the pen secured, everyone helped tidy up the shop and calculate the damages.

The total came to about 15.000 dollars. Search the Find_ website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Most of the items being trashed were standard items. Fortunately, Cyril's handcrafted premium pens **were** safely stored behind the screen and remained undamaged.

Zoren walked up to Wally and asked, "Hey, when are your family coming?"

Wally froze a little. He instinctively raised his **hand** to shield his face.

He thought Zoren wanted to beat him.

"Soon. They're coming soon."

Violeta warned, "Don't try any tricks!"

"I wouldn't dare to do that. Haha..."

Wally muttered. He lowered his eyes, which gleamed with malice.

Just you wait!

Once my

uncle arrives, you'll all regret this!

The shop assistant brought out a few undamaged chairs from behind the screen.

Hayden sat as he examined the Umber pen.

Cyril **was** curious about Hayden's earlier claim. He approached him and **asked**, "You mentioned your family had an Umber pen too?"

Hayden placed the brush back in the box, meeting Cyril's gaze.

"Yes."

Cyril frowned **and** remarked, "Then it must be a fake."

2/3

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Chapter 139 Revenge

Liam, sitting nearby, couldn't help but laugh at Cyril's comment.

"Mr. Hum, how can you be so **sure?**"

Finished

Cyril glared at him and said, "There are only two Umber **pens** from my family. My great-grandfather made one a century ago, which is currently in a museum. The other is the one I made. So, yours must be fake.

Liam started, "Well, to be honest, my buddy-

Before he could finish,

he was interrupted by the sound of a car pulling up outside.

Wally, still squatting, eagerly looked towards the door. When he saw the man getting out of the car, he leaped up.

He was now filled with renewed confidence.

Wally pointed at the group and exclaimed, "My uncle's here! You're all in big trouble now!"

"Uncle Ivor! Finally! I'm here! They bullied me!"

Wally dashed out of the shop.

Zoren followed. He saw a middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses, with a scholarly look, stepped out

of the car.

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CHAPTER 140

Rebirth vs. Rebirth Tragedy to Triumph-

Chapter 140 Hayden's Identity Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Finished

Wally stood beside Ivor, looking like he had found his backer. He was no longer the sullen person from earlier.

Violeta walked towards the entrance and saw the middle-aged man standing there. She asked, "Are you from the Houle family?"

Wally proudly replied, "He's my uncle! Hahaha!"

Violeta shrugged and said nonchalantly, "I don't care if he's your uncle or your dad. Since he's here, he should hurry up and pay for the damages."

Wally was fuming at Violeta's dismissive attitude.

He turned to Ivor **and** said, "Uncle Ivor, you must investigate this store thoroughly. It might be operating without a license. The woman and the men inside attacked me while I was on the street. They must be a bunch of troublemakers with criminal records.

"They have the nerve to cause trouble here. You need to start a proper investigation into them."

As he spoke, Hayden and the others emerged from the store.

After receiving Wally's call, Ivor drove over immediately. Normally, he wouldn't bother with such trivial matters, but he had a meeting in the city anyway, so he decided to check it out.

While looking around the store, he listened to Wally.

Originally, Ivor thought a **small** shop like this could be handled by anyone. But when he saw Hayden walking out of the shop, he froze.

The moment he saw Hayden, he instantly recognised who he was.

Could it be... the son of that man?

Ivor couldn't believe it and cut off Wally mid-sentence.

"You said they were all unemployed?"

Wally nodded eagerly and **said**, "That's right! Uncle, you have to believe **me**."

Realising his foolish nephew had caused serious trouble, Ivor's heart raced.

He ignored Wally and quickly approached Hayden and the others.

His stern demeanour vanished, replaced by a respectful smile. "If I'm not mistaken, you're Mr. Glen's son, right?"

Liam chuckled. "Hey, Hayden, it looks like we **have** someone here who knows your father. It might even be an old acquaintance.

"Hahaha!"

Indeed, Hayden's father was Glen Frost.

1/3

Chapter 140 Hayden's Identity

Hayden's calm gaze fell on Ivor, not recognising him at all.

Finished

Ivor hurriedly waved his hand and said, "No, not an acquaintance; I just had the honour of meeting him

once."

Glen received an invitation to attend a commendation ceremony in the city about two years ago.

Ivor was a minor official, and he took a group photo with Glen that he framed and hung at home.

It was probably the only time in his life he got to take a picture with **someone** so important.

Ivor knew what Hayden looked like because he had overheard Glen tell some colleagues that his son had gone mountaineering this year. Besides that, the news was mentioned in a magazine article by a fellow climber who happened to be an editor.

Curious, Ivor quietly took note and specifically bought the magazine to read the article.

There **was** a not-too-clear photo of Hayden's face.

He recognised him based on that article.

Seeing Hayden in person now, he realised how distinguished and noble he looked.

Wally was confused by his uncle's betrayal. He tugged at Ivor's sleeve and asked, "Uncle Ivor, what are you doing? These people insulted me."

"Shut up!"

Ivor glared at Wally fiercely and chided, "You insolent brat! Look at the mess you've made here. How could you accuse people! Apologise Now!"

Wally was dumbfounded. "What?"

"You heard me!"

Ivor smacked Wally on the head and commanded, "Apologise now!"

Wally dared not say anything.

Ivor smacked Wally on the head, making him dizzy.

Wally held his head and protested, "Uncle Ivor, are you crazy?!"

Wally was still being defiant. Ivor kicked him again and scolded, "You idiot, apologise now!"

If Wally didn't apologise, and if Hayden decided to press the issue, Ivor could lose his job.

At that moment, Ivor deeply regretted coming here. If he had known, he would have stayed away and avoided **this** whole mess.

Wally's face twisted with a mix of shame **and** anger.

"Uncle...

alorise! Don't you understand my words?"

2/3

- 77% 출

Chapter 140 Hayden's Identity

"Sorry, I **was** wrong."

Wally, head hung low. He mumbled, I'm sorry, it's my

Finished

Ivor turned to Cyril with a forced smile, asking, "You're the shop owner, right? I'll cover all the damages. I'll take this brat back and make sure he's properly disciplined."

Ivor signalled to his driver.

That man served the role as both his driver and assistant. The man hurriedly stepped forward and transferred the compensation fees on the spot.

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