

Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

—

c 701

[609 words]

"I've decided to register. Please remember to save me a copy of the registration form," Yolanda replied.

Then, she turned to look at Skye. "I accept your challenge. What's the bet?"

Skye glared at Yolanda for a while before spitting out with much difficulty, "Are you seriously competing?"

"Of course."

"Okay."

To Skye, Yolanda wanting to compete with her felt like a personal insult. However, to teach Yolanda a lesson, she swallowed her anger.

"If you lose, not only will First Academy's Student Council give up all their sponsorship and internship opportunities to Zenith Academy, but you will also have to wear a sign that says, "I'm an ugly creature. I was foolish to overestimate myself." Then, you have to parade around in both our schools.

"On top of that, you'll also wear this sign every morning for a week as you act as gate supervisor at your school."

The bet was highly insulting and would directly impact the benefits of First Academy's students.

The moment Skye was done, the crowd around started to protest.

"No!"

"We don't accept this bet!"

On the other hand, Yolanda, the one directly involved, remained completely unfazed. She simply asked coldly, "What if you lose?"

"The same! Our school's sponsors and resources will be yours, and I'll be parading the streets with a sign that says "ugly creature."

Even though Skye had named her end of things, she didn't actually think that this punishment would ever apply to her at all.

Even if she wasn't the champion of the Crystal Queen Pageant. As long as she beat Yolanda, she would have won the bet.

She only needed to stand next to Yolanda without displaying any talents-she would have already won.

"Sure." Yolanda nodded. "See you in the competition."

"Yolanda, what right do you have to accept the challenge?" The students of First Academy glared. "This is directly related to the school's reputation and resources!"

If they had lost, the Student Council's sponsorships and internship opportunities would be gone.

However, Yolanda didn't mind the displeasure of all these people. She weaved through the crowd and headed toward the academic building.

"Ridiculous! This is absolutely ridiculous!"

Skye hadn't expected Yolanda to be

so shameless as to accept the challenge to go against her. If Yolanda was determined to humiliate herself this way, why wouldn't she let her?

"Are you really going to compete against her, Skye?"

The female students of Zenith Academy kept mocking Yolanda but when they knew that Skye was really going to compete with Yolanda, they all believed that Yolanda was no match for Skye.

"Of course. Since she dared to compete in the competition, why wouldn't I dare to face her?"

Skye looked at Yolanda's disappearing figure as disdain appeared in her eyes.

"Why aren't we taking benefits that are offered to us for free?"

"You're right. I really didn't think that Yolanda would be so stupid."

"I know, right? Doesn't she have any self-awareness? For her to compete in the Crystal Queen Pageant looking like that...she's really biting off more than she could chew."

As the female students of Zenith Academy bantered on, they burst out in peals of laughter once more.

"I wonder how she even won first place in the Southdale Physics Competition with an IQ like that."

"This is probably the high IQ low EQ stereotype in the flesh." Skye was unbothered.

"Let's head back. No point minding clowns like these."

The news of

had spread and Skye's bet

through the entirety of

First Academy in just one afternoon. Every student who had heard the news was in shock and disbelief. They thought these were just rumors.

When they had confirmed the fact multiple times that Yolanda had personally accepted Skye's challenge, they collectively thought that Yolanda had lost her mind.

"Who gave you the audacity to bet with others using First Academy's reputation, Yolanda?"

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Chapter 702

[607 words]

"Why are you competing to be a goddess, Yolanda? Are you even qualified? If you don't think it's humiliating, we're embarrassed for you!"

The rich students in Class J were especially displeased about it. They all went to Class A and protested loudly.

"Hurry up and cancel the bet, Yolanda! I command you to!"

"If you're feeling like doing something stupid, don't bring us down with you!"

Compared to the other students' emotional outbursts, Class A students were relatively calm. Even though no one questioned Yolanda, they didn't agree with her.

Clearly no one thought that Yolanda was qualified to enter the Crystal Queen Pageant.

"Yolanda, you really didn't have to insist on entering the competition out of spite."

Yvonne remained seated next to Yolanda. Her face was filled with righteous anger on Yolanda's behalf. "The Zenith Academy students are too much! Don't worry. I'll fight for you."

"Are you so confident that you'll beat Skye in the Crystal Queen Pageant?"

Yolanda packed up her things, keeping all her books and stationery in her bag. She turned to Yvonne with a smirk.

Yolanda's eyes held the same look whenever she gazed at Yvonne-she never bothered to hide how much she loathed her.

Yvonne was stunned. She opened her mouth to say something but nothing came out.

Alas, she could only watch as Yolanda walked out of class with her backpack.

Yolanda headed to Harvey's office.

"You're here, Yolanda."

Harvey took off his glasses, ushered Yolanda in enthusiastically, and offered her a seat.

After Yolanda sat down, the first thing he said to her was, "I know about your bet with the students of Zenith Academy."

"Okay." Yolanda nodded. "I'll be representing the school in the competition."

Harvey seemed like he wanted to say something, but he gave up in the end and sighed. "Just do whatever you want to. The academy will support you."

"I'm here to request a leave of absence from you today, Mr. Coleman."

"Leave of absence?" Harvey asked. "Are you okay?"

"I have a personal clinic, and it's been busier recently. I've already finished studying the course materials for this school semester and will attend the finals at the end of the semester on time."

"I got it. How long of a leave of absence do you need?" Harvey also knew that according to Yolanda's current capabilities, attending school classes was just a waste of time for her.

"I won't be taking leave all the time.

If the clinic isn't busy, I'll still go to school it's just that repeatedly asking a teacher for a leave of absence all the time is a little troublesome."

"I'll inform your homeroom teacher that she doesn't need to call your name for attendance. When you request leave, you won't need to tell her ahead of time."

Harvey approved Yolanda's request without much hesitation and personally wrote her an unlimited absence slip.

Yolanda held the absence slip in her hands and walked out of the principal's office. Then, she got a call from Gavin.

"You're entering the Crystal Queen Pageant? Gavin's smile was evident in his voice. He knew that Yolanda would enter into competitions like this based on how well he knew her, but he was still a little surprised.

"News got around really fast." Yolanda turned around and made her way to the window at the side of the corridor. "You don't need the disguise anymore?"

As someone so afraid of hassle and trouble, it wasn't easy for Yolanda to forgo her disguise on her own accord.

"This disguise is too troublesome. It's so restrictive."

After pondering for a while, she told Gavin more. "Too many people were hoping that I'd compete. Isn't it inhumane for me to disappoint them?"

She said it half jokingly, but Gavin sensed something different. "Did someone come to seek trouble?"

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c 703

[595 words]

"Yeah, more than one of them." Then, Yolanda asked Gavin, "Do you know Judy Savage?"

"She's the daughter of Gavin's second uncle." Gavin frowned.

"Why? Did she come and look for trouble with you?"

"Yes." Yolanda tried to hold in her laughter as she continued, "As my boyfriend, are you going to stand up for me in times like this?"

"Yes," Gavin replied matter-of-factly. "I'll decrease her family's orders and shares tomorrow."

Gavin's acting skills were top-notch. In just a few sentences, he had transformed into a domineering CEO who spoiled his girlfriend.

"I appreciate your kind gesture, Mr. Savage, but I like to take matters into my own hands. Let's talk about more serious matters now."

Yolanda was clear that Gavin didn't just call her to ask about her competing in the Crystal Queen Pageant.

"Someone has asked me out, and I hope that my girlfriend can go with me," Gavin confessed honestly.

"Who is it?"

"Renee Shaw."

Yolanda took a cab to Willow Creek Clinic after school. When she got out of the car, she suddenly realized that the quiet street Willow Creek Clinic was located had a tremendous transformation.

The shops beside Willow Creek Clinic had changed their signboards, and the employees from the moving company were bustling in and out, making it feel very lively. Even the small hotel across the street had a sign saying that it was closed for renovation.

Yolanda quickly found familiar faces in the renovation team.

"What are all of you doing here?"

"For investment." Jamie was the first to walk toward Yolanda.

"Willow Creek Clinic is bound to become the most famous traditional medicine clinic in Riverdale, so the value of the two shops beside it will surely skyrocket. I need to put my investments in ahead of time.

"I've already bought over the shop next to yours and have plans to make it into a huge, three-story mart, keeping one floor for myself to live in."

"My shop is the first one on the street, Ms. Henderson. I'm planning to make it into a taco shop. Do you like birria tacos or vegetarian tacos?"

Knox was wealthy and influential.

Other than shop lots, he also bought the entire residential building and was seriously considering converting it into a high-class apartment complex, with plans to rent out its units to Daniel, Melina, and the rest.

"I've bought over the shop across the street from you." Melina was dressed as a lady boss today. "I'm still dealing with paperwork now. I'm planning to open a pharmacy here."

"You're here to steal my customers,

tos

aren't you?" olanda smiled as she

walked into Willow Creek Clinic. The

into

people, who had been busy with

renovation, dropped what they were doing and followed her into the clinic.

"You don't sell modern medications, Ms. Henderson, so I'm not stealing your customers from you."

After Melina familiarised herself with Yolanda, she realized that as long as she didn't cross Yolanda's boundaries, she was very easygoing.

Recently, Melina had sincerely repented and had been properly managing Quinlan Pharmaceuticals. At the same time, she had also reconciled with Cinnamine Pharmaceuticals.

Yolanda didn't mind giving those who had truly repented a second chance.

So far, she hadn't been wrong about people. No matter if it was Dunstan, Melina, or the others, they had all turned a new leaf and no longer used their status to bully others.

"How sure are all of you that Willow Creek Clinic will become famous?" Yolanda didn't bother with basic marketing because she didn't want the clinic to be packed every day.

"The villas and shop lots in your name are all in the central district. You're used to big businesses worth millions. So why come all the way here?"

"We're happy to!"

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c 704

[619 words]

Raven's voice rang clearly from the outside.

"We usually work at Willow Creek Clinic, so it's convenient for us to keep an eye on our employees and make sure they're not being lazy. Also, your medicinal skills are exceptional, Ms. Henderson! If anything happens, it's easier for us to seek medical help as well," Daniel added with a chuckle.

"We've already discussed and agreed that when Mr. Knox's high-class apartment complex is ready, we'll move in and be neighbors. We can play cards when we're free and help out in Willow Creek Clinic when we can. How carefree our days will be!"

Daniel's words earned the agreement of everyone else.

"Yolanda, it's not just them-even I find this is very tempting."

This time, Serena, who had been taking care of Kieran in the back wing, walked out and said, "What if I rent a unit in Mr. Knox's apartment? We can pause the renovation of the villa then!"

"You can choose any unit you like, Mrs. Morrison! I wouldn't dare collect rent from you." Knox wiped the cold sweat that beaded on his forehead.

Serena was Yolanda's godmother. Yolanda had been very courteous with her all this while, so he certainly didn't dare to collect rent from her.

"If that's the case, would you kindly waive my rent too, Mr. Knox? I've got Mrs. Morrison as my godmother as well." Melina joked with Knox as she came closer.

"We can get our rent waived if we get ourselves a godmother? Count me in! From the moment I saw Mrs. Morrison, I've felt super connected="

Willow Creek Clinic was filled with joyous chatter and laughter. It was bustling with life and vigor.

However, it was all doom and gloom in the Cavanaugh residence in Cerulean Abode.

Miranda was working on company documents in her room when Daphne, her assistant, suddenly burst in frantically without even knocking.

"Do you not even have basic manners anymore now?" Miranda frowned unhappily. She waved her hand, gesturing for Daphne to leave.

"Get out! Do not come in without my permission."

"M-Ms. Cavanaugh, Mr. Cavanaugh's condition has worsened again!" Daphne stammered timidly.

"Everything was normal during

breakfast, but just now, he felt a sharp pain in his chest

ed by a bruise that had

appeared at the front of it

"Why would he suddenly have chest pain? Isn't his condition already stable?" Miranda was shocked. She got up hastily from the couch and rushed out.

"Get Dr. Smith. Hurry!"

She rushed to the door and shoved Daphne out of the way. Then, she stumbled in her high heels toward Lennox's bedroom.

When she burst into the room, she saw Lennox curled up in a ball on his bed. He was clutching his chest in agony. Lennox's condition was dire.

His face was deadly pale, his breaths were shallow, and he even lacked the strength to speak. Jakob and Yohannes, the Cavanaugh's family doctors, stood helplessly beside him. They were at a loss for what to do.

"Are you okay, Dad?" Miranda went to Lennox's bedside and carefully helped him up so he could lean on her. "Where does it hurt?"

"My chest... My chest hurts..." Lennox responded weakly.

"How did it end up like this?" Miranda asked in a panic as she watched Lennox be in so much pain he could barely utter a complete sentence.

She looked at Jakob and Yohannes and snapped urgently, "What's going on with my father? He was fine yesterday. Why is he having chest pain out of nowhere now?"

"We're not sure as well, Ms. Cavanaugh. Mr. Cavanaugh's levels were stable when we examined him yesterday."

Jakob and Yohannes looked

anxiously at Miranda and replied

carefully, He looked fine during breakfast. Right after he went back to the room and had his medications, he suddenly cried out of pain, saying that his chest hurt."

"Did you give him the wrong medication?"

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c 705

[616 words]

Miranda caught something amiss in Jakob and Yohannes' answers, and her eyes grew steely.

"No, we definitely did not! These are the same medications that Mr. Cavanaugh has been taking all this while. We haven't changed anything!"

"He's been eating medications to protect the heart. We're certain there's nothing wrong with those!" Jakob and Yohannes quickly shared a look and explained frantically.

They had to be very clear with Miranda, knowing that if she pinned the blame on them, their reputations would be ruined.

"Since there's nothing wrong with the medications, why is my father's condition worsening?" Miranda watched as Lennox suffered and felt horrible.

"Both of you, contact Mr. Smith now! Hurry!" Miranda could only put her hopes in Russell now.

Just as Jakob and Yohannes were fumbling with their phones and trying to make that call, Daphne ran to Miranda's side and exclaimed, "Ms. Cavanaugh, Mr. Smith and his team are here!"

Miranda's eyes brightened as she shrieked, "Hurry, lead them here!"

About five minutes later, a group of eight foreigners made their way to the second floor of the Cavanaugh Residence. They headed straight for Lennox's room.

These foreigners moved with perfect coordination. As soon as they entered, they immediately started a comprehensive examination of Lennox, administering pain medication to him right away.

Lennox's lips were a sickly shade of purple. His expensive silk pajamas were soaked with sweat, with two buttons in front of his chest popped off because of how tight his grip was on his shirt.

The once mighty titan of the business world now displayed a weakness unseen by others. It was evident that the pain from his ailment had tormented him so badly that he could no longer live a normal life.

After the nurses had administered the pain medication, Lennox let out a long sigh of relief. The agony on his face began to lessen, and the tight frown on his forehead had eased a little.

His left hand, which had been gripping his chest, slowly relaxed, releasing the shirt that had been deformed from his death grip.

Once Miranda saw that Lennox's condition had stabilized, she finally let go of the breath she had been holding.

"In one week, he will have chest pain. There will be bruises on his chest. Half a month later..."

Just as Russell and his team were doing further examination on Lennox, Miranda was suddenly reminded of what Yolanda had said to them before.

Before that, Miranda thought Yolanda was just cursing Lennox out of hatred because they refused to let her help Lennox. She never expected Lennox to actually start to have chest pain.

Even if Miranda still didn't believe Yolanda and felt like it could all be just a big coincidence, for the sake of Lennox's health, she had decided to let the past go and give Yolanda a chance to prove herself.

"Daphne, call Harold Henderson right now." Miranda turned to look at Daphne and raised her head slightly.

"Tell him that I've decided to give his daughter a chance to be on the Cavanaugh family's good side, all because of him and Henderson Group."

In the afternoon, Knox enthusiastically invited Yolanda to visit his taco shop. They went back to Willow Creek Clinic. As they asked the registration counter about the number of patients present that day, they saw eight cars arriving and stopping in front of the clinic.

Yolanda passed the paper in her hand to the lady at the registration counter and turned to look at the first car of the row.

Right after that, around eight burly

men dressed like bodyguards

emerged from the cars. Without a word, they formed two straight lines. Then, the man closest to the car bowed slightly as he opened the

second vehicle's car door. Out came a woman dressed in an expensive office suit.

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c 706

[655 words]

That woman was Daphne Wolfe, Miranda's assistant.

As soon as she stepped out of the car, she frowned, her gaze landed on Willow Creek Clinic's sign board as she sneered, "Just a small, shabby clinic and you just had to renovate it to look like a sophisticated building. How fake!"

She really despised being at Willow Creek Clinic. Taking out a handkerchief, she covered her face as if trying to block out the smell of traditional medicine wafting out from the clinic.

If Harold-the-prick hadn't rejected Miranda's request, Miranda wouldn't need to send her here to suffer.

It's all the fault of that damned Harold!

Daphne was cursing in her heart, but she didn't stop moving forward. This was a mission Miranda had sent for her to do. No matter how much she despised this disgusting clinic, she had to get the job done.

Jamie, thinking that Daphne was here to see the doctor, handed her a number as usual.

When the clinic was busy, the patients would need to line up, even just to register, so Jamie readily stood by the door, handing out numbers to patients.

Daphne was handed a card with the number 26 on it out of the blue. "What's this?" She looked at the number card in her hand, ripped it immediately, and threw it on the ground.

Then, she saw Yolanda standing by the registration counter and walked toward her.

"Hurry up and follow me, Yolanda. Ms. Cavanaugh has decided to give you a chance to be in the Cavanaugh family's good books. Bring your medicinal tools along and come with me to the Cerulean Abode villa."

Daphne looked down haughtily at Yolanda. She was clearly impatient. To her, it was Yolanda's greatest honor to be allowed to do her job for them, the Cavanaughs.

"You'd better hurry up. If your delay causes Mr Cavanaugh's condition to worsen, you won't be able to bear the consequences of that."

Jamie, who was about to yell at Daphne in fury, heard what she had said and quickly swallowed the cuss words that she was about to say. She nearly choked on her own saliva.

Was this old-fashioned woman mentally sane?

How dare she be so arrogant while asking for medical help?

Before she could say anything else, Yolanda immediately rejected her.

"Clinic is busy. I have no time."

Yolanda recognized Daphne as Miranda's assistant. When she and Harold left the Cavanaugh

Residence, Daphne humiliated them with money, sneering that they would never be able to afford to live in a high-class place like Cerulean Abode.

"I have an appointment after the clinic closes today, so I won't be making house calls. Also, since you're here at Willow Creek Clinic, you have to follow our rules.

"You tore our number card for registration, so you'll need to pay us a ten-dollar compensation. If you don't apologize, we will no longer welcome you here in our clinic ever again."

After hearing what Yolanda had said, Daniel and the rest who were at the clinic could clearly tell that Daphne was up to no good, so they took out their phones to make arrangements.

"Yolanda, do you even know what you're saying?" Daphne's face was stormy as she looked at Yolanda like she was a fool.

"Mr. Cavanaugh is Dunhill's most influential businessman. It would be your biggest honor to have the opportunity to treat him.

"If you manage to cure him, or at the very least, even if you can't cure him, if you could provide him even just a temporary resolution to his ailment, you'll be famous here in Riverdale.

"We, the Cavanaughs, can give you all the fame and money beyond your imagination as a puny doctor. The fees we will pay you to treat Mr. Cavanaugh is at least a hundredfold of what these poor bastards could ever give you.

"Don't let your pathetic ego ruin your future out of spite." Daphne looked at Yolanda coldly as her eyes filled with disdain. "Hurry up, pack your things, and come with me.

"Don't make me mad!"

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[707 words]

Yolanda listened indifferently to Daphne's arrogant speech and immediately replied with three aloof words. "I'm not free."

If it wasn't for the vast amount of patients in the clinic that she didn't want to disturb, she would have asked Daniel to chase Daphne and her men out of the clinic.

"Don't assume you're all that, Yolanda!" Daphne yelled furiously. "If you don't come with me to treat Mr. Cavanaugh today, you, your father, and your father's company will suffer!"

"Just one phone call and I'll have you kneeling and apologizing to me. Don't humiliate yourself!"

Daphne was so angry her voice had changed. She had never seen anyone as stupid as Yolanda, who didn't know her place.

The Cavanaugh family was not only the most influential family in Dunhill, but even in Havaria, their influence was way more powerful than an average businessman had. So many people cracked their heads wide trying to please the Cavaughns, but they were never given any chances.

How could Yolanda still be so arrogant when presented with such an opportunity? What a fool!

"Get out!" Yolanda's patience was wearing thin. Coldness crept into her voice.

"You really don't know what's good for you, Yolanda!" Daphne saw how unbothered Yolanda was and the anger in her heart flared up.

However, to finish what Miranda had asked her to do, she gritted her teeth and held in her rage.

She looked at the patients in the clinic and changed the topic abruptly.

"You're unwilling to go with me because you want more money, I'm sure. How much can your stupid clinic earn? 20 dollars per session to see the doctor, and for medicine, 200 dollars should be enough, right?"

"I'll give you 2 million dollars. You should be satisfied now, right?" Daphne whipped out a checkbook furiously from her designer handbag and quickly wrote the amount on the check. Then, she tore the check out and threw it at Yolanda's feet.

"2 million dollars is now yours. Bet you haven't seen so much money in your lifetime, right? Stop wasting time. Hurry up and come with me."

As Miranda's assistant, she was used to seeing many greedy people. She loathed the way people like Yolanda demanded a price hike whenever possible.

After seeing how foolish Daphne was, Jamie and Daniel, who were initially so mad they wanted to

chase Daphne and her men out, net

stopped what they were working on, and watched Daphne tear her hair out like it was an entertaining show.

Yolanda looked down at the check at her feet and stepped on it while saying, "Get the fuck out."

"Yolanda, you ungrateful brat!" Daphne watched as Yolanda stepped on the check she gave and could no longer hold in her anger.

She didn't care about her reputation anymore as she took a step toward Yolanda. She pointed at her as she screeched, "Don't you dare assume that I'm afraid of you just because I tolerate you. I'm not someone you can insult just like this!

"I'm here on a mission today. You don't get to choose if you're coming with me or not!"

Then, she turned around and ordered the burly bodyguards that came with her, "Seize her, and detain her!"

"Yes, ma'am!" The bodyguards Daphne brought received their orders and rushed forward to surround Yolanda.

Their actions startled the patients in the clinic. Many people didn't even stay long enough to collect their medication before they ran out of the clinic frantically.

Yolanda frowned as she watched

the initially orderly clinic descend

into

chaos and shot Dunstan and

the rest, who were casually

watching the scene unfold, a

vel

meaningful look. She gestured for them to first comfort the frightened patients.

"See how powerful I am now?" Daphne stared triumphantly at Yolanda. "If you had listened earlier on, nothing would have happened. But now, you've forced my hand."

She locked eyes with Yolanda and refused to blink because she didn't want to miss the sight of Yolanda groveling for mercy fearfully.

Yolanda lifted the leg that was on the check and said to Raven, who was standing by the door, "Take care of them, Raven."

Yolanda didn't bother lifting a finger against Daphne and her men.

"Sure thing!" Raven, who was watching the scene unfold on the outside, materialized before the bodyguards in a blink.

Just as the bodyguards were about to move, Raven had already knocked the nearest two bodyguards off their feet at lightning speed.

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c 708

[502 words]

In less than five minutes, all of Cavanaugh's bodyguards had fallen.

Raven's fighting skills might not even measure up to one-tenth of Yolanda's, but as an apprentice of Eternal Clan, her skills were more than enough to take care of these local bodyguards.

"Yolanda!" Daphne was infuriated. "Do you know what the consequences of your actions are?"

"Pick up your check and get the fuck out," Yolanda said coldly once more. "Don't make me repeat myself."

"Also, go back and tell Lennox that he has half a month left. He should decide for himself if he wants to live or die."

"You're too much!" Daphne gritted her teeth. It took all of her to not pounce at Yolanda to tear her face out.

However, since Raven was in front of her, and Daphne didn't know any martial arts skills, she didn't dare to act rashly.

Lastly, Daphne held in her anger and barked unwillingly to the bodyguards who were dreadfully injured, "Let's go."

The bodyguards, who were pummeled by Raven, glared at Yolanda, Raven, and the rest, before following Daphne out of Willow Creek Clinic.

Their convoy of cars had barely driven away before their path was blocked by a dump truck at the cross junction.

"It stinks so bad! Go and make it get out of the way!" Daphne was still fuming, so when she saw the dump truck blocking their way, her anger flared once more.

However, before the bodyguards could step out of the car to clear their path, the dump truck suddenly backed up, dumping the contents of its container, which was filled with garbage, entirely onto Daphne's car.

"Ahh! What are these stupid fools doing?" Daphne shrieked uncontrollably. "Close the windows! Hurry up and close the windows!"

"Damn it, these bumpkins!"

The dump truck emptied its entire load onto Daphne's car and sped off immediately.

The bodyguards wanted to get out of the car to stop the truck from getting away, but since there was

still a lot of trash piled on top of net

Daphne's car, the overpowering stench punched them in their faces the

e moment they opened the car door, so they didn't dare to open the door once more.

"That bitch! I'll make her kneel before me and repent one day. Drive! Hurry up and drive!"

The convoy of cars left the roads shamefully. Quickly after, Daniel's men came and cleaned up the trash on the streets.

The streets were clean once more in less than half an hour.

In Willow Creek Clinic, Dunstan had just finished comforting a patient. He held a tray of tea mugs in his hand as he walked out of the back wing and asked, "Who's that arrogant woman, Ms. Henderson?"

She doesn't seem very bright."

"Someone from the Cavanaugh family." Yolanda took a mug of tea from Dunstan's tray and took a sip.

"The Cavanaugh's?" Dunstan frowned as he tried to remember who that was. Suddenly, his voice boomed, "The Cavanaugh's from Dunhill?"

"Yes." Yolanda told Dunstan about Lennox's symptoms.

"That old geezer is near the brink of death, and still he chooses to haughtily. It serves him right the fet

you're not helping him!"

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