

# Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

## Chapter 751

[ 572 words ]

Winnie was so furious that her head began to throb. She spun around and was ready to snatch the emerald from Kate's hand.

"Taking without asking is stealing! Put it back!"

"Put back what?"

Kate, though chubby, was surprisingly quick. With a deft flick on her wrist, she left Winnie grasping at thin air.

"If it's in my hands, it's mine now!"

"You... you're so..."

Winnie had been raised to be a well-mannered young lady. No matter how outrageous Kate's behavior was, she simply couldn't bring herself to call an elder "shameless" in front of her friends.

"Fine, fine! Just consider it my gift to her!"

Seeing that Winnie was on the verge of tears, Sharon quickly stepped in to diffuse the tension.

The emerald had originally been a gift from Yolanda to Sharon, now Yolanda's aunt had taken it, and it didn't seem like a huge deal in the grand scheme of things.

Sharon didn't think much of Kate or Eddie, but regardless of how close she was with Winnie and Yolanda, it wasn't her place to openly confront their family elders.

"I'm so sorry..."

Winnie clasped her hands together in an apologetic gesture toward Sharon.

"I'll go to the jewelry store tomorrow and buy you two identical ones!"

She knew Sharon came from a wealthy family, and these emeralds probably hadn't come cheap.

But with relatives like hers, there wasn't much Winnie could do except dig into her savings to make things right with Sharon.

"You don't need to. That emerald was originally a gift from Yolanda. Giving it to your aunt now seems reasonable enough. Besides, if I want it, I'll just go get it back from her myself. You don't need to buy me anything," Sharon said.

"Yolanda?"

Kate's voice suddenly rose at the mention of the name.

"You're talking about Yolanda? Diana's useless eldest daughter?"

"Yolanda is not useless!"

Winnie's brow had been furrowed the entire trip, and it hadn't relaxed for even a moment.

"She's been working hard-"

Winnie barely managed to get the words out before Sharon cut her off.

"She ended up in a juvenile detention center, didn't she? If that's not useless, I don't know what is. So young and already on the wrong path. Honestly, I feel embarrassed for her!"

Kate's impression of Yolanda remained rooted in old rumors-when the original Yolanda had been falsely accused by Yvonne and branded a troubled "problem child."

Just hearing Yolanda's name was enough to make Kate sneer.

"If you ask me, kids like that, who don't respect their family, deserve to be kicked out and cut off for good!"

Winnie let out a bitter laugh.

Kate's attitude reminded her far too much of Diana's.

When Yolanda left the Henderson family, both Linda and the barely hanging

Eleanor had clapped their hands in celebration.

"Raising children properly is so

important. Just look at my Eddie-handsome, talented, and charming. At work, his boss values

him so much that he even wants to marry his daughter off to him.

"But unfortunately, that boss started his business from scratch, and it only became one of the Fortune 500 companies after he hit middle age.

"His family has no deep roots or connections. People like that, no matter how much money they have, are just not good enough for my son!

"The last time I attended a social event with the other ladies in our circle, all those wives from prominent families were practically lining up to introduce their daughters to Eddie.

"But my Eddie is destined for great things. His future wife has to be carefully chosen. Anyone who can't help him succeed is completely out of the question!" Kate said smugly.

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## Chapter 752

[ 786 words ]

Winnie and Sharon were forced to sit there and endure as Kate rambled on. She endlessly bragged about her utterly average son, making him sound like the second coming of a god.

It took every ounce of their self-control not to burst out laughing.

Sharon, in particular, couldn't resist glancing at Eddie through the rearview mirror—a man with small, squinty eyes, a bulbous nose, and an impatient scowl.

She couldn't help but think to herself, "He's just an ordinary guy. Where does he even get the confidence to think he's such a hot commodity in the dating market?"

Completely oblivious to the looks on their faces, Kate kept chattering away. She was enthusiastically praising Eddie and saying how women were supposedly falling all over him.

Eddie, who had been basking in his mother's flattery, suddenly furrowed his brow and snapped at Sharon.

"Do you even know how to drive? Why are you going so slow? At this rate, we won't get to the hotel until nightfall!"

Sharon's patience was already wearing thin. She shot back sharply, "Open your eyes, Your Highness, and take a good look. There's traffic up ahead."

As if listening to Kate's endless boasting wasn't frustrating enough. Now, they were stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic.

What should have been a simple 30-minute drive to the hotel had already dragged on for over 50 minutes, and there was still no end in sight.

It was her first day of vacation, and it was already miserable. Why was her life like this?

"Hmph. You're just making excuses because you can't drive. Look over there. There's not a single car in that lane. Why don't you just drive through there and get it over with?" Eddie sneered. His tone was full of disdain.

"That's the oncoming traffic lane. You call that knowing how to drive?" she raised her voice, exasperated.

"Or do Creybia's traffic laws work differently from those in 'small places' like ours?"

"So stubborn. There aren't any cars in the way, are they?" Kate chimed in after clicking her tongue.

"Besides, even if you did break a traffic rule, so what? Just pay the fine, and it's done. What's more important, money or time? I can't stand this penny-pinching, small-minded way of thinking."

Faced with the absurd logic of Kate and Eddie, Sharon was utterly at a loss.

If she could go back and choose again, Sharon would never have volunteered to accompany Winnie to pick these two up. She would've dragged Winnie along and ran for the hills ahead of time.

This kind of misery? Let someone else deal with it. Whoever wanted to pick them up could do it. She was out.

"Pull over and let me drive," Eddie demanded. His tone grew sharper as Winnie remained silent.

"Let you drive? Are you out of your mind?"

Sharon, who had been teetering on the edge of a breakdown for what felt like forever, barely managed to suppress the urge to kick both Eddie and Kate out of the car.

Gritting her teeth, she replied while emphasizing each word forcefully.

"I want to live a few more years, so do me a favor and pipe down. The traffic is what it is. If you're so impatient, get out and walk."

Winnie turned sharply in her seat. Her glare was aimed squarely at Kate and

Eddie. Her fury was evident, and her voice was cold and biting.

"We were being nice by coming to pick you up, and all you've done is complain. If you don't shut up, you can walk to the hotel yourselves."

"How dare you talk to me like that?"

Kate's eyes widened in shock as if Winnie had just committed the gravest act of disrespect imaginable. Her tone was full of disbelief.

"This is outrageous! Absolutely outrageous! Is this how your mom raised you to treat your elders? No wonder low-class people like you never learn to behave!"

...

Kate's voice rose further as she launched into a tirade. She pointed her finger at

Winnie and dragged Winnie's mother, Linda, into the insults.

"Well, Aunt Kate, since you seem so well-mannered, maybe you should watch your words. My mom happens to be your cousin, but you don't get to critique how she raised her daughter," Winnie shot back coldly.

Her gaze flickered with disgust, as though she were staring at something unpleasant.

"Goodness! With a mouth like that,

no man will ever want you. I've never seen anyone so disrespectful. You know what? Even if you begged me to come with a palanquin, I'd never step foot here again!" Kate shrieked.

"Great. Then you'd better keep your word," Winnie shot back. She turned away and stared straight ahead.

Arguing with someone like Kate was a complete waste of time.

As she reached into her bag to grab her headphones, hoping to drown out the noise, Sharon suddenly let out a sharp gasp.

"Wait, over there! Isn't that Yolanda?"

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## Chapter 753

[ 690 words ]

Winnie followed the direction Sharon was pointing and immediately spotted a familiar figure busy at work on the side of the road.

The traffic jam ahead had been caused by a car accident, and Yolanda was in the middle of the crowd. She was performing first aid on someone who had just been pulled out of a wrecked car.

"It's Yolanda! Someone's hurt!" Winnie unbuckled her seatbelt, flung the car door open, and bolted out.

"Let's go help too!" Sharon called as she opened her door and hurried after Winnie.

"Where are you two going? Get back here!"

Kate and Eddie stuck their heads out of the car. They were shouting angrily as they watched Sharon and Winnie rush off.

Sharon paused after taking a few steps, then turned back, reached into the driver's seat, and yanked the car key out of the ignition.

"If you don't want to wait, then walk," she snapped.

It wasn't like the car could go anywhere anyway, traffic ahead was jammed so tightly it looked like a string of sausages.

"Get back here!" Kate yelled as she jumped out of the car. She stomped her foot in frustration.

"We still have our luggage! How are we supposed to walk?"

But her protests fell on deaf ears.

Winnie and Sharon had already reached the accident scene and were busy helping Yolanda and some of the bystanders move the injured to safety.

Yolanda had just finished stopping the bleeding for one of the injured when she noticed Winnie and Sharon approaching.

She froze for a brief moment, surprised to see them, but quickly turned her attention back to her work.

Without hesitation, Sharon and Winnie jumped in to assist wherever they could.

Neither of them had any medical training, but they could at least help with simple tasks like bandaging wounds.

"Please save my daughter! I'm begging you, save my daughter!"

A delicate-looking woman knelt beside Yolanda. Her eyes were locked on a little girl who had just been pulled from the car. The child was covered in blood, and her body lay limp on the ground.

"Is my daughter going to be okay?"

The woman's tear-filled eyes stayed fixed on the little girl. She reached out to touch her child but hesitated and pulled her hand back at the last moment.

"I'm stopping the bleeding now. As long as we hold out until the ambulance arrives, she'll be fine."

Yolanda didn't even look up. Her

hands were moving steadily and et

skillfully as she used acupuncture techniques to control the little girl's bleeding.

The accident had involved a seven-car pileup, and the little girl in this car was by far the most seriously injured.

Fortunately, Yolanda had stepped in just in time. If they could get her to the hospital quickly, she'd be out of danger after surgery.

"Please, save her! I'll do anything if you can save my daughter!"

The woman's sobs grew louder. Her panic overwhelmed her as she clung desperately to the same plea.

Yolanda finally withdrew the acupuncture needle and let out a long, steady breath.

"She's not in immediate danger anymore," she said.

Only then did Yolanda glance at the woman and notice her blood-soaked clothes and the deep gash on her arm.

But the woman seemed completely unaware of her injuries. Her entire focus remained on the little girl lying limp on the ground.

"If that wound on your arm isn't treated soon, it could get infected. Let me bandage it for you," Yolanda said.

"No, no, it's fine!" The woman waved her off. Her eyes never left her daughter.

"Are you sure my daughter's really okay?"

"She's stable for now, but her ribs are broken. She'll still need surgery at the hospital," Yolanda reassured her.

Just as Yolanda finished speaking,

the wail of sirens cut through the air.

She

the the woman a her a firm but reassuring and gave

"The ambulance is here. Don't worry."

"Thank you! Thank you so much!"

For the first time, the woman looked up at Yolanda. Gratitude shone in her eyes.

Within moments, paramedics arrived. They efficiently unloaded stretchers and began to load the injured into ambulances one by one.

As the woman climbed into the ambulance, she paused for a moment and turned back to glance at Yolanda as if trying to memorize her face.

"You're the savior of my entire family. What's your name?"

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## Chapter 754

[ 701 words ]

"It was nothing. Go with your daughter to the hospital," Yolanda said as she stood up. She brushed the dust off her clothes.

"Don't be so modest. I'll thank you properly once my daughter's surgery is done."

"That's not necessary," Yolanda replied with a smile.

"Oh, and one more thing, ensure the nurse treats that wound on your arm while you're in the ambulance. You can't let it go untreated any longer."

"Thank you," the woman hesitated for a moment but eventually climbed into the ambulance.

By now, the traffic police had arrived and were busy clearing the scene. All the injured had been transported to the nearest hospital by ambulance, and the area was finally starting to settle down.

Yolanda, along with the other helpful bystanders, could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

"Yolanda, what are you doing here?" Sharon asked. She pulled a pack of wet wipes from her coat pocket and handed them to Yolanda.

The three of them were covered in blood and dust. Their clothes were disheveled, but none of them seemed to care.

"The clinic got a call for a house visit, the patient couldn't move easily and needed treatment at home. After I finished, I was on my way back to the clinic when I came across the accident.

"What about you two? Why are you here? Isn't Argent Tower in the city center?"

"Don't even get me started. It's a long story."

Sharon and Winnie exchanged an exasperated glance before launching into a chorus of complaints.

"Let's find somewhere to shower and change first, and then we'll tell you all about the insane people we just dealt with," Sharon suggested.

When they returned to the Mercedes, they found that Kate, Eddie, and all the luggage in the trunk were gone. It was clear they had lost their patience and taken the bags to leave on foot.

Without a second thought, the three of them piled into the car and drove to a nearby hotel, where they booked a room to clean up.

As they settled in, Yolanda pulled out her phone and called Jamie. She asked her to bring over three sets of clean clothes.

Because Yolanda and the others were covered in blood, they nearly scared the hotel receptionist into calling the police.

Despite repeatedly explaining that

the stains were from helping at the scene of a car accident, the receptionist insisted on interrogating them for over ten minutes before reluctantly allowing them to check in?  
swñovel

After showering and changing into clean clothes, Yolanda sat down to listen as Sharon and Winnie vented about Kate and Eddie for over an hour.

"Did she mention why she came to Riverdale?" Yolanda finally asked when the two still seemed fired up. Their frustration was nowhere near spent.

"I have no idea. When my mom called me, she sounded anxious and just told me to hurry up and pick them up," Winnie groaned.

Her tone made it clear that she'd had enough of the bizarre mother-and-son duo.

"Honestly, who cares? The best thing they could do is pack up and head straight back to Creybia."

It was obvious she never wanted to see either of them again.

"When they see your mother, they're going to complain," Sharon chimed in knowingly.

"And you know they'll exaggerate everything, saying how rude you were and how you made them miserable the whole time."

"Ugh... so annoying," Winnie sighed heavily.

"Although judging by the way my mom talked about her, it doesn't sound like she's particularly fond of Aunt Kate, either," she added.

Why would she be? Kate was the kind of relative who rarely even showed up and constantly looked down on people from small towns like theirs. Nobody liked someone like that.

"Yolanda, you're the lucky one. At least you don't have to deal with those two," Winnie said enviously.

She was not even in the Henderson family anymore, so she didn't have to bother with all these fake niceties.

"Oh, right. When I picked her up, I

think I overheard her mention something about introducing a business deal to Aunt Diana and

Uncle Harold. But other than that, I didn't catch anything," Winnie added.

Yolanda frowned slightly.

She had looked into Kate's background earlier. Kate was just a low-level office worker, and her husband was, at best, a minor businessman.

What kind of business deal could they possibly bring to the Hendersons?

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## Chapter 755

[ 672 words ]

"I heard her talking on the phone, so maybe I misheard," Winnie said while trying to recall more details.

"But I'm pretty sure she mentioned something about a business deal. If you're curious, Yolanda, I can ask my mom to look into it when I get home."

"Alright." Yolanda nodded.

To Yolanda, the Henderson family was like a decaying tree that was hollowed out by parasites.

Still, until she managed to reclaim what rightfully belonged to the original Yolanda, she wasn't about to let anyone else exploit the family for their gain.

After a chaotic morning, Sharon and Winnie were both exhausted. Once they changed into clean clothes at the hotel, they were ready to head home and get some rest.

As for Yolanda, the clinic was unusually busy today, and she needed to get back to help Baxter with the overflow of patients.

Before parting ways, the three of them agreed to meet up for a meal sometime soon. Then, they each went their separate ways.

Two days later, Joel asked Yolanda to meet him at Meadowlark Retreat. Meadowlark Retreat wasn't tucked away on the outskirts of Riverdale like one might expect.

On the contrary, this sprawling venue-which seamlessly combined dining, relaxation, and entertainment-was situated near the heart of the city's prime real estate.

Unlike other leisure venues that were often bustling with crowds, Meadowlark Retreat was designed exclusively to host VIP guests visiting from Creybia.

For the ordinary residents of Riverdale, it might as well have been off-limits.

Yolanda only had access to the retreat today because Joel had sent her a personal invitation.

When she arrived at the private room overlooking the artificial lake, Joel was already waiting for her.

"Commissioner Kaufman, why did you ask to meet me here?" she asked as she stepped into the room.

Joel had mentioned over the phone that he had something important to discuss with her. Because of that, Yolanda handed off her clinic duties to Dunstan and took a cab to meet him.

Fortunately, the retreat wasn't far from the clinic, and from the moment she hung up the phone, it only took her about 20 minutes to arrive.

"Ms. Henderson, please have a seat," Joel greeted her warmly. He stood up as soon as she stepped into the room.

"I've ordered a pot of Earl Grey tea, but since you young people might not enjoy tea as much, I also had them bring you a glass of lemon water. Would you like any snacks to go with it?"

"No need, the lemon water will do," Yolanda replied as she settled into her seat.

She had barely sat down when a server, dressed in the retreat's signature uniform, entered with their drinks.

Meadowlark Retreat truly lived up

neo

the serene image it evoked. The staff all wore coordinated light blue uniforms, and the atmosphere was peaceful and refined.

"Ms. Henderson, I heard you came across a car accident recently and saved someone?" Joel asked, cutting straight to the point once the server had left.

"Yes," Yolanda nodded.

The car accident had taken place within Joel's jurisdiction, so it wasn't surprising that he had heard about it.

"I thought so!" Joel said with a hearty laugh.

"Mrs. Snider has been raving about the young woman who stepped in to help at the scene, and I had a feeling it might be you."

"Mrs. Snider?" Yolanda asked, immediately thinking of the young woman she had encountered at the accident scene that day.

"That's right. Mrs. Snider is extremely grateful to you for saving her daughter."

Joel picked up his tea and took a small sip before lowering his voice slightly, as though sharing something confidential.

"This Mrs. Snider is no ordinary

person. She's someone of

significant status in Creybia. She

came to Riverdale this time to pay came to

her respects to her ancestors, as her family's roots are here.

"But who could've expected a car accident to happen along the way? My people are still investigating the incident. Thankfully, you were there, Ms. Henderson.

"If something had happened to Mrs. Snider or her daughter, it would've been a huge issue for us here in Riverdale, one we couldn't easily explain away." "You said her last name is Snider?"

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[ 709 words ]

Yolanda tilted her head thoughtfully and considered for a moment.

If Mrs. Snider was from a prominent family in Creybia, one possibility came to mind.

"Her married name is Snider. Everyone calls her Mrs. Snider, but as for her maiden name, I'm not sure," Joel explained.

"She's been asking me to find the person who saved her and her daughter. I had a strong hunch it was you, but I didn't want to give her an answer before confirming with you first."

Joel studied Yolanda, who remained calm and composed. Her expression gave nothing away. His respect for her deepened.

Most people, upon learning they had accidentally saved someone of great importance, would've been ecstatic.

But Yolanda's collected demeanor made Joel feel like the young woman sitting in front of him wasn't a high school student at all.

"Mrs. Snider would like to meet you in person to thank you," Joel continued.

"Ms. Henderson, just let me know when you're available, and I'll make the arrangements."

"There's no need," Yolanda replied, shaking her head lightly.

"Please let Mrs. Snider know that I appreciate her gratitude. What I did for her and her daughter at the accident scene was simply my duty as a doctor. She doesn't need to worry about it."

Joel blinked. He was momentarily stunned by her response, but he quickly composed himself.

"Ms. Henderson, as always, you remain indifferent to fame and fortune," he said with a smile.

"But this situation is different. With the kind of status Mrs. Snider's family holds in Creybia, countless people would kill for a chance to meet her, let alone have her owe them a favor.

"Ms. Henderson, if you seize this opportunity and establish a connection with Mrs. Snider, it could be a game-changer for you.

"Not only would no one in Riverdale dare to mess with you, but even the elites in Creybia would show you respect because of your ties to her. Are you sure you want to let this chance go?"

"Commissioner Kaufman, it's not that I'm giving it up," she said. Her faint smile didn't waver.

"It's just that I don't see the need for it. I didn't save her or her daughter because of who she is or the power her family holds in Creybia, so have no intention of using that as a bargaining chip for personal gain."

In her past life, Yolanda had grown up in a world ruled by power and status, so she understood better than most the importance of connections and social standing.

But it was precisely because she had been raised in such a twisted environment filled with flattery, that she knew just how fragile the so-called upper-class social network truly was.

Alliances between families could shift overnight, with loyal partners turning into rivals the moment their interests no longer aligned.

This was why so many families relied on marriage alliances, tying their fates together in hopes of ensuring mutual success.

Yet even marriage alliances offered no guarantees. When push came to shove, most people would side with whoever promised them the greatest advantage. They were selfish and hypocritical to their core.

"I don't mind making new friends, but going out of my way to build a connection with her just because I saved her daughter doesn't align with my principles," Yolanda said calmly.

"But..." Joel hesitated, clearly torn.

He understood Yolanda's reasoning, but he couldn't help feeling like this was a missed opportunity.

"Commissioner Kaufman, I'd like you to answer a question honestly for me," Yolanda said. She noticed the conflicted look on his face.

"If I used this opportunity to ingratiate myself with Mrs. Snider, leveraging her gratitude to gain

access to Creybia's elite circles net

would you and Mr. Hansen still feel comfortable handing me the position of President of the Titan Merchants Association?"

"Ugh..." Joel frowned slightly. Her question caught him off guard.

After a moment of reflection, realization began to dawn on his face.

"If I were someone who valued profit above all else, then the Titan Merchants

Association would be my biggest bargaining chip right now.

"For someone who prioritizes personal gain, nothing would be off the table. If the opportunity arose to step onto a larger stage in Creybia, what would stop me from sacrificing the families here in Riverdale to get there?"

Her words hung in the air, plunging the room into silence.

After a long pause, Joel let out a bitter laugh.

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[ 643 words ]

"Ms. Henderson, it's rare for me to admire anyone, but your wisdom and perspective are truly beyond my reach."

"Commissioner Kaufman, you flatter me," Yolanda replied with a faint smile. She took a sip of her tea before rising to her feet.

"My clinic still has patients waiting. If there's nothing else, Commissioner Kaufman, I'll be heading out now."

"Take care, Ms. Henderson." Joel stood as well. He accompanied her to the door.

After bidding Joel goodbye, Yolanda left the room and stepped back into the serene ambiance of the retreat.

The path to the main entrance branched off in several directions. She paused briefly, scanning her surroundings, before choosing a long corridor framed by hanging wisteria blossoms.

If she had the time to relax, this tranquil retreat would be the perfect place to enjoy coffee and chat with a few close friends.

As she walked, she decided that next time she'd bring Sharon and Winnie here to try the retreat's signature dishes.

And maybe when Gavin wasn't busy, the two of them could visit together. They could soak in the retreat's hot springs, just the two of them. They would be undisturbed and could savor their time alone.

However, just as Yolanda exited the wisteria-lined corridor, her steps came to an abrupt halt.

At the far end of the walkway, outside a small cafe, she spotted a familiar figure.

It was Boris, standing at the cafe entrance with two of his lackeys. He looked as though he was waiting for a car to pick him up.

Next to Boris stood a short, plump woman and a tall, thin young man.

The woman and the young man were all smiles. They were nodding and bowing as they spoke to Boris.

From this distance, Yolanda couldn't hear their conversation. But judging by their lips, they seemed to be saying things like, "Please don't worry," and "We'll definitely follow your instructions."

Boris listened to the two with a blank expression while occasionally furrowing his brows in clear impatience.

Before long, a sleek Maybach approached from the main road, coming to a smooth stop beside him.

One of Boris' lackeys stepped forward and opened the car door. Just as Boris was about to get in, he seemed to sense someone watching him.

He turned his cold eyes in Yolanda's direction.

When his gaze landed on her, a flicker of icy malice flashed in his expression.

But then, as if nothing had happened, he stepped into the car without a word.

"Mr. Caldwell, safe travels!"

The plump woman and the young man respectfully bid him farewell as the Maybach sped away, leaving a cloud of dust in its wake.

Yolanda stood still. Her gaze was fixed thoughtfully in the direction Boris had disappeared.

He had come to Riverdale to

orchestrate a duel, and with the

outcome between Riverdale and the

Serpent Alliance already settled and

Renee dealt with, there was no

reason for him to linger.

Yet now, he was turning up at a retreat meant exclusively for Creybia's elite. Did he have another scheme?

Yolanda's instincts flared. Reaching for her phone, she intended to call Knox and have him tighten security around the Willow Creek Clinic.

But before she could dial, a sharp, hostile voice cut through the air nearby.

"Yolanda! What are you doing here?"

The voice was unfamiliar, and its aggressive tone startled her.

Jolted, Yolanda glanced up to see the same plump woman and the tall, thin young

man who had accompanied Boris earlier now storming toward her.

She didn't recognize either of them. Taking a cautious step back, she frowned slightly as the woman marched up with an air of self-importance.

"What are you sneaking around here for? This isn't a place someone like you should even be able to get into!" the plump woman snapped. She jabbed an accusing finger in Yolanda's direction.

"The Hendersons already kicked you

out! If you think you can still use

their name to cheat and swindle

people, you're dreaming! Let me tell you, this place is for VIPS. Even the Hendersons wouldn't be able to set foot here!"

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[ 687 words ]

The Hendersons?

Yolanda gave the pair in front of her a closer look, and realization struck. The plump woman and the young man were likely the "Kate and Eddie" Winnie had mentioned before.

Kate had only seen photos of Yolanda as a child, and Yolanda's appearance had changed so much over the years that she wouldn't have recognized her.

However, after Winnie and Sharon had run into Yolanda the other day, Kate- though she hadn't approached them herself-must have caught a glimpse of the so-called "disgrace of the Hendersons."

"Mom, I bet she snuck in behind us," Eddie said, tilting his chin smugly. His

expression was dripping with disdain as he glanced at Yolanda.

"There's no way someone like her could get in otherwise."

Eddie's comment seemed to ignite something in Kate.

Still seething over being abandoned on the side of the road by Winnie, she was desperate for an outlet for her frustration.

Now, having crossed paths with Yolanda, she had no intention of letting this opportunity pass her by.

"Shameless! Do you think sneaking in here will help you meet some big shots? Keep dreaming!" Kate sneered.

Yolanda, however, remained calm. "I don't even know you. Why would I need to use you to sneak in? I'm meeting a friend here," she said evenly.

With that, she took a step forward, clearly intending to leave.

She had no interest in engaging with someone as unreasonable as Kate. Besides, she had more pressing concerns. The clinic still had patients waiting, and her help was needed.

But while Yolanda might have been ready to walk away, Kate wasn't about to let her off so easily.

As Yolanda moved to leave, Kate quickly stepped in front of her and blocked her path.

"Still lying, huh? Then tell me this, how did a disgrace who got kicked out of the Henderson family manage to get in here?"

"This is a retreat meant for Creybia's VIPs. Someone like you has no right to be here! Security at the gate would've stopped you and thrown you out!"

Eddie chimed in from the side. He was eager to add fuel to the fire.

"An idiot will always be an idiot. You went through all this trouble to sneak in here, but you didn't even think to dress the part.

"Do you even know what kind of people come to places like this in Riverdale? They're all influential and respectable. And look at you, dressed like that? You're a joke! Who would even bother talking to you?"

Yolanda's patience was wearing thin. Her gaze turned icy as she said coldly, "Move."

"Oh, you dare talk back to me? Do you want me to call security and have you dragged out of here?" Kate sneered. Her expression dripped with condescension as she jabbed a finger at Yolanda.

"Thank goodness the Hendersons kicked you out. If Mr. Caldwell found out the Hendersons had a useless ugly, and stupid piece of trash like you in the family, he wouldn't even want to talk to them, let alone work with them."

"Work with them?"

Yolanda immediately caught onto Kate's words.

"Are you saying Boris is working with the Hendersons?" she asked sharply.

"Shut up!" Eddie barked. His glare was sharp.

"Mr. Caldwell's name is not something you're worthy of saying out loud! You really don't know your place!"

"How did Boris even know the Hendersons?"

Someone like Boris, a Creybian aristocrat with his towering ego, wouldn't so much as glance at the Hendersons.

If he was now exploring a partnership with them, there had to be more going on behind the scenes.

"This is the Hendersons' business. What does it have to do with you?" Kate snapped impatiently.

Yolanda knew there was no point in pressing further.

Trying to get any useful information out of Kate and Eddie would be a waste of time. She would have to look into this herself later.

Just as Yolanda was ready to brush

past Kate and leave, Kate suddenly added, "The Hendersons wouldn't

haeen able to connect with Mr.

Caldwell if it weren't for me."

Kate puffed herself up with pride.

"If I hadn't played matchmaker, the Hendersons wouldn't have had even the tiniest chance of meeting someone as important as Mr. Caldwell."

"It was you..."

A flicker of cold light flashed in Yolanda's eyes.

So this was another one of Boris' schemes.

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## Chapter 759

[ 610 words ]

To someone like Boris, who saw himself as superior to nearly everyone, Kate was nothing more than an insignificant commoner.

But when it came to the Hendersons, she was a convenient pawn.

If Boris had approached Harold directly, Harold would have been suspicious. But with Kate acting as the intermediary—a relative, no less—it all seemed perfectly reasonable.

Even so, Yolanda couldn't quite discern Boris' true intentions yet.

If his goal was to target her and use the Hendersons as leverage, he could have easily made a direct move. Why go through such a roundabout method?

Unless approaching Harold served some other purpose as well.

While Yolanda was still trying to extract more useful information from Kate, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at the screen. Dunstan was calling.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Ms. Henderson, something's happened at the clinic! Can you come back right away?"

Yolanda's expression immediately turned serious. "What happened?"

Daniel, Knox, and the others were usually stationed around Titan Alley. If something had gone wrong at the clinic, they should have been able to handle it.

For Dunstan to call her directly, it had to be something severe.

"It's strange. You'll understand when you get here," Dunstan said hesitantly. His tone was unsettled.

"I'm on my way."

Yolanda ended the call without hesitation. She shoved past Kate and began striding quickly toward the retreat's exit.

"Hey! How dare you push me, you lowlife! You-!"

Kate's screeching insults echoed after her, but Yolanda didn't even glance back. She kept walking, and with her brisk pace, she left Kate behind in moments.

Once outside, Yolanda hailed a cab and gave the driver the address of Willow Creek Clinic.

Twenty minutes later, when Yolanda walked into the clinic's front hall, she found it eerily empty. There wasn't a single patient in sight.

"What's going on?" she asked.

In the hall, Jamie, Raven, Knox, and the others sat on the benches. Their expressions were grim and tense.

But from what Yolanda could see, it didn't look like there'd been any kind of trouble.

"Ms. Henderson, I've temporarily closed the clinic and sent the staff home for the day," Dunstan said while motioning toward the "Closed for the Day" sign now hanging on the front door.

"Come with me to the backyard."

Yolanda frowned, puzzled, but followed Dunstan as he turned and walked toward the back of the clinic. Jamie and the others stayed quiet while trailing closely behind them.

When they reached the backyard, Dunstan stopped beside the old well and pointed toward it.

"Ms. Henderson, take a look," he said somberly.

The well in Willow Creek Clinic's backyard had been there for over a century.

Though the clinic relied on running water for daily operations, the staff occasionally used the well for convenience when washing linens in the backyard. Beyond that, the well was mostly ignored.

Yolanda stepped closer, leaning over the edge to peer inside.

What she saw made her gasp.

There was a corpse in the well.

"When was this discovered?" she asked sharply. Her eyes flicked to the group standing behind her. Their faces told the story—shock, unease, and a barely concealed undercurrent of fear.

"Just a little while ago. One of the new staff members came out to draw water to wash some linens," Dunstan said. His voice was heavy.

"She's fresh out of nursing school, a

young girl. She was terrified when she saw it. Started screaming, crying... completely hysterical. I gave her a sedative, and she's resting in one of the side rooms now," he explained.

Dunstan had acted quickly, partly to shield the girl from lasting trauma, and partly to prevent the news from spreading too soon and causing unnecessary panic.

"You handled it well," Yolanda said.

For something this shocking, Dunstan had kept his composure admirably.

"Ms. Henderson, what should we do about this?" Dunstan asked, looking to her for direction.

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[ 589 words ]

"Let's pull him up first. See if any of you recognize him," Yolanda said.

Knox gestured to two of his bodyguards, who quickly set to work. Using ropes, iron hooks, and other tools from the clinic, they carefully fished the body out of the

well.

It was the corpse of a man. Judging by the condition of the body, he hadn't been in the well for long, there was no bloating yet.

Yolanda slipped on a pair of gloves, crouched beside the body, and began a careful examination.

Her gaze settled on a stab wound in the man's back. He was killed first, then dumped into the well afterward.

Yolanda turned the body over, exposing the man's face. Her eyes swept over the others.

"Does anyone recognize him?"

Dunstan and Jamie exchanged uncertain glances before shaking their heads. "No... I don't," Dunstan said, with Jamie echoing his response a moment later.

Knox studied the man's face for a long moment but eventually shook his head as well.

"Never seen him before," he muttered.

But one of Knox's bodyguards, who had helped pull the corpse from the well, continued to stare at the man's face with a thoughtful expression.

"Mr. Knox..." the bodyguard started hesitantly.

"Speak up! Ms. Henderson isn't an outsider," Knox barked as he gave the bodyguard a sharp look.

"I think I know him. He's one of Mr. Caldwell's bodyguards. His name's Mike."

Knox's eyes narrowed. "Are you sure?"

Yolanda's expression hardened as the weight of the revelation sank in.

"I'm sure!" the bodyguard insisted.

He stared at the corpse again. "Back during the duel, we were stationed outside the arena, keeping watch. He was there too, with the other Caldwell bodyguards. They were standing across from us."

He then turned to Knox, and his voice was firm. "Mr. Knox, Chad saw him too. Should I call him over to confirm?"

Knox glanced at Yolanda, waiting for her approval.

"Have him come over," Yolanda said, pulling off her gloves and tossing them onto the corpse.

It wasn't long before another tall bodyguard arrived at the scene.

"Mr. Knox, this man is one of Mr. Caldwell's bodyguards. There's no mistake about it," the newcomer confirmed without hesitation.

"Damn it! This is a setup!" Knox growled. His jaw tightened.

He then turned to Yolanda. "Ms. Henderson, that bastard Boris can't find a legitimate excuse to take you down, so now he's resorting to dirty tricks."

"What should we do now? What if officials show up to search the place soon?" Dunstan asked nervously. The gravity of the situation was sinking in fast.

In hindsight, he felt relieved he'd decided to shut the clinic down earlier.

"For now, quietly get rid of the body," Yolanda said calmly. Her tone was steady.

"Take it out through the back door, and make sure to leave no trace."

She paused, and her sharp gaze flicked toward Knox. Lowering her voice, she asked, "Wait... Do

have reliable people at hand People

who are fast and disple

"Ms. Henderson, are you saying..."

A faint smile tugged at Yolanda's lips. "Of course. We're going to return this to its rightful owner."

If Boris wants to play games, he'd better be ready to lose.

Knox's eyes lit up with understanding, and excitement sparked behind them.

"I do. Will ten people be enough? Don't worry, Ms. Henderson. These are all trustworthy men, and they're absolute experts. Though, of course, they're nowhere near your level..."

"Have them come over. And then..."

de

She began outlining her plan. Her tone was firm as she conveyed the details to

Knox and the others in a hushed voice.

Once the plan was set, Jamie,

jel

Dunstan, and the rest of the group resumed their usual positions und the clinic. They acted as though nothing had happened.

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