

Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

c 771

[499 words]

Yolanda wasn't frustrated. She gave Jean a once-over and replied coolly, "Wanna test me?"

Jean scoffed. "Any one of my bodyguards could beat you up easily."

"Get them to do it, then." Yolanda looked at the bodyguards behind Anna and curled her fingers into a come hither gesture.

"You've really got a death wish!" Jean roared. "Go teach her a lesson, Snyder!"

Yolanda brought this upon herself. Gavin couldn't say anything even if Snyder were to cause Yolanda to have permanent disabilities.

Anna wasn't as reckless as Jean. After Snyder, the bodyguard, had gone up against Yolanda, she glanced at Gavin and found out that he looked unbothered and secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Gavin probably thought Yolanda was being too haughty, and wanted to teach her a lesson through their hands.

If that was the case, she wouldn't hold back now!

As Anna came to that conclusion, she ordered, "Show no mercy, Snyder! Beat her into a pulp!"

"Yes, ma'am!" Snyder replied affirmatively and swung his fist at Yolanda.

He actually didn't want to step out, since it was a waste for him to have to deal with such a weak, defenseless piece of trash.

Even if he had won, it wouldn't be something worth bragging about. However, he could only grit his teeth and step out since his employer had given him orders.

To Snyder, all he needed to do was throw a few random punches and he would be able to get Yolanda severely injured. However, he didn't expect Yolanda to catch his wrist right after he attacked.

"How is that possible?" Snyder tried to wriggle his way out in shock. Yolanda released his wrist and

next second.

kicked him away the very next

Snyder cried painfully as he crashed onto the ground. He wasn't able to get up after that.

Anna and her friends, who were waiting to watch Yolanda get beaten up, stared with mouths agape at Snyder who crashed onto the ground.

"How's that possible?" Anna and Jean shared a look. They couldn't believe their eyes.

"She must be lucky this time!" Anna huffed coldly. "Get someone more skillful."

Jean turned around and shouted to the bodyguards, "I'll give one million dollars to whoever goes up and beats her up!"

With the temptation of money, all of the bodyguards wanted to try their luck. Some had volunteered fairly quickly after that. They tightened their fists and swung them toward Yolanda.

Alas, they ended up the same way Snyder did-kicked off before they could reach Yolanda.

It was the same for the third, fourth, fifth, and many more.

Nearly all the bodyguards that Anna and the rest had brought with them had fallen in the span of five minutes.

Anna watched as the bodyguards

sprawled all around the vicinity and was so angry she nearly passed out. "Trash! All of you, useless piece of

trash!"

Jean, who was initially elated to see Yolanda get beaten up, was so dumbfounded she couldn't utter another word.

"Anyone else?" Yolanda lightly cleaned the dust particles on her outfit and looked at Anna.

"Is this all of what your men are made of?"

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Chapter 772

[752 words]

"Damn it! You're too much!" Anna was so angry she had lost her mind. She threw down the gun in her hand and ran toward Yolanda.

To her, Yolanda was only able to have a stand in Riverdale because of Elleven, her sidekick. Before that, when her subordinates told her that Yolanda had finished Renee off, she had also assumed that it was all Elleven.

The useless trash she had presumed had defeated all of her bodyguards single-handedly. She really couldn't accept that fact.

She had practiced martial arts since she was young. She could defeat 100 of these bodyguards with this level of skill.

Yolanda merely knew a few simple moves. That was all. With that thought, Anna rushed forward unwaveringly.

"It's time I teach you how to be a proper human being," She snarled as she whipped out a dagger from her sleeves. This was a dagger that she had spent a fortune on. It was lightweight but very sharp. She wanted to defeat Yolanda, and not only that—she wanted to step on Yolanda and kill her!

There was no guarantee of safety when weapons were involved in a fight. Yolanda was the one asking for death when she insisted on dueling with them, so even if she were to kill Yolanda accidentally, Gavin couldn't hold her accountable for that.

A cold gleam flashed in Anna's eyes as she made her way to Yolanda in a brisk few steps. The dagger in her hand was aimed at Yolanda's heart and she drove it down hard.

However, when the dagger was about to touch Yolanda, Anna's hand couldn't go down anymore.

"How's that possible?" She lowered her head to see Yolanda's firm grip around her wrist

Anna was shocked. She wanted to retract her hand but she couldn't wriggle her way out.

She lifted her left hand and attempted to slice at Yolanda's neck, but Yolanda had easily dodged it.

At the same time, Yolanda released Anna's hand and knocked her hand hard, causing the dagger to fall onto the ground with a clang.

Yolanda wanted to test Anna's martial arts skills, but since her attack was filled with obvious openings, she knew that Anna wasn't qualified to fight her at all.

Anna had probably learned a few punching methods since she had practiced martial arts from a young age and felt like she was very talented since she had always won in her duels with her bodyguards. She had probably never realized that what she had learned were just very surface-level skills since the people around her usually flatter her.

She was stupidly naive to think that she was able to cause any harm to Yolanda with petty skills like that.

Anna felt a sharp pain in her wrist and the following scene felt like a slow-motion scene in a movie for her, since every frame was painfully clear to her as she watched the dagger leave her hand involuntarily.

Immediately after, she felt a pang in her chest as her body flew backward like a bullet. "Anna!"

Jean and the rest tried to catch Anna in a flurry of panic, but the momentum of it caused all of them to stumble backward and collapse into a pile.

Silence filled the atmosphere once more.

Miranda, who was still at the door, watched the scene unfold inside the clinic with her eyes bulging and jaw slack.

Wasn't Yolanda just a puny doctor who had entered the juvenile detention center and was chased out by the Hendersons?

Wasn't she arrogant and haughty because she had a skillful sidekick?

What just happened?

Miranda didn't expect Yolanda to be so skilled in fighting.

She was very clear regarding Anna and her bodyguards' skill level.

If they were no match for Yolanda, then the Cavanaugh bodyguards wouldn't be able to turn things around as well.

Even Anna, the person exper

Yolanda's skills in real time,

couldn't wrap her brain around how

she had flown backward like this after one punch from Yolanda.

When she got up and tried to launch another attack, she realized that the pain in her chest had become more severe when she tried to exert force, causing her to collapse onto the ground once more.

Yolanda didn't let Anna go just because Anna had lost the ability to attack her.

She took a step toward Anna and planted her foot into her chest. "Do you admit defeat?" Yolanda asked coldly.

"No!" Anna was livid. She struggled with all her might, but other than making her wound hurt more, it did nothing else.

"Are you sure?" Yolanda increased the force in her foot, and the people around could hear the sound of bones breaking.

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c 773

[493 words]

Anna grunted in pain. She didn't even have the energy to yelp in pain anymore.

"Don't be too much, Yolanda! Anna is from Creybia's Zanetti family." Jean didn't dare to step up to stop Yolanda. All she could do was yell in desperation from the side.

"If anything were to happen to her, your entire family would go down with her—" Before Jean could finish, Yolanda tossed the semi-conscious Anna out toward her. After she had dealt with Anna, she turned to Jean.

"W-What do you want?"

Jean's face was ashen, but she was still glaring at Yolanda, even if her tone had weakened.

"Go back and tell Boris Caldwell that I'll remember what happened today. I'll settle scores with him another time."

Boris was now eyeing the Henderson residence, so he wouldn't leave Riverdale in a short time. She would have to settle scores with him one day. She had dealt with some of his wealthy sidekicks, so it wasn't a rush for her to deal with Boris at the moment.

Anna, Jean, and the rest scurried out of Willow Creek Clinic frantically. Then, Yolanda tended to Jamie and Knox's wounds.

At the same time, Gavin's men had quickly cleaned up the clinic.

After treating Knox and Jamie's wounds, she looked at her clothes to realize that her sleeves and collar were stained with blood.

"I got someone to buy you a new set of clothes." Gavin came to Yolanda with a paper bag in his hand. "Change into this first, and I'll send you home."

They headed toward a room in the back wing.

"Did you come all the way to support me?" When they arrived at the room Yolanda usually took her afternoon naps in, she took the paper bag from Gavin and asked with a smile.

"Of

in

Doting affection flashed eyes as he took a

Yolanda and helped her

take

shoes.

"I've arranged for men to watch their every move recently."

Yolanda, who was in the midst of taking off her blood-stained jacket, paused for a while. Even she didn't

of watching Anna and the rest all the time.

She didn't think it was necessary because she felt that she could handle it.

However, Gavin thought further than she did because he couldn't risk losing Yolanda.

Yolanda felt an indescribable warm and fuzzy feeling in her heart. It was reassuring.

She

at Gavin's handsome

face and had a great idea. In a net

voice, she said, "I've figured it out."

"Huh?" Gavin paused. He didn't understand what she meant.

belongs to net

"I've figured out what to give you as a prize."

Then, she wrapped her arms around Gavin's neck and kissed him.

...

Gavin still had a project in Josona to follow up with, so he left Riverdale in his private jet at night.

Willow Creek Clinic was all cleaned up and was able to resume business the next day.

At the same time, Harold and Diana were seated on the couch opposite Kate and Eddie.

"No, I refuse." Harold's face was dark and stormy. He seemed to be a little angry.

"This house is the Henderson's heirloom. It's not for sale."

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- Chapter 774

Chapter 774

[786 words]

Kate's face fell as she saw how adamant Harold was. She was displeased, but she still mustered her patience to explain things to him. "Don't be so stubborn.

"In this day and age, old and dated courtyard houses in Creybia have all been demolished and rebuilt. So, why are you still so adamant about keeping this old, rotten house in a third-line city?

"This villa that you're staying in right now is something wealthy people despise and what poor people cannot afford. They tell you it's a priceless commodity since it's a hundred-year-old building, but in reality, it's just a broken, rotten, old house that nobody wants.

"Mr. Caldwell is very interested in this villa, and that is a flattering act to you. As long as you sell him the villa, not only would you get a hefty sum, but Henderson Group will also get projects from the Caldwell Group, giving you profound profit by the end of the year."

"No matter what you say, I can't sell this house. This is a testament to the Hendersons' hard work." Harold stood his ground. No matter what Kate said, he refused to relent.

Previously, when Henderson Group had faced difficulties, there were also people who had suggested that he pledge the villa as collateral, but he didn't agree to it no matter how hard it was for him.

This was a house their ancestors had built. This was his bottom line.

"Talk to your husband, Diana. He's too stubborn." Kate realized that it was impossible to talk to Harold, so she looked pointedly at Diana. She was hoping that Diana would help her succeed.

Since Diana was married into the Henderson family later on, she didn't carry as much a sense of duty and pride as Harold did.

To Diana, the villa was no different from any other house.

If she could sell the dated, old-fashioned villa and get a newly developed villa in the central district, it would greatly boost her reputation and fame when she went for high tea with the wealthy ladies from her circle.

However, Diana also knew Harold well. As much as she agreed with Kate, she couldn't show it. Harold was a stubborn man. Once he had decided on something, no one else could change his mind.

If they could sell the villa to Boris, other than being able to get a new house, it would be hard for Diana to not be moved if there was such a great opportunity for the company to be acquainted with Caldwell Group.

So, she watched Harold's expression carefully and tried to say something. "The villa is indeed really important to us, and I agree on not selling it. But Mr. Caldwell is from Creybia's Caldwell family. If we angered him because of this, would he take revenge on us?"

Harold had similar worries as well, but now that Diana had said it out in the open, his face darkened even more "We have no business

relations with Creybia at all. So what

if he takes revenge?"

Harold was a little frustrated, but his stance was still strong. "All in all, I will not sell the villa, no matter what. I don't care how much benefits it'll bring to us. I won't."

After he was done, he turned around and headed upstairs.

"Honey!" Diana watched Harold leave and couldn't help but stomp her feet in frustration.

"It's not that want to say anything

about it, Diana, but the husband you

chose is as stubborn as a mule." After Harold had left, Kate couldn't help but grumble. "Look at him. He's not capable of making the company grow, but he sure has the temperament of a haughty boss.

"What's the use of him guarding this stupid house so closely?"

Kate complained about Harold animatedly as she munched on the snacks Diana had prepared.

"If this house is worth a lot of money, so be it. But if you were to ask the broker to put up a sell notice, no one would buy it.

"It's your blessing that Mr. Caldwell likes your villa. How dare Harold still reject the offer so many times? Serves him right for not amounting to anything in his life."

"The company is doing pretty good." Diana listened to Kate's complaints and felt her face burn a little.

"We Hendersons are considered one of the bigger families in Riverdale. Even without Mr. Caldwell, we've lived well."

"Well? My foot!"

Kate rolled her eyes and said in disdain, "All Mr. Caldwell needs to do is say one word, and your little

company could double its yearly net

revenue. That's 200 million dollars of revenue. Such a great benefit and you're not moved? Are you stupid or what?

"What's the use of me wanting this? My husband calls the shots in our household.

If he says we're not selling the villa, no one is touching it."

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Chapter 775

[582 words]

Diana was a little curious as she asked, "Why is Mr. Caldwell so interested in this old house? He's so rich. He could get any house, right?"

"I don't know about that." Kate didn't care. "Why do you care? What these rich, first-class wealthy men are thinking isn't something we can just predict.

"Nothing is more important than cold, hard cash that you can hold in your hands."

Kate hadn't given up yet. She initially thought that her trip to Riverdale would be a very smooth sailing one.

As long as she became the intermediary to sell the Henderson Residence to Boris, she could have a net commission of 20 million dollars.

20 million dollars was no small amount to Kate and her family.

What she didn't expect was to meet with such difficulties as she stepped into the Hendersons' home.

Harold was relentlessly stubborn, making it very difficult for her to be stuck in the middle.

She had already taken Boris' check. If she couldn't get this done, would Boris let her off the hook that easily?

"I'm only saying this because you're my cousin, Diana. I really want to help you. Why would I care if this was another person, and whether they would anger Mr. Caldwell or not?"

Kate saw the hesitance in Diana's eyes and softened her tone.

"Think about it. Which would you rather pick? Crossing Mr. Caldwell, or a net profit of 200 million dollars?"

"I don't feel anything for this villa, but....." Diana sighed. She was clearly in agreement with what Kate had said.

"Mr. Caldwell isn't in a rush to return to Creybia. You still have time to think about this."

Kate feigned care for Diana as she added, "As for Mr. Caldwell, I'll think of a way as well. I won't tell him that you're insisting on not selling just yet so there's room for change.

"As for you, you gotta talk to Harold about this. Tell him to not be so stubborn. He can loathe the world, but he shouldn't loathe money. Do you get what I'm saying?"

"Yes. I'll think of a way."

Diana was a little grateful for Kate. Even though the way she spoke might be harsh and unkind, it was true that if the villa was sold to Boris,

it would bring the Henderson family

a lot more benefits.

Kate had achieved the purpose of which she came so she didn't say more.

It was better to divide and conquer at times like these. She had to first get Diana to be on her side.

Then, she would let Diana do her bedside magic talk. She refused to believe that Harold wouldn't budge.

Kate and Eddie had dinner at the Hendersons' before leaving with full bellies. They brought all the gifts Diana had prepared for them back with them.

After sending Kate and Eddie off, Diana went to the kitchen and watched the helper personally cook some clam chowder for Harold.

He didn't come down for dinner, so she reckoned that he was probably still angry.

Diana brought the clam chowder up to Harold's study and knocked on the door gently.

"Honey? You didn't come down for dinner, so you should be hungry, right?"

At Willow Creek Clinic, Yolanda was just done with telling Dunstan and the others about what to take note of when the clinic reopened the next day and was about to return to the villa when she saw Serena running out frantically from the back wing.

"What happened, Mrs. Morrison?" Serena was usually calm and collected. How frantic she was at that time really scared Dunstan, Jamie, and the others.

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Chapter 776

[578 words]

"Yolanda, Kieren is awake!" Tears poured down Serena's eyes the moment she uttered that sentence. She was weeping with joy.

Yolanda put down the medical record she was reviewing immediately and went with Dunstan and everyone else to the room where Kieran was resting with her medical kit.

Just as Serena had said, Kieren, who was still lying on the bed, was still weak, but conscious.

"Mr. Morrison." Yolanda felt the huge turmoil of emotions from the original Yolanda's consciousness within her mind and took a deep breath. After calming her emotions, she made her way to Kieran's bedside.

"You are..."

Kieran might be awake, but it was clear that he was still getting used to it. He stared blankly at Yolanda and the rest. He didn't know where he was at that moment.

"I'm Yolanda Henderson. Do you remember me?"

"Kieran, Yolanda was one of your students in the juvenile detention center. Do you remember her?" Serena wiped her tears and grasped Kieran's hands.

"Yolanda Henderson..." Kieran tried very hard to recall, and after a moment, he cried out in surprise, "You're out of the juvenile detention center now! That's amazing!"

"You should still be studying now, right? Which school are you in?"

The thing that Kieran cared for the most was still Yolanda's academic results. When he was in the juvenile detention center, he thought that Yolanda wasn't actually too bad of a student.

"First Academy," Yolanda replied.

Kieran was dumbfounded.

First Academy? That was the best public school in Riverdale.

Yolanda had a bad record and had a lot of work backlogged. Could she really enter First Academy?

"You've just woken up, Kieran. Let Yolanda explain the other things to you later," Serena interjected. "Where were you when you went missing?"

"I..." Kieran was about to say something when he frowned and suddenly clutched his head in agony. "My head really hurts..."

"I think you should rest first, Mr. Morrison."

After reading Kieran's pulse, Yolanda found out that there was nothing wrong with his health. He was just a little weak from lying down for too long.

Then, she turned to Serena and said, "Mrs. Morrison, I think it's better if you two stay in the clinic for the time being. Just in case something were to happen to Mr Morrison, we

can examine him in time. As for the future, we can wait till he's better before we consider other options."

"Okay, thank you, Yolanda."

"Are you okay, Kieran?" Serena looked at Kieran lovingly as she massaged his head.

Kieran was quiet. His face was filled with agony.

Yolanda looked at Kieran's facial expression and had some questions in her heart. However, she didn't say anything in the end. Instead, she brought Dunstan and the rest out of the room.

...

In the next two days, peace had returned to Yolanda.

Boris no longer came looking for trouble. Even Anna, who had previously left in a sorry state, had no news.

It was unusual, and it gave others a sense of dread. However, Yolanda wasn't worried at all.

Since Yolanda had registered for the

Crystal Queen Pageant that was happening two months later, she

would spend two additional hours training and would tell the people around her that she was working out. s̄wnovel

If she didn't, when she suddenly appeared to Dunstan and the rest with her slimmed-down look before the competition, she would scare them to death.

They were different from the people from school. They saw her nearly every single day.

After Yolanda was done with her morning run one day, she was planning to have breakfast in the clinic when her phone rang.

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[597 words]

Yolanda took out her ringing phone and realized that it was Jude calling.

Jude seemed to be really busy recently. She had also heard that he had gone on a business trip not too long ago. It had been a long while since Yolanda contacted

him.

It was before 7.00 am and Jude was calling her. He might have something important he needed to talk to her about.

"Hello?"

"Are you busy today, Ms. Henderson?" Jude asked immediately. "If you're not, I'd like to invite you over to the Kaufman Residence. My father hasn't been doing too well recently."

"I can go there. I'll be there in half an hour." Yolanda rejected his offer of sending someone over to pick her up. She booked a cab and headed to the Kaufman estate.

She had arrived at the main door in 30 minutes. Jude was already waiting for her at the door.

"I'm sorry for calling you so early in the morning, Ms. Henderson. I was worried that it would be busy at the clinic, and you wouldn't be available." Jude smiled apologetically at Yolanda.

"If I wasn't worried about my father, I wouldn't have asked for such a favor from you."

"What part of his body feels unwell?" Yolanda asked as she made her way in.

Jude sighed and replied, "If I knew, I wouldn't need to call for you to come."

"My father hasn't been in a good mood recently. He doesn't have any appetite. He just locks himself in his study while doing only God knows what.

"I went to Creybia for a business trip not too long ago and in the two days I've been back, I learned that he hadn't eaten properly for five days now. The caretaker told me as much. He also nearly fell down the stairs yesterday.

"I got the family doctor to come over to examine him, and they didn't find anything. I'm worried that it's his heart bothering him again, that's why I called you." Jude was very worried about Alfred's health.

"In normal terms, his heart should be fine. I've examined him before this. He won't have any problems in the next five years."

Yolanda was also a little perplexed

as

asked, "Did he catch a

recently? Or did he eat

he

wasn't supposed to the det

"No." Jude shook his head. "He doesn't really eat. He only eats a little bit of oatmeal at most.

"I'm at wit's end. I really don't know what's wrong with my father."

"Let's go take a look."

Without seeing Alfred physically, Yolanda wasn't able to diagnose him of anything from Jude's words.

Yolanda and Jude had entered the Kaufman mansion and had gone up to the second floor via stairs.

"My father's room is at the end of the hallway." When they had arrived at the second floor, Jude gestured for Yolanda to walk with him as he

led the way in front.

Yolanda suddenly stopped in her tracks after walking two steps and looked at the room on her side.

"What is it?" Jude looked back to see Yolanda standing in front of a door.

"Whose room is this?"

Yolanda caught a whiff of a very unique scent. To be exact, it was the woody, nutty scent of whiskey.

Horace Shelton, Yolanda's third

master, was an alcohol connoisseur. When she was in Talon Academy not only did she learn medicinal skills and martial arts, but she also learned about Horace's unique alcohol brewing recipes and techniques.

"The room that you're referring to is a storage room to store antiques and other

valuables," Jude replied. He was surprised.

"Is there anything wrong with this room? Is there a thief?"

"No, I just caught a whiff of a familiar aroma." Yolanda smiled faintly.

"It's the fragrance of whiskey."

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Chapter 778

[609 words]

"Whiskey?" Jude was slightly taken aback and quickly shook his head. "It's impossible to have alcohol at home.

"My father is quite fond of drinking, but because of his health, he had to quit drinking. Joel and I were worried that our father would see good alcohol and couldn't resist the temptation of drinking, so we took away all the alcohol from the mansion and gave strict instructions to forbid anyone from drinking alcohol in the estate.

"We don't even allow the bringing of alcohol bottles in here."

Jude and Joel had really done a lot of hard work to make sure Alfred quit drinking.

"Could it be that my dad's alcoholism is acting up again? He wouldn't be drinking in his room secretly, would he?" Jude's face fell.

"That cannot be!" He walked briskly to the room at the end of the hallway. "Don't be so anxious, Commissioner Kaufman," Yolanda said quickly.

"What if it's true that Old Mr. Kaufman had started drinking again? If you barge in like this, you'd alert him now, wouldn't you?"

"S-So what do we do?" Jude stopped in his tracks and started slowing down.

What Yolanda said had made a lot of sense.

"I'll examine Old Mr. Kaufman first. If he recently did consume alcohol, it would affect his numbers. If he had recently drank a lot of wine, I'd be able to tell. Then, we can discuss our plan after that."

"Thank you, Ms. Henderson." Jude tried to control his expression and knocked on Alfred's room door.

"Come in." Alfred's voice was heard from the inside. He sounded weak, feeble, and downtrodden.

Jude opened the door and walked in with Yolanda.

Alfred was leaning against the head of the bed with a chess notation book in his hand.

His face was ashen, his eyes were sunken, and his forehead was tightly etched into a frown. He looked haggard.

"What brings you here, Yolanda?" Alfred straightened up when he saw Yolanda.

"I heard you weren't feeling well, so I came to take a look." Yolanda brought her medical kit to Alfred's bed.

"Why did you have to disturb Yolanda, you brat?" Alfred glared at Jude exasperatedly. "She has a clinic to run and she has to go to school. Why trouble her?"

"I've not been that busy recently, and the school granted me a leave of absence," Yolanda explained with faint smile as she grabbed Alfred's hand to read his pulse.

Alfred had not been cooperating with their family doctors with the examination, but when it came to Yolanda, Alfred was patient. His temper didn't even flare up at all, which was rare for him.

"You don't have to examine me. I know myself well. I'm fine." Yolanda focused on reading Alfred's pulse. She didn't respond to him.

She also caught a whiff of the same alcoholic aroma that she had smelled from the storage room on Alfred's sleeves.

Yolanda was taken aback. After she saw how down Alfred was, she smiled.

She seemed to have accidentally found out the reason for Alfred's symptoms.

Right after, she released Alfred's hand and said, "You haven't been in a good mood recently huh, Old Mr. Kaufman?"

Alfred merely sighed in reply.

"You're not in a good mood, Dad?" Jude inched closer to Alfred and asked, "Who made you upset?"

"It's nothing." Alfred shook his head. "I'm just not in a good mood."

"Don't keep secrets from me, Dad!" After hearing what Alfred had said, Jude's anxiety grew.

"What's the use of telling you that?"

Alfred was annoyed with the

questions, so he frowned and waved

his hands. "Don't annoy me now, and that will be you doing me a huge favor."

Alfred had encountered something he wasn't able to resolve, and that had ruined his mood, but he didn't want to tell Jude about it.

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Chapter 779

[635 words]

"Dad..." Jude was reluctant. He wanted to continue his questions when Yolanda turned to him and said, "I'll give you a prescription to help Mr. Kaufman Senior with his appetite with no side effects."

Then, she looked at Alfred and said, "You may be in a bad mood, but you still have to eat on time. If you don't have enough nutrients, it would be bad for your organs."

"Okay," Alfred replied languidly.

Yolanda shot Jude a meaningful look, silently hinting him to follow her out.

The moment Jude stepped out the door, he asked Yolanda anxiously, "Why won't you let me question him clearly, Ms. Henderson? Something is obviously bothering my father."

"He doesn't want to tell you that. If you continue to ask, you won't get anything either, and you'll make him mad."

"What do we do?" Jude sighed dejectedly. "We can't just allow him to be so listless."

"I think I know what's causing him to be like this." Yolanda glanced at the storage room and thought aloud.

"What is it?" Jude's eyes gleamed. "Please tell me, Ms. Henderson!"

"No rush. Let me first confirm something." Yolanda walked toward the storage room after she was done. "Do you have the keys to the room?"

"I'll get it from the butler." Jude went down immediately after that and came back with the keys after a while. He opened the door, feeling confused.

"Why are you suddenly interested in our storage room, Ms Henderson?"

"There's something in there that's causing Mr. Kaufman Senior to be like this."

The both of them entered the storage room. It might be called a storage room, but it was more spacious than an ordinary bedroom. All of the items in there were neatly placed.

Jude surveyed the surroundings and didn't find anything out of the ordinary. He looked at Yolanda in confusion as he waited for her to explain it to him.

Yolanda stood by the door and took a careful sniff. She very quickly found the rack where the alcoholic aroma was the strongest, but she didn't find any bottles or glasses. She lowered her head and glanced at the corner and found a trashcan in the corner.

She went to the trashcan and took out gloves from her medical kit. After she wore them, she started searching through the trash can.

"Ms. Henderson, you-" When Jude saw Yolanda starting to look through the trash, he was shocked.

"Found it!" Yolanda found glass shards with labeling on it.

"This is—" Jude was in disbelief. Why were there still alcohol bottles in the house?

"I have a way to resolve his symptoms." Yolanda carefully gathered all the glass shards from the trashcan and wrapped them with gauze. Then, she placed it in the medical kit.

"I'll come back three days later and you'll know what's going on then."

"These two days, my father..."

"I'll give him a prescription to increase his appetite. Just make sure he eats regularly for the next two days." Yolanda got up and went out the door.

"Everything is normal with him. Nothing's wrong. As long as we solve the problem from its roots, he'll be fine."

"What do you need me to do?" Jude followed Yolanda down and got the driver to send Yolanda back to Willow Creek Clinic.

"You can get your men to buy some things for me." Yolanda thought about it and said, "I'll send you a list later. It'll be best if you could send those things to Willow Creek Clinic by this afternoon."

"Okay. I'll have it prepared."

...

There weren't many patients in the clinic in the afternoon. After Dunstan had given a pharyngitis patient their medication, he sat lazily by the table and was about to fall asleep when he heard footsteps outside the door.

He thought they had new patients and quickly sat upright only to find three bodyguards dressed in suits carrying a bunch of bottles and other things into the clinic.

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[449 words]

"Who are you?"

Dunstan rose and approached the three men while eyeing their belongings suspiciously. He wondered if this was another one of Boris' schemes to trap them.

"We're here to deliver items to Ms. Henderson."

"Have they arrived already?"

Just then, Yolanda pushed aside the curtain and walked in from the backyard. She carefully examined the bottles and containers that were delivered before nodding with satisfaction. Jude was indeed quite efficient at his work; everything she requested had arrived in less than an hour.

"Ms. Henderson, what are you planning to do?" Dunstan and the others watched curiously as Yolanda directed the three men to move everything to the backyard.

"Brewing spirits."

Yolanda washed her hands and changed into more practical clothes in the lounge. Then, she began sterilizing the containers in the yard.

"Brewing spirits?" Dunstan's eyes widened in surprise. "Are we turning our clinic into a liquor store?"

"First, help me wash the malted barley, then those two barrels-"

Under Yolanda's direction, Dunstan and the others got busy with the preparations. But brewing spirits was not a one-day process.

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Three days later, Yolanda retrieved an oak barrel from the backyard. The aging time was shorter than usual. But when she removed the seal and took a whiff, the aroma matched perfectly with the spirits she had smelled at the Kaufman residence.

James was an expert distiller who was particularly skilled at recreating spirits. Having learned from him, Yolanda could replicate many kinds of liquor almost perfectly.

...

On the third afternoon, Jude sent a car to Willow Creek Clinic to pick up Yolanda. She brought a huge bottle to Alfred's bedroom door.

"Ms. Henderson, what are you doing?" Jude was bewildered and surprised by the bottle she was carrying. "We finally got my father to quit drinking, and now you're

bringing him alcohol..."

"This spirit will help him make peace with his past." After speaking, Yolanda knocked and entered. Jude had no choice but to follow her reluctantly.

"Yolanda, why are you here again?" Alfred asked. He was surprised to see her carrying a bottle. "Wait, that scent..."

Before Yolanda could get closer, Alfred jumped out of bed and took a deep breath. He sniffed carefully.

"This is the Vitner Reserve from St. Claire's Distillery!" He stared intently at the bottle in Yolanda's hands, as if afraid she might drop it. "Let me see that bottle!"

Yolanda handed it over with a subtle smile. Watching his father's reaction, Jude worried that Alfred's craving for alcohol was indeed the reason he had been refusing to eat properly.

But things turned out differently than what Jude had expected. When Alfred received the bottle, he did not immediately pour himself a glass. Instead, he carefully examined the spirit inside and brought it close to his nose to sniff harder.

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