

# Rebirth of the Deadly Beauty

c 791

[ 675 words ]

"Yolanda got boycotted?" Diana exclaimed.

Diana saw how excited Kate was and didn't think she seemed to be joking. She grabbed her phone from the patio and started scrolling through local news.

Lo and behold, everyone was fervently discussing the boycotting action from the prominent families on different forums. Even Creybianians were alerted to this.

Harold, who had just exited his study, overheard Diana and Kate's conversation and stopped in his tracks. He lowered his head, glanced at the two women downstairs, frowned slightly, and went back into his study.

He bore some responsibility for the Cavanaugh's boycott of Yolanda.

If he hadn't brought Yolanda to treat Lennox so he could curry favor with the Cavanaugh's in the beginning, none of this would have happened after that.

Now that the matter had escalated so severely, he couldn't even intervene even if he wanted to. He could only watch helplessly as matters worsened.

Diana and Kate, who were in the living room, didn't notice that Harold had briefly left his study. They were too engrossed in reading the online discussions.

"I've disliked her for a long time. The last time I saw her, not only did she not come over to greet me, but she yelled at me without even an ounce of manners.

"All she does is pretend to be powerful and haughty all day. Who gave her the audacity to act in this manner?" Kate spat.

She was so happy to see Yolanda in misery like she had won the lottery.

"That jinx!" Diana slammed her phone down after reading a few pages of the online forum.

"How unlucky."

In the Hoffman residence in Creybia, a long-haired young lady in a white dress stood by the French windows in her room. Her phone was to her ear, and she was listening to her subordinates' reports.

"Are you saying that those few Creybian families are making such a big fuss to go against a young lady who isn't even two decades old?"

"You're right."

The person on the other side of the phone fell silent for a little while before continuing, "I've looked into her background as well. She's from the Henderson branch family.

"She has no background and not much capability. She was once in the juvenile detention center for a while, and for reasons unknown, she seemed to have experienced sudden change after she left the detention center.

"She has been chased out of the Henderson family and is now running her own little clinic. It has been said that the clinic is bursting with people every day and making decent profits."

"Interesting." The young lady's near-perfect, exquisitely delicate face remained emotionless, but there was an eerie smile on her lips.

"How interesting."

...

That night was meant to be a night with no peace. In Amberval, the country that was one Pacific Ocean away from Havaria, a middle-aged man sat before the computer in a Cutomian-styled villa.

The street map view of Havarian's Riverdale city was displayed on the computer screen with Willow Creek Clinic circled red on it.

The man's face was stormy and dark as he fought the urge to punch a hole through the computer screen.

Suddenly, the phone he had placed on the table rang. When he

answered the phone, he heard a cold, menacing voice saying, "Cayden Shaw, cancel your flight ticket back home right now and standby where you are."

Yolanda didn't seem to be affected at all by the Cavanaughs, Caldwells, and the others' boycott.

She went to the clinic during these two days as usual. It was only that the clinic's business had plummeted after the few great families' boycott statement was published.

Other than a few elderly men and women who didn't use the Internet regularly, no other patients came to the clinic at all.

Yolanda wasn't anxious at all. She was happily ordering Dunstan and the rest to help her with her spirit brewing.

Even though Yolanda wasn't anxious, the others at Willow Creek Clinic were unbelievably anxious as they paced around. They were trying to find a way through this.

Sadly, they had limited capabilities. They might have some decision-making power in Riverdale, but they had no power against the Cavanaughs at all.

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## Chapter 792

[ 652 words ]

It was the weekend in a blink. It was the day of Willow Creek Clinic's hundredth- day celebration.

Dunstan had balloons arranged to form a "100", and had confetti cannons prepared to be blasted as the celebration began.

There was a spread of delicious, bite-sized snacks with antioxidant-rich hibiscus tea free for guests to enjoy.

The situation might be dire, but the people of Willow Creek Clinic were joyfully busy. Many of them had worn new clothes to celebrate. Jamie had even sponsored new uniforms for a few of the aids in the clinic.

Even Kieran, who had just recovered from a major illness, and Selena, who was taking care of him, had come out of the back wing to help out in the clinic within their means.

Kieran had impressive penmanship, so Dunstan had arranged for him to greet and register guests at the registration counter.

Jamie and Raven wore the same royal blue traditional Havarian costumes adorned with pearls as they stood by the door to welcome guests.

However, the people of the clinic had run around busily preparing the celebration for more than an hour for Titan Alley, where the clinic was located, to still be eerily quiet just as the celebration was about to begin. There was no one in sight at all.

"Did we set the timing too early?" Dunstan asked with a grimace. "We shouldn't have set the celebration to begin at 8.00 am. Everyone is probably still asleep."

In reality, the street would already be bustling with life at this time. The saying of everyone still being in bed was unlikely valid, but since it was still quiet all around, they didn't feel too good about it. So, they had to find an excuse to make themselves feel better.

Dunstan and the rest were worried that Yolanda's mood would be affected, so they tried to avoid bringing up the topic of them being boycotted.

On the contrary of their worries, Yolanda was very optimistic.

"It's good that there aren't a lot of people here. I'll treat all of us to tacos after we've blasted the confetti cannons."

"Aren't you not even a bit down, Ms. Henderson?" Just as Dunstan had asked that, someone had slapped him across the back of his head.

"Go help out at the front door. Don't be saying things you shouldn't be saying," Jamie hissed in a low voice.

Dunstan realized that he had misspoken. He scratched his head sheepishly and ran to the door to hang up more balloons.

Yolanda was the most free in the entire clinic. Not only did she have nothing to do, she also wasn't worried if anyone would come later.

It was quickly 8.00 am. Even if no one came, the celebration would go on as planned.

Dunstan ignited the confetti cannons by the door and cheered loudly as the confetti cannons blasted with a bang.

The echoes of the confetti cannon blasts reverberated through the entire Titan Alley, giving the otherwise quiet street a sense of celebration.

Just as the confetti cannons sounded, many luxury cars came from the other end of the street. They stopped on the road opposite Willow Creek Clinic, taking up nearly the entire side of the road.

These were mostly Porsches and Landrovers, with a few limited-edition sports cars that were very attention-grabbing.

People from the Yorkshire family,

the Quinton family, the other Creybian families, and Daphne from the Cavanaugh family got out of their cars after they had come to a complete stop.

They were followed by assistants, bodyguards, and many more. There were about a hundred people gathering together to watch Yolanda's misery.

There were also some citizens who came for the drama.

Since they were only there to watch the drama unfold, as long as they didn't step foot into the clinic, they wouldn't be dragged into the mess.

On the edge of the crowd, Kate and Eddie assimilated themselves with the bystanders. They watched gloatingly at Yolanda's misery. Kate had even whipped out her phone. She was planning to capture this exhilarating scene.

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## Chapter 793

[ 577 words ]

Another two minutes had passed. A silver-gray Aston Martin had arrived. Miranda, who was wearing a fiery red, midi evening dress with a diamond-studded crown on her head, had made a dramatic entrance. She was fully dressed up with a queen's flare.

The crowd oohed and aahed the moment she got out of her car.

Miranda was considered a beauty. Her proud stance was natural as she exuded a commanding, unquestionable dominance. It was as if she was born to be a queen. She seemed superior to all, and no one should be allowed to go against her.

Then, Jean, Judas, and the other Creybian rich kids made their appearances one by one. They were all dressed up exquisitely with grand outfits and jewelry galore as if they were about to attend a red carpet event.

Jean had brought many friends with her today, but they were incomparable to her in outfit and poise. In comparison to her friends, Jean appeared majestic. She was surrounded by attention and admiration as she gazed haughtily at Willow Creek Clinic from across the road.

"I'll soon be able to see your downtrodden and miserable look, Yolanda. It feels horrible to be boycotted, huh?" Jean muttered with a smile, but her eyes glinted coldly.

"You're here too, Ms. Yorkshire?" Miranda saw Jean and nodded her head at her in acknowledgment as she greeted her politely, yet pridefully.

"Why would I miss such an amazing opportunity?" Jean went to Miranda and hugged her arm affectionately. "You have got to save me a good seat, Miranda.

"I have to see Yolanda in her misery for myself."

No one would possibly have any interaction with Yolanda anymore after the Cavanaughs, Caldwells and the rest had released their statement.

How else could this initially insignificant clinic survive without patients?

No matter how presumptuous Yolanda was, she could only watch helplessly as she got trampled and buried in dirt, having lost her source of income and protection from her family.

It was Willow Creek Clinic's

hundredth-day celebration today. It would also be Yolanda's death day. Jean wanted everyone to know that this would be the outcome of crossing the Creybian aristocrats.

Jean, Miranda, and the people behind them watched Yolanda and the empty Willow Creek Clinic arrogantly. Yolanda was a nobody. How dare she go up against them? How ridiculous.

"Tell me, do you think Yolanda will cry anxiously when she finally realizes that no one will dare go to her clinic, and that other forces won't dare to support her anymore?" Jean toyed with her million-dollar gemstone bracelet as she smiled gloatingly at Yolanda, who was in the clinic on the other side of the street.

"She's just pretending to be nonchalant. I bet she's feeling so anxious inside it's eating her up."

Just as Jean and the rest were

watching gloatingly opposite Willow Creek Clinic, wanting to add more insult to Yolanda's injury, Yolanda, who was initially standing at the registration counter, had retreated silently to the back wing with her phone in her hand.

Rowan was calling her.

"Hello?"

"What have you done to make those second-rate Creybian families as triggered as they are, Yulie?" Rowan might have called to seemingly show concern, but there wasn't much worry laced in his tone.

"Oh, you found out," Yolanda replied nonchalantly. "Do you know Boris Caldwell? I caused his antique shop to lose billions of dollars.

"As for Lennox Cavanaugh, the local tyrant from Dunhill, he's so sick, he's about to die, so I told him to kneel at my clinic before I'd save him."

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## Chapter 794

[ 624 words ]

A chill ran down Rowan's spine as he heard Yolanda's reply. He couldn't help but exclaim, "Wow, Yulie, you've got a lot of courage."

The former princess of the Hoffman family didn't even have to take care of these puny characters personally since there would be a group of people who would eagerly volunteer to get rid of these pests for her... But Yolanda's identity at that moment was just an ordinary student.

Even so, Rowan thought that it was very fitting of Yolanda's character to do as she did.

If she were to shy away and be limited in her actions, if she didn't dare to retaliate after she was bullied, it would be very unlikely of the youngest sister the Hoffman brothers knew.

Even if Yolanda might seem like she was a bully on the front, Rowan knew his sister very well.

Yolanda had never oppressed others just because she was the princess of the Hoffman family. If Boris and Lennox had not crossed her first, she wouldn't bully them like this.

"Are you just calling me to get the scope of the latest news, Rowan?" Yolanda's tone was casual. She wasn't bothered by how Willow Creek Clinic's celebration would go on.

"Of course not. Am I that kind of person to you?" Rowan feigned sorrow.

"You didn't even tell me after such a huge thing happened. I had to find out all of this online. You never tell me anything anymore since you've left home, Yulie.

"As your brother, I'm heartbroken. I've decided to rebuild our relationship as siblings."

"Speak properly." Yolanda's tone might be cold, but she was smiling.

"It means that I'll be going to Riverdale soon. Are you excited?"

Yolanda was speechless. "No. Goodbye," Yolanda spat.

She hung up, but Rowan called her back immediately.

"Why are you coming to Riverdale? To make me reveal my true identity sooner than expected?"

It would surely attract the attention

of all families if Rowan, a Hoffman who usually lived in Creybia, frequently interacted with an

ordinary girl from Riverdale.

Even if these people couldn't connect the dots for the time being, it would still bring great trouble to Yolanda, with her having her current identity. The world was always watching, especially when it concerned the top three families'

marital alliances.

"Of course not. I just want to go there and see how you're doing."

Yulia and Rowan were only two years apart. She was closer to Rowan than her other three brothers

because he was the closest to her in age. This was why Rowan and Yolanda spoke like equals

"I realized you've become a lot colder to me since arriving at Riverdale, Yulie. Tell me, have you gotten yourself new brothers out there?"

Yolanda was speechless. "Your imagination is getting out of hand," Yolanda thought.

"I've always replied to your pointless texts." Yolanda tried to adjust her tone to make sure she didn't sound too exasperatedly disdainful.

If she triggered Rowan-the-actor into making an appearance, she was afraid that he might just jump on his private plane and head to Riverdale immediately.

"You only reply with one emoticon all the time. You might as well not reply." Rowan started his act of incessant grumbling.

"I don't care. I'm sure you have someone else out there. I want to go to you so I can monitor you closely!"

Yolanda was quiet for a while before she used her ace. "Does Caleb know?"

"Of course, he does! He's the one who had asked for me to go to Riverdale," Rowan replied cheerfully.

Yolanda was caught off guard. "You're saying Caleb had asked for you to come to Riverdale?"

Yolanda couldn't help but raise her voice, startling the wild cat who was sunbathing in the back wing. The cat leaped onto a wall and scurried away.

"Don't be too emotional." Rowan was finally willing to have a proper conversation after he was satisfied with his playful act.

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## Chapter 795

[ 694 words ]

"We needed someone to assess a project at Riverdale. However, there have been people causing trouble here recently, so initially, Caleb wanted to send Isaac since he didn't want more trouble, but I took the initiative to volunteer myself.

"That's why he's sending me there," Rowan explained.

"When are you arriving then?" Yolanda was contemplating if she needed to do some preparation ahead of time.

"Not so soon. Earliest would be the beginning of next month." Rowan sighed. "I've got a case here that I can't leave alone for the time being, but my men are already on their way to Riverdale."

Yolanda hung up resignedly. She had a feeling if Rowan were to come to Riverdale, it would cause a huge turmoil at Riverdale once more.

Just as Yolanda had put away her phone and walked out to the clinic, a van had entered stealthily into Titan Alley. However, instead of parking on the opposite road, they stopped right in front of the clinic's entrance.

There was a glimmer of light in Dunstan's and others' eyes as they stood by the entrance. Someone had finally arrived!

Unlike what they had expected, a flurry of coins and flowers flew out of the doors and windows of the van the moment it was opened. They covered the ground entirely.

"Damn it! Do they really think that we're powerless here?" Dunstan and the rest were furious as they glared at the people in the van.

It was clear that they were up to no good since they were throwing coins and flowers that were usually left on graves at them on such a joyous occasion.

Even though Dunstan and the rest were not superstitious, no one liked seeing such a thing happen.

"This is our congratulatory gift to you. Get Yolanda to come out here to acknowledge our fucking gift." Eight people came down of the van despite the people of Willow Creek Clinic yelling at them.

The young man leading them had a cigarette in his mouth. His eyes glinted with

menace.

It was the long-lost Lewis.

After Lyceo Cosmeceuticals was

shut down and the Judd Corporation. faced continuous troubles, the

Judds weren't doing so well after they lost the protection from Doxcon Group. Lewis, who was initially arrogant and full of himself, had to humble himself and lie low.

He hated Yolanda, but he couldn't do anything about it.

When he found out that the Cavanaughs and the others were boycotting Willow Creek Clinic, he immediately felt vindicated.

He didn't think he would get such a good opportunity to redeem himself before that VIP from the Hoffman family could arrive at Riverdale.

He thought the heavens must loath Yolanda so much for doing so many despicable things that they had sent punishment her way.

Not only did Lewis spray a flurry of coins and flowers for Yolanda bright and early in the morning, but he also got her a coffin. Even if these things wouldn't be able to actually hurt Yolanda, the thought of ruining Yolanda's day on such an occasion had him feeling elated, like he was rubbing salt in her wound.

"Hah! It looks like Willow Creek Clinic is really loathed for someone to leave them coins and flowers like this."

"Tsk! How ominous."

"I don't think this clinic can continue operating anymore."

Jean, Miranda, and the rest watched as Willow Creek Clinic was covered with coins and flowers and shared a gloating smile. They were all

watching eagerly and waiting line

how Yolanda and the rest were going to turn this around.

"You bastard!" Dunstan and the rest rushed out from the clinic to face Lewis head-on.

"Grab all your bad omens and get out of here!" Jamie roared. "Or trust me when I say, I'll get Eternal Clan apprentices to beat you up!"

Lewis smirked and retorted, "My, my. Isn't this Ms. Useless from the Yate family? You don't even have the qualifications to be an heir.

"How shameless of you to use the name of Eternal Clan to pressure me! Did Eternal Clan send anyone to celebrate with Willow Creek Clinic today? Do you see anyone? Hah!

"Mr. Yate gave up on you a long time ago. Of course, he wouldn't care about trivial matters like these to go against the prominent families. You can continue dreaming of beating me up!"

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## Chapter 796

[ 592 words ]

"You!" Jamie was enraged. She raised her fist and was about to punch Lewis when Yolanda, who had just walked out of the clinic, stopped her.

"Ms. Henderson?" Jamie was confused. "He's too cocky. If we don't teach him a lesson-

"Why stoop to his level?" Yolanda interjected without even sparing Lewis a glance. "If a wild dog bit you as you walked on the streets, would you fight the dog too?"

"Hahaha! You're right, Ms. Henderson! We shouldn't stoop to his level."

Yolanda's words had Dunstan and the rest bursting out in laughter.

However, they still couldn't release the anger they felt.

"However, even if the dog is annoying, we'd still have to teach it a lesson," they added.

"You bitch! Who're you calling a dog?" The smug look on Lewis' face cracked. His facial features were contorted. His bodyguards were glaring venomously at them, but no one dared to make the first move.

They were bodyguards from the Judd family. They were once defeated by Yolanda.

Yolanda wasn't bothered by Lewis' fury. She might seem like she was speaking to Jamie, Dunstan, and the rest, but each word she spoke was so insulting to Lewis that it made him want to combust in anger.

"Don't underestimate these animals. Even dogs know how to guard their masters. You may have thought that the Judd family had fallen, but they were very sincere in celebrating us.

"What we think of as omens of bad luck are all they could afford. It's the thought that counts. We can't be so mean to him, isn't that so?"

"You're right, Ms. Henderson. We really shouldn't expect much from animals." Dunstan and the rest might be angry, but what Yolanda had said had calmed them down.

With the people of those prominent families watching and waiting for misfortune to happen to Willow Creek Clinic, if they really were to throw hands with Lewis, they would probably be accused of causing public disturbances.

It was fortunate that Yolanda was calm and had prevented Jamie from punching Lewis in the nick of time.

"But do we just stand and watch them act so smugly in front of us, Ms. Henderson?" Jamie asked in a low voice.

"The Judd family is close to bankruptcy anyway. So, why the rush?" Yolanda smiled faintly.

She always settled scores, but she didn't bother with clowns like Lewis who no longer had the ability to cause any harm.

Even if she wanted to settle scores with him, she wasn't in a rush to do so.

She had only needed to find time to make the Judd family truly go bankrupt.

Lewis watched as Yolanda and Jamie chimed in one after another and balled his fists. Alas, he had no choice but to retract his reluctance, stop his provocation, and retreat to

the opposite street.

When he walked past Jean, he lowered his voice and muttered, "I'm sorry Ms. Yorkshire. I couldn't get her to throw hands."

"Useless piece of trash!" Jean huffed coldly as she waved her hands with disdain. "Fuck off to the back."

Lewis lowered his head while hiding the rage in his eyes.

Everyone took him as a defeated scum, and everyone wanted to have their share of humiliating him but

he would turn things aut

soon. . FindNovel

very

When that VIP arrived in Riverdale, Yolanda, the Yorkshires, and everyone else would have to kneel and worship him!

"I advise you to stop struggling, Yolanda. It's impossible. No one is coming to celebrate your stupid clinic.

"No one else will be coming to your

clinic for

tilted

treatment ever again." Jean

chin up a little as she

looked proudly at Yolanda.

"That's right. You'd better know your place and close your clinic down. Stop

humiliating yourself."

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## Chapter 797

[ 651 words ]

"How dare you go up against us, the Creybian scions, you lowly peasant? Know your place!" Jean's friends, who stood behind her, sneered and scoffed haughtily at Yolanda.

Kate, who was hiding amid the crowd, felt so pleased with what she was seeing she yelled along as well. "You pesky bitch! You've overestimated yourself and look at how karma repays you!"

"How dare you cross Mr. Caldwell? This is your outcome!"

As the crowd became rowdy, shrieking for Yolanda to close down her clinic, a BMW came into Titan Alley and stopped in front of Willow Creek Clinic.

The crowd, who were previously still hollering, suddenly went silent.

No one believed that anyone would still dare to show up at Willow Creek Clinic.

Just as they were all watching curiously and wanting to take a better look at who was in the car, the car door opened. A young lady dressed in a white dress came out. She didn't dress up extravagantly but was more attractive than Jean and the rest who came in full glam makeup.

She exuded a pure, untainted-like beauty that won against dressed-up, glammed-up Christmas Trees filled with different kinds of jewelry. She was so beautiful people couldn't look away.

She held a bouquet in her hands, which she quickly stuffed into Yolanda's hands the moment she got out of the car, and smiled. "Am I late, Yolanda?"

"Ms. Summers!" Dunstan and the rest exclaimed as they were pleasantly surprised by the young lady who had just arrived.

"No, you're right on time." Yolanda was unexpectedly and forcefully given a bouquet of flowers. She raised her head exasperatedly and smiled at Winnie.

"When the celebration is over, let's go have tacos."

"I came deliberately to show you support, Yolanda. I've even borrowed a BMW from a friend. I didn't embarrass you, right?" Winnie winked playfully at Yolanda and took the bouquet from Yolanda's arms once more.

"You can continue making sure everything is okay here. I'll get a vase to put the flowers in." Winnie brought the flowers in.

The people watching on the opposite street, who were waiting for Yolanda to close down her clinic in humiliation, frowned with displeasure.

"Damn it, damn it! Linda gave birth to a fool!" Kate, who was amongst the crowd, stomped her feet with rage.

"How dare Winnie show support to Yolanda the bitch? She really doesn't know what she's worth, huh?"

"That's about all they could see," Eddie jeered. "You made the right choice by going to Creybia, Mom. If not, I really can't imagine how these people would drag you down."

"You're right. These people from lowly places really can't think ahead at all. They should've avoided being pulled into this."

"Winnie is foolish beyond words."

How could she think that now is the time to show her support? She dared to support Yolanda today, and tomorrow, her parents will be fired!"

"Hah! Another insignificant nobody." Jean scoffed disdainfully at Winnie, who had garnered all of the attention.

"She's just a lowly peasant with no background. Even if she showed Yolanda her support, it doesn't help Willow Creek Clinic at all."

"Didn't the people from Titan Merchant Association value Yolanda a lot previously?" Judas asked coldly. "With our families boycotting Yolanda, did you even see anyone standing up to defend Yolanda?"

"Poor Yolanda. She thought she was so powerful, but she's actually nothing when it comes to actual profits and interests."

Just as they were disregarding Winnie's appearance disdainfully, Sharon showed up at the clinic's entrance.

"I got you two bottles of champagne to celebrate with you!" Sharon chirped.

She couldn't care less about what her family advised her to do. All she knew was that her best friend was celebrating her clinic's 100th day. and if she didn't celebrate it with Yolanda, she wouldn't be able to live with herself.

"It seems like this pesky peasant is at wit's end." Miranda smiled.

"Those who have shown support are either country bumpkins or upstarts. There's nothing to fear. We'll just ban all of them."

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[ 625 words ]

Miranda didn't bother dealing with puny characters like Winnie and Sharon

herself. She had subordinates who wanted to curry favor with her. They would deal with them for her.

"It's nearly 9.00 am now. Those from elite families or big corporations won't be showing up now. This show isn't exciting at all. Let's not waste more time."

Jean yawned as she looked triumphantly in Yolanda's direction and hugged Miranda's arm affectionately. "Miranda, let's find a place—"

Suddenly, there was a series of car honking sounds heard from a distance. Then, a convoy of trucks was seen to be coming toward them.

These were trucks that were used when someone was relocating. There were ten of them, and they had taken over nearly half of the entire street.

When Jean and the rest saw the trucks, they laughed so hard they could barely remain standing.

What were they thinking? Whose idea was it to use lame trucks to put up a front because they didn't have luxury cars? This was hilarious!

Miranda and the rest were planning to go over to Yolanda to ridicule her before leaving when suddenly, the truck drivers jumped out of their trucks, opened up the trunk, and started carrying everything down from their storage compartments.

To name a few, there were precious antique vases that were at least a person's height, uniquely designed landscaping rocks, medicinal herbs and items that were rare and not commonly sold in the market, and many more.

All of these treasures had blinded the people on the opposite street.

Even if Jean and the rest were very used to seeing these valuables, they couldn't help but be in awe of the sight of ten trucks filled with them.

"W-What's going on?" Miranda was dumbfounded. She turned around and ordered Daphne, who was behind her, "Quickly, investigate where these things are from!"

At that moment, three luxury cars approached them as they came from the end of the street, stopping in front of Willow Creek Clinic. Three men came out of these

cars.

"Jeremy Granger from the Granger family—"

"Logan Fuel from the Fuel family—"

"Knox Seinfeld from the Seinfeld family—"

"—are here to congratulate Ms. Henderson. May your clinic thrive with prosperity and great success!"

As the three of them finished their

declaration, a hundred confetti cannons blasted off at the same

time. The echoes of the blast

thundered through the entire street in a ground-shaking, deafening way.

"How did it end up like this?" Miranda and Jean shared a look. They saw how panicked and shocked the other person was.

They didn't expect that people would still show up to support Yolanda, least of all the people from Riverdale's elite families.

The Grangers and the Fuels held important positions in the business world in Riverdale.

The Seinfelds didn't even need an introduction. Even though Vic wasn't here in person, Knox, his only son, was there, and it was enough to clearly state Doxcon Group and the Seinfeld family's stance.

"My father wanted to come

personally to congratulate you, Ms. Henderson, but my grandmother

was suddenly feeling unwell this net

morning, so he had to stay home to take care of her. He has asked me to convey his sincerest apologies."

Knox pointed at the trucks with treasures that were still yet to be taken down and continued, "This is a small token from us. It's from all three families. We hope you'll like them, Ms. Henderson."

Knox was usually a spoiled, rich brat. Yolanda wasn't used to him being all serious like he was today.

However, under Vic's tutelage, even though Knox still lacked experience, how he carried himself on an occasion like this already proved him suitable to be an heir.

"Mrs. Seinfeld Senior isn't feeling well? I'll come over to take a look later."

Beatrice was Yolanda's patient. Since she wasn't feeling well, Yolanda was morally obligated to check up on her.

"No need, no need."

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[ 618 words ]

Knox waved his hand dismissively and said, "My grandmother caught a cold, that's all. The family doctor has already given her medication. No need to trouble you, Ms. Henderson."

"That's good," Yolanda replied faintly. Then, she turned to Logan and Jeremy and said, "This way, please, Mr. Fuel, Mr. Granger."

Yolanda brought her guests in and got Dunstan and the rest to serve them snacks and tea.

Jean and the rest were still in shock on the opposite side of the road.

"Are they all stupid? Are they not afraid of us banning them as well?" Jean shrieked incredulously and she stomped her feet furiously.

"Ban them! Ban all of them!"

Just as Jean and the rest were stricken with rage, Logan and the rest had their drivers driving their cars away.

Then, just like the red carpet events, there were more three million-dollar luxury cars coming from the end of the street and heading toward them as well.

An old man of about 60 years old came out of one of the cars. He was followed by two bodyguards who were carrying a huge sign that spelled "Willow Creek Clinic".

"I'm here to congratulate you as well, Yolanda," said Nigel.

"Please, this way in, Mr. Hansen Senior!" Yolanda was surprised to see healthy, pink-faced Nigel at the entrance of her clinic.

Nigel usually didn't head out if there wasn't anything important.

His appearance today, especially under the circumstances of the Cavanaughs and the other families boycotting her, had given her and Willow Creek Clinic substantial support and respect.

"I've also brought you a gift, Yolanda. Why aren't you welcoming me too?"

Brigham, Nigel's grandson was also following behind him. He was only a few years older than Yolanda, so he wasn't very particular with how he spoke with Yolanda. "I was the one who came up with the idea of giving you signage."

"So many people are watching, Brigham. Don't joke around too much with Yolanda. Hurry up, hold Mr. Hansen Senior, and let's head in."

Zach came out of his car and ordered his men to carry his gifts inside. When everything was done, he made his way to Yolanda.

Miranda and Jean couldn't believe their eyes when they saw that Nigel and Zach had arrived in person.

If only the Grangers and the Fuels were present, they could only represent a few major corporations in Riverdale. However, Nigel and Zach were different, especially Nigel-he was a giant in Riverdale.

"Are they rebelling?" Jean was furious. "How dare they disobey us! Are they sick of living?"

"Since they're not afraid to die, let's boycott them as well." Miranda declared immediately.

"The shareholders of the Hansen family are suspected of smuggling illegal items. Investigate them!"

"There's a problem with Fusion Group's projects as well!"

The friends that Jean and Judas brought were all so angry that their facial features were contorted.

They were here to see Yolanda miserable so they could mock her for overestimating herself and not knowing her place. However, what they were seeing was Yolanda and Willow Creek Clinic in their glory, with no signs of any misery at all!

How dare families from a third-line city go against Creybian and Dunhill aristocrats? They really had a death wish.

How could Nigel and the rest deliberately not take the aristocrats into consideration, especially with the Caldwells involved? They were practically just stomping on their families' pride and dignity.

When the crowd, who were all waiting to watch the drama unfold, saw Zach and the rest making an appearance, they were all simmering with excitement.

Half of the important people of Riverdale city had made an appearance. Did it matter if Willow Creek Clinic was boycotted by the Caldwell family and others?

They were not even from Riverdale. They would surely face repercussions for trying to control too far beyond their reach!

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## Chapter 800

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Besides that, the Caldwells and the Yorkshires might be superior, unreachable VIPs to the ordinary citizens, but they were nobodies in Creybia, which was littered with aristocrats.

Even if they were to meet with an elite family, not even the top three families, they would have to lay low and humble themselves.

The ordinary citizens felt exhilaratingly satisfied as they watched so many forces of Riverdale showing up for Yolanda today.

So what if Riverdale was a small town? People from small towns prided themselves on dignity. They refused to let anyone else order them around!

Just as the crowd was cheering for Yolanda, Kate was about to pass out. She had a death grip on Eddie's arm as she uttered repeatedly to herself, "Impossible. That's impossible. How could Yolanda the bitch have so many people supporting her?"

Lewis' previously triumphant expression was completely gone. Only a grim expression was left.

Back in Willow Creek Clinic, Yolanda couldn't care less about how stifled Miranda felt.

She had ushered her guests indoors and served them tea while chatting with them.

Miranda saw the joyful and lively celebration scene inside Willow Creek Clinic and balled her fists tightly.

"It's time for us to thoroughly clean Riverdale up, Miranda," Jean said indignantly.

"They are clearly disregarding us. There's no need for you Cavanaughs to invest in Riverdale projects anymore. When I'm back, I'll report them to the officials and get the higher-ups to do a proper investigation on them."

"That's right. Those who need punishment should be punished, and those who need to be thrown in jail should be thrown into jail. None of them should think that they're going to have it well," Judas added as he grandstanded haughtily, with a bunch of fangirls clapping and cheering him on beside him.

"Don't worry. When I'm back, I'll withdraw all of the Cavanaugh family's investments. I'll make sure their projects get abandoned due to lack of funds." Viciousness flashed in Miranda's eyes.

"I'll show them what crossing us Cavanaughs entails-"

Before Miranda could finish, another car arrived at Willow Creek Clinic's door.

When the crowd saw the car's license plate number, they were flabbergasted.

It was RVD 100 A.

Only one person had the right to use this license plate number in Riverdale- Alfred, the current head of the Kaufman family.

Alfred was extremely influential before he stepped down as an official. Even after he had stepped down to serve in the seine services and was not involved in official matters anymore, influence toward Riverdale and even the entire Havarria did not diminish at all.

The moment Alfred's car appeared, Titan Alley fell into silence once more.

After the car had come to a stop, Jude and Joel got out of the car first. They were influential people as Riverdale officials, with one of them handling the intellects, and the other the armed forces.

Most importantly, they rarely showed up at any private events.

The last one to come out of the car was Alfred, who had captured everyone's attention. He easily gathered looks of reverence, shock, fear, and more with his presence. Alfred was more than 60 years old, yet his demeanor was no less than him in his prime.

Yolanda heard the commotion and had brought people out to greet them.

"Mr. Kaufman Senior."

"Commissioner Kaufman."

Alfred went up and immediately took Yolanda's hand as he asked with a smile, "Little one, how's the progress of the spirit I requested for you to brew?'ve been wanting to buy the spirits, and the thought of it really kept me up for several nights." Cóntent

Alfred's words seemed to suggest that the reason he was there was just for the Vitner Reserve spirits that Yolanda was brewing, but those around them knew that those were just lighthearted jokes.

No one was oblivious to the real reason he had come in person.

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