

How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence (Cassandra) Chapter 11

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Chapter 11

"Hmph. Jeremiah, what gives you the right to say that to me?" Raymond sneered at Jeremiah.

The provocation in his gaze was very obvious.

Cassandra coldly said, "If you want tonight's race to go off without a hitch, best you leave now. Otherwise, I won't hesitate to play spoiler."

"Ray, let's head back. The race will begin soon and you need to prepare. Cassandra won't be going anywhere for a while. We'll pick her up after the race." Yulissa urged Raymond.

Raymond finally gave up on the provocation and went back to his team after muttering a final threat to Cassandra, "Just you wait."

The race would begin soon.

In the first round, Jeremiah and Raymond would be competing with each other.

Raymond taunted Jeremiah, saying he was a loser before the race had even started, acting with no manners.

"Buckle down and if anything feels off, pull the brakes right away. Got it?" Cassandra advised Jeremiah.

She did not know the exact accident that had caused Jeremiah to break his arm in her previous life.

However, it must have happened during the race.

Since Jeremiah wanted to participate, Cassandra would just let him go. She would be there for him if something went wrong.

"Jeremiah, just racing isn't thrilling enough. Let's make this interesting, shall we?"

Raymond said provocatively.

He was bent on teaching Jeremiah and Cassandra, the perceived traitor, a lesson.

"So, how do you want to make it interesting?" Jeremiah agreed to go along with Raymond.

"How about we each take a female partner along for the ride?" Raymond continued,

"They'll sit in the passenger seat. Let's see who can get to the finish line in the fastest.

time. Oh, and your partner can't show any signs of discomfort five minutes after getting out of the car. What do you say?"

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Raymond was giddy with the idea of entrusting the race outcome to their respective partners.

Jeremiah agreed, "Okay. How should I choose my partner?"

"However you like, replied Raymond.

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He would choose Yulissa anyway. After all, she had watched so many car races with him and even rode in his car before. She did not show any common unwarranted reactions. like nausea or fainting but felt thrilled instead.

Meanwhile, Raymond knew Jeremiah quite well. The latter had always been alone.

Women were quite the rarity in Jeremiah's life, much less one who went for a ride in his car.

Confidently turning to Yulissa, Raymond proposed, "Yulissa, fancy a thrilling ride with me?"

Yulissa agreed, with an unmistakably obedient demeanor.

"Elaine, my fate is in your hands." Jeremiah naturally chose Casandra.

The next second, Casandra got into the passenger seat and waited for the race to begin.

Both competing cars lined up at the start, engines revving in a display of rivalry.

At the drop of the flag, they blitzed forward, disappearing into a cloud of dust.

The winding road was called by that name because of the complicated terrain and the twists and turns all along the road.

Seasoned drivers knew better than to speed on the treacherous bends. But Jeremiah and Raymond, gunning for the finish line, pumped the pedal to the metal.

Raymond's car was ahead, but Jeremiah's was so close to it that the latter might overtake Raymond at any moment.

Raymond used the S-curve tactic, blocking Jeremiah's advance.

The best choice for overtaking cars was on long straights and high-speed curves, with zigzag turns and hairpin corners following in line. When they hit the summit's second hairpin, Casandra sharply swerved to the right and gunned the accelerator, sending

the car hurling forward.

Raymond, who had expected to win, was shocked by that.

He could not believe that he was overtaken.

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It was as if Jeremiah and Casandra had this unspoken understanding-Casandra wresting control of the wheel and Jeremiah duly handing over the reins.

Raymond accelerated to catch up but failed. He was even out of his senses in the desire for winning, causing the car to skid sideways.

Yulissa screamed in fear.

Her scream only unsettled Raymond further. He, in a fit of panic, jerked the steering and sped towards the finish line, heedless of danger.

“Ah! Stop! Stop! I’m scared!” Yulissa shrieked throughout.

Helpless, she started struggling with the steering wheel frantically, throwing Raymond into shock. The car started drifting unpredictably, and the failed brakes couldn’t stall it.

“I don’t want to die! I don’t want to die!” Yulissa screamed.

With a loud crash and Yulissa’s shriek, the car came to a halt.

Blocking their path was Jeremiah’s car. To save their lives, Jeremiah and Casandra had risked their own, forcing Raymond’s car to stop.

Though they were safe now, Raymond wasn’t as lucky as Yulissa. When she fought for the steering wheel with him, they were very close to each other, and as the car was about to crash, Yulissa pushed him, resulting in his arm getting stuck.

As soon as the car ground to a halt, Yulissa flung open the car door and rushed out, screaming for help and shouting that she did not want to die.

In her panic, she completely overlooked her injured brother.

Jeremiah and Casandra got out of their car and slowly walked to the door of Raymond’s car, which the former kindly helped open.

“You lost, Raymond. Both you and your partner. But don’t worry, I won’t kick a man who’s down. Your beloved sister might’ve fled, leaving you stranded, but I’ve called for help. Whether they can salvage your arm... well, that’s fate.”

Jeremiah had no sympathy for those from the Yates family-they deserved to reap what

they'd sowed.

'His adored little sister left him immediately when there was danger, Jeremiah thought. Raymond clenched his teeth in pain.

He felt that his arm was broken, and he couldn't do racing or boxing anymore.

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However, what hurt him the most was that his most beloved sister had abandoned him and run off without hesitation.

Ironically, the sister he hated most had put her life at risk to save him.

Casandra looked at all that was happening indifferently.

She had figured it out. In Casandra's last life, Raymond had changed the competition rules last minute too, forcing Jeremiah to pick a novice partner. The lack of coordination had cost Jeremiah his arm in the ensuing crash.

In this current life, the situation had turned the other way around.

Casandra thought, 'What goes around, comes around, right?'

She glanced at Raymond with unfathomable emotion in her eyes.

After that, she got in the driver's seat of her car without looking back. Behind her, Jeremiah scurried into the passenger seat-lest Casandra abandon him in the middle of nowhere.

Casandra stepped on the accelerator, and the car disappeared from the summit.

No doubt, the most miserable person would be Raymond. He lost the championship, his sister Yulissa abandoned him, and no one came to ask for his well-being until an ambulance showed up half an hour later and took him to the hospital.

When the doctor arrived, Raymond had passed out due to the pain.

Fortunately, someone was there to save him.

Casandra parked the car on the winding road and left by herself.

Jeremiah was a little confused as he had no idea why she was angry. Moreover, she even showed such a fiery temper.

Back at Springmount Townhouse, Hugo had been waiting for Casandra to come home. "Welcome back, Ms. Yates. You must be tired. Have a good rest. You have class tomorrow."

He could finally feel relieved to see that she was safe and sound.

"Thanks, Hugo. You, too, should turn in soon." With that, Casandra returned to her room.

She told herself, 'Casandra, he brought it all upon himself. Raymond reaped what he sowed. None of this would have happened if he hadn't changed the rules. Have you not learned enough from Jeremiah's tragedy in your previous life? Raymond has a brother
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got!'

who's a genius doctor, but who saved Jeremiah back then? Raymond deserves what he