

How Death Became My Rebirth by Evelyn Florence (Cassandra) Chapter 14

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Chapter 14

Casandra calmly hung up the phone and recorded the scene.

“Do not move! Destroying the crime scene will warrant a more severe punishment.”

Today, she intended to get the pest of Honors Class One out.

this group

If everyone could remain peaceful till the day of SAT, she wouldn't target this people.

Unfortunately, some people simply didn't know what was good for them.

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“Are you done, Casandra? We didn't even do anything to you. Is it necessary to make a mountain out of a molehill?” The one who spoke was Samuel, the self-righteous class president and the most attractive boy in class.

“Samuel, if it were anyone else today, you would've sought justice for them, no?” What Casandra despised the most was these snobs who played up to those in power.

In the past two months since the enrolment, thanks to Yulissa, Casandra truly had a proper experience of what school violence was!

It was beyond her expectation that it'd happen again today.

“What are you guys arguing about? Don't you guys know the morning reading session has already started?” questioned Connor, the homeroom teacher.

He spotted Casandra standing on one side of the classroom, neither sitting nor speaking.

“Mr. Zeller, someone is disrupting the classroom discipline.” A student raised his hand. and pointed to Casandra.

She was also one of Yulissa's “best friends,” albeit Casandra couldn't recall the student's name.

“Casandra, get back to your seat and prepare for the morning reading.” Connor didn't want to get too involved. After all, it was already nearing the end of Grade 12, so he didn't care about the truth as long as it didn't affect others.

“I can't sit in my seat right now, Mr. Zeller,” Casandra replied offhandedly.

Connor glanced impatiently at her corner seat. It was full of garbage.

A frown appeared on his face as he

“What’s going on?”

Connor walked into the classroom and came to Casandra’s seat.

Chapter 14

“What’s going on? Who did this?” Evidently, someone had deliberately poured garbage on Casandra’s desk.

It shocked him that someone was actually engaging in school violence in his class.

“How dare you people bully your classmate!” he scolded inwardly.

Upon getting no response, Connor added, “Nobody’s talking, huh? Then, I’ll investigate it!”

“Mr. Zeller, none of us saw anything. Besides, why would they only target Casandra but not us? The problem must lie with her. Grade 12 is an important year, yet she’s complaining and implicating all of us over a little inconvenience. Isn’t she simply trying to waste our time?” Christine grumbled in displeasure.

Not wanting the homeroom teacher to investigate this matter, she thought, ‘She’s merely a country bumpkin. So what if she’s been bullied? What can she do? Find people to bully us back?’

‘As expected of lowly people. How imperceptive.’

Connor mulled it over, ‘Investigating this matter will indeed waste everyone’s time. It’s not worth it.’

“Casandra, clean up your seat and get ready for the lesson. Come to my office after class.”

Hence, Connor decided to keep the peace and downplay the issue.

“I can’t touch this, Mr. Zeller. This is evidence that I’m being bullied. The police will be coming soon. They’ll give me justice.”

Casandra paused before continuing, “I’ve also emailed the video I just shot to Mr. Huddleston. I believe he has already seen it.”

Her harmless-looking face appeared dainty and enchanting, but her actions were absolute and callous.

Christine immediately panicked upon hearing that Casandra had sent the video to the principal, Edward Huddleston.

“That’s impossible. How could this bumpkin have Mr. Huddleston’s email address?” she

brooded.

However, despite Casandra truly not having Edward's email address, the video that suddenly popped up on his computer screen at this moment could not be closed, no matter what he did!

Fri, 16 Feb M

Chapter 11

When he saw the situation clearly, he smacked the desk in rage.

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"The child I've been looking high and low for more than a year is actually in my school?"

What are the odds!

'But why is her desk so messy with what seems like garbage?

'Has she been subjected to school violence?

'Da mn!

Who dares to

bully my student?' Edward cursed to himself.

"Casandra, you-"

"Do you think I went too far, Mr. Zeller?" Casandra pretended not to understand and met Connor's eyes.

She knew it was impossible to expect these teachers to avenge her anyway.

Since that principal was also looking for her, she figured she'd let him take care of this matter.

There was no need for her to hide and not see anyone now that she'd planned to return to being herself.

"You're all classmates. You've indeed gone a little too far."

Connor chose his words carefully, afraid that Casandra's self-esteem would really be hurt.

"Mr. Zeller, perhaps she poured it all by herself just to frame someone. Don't be fooled by her!" Christine didn't want anyone to stand up for Casandra.

The words of the homeroom teacher were utterly indifferent and perfunctory.

"Who called us?" The police officers arrived.

"I did!"

Casandra's sweet, melodious voice instantly earned the police officers' sympathy.

They couldn't fathom how someone could bully such an optimistic girl.

The policemen walked up to Casandra and frowned at the sight of the mess and garbage on her desk.

'Isn't this an elite school?

"Who would do such a shrewish thing?" were their thoughts.

Chapter 14

"Who did this? Step forward, admit it, and apologize, and we can deal with this leniently," a policeman addressed the whole class.

Nonetheless, no one answered him.

At this time, Edward also came in.

Looking at Casandra's familiar face, he was practically over the moon on the inside.

"This child is really here! he thought.

"Who did this? Step

forward!" Edward fumed.

Connor hadn't expected the principal to arrive so soon.

"Mr. Huddleston..."

"Mr. Zeller, a student in your class has been bullied. What are you, as the homeroom teacher, even doing to look after your kids?"

"Especially when it comes to this sweetheart of mine, added Edward inwardly.

"Mr. Huddleston, this is a misunderstanding." Connor was a little unconfident.

"What misunderstanding? Isn't this already clear to see?" Edward shouted, astounded at how his teachers dealt with matters as such.

However, he seemed to forget that he, too, had the same attitude toward other parents and students when dealing with problems.

It was rare for him to be so determined to deal with something.

"Child, you have the police and principal here now. Tell us what exactly happened," asked a police officer gently.

"Mr. Zeller, I've been going through this every day since I joined the school two months ago..."

Cassandra elaborated on everything. Being splashed with water on the first day of school and having pen ink spilled on her desk were child's play.

Worse things had happened, such as being locked in the bathroom and having no way to get out until the janitor came to open the door.

Every day in school, her desk would bring her "surprises" like a mystery box.

It'd either be kicked over on the floor, dumped in the hallway, or thrown downstairs. Her books were dirty beyond belief too.

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Chapter 14

Hearing this, the policeman shuddered with fury from head to toe. 'What kind of elite school is this? How could the students be so crude!' he pondered.

Edward, too, was livid, not expecting that there were so many black sheep in his school.

Concurrently, he also inwardly rebuked Casandra for not going to him.

Truth be told, had Casandra not seen Edward at the graduation ceremony in her previous life, she wouldn't have known that this school belonged to him.

Back then, the business card given by the old man had long been thrown away by her.

"Do you have any evidence for everything you said?"

Casandra contemplated for a moment. She did have photo evidence, but it was not convincing enough.

"Please wait a minute, Officer."

With that, she took out her phone and did something.

One minute later, she said, "Officer, all the surveillance footage has been sent to your police station's email. You can ask your colleagues to check."

5/3