

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment She
Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter
231: Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts! 4

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Nora's car was too fast and too impatient, causing dust to fly.

The four people covered in dust looked at her simultaneously and saw the car stop. Nora pushed the door open and got out of the car.

When she saw that it was her, Jimmy's mother became nervous. She looked at Paul Quinlan, afraid that he would make things difficult for her.

As for Jordan, he stood between her and Paul Quinlan without hesitation. He used his powerful and muscular body to block Paul Quinlan's sudden attack.

After all, this was a "weak girl". He still had to protect her.

Huh, but something seemed off?

When Jordan saw Nora's thin and frail body, he had already forgotten that she had once fought more than ten people alone and rushed into Jimmy's bedroom. After all, he had not seen it himself.

When Lucas saw Nora, he was also stunned. He was about to call her Big Sister when he suddenly realized that there were too many people in front of him. Nora had specially instructed him not to reveal her identity in front of everyone.

Therefore, he opened his mouth and closed it again.

As he was conflicted about how to address her, Lucas did not speak for a moment.

Only Paul Quinlan snorted. "Miss Smith? You're here too? What's wrong? Did you hear that Mr. Hoffman is here and come over to show off?"

Lucas looked at Paul Quinlan in surprise.

Eh ? He knew Big Sister ?

But why did his tone sound a little off ?

As he was thinking about this, he saw Nora raise her eyebrows. She ignored him and looked at Jordan and Jimmy's mother instead. "Why are you guys here ?"

Jimmy's mother glanced at him and explained, "Cherry who took Jimmy in to study martial arts in, so we waited here for her to come out and pick him up."

Hearing this, Nora raised her eyebrows.

According to the old man's fondness for Cherry, if Cherry had said anything, the old man would have definitely stood up for Jordan and his wife. However, they had never thought of approaching Mr. Quinn through her.

This made her like Jimmy's mother even more.

She lowered her eyes. "Yes."

With that, she looked at Lucas and felt that it was not nice to talk about Quinn School of Martial Arts outside. Therefore, she said, "I'm afraid there'll be a war of words today. Lu..."

She hesitated for a while, not knowing how to call him. Mr. Lucas ? It was so strange...

As she was hesitating, Lucas had already reacted like a smart person. "Yes, yes. Everyone, come inside and find the lounge to sit down and chat!"

Lucas was puzzled by the entire matter.

From the looks of it, Big Sister seemed to treat Jordan and his wife well. But did she know that this couple was bullying their unofficial disciple ?

He felt that he should let Big Sister know in private so that she would not bully her family later.

Their Quinn School of Martial Arts was the most protective!

Paul Quinlan frowned in confusion when he saw Lucas's enthusiastic attitude. Then, he followed Paul Quinlan's words and turned around. "Yes, you're a guest. Let's talk inside!"

With that, Lucas added, "Bring your contract so that we can sign it!"

Paul Quinlan's restless heart instantly settled back into his stomach with these words.

As long as Senior Lucas was on his side, there was no problem.

Paul Quinlan glanced at Nora again and thought that Lucas was being more polite to her probably because of Cherry. After all, Cherry was Justin's daughter.

From what happened last time, he could tell that Quinn School of Martial Arts was still very tolerant of Justin.

They did not seem to be as hostile as they were a few years ago.

He was thinking so muddle-headedly and did not notice for a moment that Lucas was leading everyone through the main door. He did not notice that when the gatekeeper saw Nora among them, he respectfully cupped his fists and bowed, while Nora only nodded slightly.

He did not notice it, but Jordan and Jimmy's mother did.

The two of them looked at Nora in shock and swallowed their saliva simultaneously.

Who was this Miss Smith?

Why were the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts so polite to her?

As the two of them were feeling fearful, the group entered the guest room beside them.

Quinn School of Martial Arts was a courtyard house. The waiting room was decorated in a Chinese style, and there was redwood furniture inside. It was obvious that the price was not cheap.

The foundation of an expert martial arts School Arts was revealed.

Some disciples brought tea while others brought fruits.

After everything was prepared, Lucas suddenly said, “Everyone, please wait a moment. Miss Smith, please come with me.”

Nora raised her brows.

Coincidentally, she still had not figured out the situation. She wanted to ask Lucas and see if Paul Quinlan was protected by Lucas.

If Paul Quinlan had acted on his own accord, she would definitely have dealt with him.

But if Lucas secretly supported him, then... she would have to ask this junior of hers. Was there not enough money at home? Or did he not have enough money to get married after finding a girlfriend outside?

Should she consider giving him some money?

Yes, the unofficial disciples belonged to others, but the junior brother belonged to her!

Especially him!

Lucas had helped her take care of Quinn School of Martial Arts all these years. Nothing must happen to him. Even if something happened, she had to help cover it up.

With this thought in mind, the two of them went out and walked to the courtyard beside them.

In the courtyard, a few disciples of the Quinn School of Martial Arts were practicing martial arts. Lucas said, “Big Sister, are you very familiar with Jordan?”

Nora thought for a moment. “Not really.”

They had a few interactions, but they did not interact much.

Lucas heaved a sigh of relief. “That’s good. Your friend is a bully! Paul Quinlan told me...”

He explained Paul Quinlan’s words.

Nora, “?”

She raised her eyebrows and looked at Lucas with a faint smile. “He said that he would buy the racing club for 50 million?”

Lucas nodded.

Nora suddenly smiled. “Then do you know how much that racing club is worth?”

Lucas shook his head in confusion. “How much can a club be worth? It can’t be worth hundreds of millions!”

Nora sighed silently.

It was more than a few hundred million!

The capital inside was as high as one billion, or even ten billion!

Everyone was racing and gambling. Some people bet tens of millions or even hundreds of millions. As for Jordan’s family, they were taking interest from the capital flow!

She patted Lucas’s shoulder. “Lucas, you’re too naive.”

Lucas, “...”

In the guest room.

As he watched the two of them leave, Lucas gave Paul Quinlan a reassuring look before the latter heaved a sigh of relief.

It seemed like Lucas was planning to let Nora settle the matter.

Then he would take the opportunity to force the Hoffmans.

He stood up and smiled. “Can we sign the contract now?”

Jordan and his wife were still in shock over Nora’s identity. When they heard this, Jimmy’s mother was very determined. “Ha, we won’t sign it.”

Paul Quinlan sneered. “Don’t tell me you’re hoping that Nora can save you? Who does she think she is? She’s at most Justin’s secret lover. Quinn School of Martial Arts only gave Justin some face. How could they give her any?”

As soon as he said this, the door was suddenly pushed open..

Chapter 232: Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts! 5

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Paul Quinlan was stunned. He turned around and saw Lucas and Nora standing there.

Lucas frowned and reprimanded, “What are you saying?”

When Paul Quinlan saw his unhappy expression, he hurriedly smiled. “Senior Lucas, you’re back? I can’t speak, I was wrong.”

He knew that Quinn School of Martial Arts hated saying things like women and lovers. That old man was very particular and liked to put on an act.

His words earlier were indeed a little too unpleasant.

He pretended to hit his own mouth and looked at Nora again. “Miss Smith, don’t mind me. I just spoke without thinking.”

With that, he smiled at Jordan and Jimmy's mother.

Jordan and Jimmy's mother stood up and tried to see if they could get something from Lucas and Nora's faces. However, Nora remained calm. Her eyes were filled with sleepiness, and no emotions could be seen.

On the other hand, Lucas' expression was very ugly. Did Miss Smith anger him?

Jimmy's mother clenched her fists.

Miss Smith must have spoken up for them. Lucas was so angry because Miss Smith had delayed his business, right?

She frowned and looked at Jordan. The two of them had been husband and wife for many years. With one look, they understood something. Jordan immediately said, "Mr. Lucas, don't be angry. We're only here to see if we can reduce our losses. After all, buying a club for five million is really no different from robbing!"

Five million?

Lucas was stunned. "Isn't it 50 million?"

Jordan and his wife were speechless.

The two of them looked at Paul Quinlan in unison and saw him stand up straight with a frown. "That's right. We clearly agreed on 50 million yuan. Why are you guys playing the blame game now that you're in Quinn School of Martial Arts?! Even the contract says 50 million! Mr. Hoffman, no matter how much you look down on me, there's no need to slander me like this, right?"

Paul Quinlan straightened his back after saying those words.

He had buried them.

When Jordan and Jimmy's mother found Quinn School of Martial Arts and Mr. Quinn said that he would chase Paul out if he made another mistake, he had thought of this strategy that could turn the tables!

His plan was simple. He could slander the Hoffmans and force them to sell the club for 50 million yuan.

Although it had increased by 45 million for no reason, it was worth it compared to the value of that club!

Furthermore, his price sounded very suitable.

After all, Lucas did not know about the casinos in racing clubs. On the surface, 50 million yuan to buy a club was a very suitable price.

The Hoffmans clenched their fists. “You’re slandering us!”

Paul sighed. “I really don’t intend to force a sale. Logically speaking, it should be a business that we’re both willing to do. But you guys keep changing your minds and now you’re accusing me of slander... Where are you going to buy a club for five million? Isn’t this robbery? Now that Senior Lucas is here and you guys are in Quinn School of Martial Arts, I want to ask you, Mr. Hoffman, is your club for sale or not?!”

Jimmy’s mom was furious. “Even 50 million is not enough!”

Paul frowned. “How can you say that? Don’t tell me you want to raise the price again? How can you change your business so quickly? You guys are really bullying our Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Anyway, Lucas did not know the inside story of the club.

Logically speaking, it should be time for Lucas to stand up for him after hearing his words. As Paul thought about this, he turned his head and saw Lucas staring at him angrily... Wait, why him?

Paul was stunned and immediately caught on to something.

But before he could react, Lucas had already taken a step forward. “Brother Paul, actually, I already respect you in my heart. After all, you’re the number one unofficial disciple, the Big Brother of the unofficial sect. Although Master has divided Quinn School of Martial Arts into the internal and unofficial sects,

he's actually very concerned about the unofficial disciples. Every time you come, I personally welcome you..."

Paul did not understand why Lucas was saying all this at this moment, but he still took the opportunity to look at Jordan and nodded meaningfully. "Yes, although I'm an unofficial disciple, I'm not someone who can be bullied by just anyone!"

The meaning behind his words was: I, an unofficial disciple, have a lot of weight in Quinn School of Martial Arts!

Jordan and Jimmy's mother were stunned. They did not know what Miss Smith and Lucas were up to, so they could only stay silent.

Paul smiled, feeling that the atmosphere today was enough.

Taking out Quinn School of Martial Arts to oppress the Hoffmans and changing the price from 5 to 50 million would make it easier for the Hoffmans to accept.

It seemed like they could not escape the contract today.

Just as he thought of this, he heard Lucas sigh deeply. "Paul, it has already come to this, but you're still using me."

Paul: "?"

He turned around suddenly and looked at Lucas in disbelief. "Wh-what did you say?"

Lucas glared at him angrily. "I treated you as a good friend and treated you as my superior. Master doesn't like you, so I pleaded on your behalf because I kept thinking about the times we trained together. But what about you?"

Paul was stunned. "Senior Lucas, I..."

Lucas lowered his eyes. "Miss... Miss Smith has already told me that that club is priceless. The Hoffmans have never thought of selling it, either. It was you

who used the power of Quinn School of Martial Arts to force a deal!! This has already severely violated our rules! Punishing the strong and helping the weak, eradicating the evil and promoting the good, is what we should do. But you actually used us to suppress the weak. You disappoint me!”

Paul gulped. “Senior Lucas, you’ve misunderstood. Did you misunderstand something?”

He suddenly looked at Nora and narrowed his eyes. “I understand. Did she say something to you? But Senior Lucas, how can you trust an outsider rather than your junior?!”

Nora, “??”

She scoffed.

Paul tried his best to maintain his dignity. He did not dare to really offend Quinn School of Martial Arts. He immediately said, “Senior Lucas, don’t listen to her nonsense. She has always had ill intentions toward me!”

“It was her who killed Winston and the others. This woman is the most promiscuous and goes around seducing men. Senior Lucas, you couldn’t have been misled by her beauty, right?”

Lucas, “...”

Furious, he suddenly stretched out his fist and punched Paul. “What nonsense are you talking about?!”

Paul reached out to block his attack and used his arm to block him. However, he shouted loudly, “Then do you dare to bring me to Master? We’ll let Master be the judge! Master hates helping outsiders bully his family the most, Senior Lucas! You actually helped an outsider!”

When he said this, Lucas could not stand it anymore and shouted angrily, “Do you know who she is? She’s not an outsider!”

Chapter 233: Because He’s My Son!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Not an outsider ?

Paul was stunned again. While he was still in a daze, Lucas took the opportunity to punch him in the face. Bang! Blood splattered as Paul's nose bled again...

He retreated and avoided Lucas' attack. "Not an outsider ? Then tell me who she is!"

Lucas choked and was speechless.

Paul sneered when he saw him. "Tell me ? You can't say anything, right ? I know. Are you having an affair with her ?"

"You're asking for a beating!"

Lucas had always had a good temper. At this moment, he was so angry that he could not speak. He could only punch repeatedly, making Paul run around the room in a sorry state.

"Paul, if you don't explain yourself, this matter will not end today!"

Paul found an opportunity and dashed out to the courtyard.

The other disciples in the courtyard rushed over one after another, not understanding what was going on. Then, they saw Lucas, whom they respected very much, running out of his room and chasing after Paul.

Paul shouted, "Everyone, come and judge! Senior Lucas actually bullied me for his lover! Master, save me!"

With that, someone stepped forward, wanting to stop Lucas. Lucas roared angrily, "Move!"

That person immediately moved aside and did not dare to interfere.

It couldn't be helped. Lucas was now managing the Quinn School of Martial Arts on behalf of the sect leader! Who dared to provoke him?!

However, Paul seized the opportunity and ran straight to Mr. Quinn's courtyard. He ran straight to the martial arts hall. "Master, help! Help!"

Logically speaking, the disciple guarding the door should have stopped him. When he saw that it was Lucas behind him and heard Paul shouting for help, he was momentarily at a loss. Therefore, he let him pass and enter the courtyard.

Lucas followed closely behind.

The other disciples did not dare to enter Master's courtyard casually. They could only stand outside the courtyard and crane their necks to look inside.

The usually refined Senior Lucas had actually beaten up the number one unofficial disciple, Paul Quinlan. Weren't these two people on the best terms usually? What was going on today?

The Hoffmans, who were already stunned, were still standing in the lounge. They looked at the messy room and did not know what to do. Then, they saw Nora sigh silently.

She rubbed her temples and said helplessly, "Follow me."

It had already reached the old man. It seemed like she did not need to cover up her alias anymore.

Sigh!

Therefore, everyone watched as Nora brought the Hoffmans slowly and leisurely to Mr. Quinn's door. Then, under everyone's gazes, she entered the courtyard openly.

At this moment, Mr. Quinn and the children were already standing in the courtyard.

Pete stood beside Mr. Quinn and protected him... After all, Grandpa Quinn looked very old, and his legs seemed very inconvenient.

The other children were frightened and hid behind Mr. Quinn.

Only Mia was hiding behind Pete.

Lucas restrained his thoughts of making a move in front of Mr. Quinn. After all, this was too disrespectful to his Master.

Only Paul's gaze landed on Pete.

Wasn't this Justin's daughter?

He originally thought that she could enter because Justin had exerted his strength and made Quinn School of Martial Arts violate the rules to teach them martial arts. There was no doubt that his reputation could not compare to Justin's.

But how could she be in the martial arts hall?

Only internal disciples could enter this place!

He suddenly remembered that some time ago, Mr. Quinn had taken in a five-year-old disciple...

He was suddenly shocked. "Master, is this your new little disciple?"

Mr. Quinn looked at Pete and the curious disciples of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He knew that he had to rectify Pete's name.

He coughed. "Don't talk nonsense. No!"

Although Mr. Quinn was indeed teaching Pete martial arts and everyone guessed that he had taken in another disciple, he had not held any ceremony.

One was because Justin wanted to protect Pete and never exposed his information.

Secondly, Mr. Quinn had never thought of taking him in as a disciple!

If he was taken in as a disciple, how would Nora and Pete address each other? Wouldn't their seniority be messed up?

The reason why Mr. Quinn taught Pete martial arts was to nurture Nora's next successor. After all, if he had to rely on Nora, that lazy egg, to nurture him, he was worried that the ultimate martial arts of Quinn School of Martial Arts would end with Nora!

No one could say how bitter he felt.

He could only lie to Nora and say that he had taken in a disciple. He wanted her to be nervous and let her know that he was unhappy. He wanted her to take the initiative to beg for mercy.

However, this fellow did not even care about her son becoming her Senior.

She did not care about the eyes of the world, but he did!

Therefore, he had not announced it to the public because he wanted to find an opportunity to tell everyone that Pete was not his disciple!

He was an 80-year-old man. Why would he take in a five-year-old disciple? This was his grand-disciple!

He was only helping his unfilial disciple to train with her grand-disciple!

Mr. Quinn coughed and touched Pete's head.

Paul heaved a sigh of relief. Just as he was about to say something, he heard Mr. Quinn say in a loud voice, "This child has an excellent foundation and is quite talented in the martial arts. Therefore, I want to announce that from today onwards, your Big Sister will officially take him in as a disciple! He's also the first disciple of the direct line of disciples in our sect!"

Mr. Quinn had a grand-disciple a long time ago. Unfortunately, they were not direct descendants.

With that, everyone understood.

One by one, they shouted up, “Congratulations, Big Sister, for accepting a disciple!”

Nora’s lips twitched. In this unified voice, she could even hear Jimmy’s mother’s voice behind her wondering if Mr. Quinn had said something wrong. Wasn’t the child Nora’s daughter ?

Nora: “...”

Paul knew that he was done for.

This child was Nora’s daughter. She would definitely side with her mother.

His expression darkened as he rebuked angrily, “Master! I always thought that our Quinn School of Martial Arts was proud and unyielding, but I didn’t expect that one day, you would actually submit to the Hunts! You let Big Sister take him in as a disciple because he’s Justin’s child, right?!”

He stood up straight and descended from the sky like a God of justice, egging everyone on angrily. “I’m really heartbroken! I didn’t expect Quinn School of Martial Arts to fall to the point of kneeling and licking Justin! My sect is unfortunate, my sect is unfortunate!”

He shouted a few times before the celebration outside stopped.

Quinn School of Martial Arts was glorious. How could this be? Everyone looked at Mr. Quinn, waiting for his explanation.

But at the next moment—

A delicate figure suddenly stepped forward and sent a kick out at an extremely fast speed, sending the crying Paul to the side. “Shut up! Master asked me to take him in as my disciple because he’s my son!”

Nora was really furious. The old man was already in his eighties and was the most superstitious. This person could not say anything good. If the old man was angered badly, wouldn’t she have to come back to take charge of the situation ?

Paul was kicked a little heavily. He rubbed against the ground for a few meters before hitting the wall in the courtyard. “Pfft!” He spat out a mouthful of blood.

The pain made his mind unable to react to the huge information contained in Nora’s words for a moment. He only suppressed the pain and stared at her angrily. “How ridiculous. You? Who do you think you are?”

Nora clapped her hands and drooped her eyes. Her tone was lazy.

“I’m your Big Sister.”

“Oh, not anymore.”

“You’ve been expelled..”

Chapter 234: Paul Quinlan’s Fate!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

“...”

The entire courtyard was silent.

It was as if someone had pressed the mute button on everyone, and they all stared at the thin young woman in astonishment and disbelief.

Disregarding how astonished Jordan and Mrs. Hoffman—who had already suspected a thing or two a long time ago—were, even Paul was so shocked that he had all but forgotten the pain he was feeling.

She was the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister?

How... how could that be?!

A mere girlie...

Master often said that Big Sister had been painstakingly training in martial arts for 25 years, but didn’t the girl in front of them at the moment look like she was barely past twenty?

Was she already training in martial arts while she was in her mother's womb?

How would he know that back then, when Quinn was struggling to find his successor, yet the Irvin School of Martial Arts had been a step ahead of him and taken Justin—who had the highest aptitude in martial arts in New York—with them, he had vowed to find someone on par with Justin?

How would he know that back then, while Quinn was struggling to find his successor, he had vowed to find someone on par with Justin? At the time, Irvin School of Martial Arts had been a step ahead of Quinn and had taken Justin, who had the highest aptitude in martial arts in all of New York, with them.

However, even after searching for a very long time, he simply couldn't find anyone suitable. This continued until Yvette Anderson called him and asked if he wanted to take a disciple. At that time, he had asked, "Who is it?"

He had wanted to take Yvette as his disciple when she was young, but unfortunately, she didn't have any aspirations in martial arts, so she had rejected him.

Later on, when Yvette grew up, he didn't want to take her as a disciple anymore.

Now that Yvette was the one bringing the topic up, he was very curious—who was it that Yvette had seen potential in and was sending to him?

The next moment, Yvette answered, "It's my daughter."

"..."

Her answer had made Quinn dumbfounded at that time. "I haven't even met her before. How would I know whether she has a good aptitude or not?"

Yvette replied, "It's better than mine."

"... Okay, I'll take her!" A panicked Quinn immediately shouted, lest someone snatched her away if he was even a second late.

“Okay. I’ll get her to contact you three years later.”

An anxious Quinn said, “Why do we have to wait three years for it? Martial arts training should start early, preferably right away. How old is your daughter? The best age for one to learn martial arts is between three to six years old. You’d better not delay the child’s learning!”

Yvette sounded very calm as she replied, “Oh, she’s negative six-months-old right now.”

Quinn, “?”

He was bewildered. “What do you mean?”

“Why are you so stupid, old man? It means there are still six months before she’ll be born!”

Quinn, “...”

At that time, Yvette had already disappeared from New York for two years.

Quinn panicked. He asked, “Are you lying to me? How would you know whether the aptitude of a baby, that hasn’t even been born yet, would be good or not?”

“Don’t worry. I will groom her from this point on. There won’t be any problem at all. Even if you don’t believe in yourself, don’t you believe in me?”

Thus was Quinn fooled by her.

From then on, he finally had a disciple of direct lineage. Quinn, who was already in his fifties then, became terribly excited. Justin, who had joined the Irvin School of Martial Arts, was just a one-year-old baby at that time.

No matter what, they would have to wait until he was two or three years old to learn martial arts. In order to be a step faster than the Irvin School of Martial Arts, he straight-up announced to everyone that he had already found

the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister, and was secretly training her! This was how it ended up giving everyone the illusion that Big Sister had been practicing martial arts for 25 years.

Three years later, when Nora was a little over two years old, someone contacted him and told him where she was.

He rushed to California right away.

He was overjoyed when he checked the child's physique. She really was more suitable to practice martial arts than even Yvette herself! On top of that, she was much younger than Yvette, so she was overflowing with potential to be shaped into greatness!

Thus, Quinn bought the villa next to the Smiths'. The two houses were right next to each other. Moreover, Henry and Wendy Smith didn't pay much attention to Nora, either.

He started to teach Nora martial arts. After two years of training, Nora, the crazy mutant, became enlightened in the ways of martial arts, and he also finished teaching her everything he knew. The resigned Quinn then returned to New York.

Since then, they kept constant contact via the Internet. However, when Nora turned five, she started to gain weight, causing her to become out of breath after walking only a few steps. Fortunately, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' techniques strengthened her body for her all this time.

It was just a pity that she was lazy, which made Quinn so angry that for a time, he kept using the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother to provoke her every day.

“That old devious scumbag's littlest disciple trains for sixteen hours a day and uses the remaining eight hours to eat and sleep, but look at you! My little disciple, can you be a little more diligent?! Although we've already mastered everything, you should still brush up on what you've learned more often. Otherwise, you'll forget everything!”

“Do you think you’re already very impressive, Nora? Yes, you are indeed able to beat others in a fight, but you won’t be able to beat that old devious scumbag’s crazy mutant of a disciple! Can you be a little more diligent? You didn’t even train for two hours today... Never mind, how about half an hour instead? Take it that Master is pleading with you!”

“Nora, even geniuses won’t last if they continue to waste away like this. What’s so great about sleeping?”

“...”

The lazier Nora was, the bigger a headache Quinn had. Every time he saw people praising Justin, he couldn’t help but boast about how awesome his little disciple was.

This led to the entire Quinn School of Martial Arts developing a misconception of Big Sister in the end!

Big Sister was probably a very serious, hardworking, and stern person. Even if she started training in martial arts from the age of three, she should already be 28 years old this year!

Nora had a good complexion and was fair-skinned. Coupled with how she was sleep-deprived all year round, she was thin and slender like a teenage girl. Her appearance tended to give one the illusion that she wasn’t even 20 years old yet.

Therefore, how would Paul ever consider such a possibility?

He stared at Nora in shock and swallowed hard. Then, he looked at Quinn again. Everything became clear as day in this instant.

Quinn hadn’t gotten angry the last time because of Justin; rather, it was because of Big Sister!

Winston had stupidly tried to lay his hands on Big Sister!

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had never yielded to anyone. He was the one who had been too presumptuous.

Paul was so shocked that he couldn't say anything. Even when he heard Nora say that he had been expelled from the sect, he still couldn't say anything.

This was because he did deserve to be punished for angering Big Sister!

Moreover, given Big Sister's status in the sect alone, he couldn't say a word in his defense, either—because Quinn had already announced a long time ago that Big Sister's status was equivalent to his own!

In fact, Quinn had even said that Big Sister's martial arts prowess highly likely already surpassed his...

Paul swallowed hard. He struggled to his feet and said, "Fine, I'll leave... The Quinlan Sect and the Quinn School of Martial Arts have nothing to do with each other from now on!"

He turned around after he spoke, but just as he was about to stride forward, the girl asked lightly, "Are you leaving just like that?"

Paul looked back at her. "What else do I do, if not leave?"

"Violation of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' rules are treated the same as sect abandonment. So, you want to leave the sect? Sure. Return to the Quinn School of Martial Arts what you've learned here, then!"

Nora's words made Paul's pupils shrink fiercely.

He stared at the girl incredulously... She was clearly so young, yet her words were so merciless! Returning what he had learned to the Quinn School of Martial Arts... She wanted to make it such that he would never be able to use martial arts ever again!

His pupils shrank as he watched the girl take step after step toward him. "W-what do you think you're doing?"

The corners of Nora's lips hooked upward slightly.

—
Outside the sect.

Inside one of the cars, waiting to pick up the children, a bored Tanya was surfing the Internet on her cell phone.

Joel stared in front of him. After a long internal struggle, he was just about to get out of the car to go to Tanya when his phone suddenly rang. He glanced at it impatiently, only to calm down immediately upon seeing the caller. He picked up the call and said respectfully, “Hello, Uncle Ian.”

Ian kept quiet for a long while before he finally asked, “Where is Nora Smith?”

Chapter 235: Make Sure She Doesn’ t Die

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Joel was a little surprised at the question. He answered, “She’s inside the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Was Uncle Ian going to acknowledge her and bring her back to the Smiths?

As soon as the thought formed, the man said, “Oh.”

Joel, “...”

He kept quiet for a while before he said, “She seems to have offended Paul Quinlan, but with Justin Hunt’s ties to the Quinn School of Martial Arts, they won’t do anything to her... Do we intervene?”

Ian stayed silent for a very long while. In the end, he sneered, “With Justin Hunt protecting her, why would she need us?”

Joel could hear the displeasure in his words. However, when he thought of the DNA test report, he didn’t dare to say anything.

Just when he thought Ian was going to hang up, Ian said, "... But the Smiths are not to be bullied. Don't let her die."

Joel breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay."

Joel spaced out for a moment after he hung up.

By right, he wasn't really friends with Nora. Added to this, Ian's attitude toward her, as well as how hurtful her existence was to Ian, it would make more sense if he looked forward to something happening to Nora instead.

So, why had he actually breathed a sigh of relief just now ?

Was it because...

He looked at Tanya, who was listening to music and playing games in the jeep in front. Was it because of her ?

He didn't want to make her sad, so he didn't want anything to happen to her best friend... After all, that woman had always been stubborn and withdrawn since she was a child, so she barely had any friends.

It wasn't easy for her to have a best friend whom she could trust with her life.

The moment the thought formed, Joel leaned back against the backseat again, suddenly losing the desire to get out of the car.

Indeed, she had always been withdrawn since she was a child. Her world consisted only of herself, so why would she even care about him ? Hadn't she also mercilessly left him back then ?

Joel lowered his gaze and suddenly said, "Let's go home."

The chauffeur was taken aback. "Mr. Smith ?"

Joel closed his eyes. "It suddenly occurred to me, I have a meeting. Come back and pick up the two children after you send me back."

"Yes, sir."

Tanya was in the driver's seat when the Smiths' car passed by the jeep. Perhaps because she had been dancing since she was a child, she subconsciously kept her posture straight and upright even when she was slumped into the seat.

As though she had suddenly sensed something, she turned her head, but all she saw was just the rear of the Smiths' car.

She didn't say anything but only lowered her head instead.

—

Paul was thrown out of the Quinn School of Martial Arts by Lucas and a few other disciples of the sect in the end.

As Nora had fed him a pill, he felt sore and weak all over and was unable to exert any strength.

No one knew what the pill was. All Nora said was that it wouldn't kill him, but would make sure that he would never be able to use any of the martial arts he had learned from the Quinn School ever again.

To be honest, this alone was already more than enough to kill him.

Because of his connections to the Quinn School of Martial Arts, he had acted without restraint and long since offended a great number of people in the underworld forces of New York. Now that he had landed himself in such a predicament, there were a lot of people who would kick him while he was down.

Moreover, there was also Jordan and his wife, who would never give the Quinlan Sect an easy time.

In just a month, Jordan and his wife took over the Quinlan Sect and expanded their influence, whereas the Quinlan Sect disappeared into the course of history. As for Paul, the man never appeared ever again in New York.

Many said that he had died after someone dealt with him.

However, some also said that he had escaped with all of the Quinlan Sect's money.

Opinions varied, and no one could really say for sure. However, it was destined that small fry like him would never be able to avenge himself his entire life. After all, he was up against the two biggest families and two martial arts sects in New York.

Of course, all of this came later.

Mrs. Hoffman was currently holding Nora's hand. She said, "As it turns out, you're the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. This sure is... No wonder you said that it wasn't Big Sister's instructions. We're starting to owe you more and more favors, Ms. Smith! How can we repay you?"

Nora yawned. "It wasn't really a favor this time. After all, he was the one making use of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' influence."

Mrs. Hoffman was still very grateful to her, regardless. She said, "Just say the word if you ever need our help in the future, Ms. Smith! You're the Hoffmans' most honored guest!"

Nora waved her hand. Then, she said to Pete, "Go home early after you're done with practice, okay? I'll leave first."

Pete, "..."

Everyone else, "..."

Quinn was so angry that the veins on his forehead were practically bulging. "Nora! Smith! Not only is he your son— I mean, your child, but he's also your disciple! Can you be a little more responsible?!"

It was just a shame that Nora had already quickened her footsteps the moment she said she was leaving. Before he could even finish, Nora was already out of sight.

Her voice was the only thing left ringing in the air: “No one is allowed to reveal my identity to outsiders. Those that do will be subjected to the sect’s punishment!”

All the disciples present thought back to Paul’s tragic state just now and shuddered.

Quinn: “...”

—

In a bright and clean villa with well-rounded security in the suburbs.

Justin’s car was parked outside the gates. He pushed the door open and entered the villa.

In the yard, the greenhouse that was at a constant temperature all year round was filled with chrysanthemums. Yellow, white, pink... There were all sorts of colors. There were bush lilies, and even rarely-seen orchid species like A Glimpse of Blood, White Gulls Chasing Waves, and so on...

Every pot of flower could fetch tens of thousands—or even hundreds of thousands—of dollars and was extremely valuable.

However, Justin didn’t cast even a glance at the flowers. He cleared the fingerprint verification and went straight into the living room.

“Justin is here!” said Mrs. Landis, the caregiver, as she handed him a pair of slippers.

Justin lowered his head and changed into the slippers.

He was about to head further in when he suddenly spied a familiar figure—Tina York.

His pupils shrank. His voice was harsh as he demanded, “Why are you here?”

Tina smiled gracefully when she saw him. She replied, “I’m here to spend some time with Mrs. Hunt. Besides, she has a pot of A Glimpse of Blood that’s

not doing well and has wilted. I happen to have the formula for a remedy that can help her revitalize the flower.”

Justin’s pupils shrank.

He knew very well that she was definitely up to no good, but his mother had always treated those flowers like her very life itself. To think she could actually win over his mother, who had always been a cold and distant person...

Before Justin could say anything, a beautiful and glamorous middle-aged woman walked over to them. She said, “You can go now, Tina. Come over again tomorrow to take a look at how my flowers are doing. Sigh, the roots have become infested with worms. What a headache.”

Tina smiled gently and said, “Sure, Mrs. Hunt.”

However, her countenance instantly turned dark and sinister after she left the villa.

It was only after Winston’s death that she realized that the love she had found in college was the purest. Pain and grief filled her heart, she wanted to avenge Winston!

So, Nora wanted to marry into the Hunts, right?

Heh. Apart from Pete, the person that mattered the most to Justin was his mother.

Tina took a deep breath, took out her cell phone, and sent a message to Orchidance: ‘Can you help me save a pot of orchid? I’m willing to pay % 500,000!’

Orchidance was a mysterious figure in the field of botany.

It was said that years ago, there was a pot of orchid species named Cinnabar Red Frost that, for some reason, was withering day by day. Its owner could only post about it on the Internet and ask for help.

A netizen named Orchidance told the owner that the pot of orchid was sick, and prescribed two doses of herbal medicine. The owner was so desperate that she could only make a Hail Mary effort and use the prescription on the pot of orchid, but in the end, the pot of orchid actually came back to life!

Orchidance became famous in the world of orchids as a result.

As long as Tina managed to please Mrs. Hunt, she would definitely be able to sow discord between her and Justin with regard to his marriage plans!!

Besides, there were moral issues with Nora herself, too! She was saddled with a child, yet she wanted to marry into the Hunts? She must be dreaming!!

—

At the Andersons'.

Nora, who had just reached home, tossed her cell phone aside and went to take a shower. When she came back, she noticed that she had received a private message on a website where she had registered an account in the past.. The private message read: 'Can you help me save a pot of orchid? I'm willing to pay % 500,000!'