

## Chapter 41 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

All three of them were facing the camera. However, ever since the two children realized the truth, they had deliberately started to wear face masks whenever they were in the hallways to prevent anyone from discovering anything.

The camera's resolution was also very low, so it was impossible to differentiate between the two children right away.

Justin hesitated for a moment. Then, he pointed to one of the children first and said, "This seems to be Pete."

Nora scoffed and said, "That's my daughter."

To be honest, not only were the two children exactly the same height, but their physiques were also identical. Nora was only able to recognize Cherry because of the Spider-Man outfit she was wearing.

Unconvinced, Justin asked, "Really?"

He couldn't tell. As such, he fixed his gaze on Chester instead. When he did, a fierce murderous aura immediately emerged from him!

Nora's sarcastic voice rang out beside him. "That seems to be your younger brother, Mr. Hunt."

"..."

Outside the door, three heads were lined up in turn. Their heads were turned sideways, and they had their ears against the door as they quietly listened to the sounds in the room.

Thud! Clang! Bam!

The commotion inside the room made all three of them bewildered.

A puzzled Cherry and Pete looked at Chester. "Uncle Chester, what are Mommy and Daddy doing? Are they tearing down the place?"

Chester replied triumphantly, “They are ‘fighting’ with each other! It’s not something that children have to understand! In any case, their relationship will definitely improve after the fight!”

Cherry was a little worried. She asked, “Is the fight supposed to be this intense?”

Chester raised an eyebrow and answered, “Of course! Lives may even be ‘at stake’ here! The two of you are exactly the results of their fight in the past!”

“...”

Cherry was confused.

She frowned and asked, “But what if Mommy beats Daddy up so badly that he breaks?”

A sullen-looking Pete even became angry. “How can Daddy lift his hand against a woman? He’s too ungentlemanly! No wonder he can’t woo Mommy successfully.”

Chester was confused.

Then, he continued to listen to the sounds in the room for a while with great interest while secretly being impressed—Justin really was Justin after all. The commotion they were making sure was huge.

However, the sounds stopped after just a short while.

He pressed his ear closer against the door and asked in a low voice, “I can’t help but feel bad helping you guys hide the truth from Justin. When are you going to tell him the truth?”

Although Cherry was quick-witted, she didn’t have any concrete opinion on this matter. Thus, she looked at her brother.

Pete pursed his lips and answered, “I’ll tell him everything after Mommy cures Great-Grandma’s illness.”

Pete had thought it through very clearly. Blindly keeping this a secret was disrespectful toward his parents, especially when his mother was still searching all over the world for him while going through unimaginable mental torment.

If they didn't fall in love with each other even after spending the next few days together, then he wouldn't force them anymore.

Just as Chester was about to say something, the door suddenly shook—someone was banging on the door from inside.

A furious voice immediately came from within the room: "Chester, open this door right now!"

"..."

A minute later, the metal padlock was opened.

A furious Justin took Pete and Chester upstairs.

Nora didn't care how he was going to punish Chester. Instead, she was currently sitting on the sofa and staring at Cherry. She asked sternly and severely, "Why did you do that, Cherry?"

Cherry hung her head and stared at her fingers, so intimidated that she didn't dare speak.

Nora softened her tone and asked, "Do you want me to get together with Justin Hunt?"

Cherry nodded and replied, "Mommy, if you trick Da— I mean, Justin into becoming your husband, how impressive would it be when you take him out with you?! Not only is he handsome, but he's also rich! Don't you want that?"

Nora was rendered speechless.

She rubbed her temples and asked, "Whose lousy idea was this?"

Cherry unceremoniously sold her uncle out this time. "Chesty's!"

Upstairs.

Chester looked at Justin, who was sitting on the sofa with a serious look, with trepidation. He swallowed and said, "J-Justin, I meant well. You haven't been with any woman for so many years. What if you go crazy from excessive abstinence?"

He was so frightened that his legs were jelly.

He had only just clamped his legs together when he heard Justin's deep voice: "As punishment, no living expenses for you for half a year."

His words stunned Chester, and he blurted, "That's it?"

He had thought that because he had plotted against Justin, going by the tyrant's way of doing things, he would have castrated him and made him an invalid from the waist down.

Justin raised an eyebrow. "What, do you find it too lenient?"

Chester immediately reacted and jumped back anxiously. He replied, "No, of course not! That's half a year's living expenses! How am I going to buy game credits?! It can't get any worse than that!"

After he fled, Justin leaned on the sofa. The scene that flashed across his mind, however, was him holding down the shoulders of the woman staying downstairs and kissing her.

He touched his lips—there, the smooth sensation still seemed to remain.

Then, he subconsciously thought of when the bath towel had suddenly dropped... Nope, he hadn't seen anything. Not at all.

—

The next day.

Nora got Mrs. Lewis to pack their belongings early in the morning. Then, she went to the airport at noon.

Knowing that she was going to New York with Justin, Simon and Melissa also decided to take the same flight back. Upon return, Simon would be transferred to Hospital Finest in New York. There, the standard of medical care was much better than in California.

It was only upon arriving at the airport that Nora found out that they were actually taking a private jet.

An impressed Melissa remarked with a sigh, "Private jets have to be scheduled in advance, so everyone else has to make reservations in advance. For Justin to arrange for all these so quickly, the Hunts live up to their reputation as the number one family indeed."

At the mention of the Hunts, Nora's eyes flickered awkwardly a little.

Thereafter, Nora also got a taste of how meticulous of a person Justin was.

Justin had arranged a room for her that not only had a large and comfortable bed but also came with a shower room so that her sleeping needs could be fully met.

She slept the whole way there.

Two hours later, they arrived in New York.

Melissa went home with Cherry and the luggage first, while Nora and the hospital staff who came to pick them up accompanied Simon and Justin to Hospital Finest.

When they arrived at the hospital, Nora helped Simon to settle down in the VIP ward first. Then, she went to the ICU ward.

Justin had already sent her the elderly Mrs. Hunt's medical records back in California when she first agreed to treat her illness.

Nora didn't want to waste time. The day she saved the elderly lady's life was the day that her son would return. As such, she wanted to go over and take a look and schedule surgery for her as early as possible.

But little did she expect to hear urgent beeping coming from the heart rate monitor inside the ICU ward the moment she reached!

At the door, a few people from Howard's side of the family were confronting Justin and Pete.

Pete, who was wearing a mask and a cap, was looking at the ward anxiously.

Justin's second uncle was pointing at Pete and yelling, "You jinx! Your Great-Grandma went into critical condition the moment you came back! Given her current condition, she won't be able to undergo surgery even if we find Anti! It's too late!"

Pete's eyes reddened as he clenched his tiny fists.

Great-Grandma, you have to hold on!

Justin frowned. He had a look of consternation all over his countenance. His grandmother had obviously been in stable condition. Why would her condition suddenly deteriorate so quickly?

Beep...

Suddenly, a sharp voice reached them from inside the ICU ward.

“We’re losing her!”

The doctor’s shout also traveled out of the ward...

The place was in chaos. The sound of doctors and nurses administering emergency medical treatment could be heard coming from the room.

“Mom!”

“Grandma!”

“Great-Grandma!”

Justin’s uncle’s family burst into tears. All of them were crying and they acted as if they were terribly sad.

“Shut up!” Justin barked fiercely, causing their sobs to stop abruptly. Justin’s second uncle, Raymond Hunt, immediately said reproachfully, “Never mind if you’re not crying because you’re cold-blooded, Justin. Why are you forbiddi—”

Justin shot him a glare and snapped, “Grandma isn’t dead!”

Raymond was so frightened by him that the words he was about to utter became stuck in his throat. His family also gradually stopped crying.

Justin pressed his lips together and stared hard at the ward.

Pete’s tiny body started to tremble. Even someone like him who was usually clever and quick-witted for his age was at a loss now. As if sensing his panic, Justin placed his large warm hand on his shoulder.

Pete gradually calmed down. When he turned to the side, he immediately saw Justin looking down at him from above. Justin’s voice was rich and mellow as he said, “Don’t be scared, Pete.”

Pete's eyes reddened again and he nodded.

Nora had already walked over to the ward by then. She glanced at Pete. When she was on the plane, because she needed to sleep, she had stayed inside her room with Cherry the whole time and hadn't interacted with Justin and his son.

Now that she was observing him so closely, she realized that his physique really was very similar to Cherry's.

When she wanted to observe him a little more, the sounds in the ward caught her attention.

When Justin noticed that she didn't enter the ward immediately upon arriving but instead looked at him, his heart sank. Did Anti also think that Grandma was doomed?

His voice was very low. For the first time, there was helplessness and pleading in his voice. He said, "Miss Smith, pleas—"

However, before he could finish, Nora had already retracted her gaze and entered the ward.

Hospital Finest was indeed worthy of its reputation as a renowned hospital in the country. Ranging from their equipment to the doctors, it boasted the best medical conditions in the States. Even the nurses were highly professional.

Everyone moved in an orderly manner as they tried to save the patient.

"Prepare to apply electric shock!"

"200 volts!"

Bam!

" ... "

Beep, beep, beep! ...Beep... beep...

When her heart finally started beating again, the doctors and nurses breathed sighs of relief.

Nora, however, frowned. She had observed the patient's various data previously...

"Mr. Hunt, the old Mrs. Hunt's body is already at its limit. The cardiac arrest just now has caused multiple organ failures. If she doesn't wake up in time, I'm afraid it'll be life-threatening."

The chief doctor, who was part of the emergency rescue efforts just now, took off her mask, revealing a bright and attractive face underneath. Her voice was calm and steady as she related the patient's condition.

A frowning Justin asked, "Dr. York, Grandma has always been healthy. Why did this suddenly happen?"

At his question, Tina York frowned and let out a sigh. She replied, "Mrs. Hunt is already 80 years old after all. Her body is no longer as healthy as before."

Justin looked at Nora and asked, "Do we proceed with surgery immediately?"

"No, you mustn't!"

Tina shook her head before Nora could reply. Her voice was mild and gentle as she spoke, making her seem like a reliable person. She said, "Mrs. Hunt is too weak at the moment. We've only just snatched her back from the jaws of death. If she undergoes surgery now, the operation will bring further harm to her."

Nora didn't speak. Instead, she was carefully observing the patient.

Mrs. Hunt's eyes were closed. She was thin and her face was filled with dense wrinkles. There was barely any sign of life in her as she laid on the bed.

Her body was indeed in an extremely weakened state.

However, if she didn't undergo surgery, resulting in the blood clot in her brain impeding blood circulation for a prolonged period of time, it was possible that the chances of her waking up in the future would become very low.

While she was thinking, another quarrel broke out outside the door.

Raymond and his family had also heard what Tina said. Infuriated, Raymond exclaimed, "Does that mean my mother is doomed?! Oh, why is your life so hard, Mom? We've already told you that the boy that Justin brought back is an



ingrate, yet you refuse to believe us and insisted on keeping him by your side! But in the end, he so cruelly pushed you down the stairs instead! He might as well have killed you!”

Raymond was 55 years old this year. He looked thin but energetic, and had a shrewd look in his eyes that came from many years of life experience.

His son, Roger Hunt, had the Hunts’ exclusive deep-set eyes. However, the look in his eyes wasn’t as deep and unfathomable as Justin’s. On the contrary, he was always smiling and gave off a feeling as if he was up to no good.

He sighed and choked on his sobs as he said, “Don’t say that, Dad. Pete isn’t a normal child after all. He’s mentally ill. He didn’t mean to suffer a relapse. He didn’t want to hurt his grandma, either...”

There was a boy in their side of the family who was in the same generation as Pete. Because he was fat, he was nicknamed Fatty. His cheeks were so fleshy that even his eyes had disappeared. Fatty rushed up to Pete, stretched out his chubby hand, and sent it flying toward Pete’s face fiercely while he shouted, “You little freak and murderer!”

Justin was about to ask Nora for her opinion after hearing what Tina said. However, at such a critical moment, his uncle and his family were actually ignoring his grandmother’s condition and were starting to attack Pete again.

When he saw Fatty raise his hand and send it toward Pete’s face,

Justin’s eyes darkened and he couldn’t restrain the anger that he had been suppressing anymore. He lifted his foot and knocked Fatty onto the ground as fast as he could!

The kick caused Fatty to slide a meter away on the ground. As he was fat, his blubber acted as a buffer. Moreover, Justin had also deliberately kept his strength under control, so he didn’t suffer any internal injury.

However, the pain nevertheless made him burst into tears. He crawled and scrambled over to Raymond and hid behind him. “Save me, Grandpa! Uncle Justin’s trying to kill me!”

Raymond shouted angrily, “Justin, what are you doing?!”

Anger roiled in Justin's deep-set eyes. The beauty mark at his eye was cold and ruthless as he said, "If you can't keep your grandson in check, then I'll do it for you."

Raymond yelled, "Why don't you keep your son in check first instead?! He caused his own grandmother's death! That's absolutely unforgivable!"

Justin, who had an imposing aura all around him, took a step forward and said, "Pete didn't kill anyone. I trust him."

Roger stood in between him and Fatty and his father. He let out a sigh that was as gentle as ever and said, "Justin, there's no use even if you trust him. It's obvious from the footage from the surveillance cameras in the living room that Pete had pushed Grandpa. We've already given the footage to Grandpa, and they've decided that they'll hold a family meeting this weekend and expel Pete from the Hunts!"

Apart from the servants at home that testified that Pete had quarreled with his great-grandmother, the most fundamental evidence supporting the accusation that Pete had pushed her was the surveillance camera footage.

The video footage was taken from the back. In the video, the elderly Mrs. Hunt was falling while Pete's arm was outstretched... No matter how one looked at it, it simply looked as if Pete had pushed her down.

They had both witnesses' testimonies as well as material evidence.

Therefore, they had only one option left now, and that was to save Mrs. Hunt and have her regain consciousness. She was the only person who could prove Pete's innocence!

Although his son had never spoken up for himself, Justin trusted him from the beginning to the end!

Pete stared hard at the ward. He couldn't hear the others reprimanding him at all. The only thing he cared about was Great-Grandma.

Seeing the elderly lady lying motionless, his eyes reddened. He suddenly rushed into the ward, hugged Nora's leg, and pleaded, "Mommy, save Great-Grandma!"

Nora was shocked.

She, who was checking Mrs. Hunt's various health indicators, froze. She slowly lowered her head and immediately saw the little boy who always brought her a sense of familiarity. He was currently looking up at her.

He had a mask and a cap on, so his looks couldn't be clearly seen. However, those familiar eyes of his were full of familial love and pleading.

Nora's mind suddenly went blank. Some kind of thought was about to flash across her mind, but it was at this moment that another machine sounded an alarm.

Saving the patient was what mattered the most at the moment.

She refocused on the situation in front of her and looked over—Mrs. Hunt's blood pressure had risen a little.

Tina also hurried in at this point, and it was then that she finally noticed Nora. She put on a mask and frowned as she asked, "Who are you? This is the ICU ward. Please go out immediately!"

"Miss Smith is here on my request."

Justin shortly also entered the ward. He ordered, "Let her take part in the rescue efforts."

Tina paused for a moment and a sharp look flashed across her eyes. However, she suddenly thought of something and she nodded and said, "Alright, sure."

The ward entered another busy period.

Justin took Pete with him and left the ward.

Nora wisely stood at the side.

Tina suddenly looked at her and asked sarcastically and disdainfully, "Sodium nitroprusside, Dr. Smith?"

Sodium nitroprusside was the most basic drug to lower blood pressure.

Nora nodded.

Tina quickly injected the drug into Mrs. Hunt and stabilized her condition again.

After reading the medical records, looking at the latest CT scans, and getting a good idea of the patient's condition, Nora finally walked out of the ward with Tina.

Tina was walking in front. As soon as she left the ward, she saw Justin striding toward her. She took off her mask and, with a solemn look, was about to speak when Justin walked straight past her to Nora instead. He looked nervous as he asked, "Is surgery possible?"

Tina quickly spoke ahead of Nora. She said, "Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Hunt's current condition is very complicated. She has high blood pressure, multiple organ failure, and it's taking a huge toll on her heart. If she undergoes surgery now, even if Anti were around, there'll only be a 30% success rate if we can't protect her heart.

"There's a 70% chance that the patient will die mid-operation. Additionally, the operation is also very traumatic to the patient. Even if she's lucky enough to survive, her heart would be damaged, and she may only end up having half a year left. Dr. Smith, am I right?"

Her analysis was very reasonable. Nora nodded.

When Tina saw that she at least still had some self-awareness, she didn't pay any more attention to her. She glanced at Raymond and the others who were nearby and suddenly lowered her voice and said, "However, I do have a safe suggestion here, Mr. Hunt."

Justin finally looked her way.

Tina raised her chin slightly and said unhurriedly, "As you know, I'm a student of Mr. Myers, a master of alternative traditional medicine techniques. I'm also familiar with some of these techniques. To be honest, I can use acupuncture to allow Mrs. Hunt to temporarily regain consciousness."

"Temporarily?" Justin was puzzled.

Tina had both hands in the pockets of her white lab coat and her straight hair was all tucked behind her head. At nearly 30 years old, her age made her look

reliable yet also feminine. Her voice was even and mild, which made people put trust in her.

“Yes, I can use acupuncture needles to forcibly break through the blood clot in her brain so that she’ll wake up temporarily. This is the commonly known phenomenon where one experiences a short-lived period of good health prior to their demise. However, she’ll only be able to last one day after she wakes up. After that, she’ll...”

Justin’s eyes suddenly widened and he pressed his lips tightly together.

When Tina saw that he understood what she was saying, she slowly said, “Mrs. Hunt’s condition is such that if she undergoes surgery now, even if it goes well, she’ll only be able to last half a year after using the best medication. If the operation fails and she fails to regain consciousness, going by her current condition, she’ll only be able to live for another two months.

“But if you take up my suggestion, Mrs. Hunt can wake up immediately and clear Pete’s name. You don’t want him to be slandered for life, do you?”

Nora, who had been standing next to her all this time, was bewildered.

Doctors should be benevolent.

However, her suggestion was tantamount to murder!

She cast her cat-like eyes down slightly to hide her disdain.

As the head of the number one family in the States, Justin was a ruthless and domineering man. Tina’s suggestion was indeed in his son’s best interests.

The thought had only just formed in her mind when she heard Justin’s cold warning. “Dr. York, your duty is to the patient.”

Suppressed by his aura, Tina immediately lowered her head and said, “My apologies, Mr. Hunt. I watched Pete grow up, so I ended up too concerned and got my priorities wrong.”

Justin didn’t pay any more attention to her. He asked Nora, “Ms. Smith, is surgery possible or not?”

These words were something that Nora had heard countless times from her patients or their families. However, the man's voice was as low and rich as cello timbre, which made her mood improve for some inexplicable reason.

The corners of Nora's lips quirked upward slightly and she slowly uttered, "Yes, it is."

Then, she even added an extra line as reassurance for the narcissistic man in front of her: "The success rate is 99%."

The remaining 1% was attributed to force majeure.

After all, what if an earthquake were to suddenly occur?

"Dr. Smith, you must be bluffing?" Tina said, "Mr. Hunt, as Mrs. Hunt's doctor, I must tell you that the success rate would only be 30% even if Anti were here. You mustn't let her fool you!"

However, Justin didn't seem to have any doubt about her words. He immediately ordered, "Prepare the operating room."

Seeing that he wasn't listening to her at all, Tina tried to calm herself down. Then, she secretly sneered, That doctor honestly thinks too highly of herself! She's just courting her own death!

Let's see how Mr. Hunt deals with her when the elderly Mrs. Hunt dies mid-operation!

By the time the operating room was ready, Lily and her other assistants had already arrived.

There was no way she would use outsiders for such a difficult operation, of course.

Nora entered the ward after she put on the surgical gown in the sterile room.

Lily complained softly, "The patient is very advanced in her years, Anti. The biggest problem isn't the head but the heart. Surgery indeed isn't recommended in her case. Why did you take it up?"

"I'll take care of the heart."

Nora took out a few needles and pierced the old lady's heart with them quickly and accurately, thereby sealing and protecting her heart meridian.

Her cat-like eyes gleamed.

The top surgeon was just a title that others had given her. No one knew that she was actually more skilled at alternative medicine instead.

Five hours later.

An exhausted Nora removed her surgical gown and walked out of the operating room.

As she was drugged the night before, it had resulted in her being a little short on energy today. She leaned against the sofa in the sterile area and closed her eyes. In her daze, the familiar voice rang in her mind again: "Mommy, save Great-Grandma!"

Those eyes and that voice—they seemed so familiar to her!

Nora woke up with a start. She hesitantly went out and immediately spotted Justin who had been waiting outside the whole time.

The man was leaning against the wall. When he saw her walking toward him in a rare show of emotion, the corners of his lips curled up a little. Even the beauty mark at his eye seemed to be smiling.

And yet she denied having feelings for him.

That scorching look in her eyes at this moment was so passionate.

While his imagination was running wild, the woman rushed up to him and asked, "Where's your son?"

Justin was bewildered.

Justin had a puzzled look in his deep-set eyes. Why was she instead asking about his son after coming up to him?

Without any change in his expression, he replied casually, "He's gone back first. Is something the matter?"

The operation had lasted for six hours and it was already 1 am in the morning. Pete had originally planned to stick it out, but he was still young after all and couldn't endure it.

Thus, Justin had sent someone to take him home first.

He's left?

Nora immediately lost interest. She retracted her gaze and reverted to her lazy stance. "No, it's nothing. Why are you still here?"

Justin slowly stood up straight and looked at her intently. The beauty mark at his eye looked a little more bewitching under the light and his voice was low and alluring as he replied, "I'm waiting for you."

" ... "

It was late at night. Moonlight shone through the windows onto the quiet hallway. The man was now a little close to her after he straightened his back, making the atmosphere seem somewhat amorous.

In this instant, Nora even formed the misconception that the man was flirting with her.

She shook her head slightly to get rid of the distracting thoughts in her mind. Then, she chuckled softly and said, "It's understandable that the patient's family is worried about her. Don't worry, Mrs. Hunt will be fine."

She took out her cell phone and checked her text messages. "The Andersons have sent someone to pick me up. I'm going off first."

The woman turned around neatly after saying that. When she walked, it was as if she was too lazy to even lift her legs. The way she walked was definitely not an elegant one; in fact, it even felt a little lazy. However, she wasn't slow and her back view actually felt intriguing.

Justin, who was a step late, followed after her.

He didn't doubt the skills of the person he had found. He trusted that she had done a good job.

Besides, it was exactly because he intended to personally send her home to the Andersons that he had waited here.



But unexpectedly, right after he turned the corner, he saw the woman holding her cell phone and making a call. Her voice was a little low as she said, "Look up Justin for me."

Justin was puzzled.

He stopped in his tracks. There was genuinely some puzzlement and perplexity in his usually cold and tough countenance at this moment.

After so many years of immersion in the world of commerce, he could almost see through everyone's thoughts by now. Yet that woman was the only person who seemed covered in a magical veil. Her form was vague and charming, and he couldn't see through her at all.

For example, wasn't she a little too fickle? She had been cool and indifferent toward him both the night before and just now, yet she was getting someone to investigate him a moment later?

He didn't go after her again and neither did Nora notice the man behind her. After another turn, she continued and said a second line: "I want all the information about his son."

On the other end of the phone call, Solo's mind was full of question marks. "Why are you looking up his son? Oh, I see, you want to be his stepmother, right? Heh, I told you Justin is a first-class beauty, didn't I? Sure enough, you can't control yourself anymore after seeing him, right? Say, is he especially handsome?"

The light in Nora's eyes flickered.

Was he handsome?

The way he looked on the sofa the night before, when he was obviously drugged yet still highly restraining himself, was indeed rather alluring.

She replied dispassionately, "He's passable."

Solo whistled and said, "Tsk, in all these years that I've known you, there are only a rare few that you even deem passable. I think the two of you have a chance! Are you planning to—"

Nora interrupted him and said, "I hope to see the information in my mailbox when I wake up."

Solo replied, "... Alright."

After hanging up, she got into the car that the Andersons had sent to pick her up. Not in the mood to admire New York's night scenery, she closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

"Miss Smith? Miss Smith?"

When a dazed Nora opened her eyes, she found that she had already arrived at the Andersons. The car had stopped at the porch and the small three-story villa was brightly lit. It was obvious that the occupants were still awake.

Nora yawned and glanced at the time as she got out of the car and found that it was already two o'clock in the morning.

The Andersons' villa was decorated in a simple European style. As soon as she entered, she was greeted with a simple and refreshing aura.

Four people sat on the sofa. An old lady who was nearly 80 years old was seated in the middle. The years had left their marks of vicissitude on her visage and her eyes looked ahead of her blankly. She asked, "Is she here? Why do I hear the car?"

Melissa, who was sitting on the left, smiled gently and said, "She's here!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson immediately stood up excitedly. She stretched out her arm in front of her and grabbed about as she called out, "Nora? You're Nora, right? Do you look like your mother?"

A young lady sat on her right. She looked to be in her early twenties and resembled Melissa a little, and there was some gracefulness in her large eyes. She held the elderly Mrs. Anderson's arm and said, "Grandma, Nora is a spitting image of her mother. She looks just like her."

Melissa laughed and said, "You make it sound like you've met your aunt before."

Back then, when the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home, Melissa hadn't wedded Simon yet. Even after the wedding, she saw more photos of Nora's mother than her actual person.

Sheril Anderson stuck out her tongue and replied, "Although I've never met her before, we're connected by blood. I felt a sense of kinship with Nora the moment I saw her!"

"Meh, what a fawner." The young man sitting across from the three of them was likely a college student. His handsome face was full of wildness and unruliness.

Sheril ignored him and took a brisk step forward instead. Then, she gently pulled Nora over to Mrs. Anderson and placed her hand on the old lady's.

Nora was actually taken aback a little.

She grew up with the Smiths. When she was a child, she had always been ridiculed for being obese. Moreover, because of her poor health, she didn't go out much and had stayed in her bedroom all the time.

Initially, she still went downstairs for her three daily meals, but later on, Wendy got someone to bring her food upstairs, so she didn't even have to leave her bedroom to eat anymore.

When she was a child, she was a lonely person. She used to envy how happy a family the three of them looked. Whenever she saw Angela latching onto Henry and wheedling, she would also hope for love from her family.

But the way Henry looked at her with disgust every time made Nora gradually lose that desire.

Thus, she placed her focus in other places instead, such as computer hacking, medicine, martial arts, and so on.

Therefore, she was rarely this intimate with people.

However, the disgust that she had imagined didn't come. The elderly lady's hands were a little soft because of her loose skin, but the dry heat of her palms seemed to penetrate the distant disguise she had put on.

"Nora..."

The old lady was so worked up that her hands were shaking. "You've had such a hard time all these years!"

"..."

Seeing that Nora didn't know what to do, Melissa said, "Mom, Nora is back now. It's already two in the morning. Why don't we go to bed first? We can talk tomorrow instead."

"Okay, okay..." Mrs. Anderson wiped her tears and said, "Nora, you must be tired, too. Go to bed for now."

Melissa got Sheril to take the old lady back to her bedroom while Nora followed her upstairs. Melissa said, "We've kept your mother's room intact all these years. Now that you're back, you can take her room. Cherry is already asleep."

"Okay."

"By the way, Nora, I didn't tell anyone that Mr. Hunt asked you to go to the hospital to perform an operation on his grandmother. I was afraid that they would be worried."

Nora didn't want to reveal her identity, either. She only wanted to stay here quietly for a few days. Once Mrs. Hunt woke up, she would return to California to look for her son.

She nodded.

As she was simply too tired, she didn't even take a good look at the room and went straight to bed.

The next day, as soon as she woke up, she saw Melissa in a panic outside her door. She said, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs.

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book—it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, “Nora, something’s gone wrong in the hospital!”

Nora raised an eyebrow. “What happened?”

“Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn’t woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man’s low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, “Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn’t woken up.”

“Sorry,” Nora coughed and said, “I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she’ll only regain consciousness this weekend.”

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient’s family about the details.

Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady’s condition the day before, and she asked, “Will it cause you any trouble?”

“Those are just trivial matters.” Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, “Don’t you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?”

Nora asked straightforwardly, “Is your son in the hospital?”

“...No, he isn’t.”

Nora immediately replied, "Oh. It's pointless even if I go over. It's fine as long as the patient's vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care."

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

"..."

In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here.

Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up.

When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, "Is Grandaunt alright, Justin?"

Justin snorted and replied, "She's fine."

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn't worthy of being Justin's son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grandaunt would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, "What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?"

Howard answered, "It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!"

A hesitant Justin asked, "But what if she's very cold and distant toward me?"

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, "Uh... Surely she isn't thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn't strong enough, he's inherited your good

features. He won't starve to death if he becomes someone's pretty boy in the future."

"..."

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin's eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, "Justin, if you're free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

"To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

"Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I've attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There's something very strange, though. Apart from his son's name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn't find anything at all."

Nora was rendered speechless.

She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn't been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly.

Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion?

No, she had to find a way to meet Justin's son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn't want to pass up any possibilities.

"Mommy! Didn't you say that you're taking me to Grandpa Quinn's today?" Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn't call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, "Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It's already afternoon! If I had known that's how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!"

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, "Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!"

"Good, good." Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, "Let's hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!"

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons' car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words "Quinn's Martial Arts Hall" were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain.

Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.



But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead!

Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him?

He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, "Mr. Quinn, I'm not here by my teacher's request this time. Rather, I'd like you to take my son as your disciple."

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, "I'm not interested in your son at al—"

He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, "Cherry?!"

Quinn stared at Pete. Then, he rubbed his eyes and looked at him again. Even the wrinkles on his visage couldn't hide his surprise.

In the past five years, although he hadn't seen Cherry in person before, they often made video calls to each other. However, people would always look a little bigger and fatter in videos than in real life. As a result, the child in front of him ended up looking a little smaller and a little skinnier than Cherry.

But his facial features were practically identical to Cherry's!

Pete had immediately realized something with a start when Quinn exclaimed Cherry's name. His tiny form took a step forward. With his back to Justin, he looked up and asked, "Did you mistake me for someone else? Children generally look alike."

Pete gave Quinn a look as he spoke.

Upon sensing the look he was giving him, Quinn quickly reacted. He touched his beard and said with a cough, "Yeah, I must have made a mistake."

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was puzzled. He had been on a video call with Cherry only a moment ago. How did she suddenly become Irvin's disciple's son in the blink of an eye?

... Son?

Quinn suddenly looked down. He pointed at Pete and asked Justin, "He's your son?"

Justin, who was in the dark, was also confused about the conversation between the two of them. But when he heard his question, he nodded and answered, "Yes."

Quinn swallowed in disbelief and looked down at "Cherry" again.

He looked so much like Cherry... Could it be that...

Upon noticing how hesitant and contemplative he looked, Justin took the initiative to explain. He said, "Mr. Quinn, Pete is my son and should, by right, join the Irvin School of Martial Arts. But when I thought about it, I found that my teacher's martial arts aren't suitable for Pete because they're too feminine. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style is more masculine and more presentable, so I hope you can accept my son as a disciple."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' style tended to be more feminine and the disciples also often used insidious tricks when they fought. They were famous for being unpredictable, insidious, sly, and taking the enemy by surprise.

On the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced the path of masculinity. The disciples' strength and speed were all trained through sheer hard work and most of them were men.

Pete was already rather abnormal. If he became even more feminine... Justin was really afraid that he would grow up wrong. He'd better take the path of masculinity and train his psyche instead. This way, he might be able to straighten him out.

But when Justin said that, he instead noticed Quinn staring at his son with an unfathomable expression.

His brows drew together and his deep-set eyes shone with determination and resolution. He said, "Mr. Quinn, if you're still reluctant, then I'll challenge the

school. You can decide the rules. If I manage to win by chance, please accept Pete as a disciple.”

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had an unwritten rule—if someone succeeded in their challenge to the school, then they would satisfy a condition set by the other party as long as it didn’t go against one’s morals.

In the past century, no one had ever succeeded in challenging the school. This went to show the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ position in the world of martial arts.

Next to him, Howard was dumbfounded when he heard what he said. Did he know where they were right now?!

This was the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They could drown him with just sheer numbers!

Justin was really doing so much for the sake of that little good-for-nothing! But given that tiny form of his, how could Mr. Quinn possibly accept him as a disciple?

Yet as soon as he thought so, he saw Quinn acting as if he hadn’t heard Justin at all. He merely asked emphatically, “Are you sure he’s a boy? Does he have a little willy?”

Justin was bewildered.

What kind of weird question was that?

Pete’s expression also darkened. He introduced himself and said, “Grandpa Quinn, my name is Peter Hunt. You can call me Pete. I’m male and a b-o-y!”

He practically squeezed the word ‘boy’ through his gritted teeth.

When he said that...

“Hahahahaha!”

Quinn raised his head to the sky and chortled. The way he looked at Pete was as if he had just found a rare treasure. He didn’t expect to find the son that Nora had been searching for these last five years!

Moreover, one could tell at a glance that the child had an excellent form that was very suitable for practicing martial arts!

He said to Justin, "I'll take your son in. We'll start practicing today. You can go now!"

Justin was bewildered.

Hesitation flickered in his deep-set eyes.

Seeing him motionless, Quinn frowned. He asked roughly, "What? You don't trust me?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

Justin took a step back.

Quinn was a well-known figure in the world of martial arts. There was no way he would pick on a child. If he said that he was taking him as a disciple, then that meant that he was really doing it.

Quinn grabbed Pete by his clothes and was about to eagerly take him in with him when Howard stepped forward. He said, "Mr. Quinn, my name is Howard. I've been admiring you for a very long time. I'm also here to join the Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Quinn looked back and glanced at him. He scanned him up and down before showing a touch of disdain. "What makes you think you can join us?"

Howard was taken aback.

Seeing that he couldn't answer him at all, Quinn turned and walked in.

A disciple of the school was about to close the door when Howard suddenly shouted crestfallenly, "Mr. Quinn, why would you rather accept that weakling instead of me?"

The disciple curled his lip and slammed the door shut. Hmph, did he think it was so easy to enter their school?

Howard was lost for words.

He touched his hooked nose with a puzzled look on his fierce countenance. "Why would Mr. Quinn possibly be interested in Pete? And, he even asked if he has a... Cough, surely he isn't mentally ill, is he?"

Justin glanced at him in disgust. "I think you're the one who's mentally ill."

Howard nevertheless humbly sought his advice. He said, "No matter how stupid I am, I can't possibly be stupider than Chester. But I really don't understand Mr. Quinn's actions. Can you tell me why?"

Justin turned and walked ahead, leaving behind only four mysterious words: "Think about it yourself."

To be honest, he didn't know, either!

In the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

In the middle of the spacious hall, Quinn looked at Pete greedily and said, "Hurry up and acknowledge me as your teacher, Nora's son! After that, we'll be teacher and disciple!"

He was very anxious, lest what was already in the bag... uh, his little disciple disappear!

Pete stared at him. Then, he nodded and said, "But can you agree not to tell Mommy for now? Cherry and I have already agreed to give Mommy a surprise."

There were still two days left before Great-Grandma woke up.

Pete hoped that his mother could interact a little more with the tyrant again. What if she suddenly finds some positive aspects about him?

Quinn touched his beard and said, "No, I can't."

Pete replied calmly, "Oh. In that case, I won't acknowledge you as my teacher."

"..."

Quinn frowned. "Hmph, do you think you can threaten me with that? Even if you don't acknowledge me as your teacher, just by the fact that I found you,

Sleepyhead will still agree to let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher just to express her gratitude!”

A puzzled Pete asked, “Who’s Sleepyhead?”

“Your mom.”

Pete was rendered speechless. He suspected that the old man was actually cursing.

After a stalemate of about ten minutes, footsteps could be heard coming from the door again. Then, Cherry’s voice rang out outside, “Grandpa Quinn, I’m here!”

Quinn immediately raced outside. When he saw Nora, he exclaimed excitedly, “Nora! I’ll tell you a secret if you let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher!”

Nora looked around the place after she entered.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was located in the heart of New York. The fact that they could take up such a large building for their martial arts gym in a place like this went to show just how deep and rock-solid a background the Quinn School of Martial Arts had.

The disciples in the gym were divided into several classes and were currently shouting energetically as they trained. Which part of it even looked like the ‘withered and dying out’ state that the old man had claimed it was?

Thus, upon hearing him trying to trick her again, Nora picked at her ears and said, “Tell me what the secret is and I’ll decide after that.”

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Everyone else was begging to be taken as disciples, so why was it simply so difficult for him to find a successor? He had finally found that woman’s daughter after so much trouble and on top of that, she was even a talented girl, yet all she did was sleep!

Fortunately, these two children inherited her good physique.

Quinn’s gaze flicked over to Cherry and he thought of Pete, who was in the martial arts gym, again.

To be honest, it was true that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style suited boys better. After all, there was no one else who would be as crazy talented as little Nora.

After weighing the pros and cons, he suddenly realized that taking Pete as his disciple might actually seem like a better deal? And a safer one?

Thus, Quinn coughed and said, "Forget it, I'm not telling you anymore."

" ... "

Nora just knew this would be the case. After that, she accompanied Quinn to the inner courtyard where he lived.

Quinn was wearing a white martial arts uniform. Despite being advanced in years, he was thin and energetic. Although his voice was rough, there was a sense of careful attentiveness within. If not, he wouldn't have become a master of the art, either.

When the two entered the inner courtyard, Quinn looked at her, stretched out his hand, and gestured at her. "Come on, let's see if you've made any progress lately?"

As he spoke, Quinn went on the offensive.

Nora stepped back quickly and evaded the attack. Then, she counterattacked and started to spar with Quinn.

Every move and every action carried a subdued but sharp and fierce momentum.

The pair had a good time sparring. Toward the end, even Nora broke out in a light sweat and she felt refreshed all over.

After they were done with the sparring, Quinn loosened his wrist muscles and remarked, "To think you can attain a level of skill like this despite slacking off. You're a crazy one indeed. If you practice well, you'll definitely surpass me."

Nora gave an "Oh" and replied dispassionately, "I'll also be able to surpass you when I'm your age."

" ... "

Quinn was rendered so speechless by her retort that he couldn't be bothered to be mad anymore. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but ask persistently, "You really don't intend to have Cherry pick up martial arts?"

Nora shook her head. "There isn't any need for her."

She had practiced martial arts back then in order to train and strengthen her body. However, Cherry was healthy and had always been strong and sturdy since she was a baby. Besides, Cherry was a little princess. The way her aunt raised her had turned her into a very delicate little girl who couldn't take any bit of discomfort at all.

If Nora made her practice martial arts, she would probably burst into tears and start wailing.

So, why bother?

Seeing how stubborn she was, Quinn could only give up. He complained, "Why do you also have your mom's temperament?"

Her mom...

Nora's interest was suddenly piqued. She asked, "Old man, do you know my mother? Can you tell me about her?"

Quinn stroked his white beard and smiled as he replied, "Your mom... She's a legend in New York!"

Nora was taken aback.

Quinn pointed to the table in the courtyard. Nora followed him and walked over. Although she was cheeky whenever she talked to him, after sitting down, she obediently picked up the teapot and poured him a cup of tea.

Quinn sat on the bench and took a sip from his teacup. "During your mom's younger days, she was amazingly talented and brilliant, and she was known as the most talented woman in New York. At that time, many people proposed to your mom and the Andersons were totally in the limelight. Even the Hunts thought it would be an honor if they could have her marry into the family. Unfortunately, she rejected the number one family in the end. Heh heh, she had backbone, alright. I, for one, don't think much of the Hunts, especially that disciple of Irvin's..."



Quinn and Irvin would always quarrel whenever they met.

Nora listened with great interest. When she noticed that Quinn had finished his tea, she poured him another cup and pressed, "And then?"

Quinn let out a "hmp" and went on. "At that time, I had just achieved some success in my training and made a name for myself in the circle. I wanted to take a disciple and took an interest in your mom. However, she didn't want to and rejected me... After that, she disappeared."

At this point, Quinn stroked his beard and said, "As for why she suddenly ran away from home? I don't know. Some say that she was kidnapped for her beauty and was imprisoned, but that's all nonsense. Given how fierce she was, who would have been able to kidnap her?"

"She then came to me two years later. She asked me to take you as my disciple once you're five or six years old, and train your body for you. At that time, she said she was dying."

Quinn sighed and said, "By the time I found you with the information she gave me, she was already gone."

"You don't have to be sad, though. Although your mom only lived for a short period of twenty years, her life was exciting and fulfilling. She led a life well-lived! But if you were to talk about her life, she did indeed let someone down."

A curious Nora sat upright. "Who was it?"

Quinn put down his teacup. "Have you heard of the Smiths from New York?"

Nora shook her head.

All she did every day was sleep, so she didn't know much about wealthy and influential powerhouses like them.

Quinn said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are equally powerful, and they were vying for the title of the number one family back then. The previous head of the Hunts was actually inferior to that fellow from the Smiths. Your mom also got engaged to that Smith fellow in the end, so when I heard that your last name was Smith, I had thought that she was pregnant with his child, but that unfortunately was not the case. Speaking of your father, he's a typical male

chauvinist pig. Your mom was so picky her entire lifetime, so why did she marry a scumbag like him in the end?”

Nora had no words to that. She was also just as puzzled.

“We digress. Anyway, the head of the Smiths at that time was a very ambitious man. With him leading the family, the Smiths nearly managed to surpass the Hunts. But when your mom went missing later, he fell into an irreversible slump. This stabilized the situation, and the Smiths and the Hunts became equally ranked again. After that, when Justin Hunt took over the family, he led the Hunts to completely surpass the Smiths and become the veritable No. 1 again.”

Quinn shook his head. “That kid from the Smiths is considered your elder. After he retired, he got a nephew of his to lead the Smiths. He also remains unmarried even now.”

Nora was astounded by what she heard. “My mom had indeed let him down.”

Quinn strongly agreed with her.

Nora suddenly asked, “What’s his name?”

Quinn smiled and answered, “Ian!”

Ian Smith?

She suddenly thought of the company that her mother had left behind. Its name was Idealian Pharmaceuticals...

Then, Quinn spoke again. “By the way, I heard that he became seriously ill recently. It seems that he won’t be able to live past this year. What a shame. He was quite the hero back then.”

After he finished, Quinn stood up and said, “Alright, you can rest here for a while. I’ll go and take a look at what the two children are doing.”

He had spotted Cherry and Pete secretly meeting up just now. He was itching to hurry up and take Pete as his disciple.

After Quinn left, Nora sat there and thought carefully about her mother’s past. However, she suddenly realized something with a start.

The two children?

Who was the other one apart from Cherry?

She stood up abruptly and walked toward the martial arts gym at the front.

Before she even entered the gym, she heard Quinn's voice coming from within: "Stand steady now! Persevere! This is a basic skill. This part right here is what makes us, the Quinn School of Martial Arts, better than the Irvin School of Martial Arts. Martial arts aren't something that can be learned overnight. You must take your time to lay a solid foundation..."

Nora pushed the door open and entered to see that "Cherry" had, at some point, changed into a set of men's sportswear and was practicing her form.

Quinn, who had his back to Nora, was talking to her. He said, "Since you're now my disciple, then you'll have to listen to what I say from now on. You must practice this stance for half an hour every morning after you wake up. Your mother is too lazy and has always been disobedient since she was a child. You mustn't take after her..."

Pete, who was facing the door and thus had noticed Nora, was lost for words.

He pursed his lips and stood up straight.

Surprised, Quinn exclaimed, "Why aren't you doing it anymore? You can't hold on anymore? You—"

Pete interrupted the rest of what he wanted to say before he could finish: "Mommy."

Quinn stiffened. Then, he slowly turned around to see Nora leaning against the wall. Her arms were casually folded and her cat-like eyes slightly raised as she quietly watched the two of them.

Her big boss-like attitude frightened Quinn, who stammered, "Um, little Nora, this..."

Nora asked lazily, "Old man, did you tempt her with rewards or threaten her with punishment?"

"...No, I didn't!"

Seeing that he was answering so surely, Nora looked at Pete again and asked hesitantly, "Cherry, are you genuinely interested in learning martial arts?"

Pete nodded firmly.

If he learned martial arts, should the tyrant dare so much as to bully Mommy in the future, he would be able to protect her and Cherry!

Nora was stunned.

Cherry took after her in her personality and was lazy and easygoing. She disliked being restrained the most. Yet she had actually taken an interest in martial arts?

Nora, who had always respected children's views, agreed to it after a little thought. "Alright."

After that, she looked at Quinn and said, "I'll send her here at 7 am sharp tomorrow. Old man, I have something up today, so I'll go back first."

After she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Pete.

Pete very naturally took a step forward, took her hand, and followed her out the door.

Even after the two of them disappeared from the martial arts gym, Quinn was still in a daze!

No, little Nora, that isn't your daughter you just picked up!

He was still in a daze when Cherry, who had just gone to the bathroom, ran over in her princess dress. "Huh? Where's Pete?"

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Right after Cherry spoke, her cell phone beeped. She picked it up and immediately saw a text message from Pete: "Cherry, I went home with Mommy. Daddy will pick you up in the evening. We'll switch back tomorrow."

She was going to see her handsome Daddy again.

Cherry jumped excitedly and took Quinn's hand as she asked, "Grandpa Quinn, when is Daddy coming to pick me up?"

“...Five o’clock in the evening.”

“Ah, then I still have two hours left. What shall we do? Do you have Barbies here?”

“... No.”

“Can I play games, then?”

“No, it’s bad for your eyes.”

Cherry pouted disappointedly and asked, “Grandpa Quinn, doesn’t the Quinn School of Martial Arts have any specialties?”

Old Quinn, who was taken aback, suddenly thought of something and answered, “Oh, that we do!”

As such, at five o’clock in the evening, Justin personally drove over to pick up his son.

His handsome countenance was calm at the moment. The Quinn School of Martial Arts’ style was masculine and domineering. He would definitely see his son drenched in stinky sweat all over like a little boy later, right?

With that in mind, he entered the school. He immediately saw a group of disciples dressed in white sportswear training in the compound.

Next to them, his son was wearing a white princess dress and pointing at one of them with his eyes all lit up. “Grandpa Quinn, Mr. No. 5 is the most handsome! But Mr. No. 9 is also very cool. Who should I pick? I’m so troubled!”

Justin was bewildered.

He cracked.

At this time, Nora hadn’t reached home yet. Instead, she was currently in Guardian Pharmacy, a herbal store and pharmacy in New York. She was holding a scale and choosing herbs from a box.

“Atractylodes lancea, wolfberry, chrysanthemum, cornus, rehmannia, dendrobium...”

After Nora adjusted the herbs' proportions, she handed them to the pharmacist and said, "Please use these to make some pills for internal consumption. The ones from just now are to be made into ointments for external usage. I'll come over and pick them up tomorrow."

The pharmacist had a big smile all over his face as he replied, "Sure, no problem!"

The customer was generous enough, so of course, he was willing to do her a trivial favor like this!

After that, Nora took Pete home.

She had been too tired after she got home the day before, so she didn't pay much attention to the elderly Mrs. Anderson's eyes. However, after she woke up today, she had checked her pulse and also carefully observed her eyes. She discovered that the cause for the old madam's loss of vision was that her eyes had received too much strain back then, resulting in vision loss from optic nerve damage.

There was no need for surgery. She just needed to nurse them back to a healthy state.

With the help of a GPS navigator, Nora drove all the way back to the Andersons. Before she even entered, she saw Melissa standing at the door. She was wearing a knitted dress and looked elegant and dignified. When she saw their car, her brows drew together in worry.

It was only when she parked the car in the villa that Nora spotted a luxurious Lincoln that was also parked there—it was obvious that a distinguished guest was visiting.

When she got off the car, Melissa hurried over and said, "Nora, your second aunt heard that you're here, so she came over to take a look."

The elderly Mrs. Anderson had two daughters and a son.

Nora's mother was the eldest while Simon was the third child. In the middle was her second child, Sheena Anderson.

Nora nodded. She was about to take Pete with her and enter the house when Melissa held her wrist and said apologetically, “She has a foul mouth, so don’t take what she says to heart.”

Nora was taken aback for a moment.

She could vaguely hear an arrogant voice coming through the door: “... yet she married a man like that in the end. Her daughter even grew up in a place like California and has never gone through higher education... Mom, you always say that I’m not as good as her, but look at us now. In the end, I’m the one that the Andersons need, aren’t I?”

Mrs. Anderson reprimanded her. “How can you say things like that? Regardless of whether Nora is outstanding or dull, she’s your elder sister’s daughter! She’s part of the Andersons!”

“Don’t bother saying things like that. It was through great effort that the Andersons’ reputation has gradually improved over the years. You’d best keep a tight watch over her, lest she does something disgraceful and embarrass the Andersons!”

Melissa coughed as a reminder to the people inside. Then, she called out, “Mom, Sheena, Nora’s back!”

Only then did Nora enter. She immediately saw an attractive woman resembling Simon sitting pompously on the sofa.

Sheena was 46 years old this year, but she looked as if she was 30 years old instead. She wore a professional suit and fully exuded a mature woman’s charm. Compared with Melissa’s grace, she seemed bossier.

After Nora entered, her gaze fell onto Pete right away and she asked disdainfully, “So, she’s your daughter? She must be five this year, right? Can she play the piano? Can she dance? Can she do calligraphy? Do you take Mathematical Olympiad classes? What kind of interest classes do you attend?”

Pete, who had been receiving an elite’s education since he was a baby, was bewildered.

Who was she looking down on?

Sheena threw a ton of questions to the child's face just to give her 'country bumpkin' niece an opening gambit.

Nora cast her eyes down with a slightly chilly look and kept quiet.

Melissa hurriedly played peacemaker and said, "Sheena, Cherry grew up abroad with Nora. Over there, they value quality education..."

Sheena leaned on the sofa. As though a person in power talking down to her subordinates, she said, "Quality education? It's all a lie. That's just so that they can better bridge the gap. Real aristocrats and the wealthy put their children through strict education from an early age!"

Her eyes were like blazing torches as she looked at Nora. She said, "So, your name is Nora? You're all grown up, so you've already missed the best time and opportunity to study. But rest assured; since you've come to us, on account of my sister, I won't let you roam the streets homeless. I heard that you got yourself pregnant before you were married, right? And that your ex-fiance broke off the engagement? Don't worry, I'll find you a good husband and ensure that you live worry-free for the rest of your life. As for your daughter..."

She looked at Pete and scanned the child up and down. Then, as though she was being charitable, she said, "Although five years old is a late start compared to others, there's at least still hope for her."

Nora had a very cold look in her eyes. She lowered her gaze and then, with a sardonic smile at the corner of her lips, she said, "You don't need to bother. I'll take care of my daughter's education myself."

Cherry's studies were indeed a huge headache. Her daughter had an extremely high IQ, but she was only interested in games and was sloppy in her studies. In particular, her history knowledge had become a huge mess thanks to her aunt abroad...

However, this didn't mean that others could criticize her at will.

"You? Take care of her education matters?"

Sheena said coldly, "What are you going to teach her? Are you going to teach her how to become obsessed with her cell phone and how to play games



every day? Are you going to have her be like you and engage in a chaotic private life, and become pregnant before marriage when she grows up?”

“Shut up!” Mrs. Anderson reprimanded Sheena, causing her to curl her lip.

Melissa even frowned and said reproachingly, “Sheena, I know you have her interests at heart, but can you speak in a less hurtful manner?”

Sheena sneered, “I just want her to have a clear idea of the situation she’s in! Does she really think it’s that easy to be a child of a wealthy family?”

She glanced at the ‘girl’ who was standing there stubbornly and said, “Not convinced, are you? Fine, I’ll show you Lena’s progress in her studies and give you a good sense of the gap between the two children! Go on, Lena, tell the big sister here what you’re capable of.”

Lena Xavier was Sheena’s daughter who was born at a later point in Sheena’s life. She gave birth to her at the age of forty, so Lena was only six that year.

The little girl wearing a dress was adorable and pretty. When she heard her, she raised her chin and declared proudly, “I know two foreign languages— Spanish and French—and can communicate fluently in them.”

Then, she said a couple of lines in the two foreign languages fluently, forming an animated and impressive sight.

After speaking, she looked at Pete triumphantly.

Sheena raised her chin proudly along with her. After Lena was done, she looked at Nora and asked, “I wonder what your daughter is capable of?”

Nora was about to speak when a sullen Pete’s lips suddenly parted and he prattled on in a language that no one understood.

Stunned, Lena asked, “What language is that?”

Pete calmly replied, “It’s Arabic. It’s very normal that you can’t understand it. Mommy has taught me eight different languages.”

“ ... ”

Lena, who felt as if she had lost, refused to concede defeat and spoke again. She said, “I’ve also participated in many competitions and took second place

in a children's calligraphy competition, as well as second place in a robotics competition for juniors!"

A puzzled Pete frowned and said, "Second place? How sad."

Lena was confused.

Furious, she went on and said, "I can recite 300 poems and spell 1,500 words. At the same time, I also learned programming and Mathematical Olympiad-level mathematics!"

Pete pursed his lips and sighed. "Are poems that hard to memorize and recite? Does programming even require effort to learn? Don't people immediately get these things after just a look?"

"???"

A puzzled Pete took Nora's hand and said, "Let's go upstairs, Mommy. Aunt Sheena probably still has something to talk to Grandma and Aunt Melissa about, so let's not disturb them anymore."

The two of them left behind a group of dumbfounded people and went upstairs.

Nora closed the door. Then, she turned around, picked up Pete, and put him down on the sofa while observing him. Cherry hated language studies. Since when did she even speak Arabic?

Something was definitely wrong!

She was about to ask Pete when her cell phone suddenly rang and interrupted her thoughts.

Nora picked up the call. The moment she did, she heard Henry's voice from the other end. "Nora! You've gotten gutsy, haven't you?! How dare you arrange for the company dividends to be sent to your bank account! Give me back the money right now! Otherwise, what am I supposed to live on?"

Nora replied coolly, "What does your survival have anything to do with me?"

"You—!" Henry was furious. But in the end, he said viciously, "I see. Now that you've gone to the Andersons, you don't intend to acknowledge a poor man like me as your father anymore? Thinking of cutting off your relations with me?"

No way! But if you give me \$8,000,000, I'll cut off relations with you from now on. How about it?"

Nora's eyes darkened. Asking for \$8,000,000 right away? He sure had a pretty big appetite.

When he heard her silence, Henry smiled triumphantly and said, "I know you don't have any money. However, the Andersons do! I'm sure the Andersons won't want me to show up in New York and embarrass them, right?"

"..."

What a shameless man. However, the corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward the next moment and she said, "Fine, I'll transfer the money to you right away, but you must tell me where you abandoned my son back then."

After a short pause, Henry finally agreed and said, "Fine! I'll tell you immediately after I receive the money!"

After hanging up, Nora tapped casually on her cell phone, wrote a Trojan horse malware program, and sent it to Henry.

The program would show fake funds transfer information when it reached him. However, once he opened the message, his cell phone would immediately be invaded by Nora, thereby allowing her to eavesdrop on him!

Money? Heh, dream on.

After she finished all this, she used her cell phone to monitor the conversation on the other side.

She heard Wendy's voice first: "Has the money arrived? Has the money arrived?"

"Yes, it has!"

"You've never mentioned her son's whereabouts all these years, Henry. Where exactly did you abandon her son?"

Henry let out a sinister laugh and replied, "Her son? He died a long time ago! I watched him breathe his last back then. After that, I buried him in the suburbs! So, she wants her son back? No problem, I can tell her where he is. I reckon he's probably a pile of bones by now?"

“ ... ”

Nora felt as if a bomb had suddenly gone off in her mind.

Her grip on her cell phone loosened and it fell onto the ground.

He's dead...

No wonder Henry had so vehemently refused to reveal any information all this time! No wonder all the private investigators couldn't find any news of her son!

Everything in front of her turned blurry, and large teardrops slid down her cheeks...

Her son was dead... He had died a long time ago!

It was her fault! It was her fault for not protecting her son!

She clenched her fists tightly. Her fingernails were embedded in her palms, yet she didn't feel any pain.

She felt as if someone had ruthlessly drawn a blunt blade across her heart. It hurt so much that she suddenly couldn't breathe anymore. She bent down, seemingly unable to hear anything at all...

It was at this moment that a small pair of hands held her.

Nora raised her head and immediately saw a small face stained with tears from shock and fright. Pete's lips parted and closed as he repeated something over and over. She tried hard to hear what he was saying. At last, she finally heard him.

He said, "Mommy! Don't cry! I'm still alive!"

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

She thought back to the day five years ago when she went into early labor...

She could remember very clearly that she was in a private clinic at that time. The white walls were peeling and it was very dim in the delivery room. There were only a doctor and a nurse, and they looked very unprofessional.

She laid on the cold delivery bed without even a shred of dignity.

She didn't remember the pain of labor anymore. All she remembered was the restless little hand that peeked out of the blanket wrapped around her son when her father took him away.

It was so small... as though just the size of her finger.

She had wanted to get up and take her child back, but her belly started to act up again.

The amniotic fluid in her water bag was almost gone. If she halted the labor process, then the child who was still in her belly would suffocate to death...

Nora felt as if all the air in her chest had been sucked away and she couldn't breathe.

She had chosen her daughter over her son!

Over the years, she had made countless phone calls to Henry and pleaded with him many times. However, he had never relented and told her anything. To be honest, she had vaguely already guessed as much deep down in her heart that...

Perhaps her son was already dead.

Otherwise, why would he still refuse to reveal the boy's whereabouts after the Grays had agreed to annul the engagement? This was also the reason why she hadn't immediately used a listening device on Henry when she returned to the States.

She was afraid of hearing a result that she didn't want to hear.

She had ultimately still held a glimmer of hope.

She also knew very well that the reason why Cherry, a vain and pretentious little princess, had suddenly bought a lot of boys' clothing and sometimes pretended to be a boy was actually to cheer her up and take away a bit of her pain when she missed her son.

She looked at her tearful daughter in front of her. When she heard what Pete said, she forced a smile and choked up as she said, "You don't have to comfort me, Cherry..."

Pete was badly frightened. The boy, who had been quiet and calm since he was a baby, was crying so badly that his face was covered in tears.

Mommy was as pale as a sheet, and her usually calm eyes were filled with despair and emptiness. Tears were rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably and her smile looked so tragic. She seemed as if she was going to collapse and pass out the next moment...

He panicked, utterly so.

He grabbed Nora's hand and shouted, "Mommy, I'm not lying! I'm Pete! I'm Peter Hunt, not Cherry! I'm not Cheryl Smith!"

"Mommy, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have kept it a secret from you!"

"Mommy, look at me! I'm Pete!"

"I was wrong. I won't do it anymore... Sob..."

His shouts made Nora's eyes gradually regain focus and her rationality gradually returned to her. She looked at Pete. "What... did you say?"

She found his claims incredulous, yet Cherry's various eccentricities during the recent period of time started to surface in her mind.

For example, Cherry had suddenly stopped playing games and started to read.

For example, Cherry would occasionally speak a lot less and become a lot quieter.

And, for example, when Cherry spoke fluent Arabic downstairs just now...

Everything in front of her became vague and surreal, and for a moment, Nora couldn't tell whether this was a dream or reality...

With her eyes filled with confusion, she asked, "Really?"

"Mommy, it's true." Pete put his arms around her waist. With his little face raised, he said, "My younger sister and I look exactly the same, but I grew up in New York. My name is Peter Hunt and my father is Justin Hunt!"

Nora stared at him. "Where's Cherry, then?"

Seeing that she didn't seem to believe him, Pete, who was afraid that his mother would return to that state earlier, gritted his teeth and said, "Mommy, come with me!"

He held Nora's hand with his own little hand and the two of them went downstairs.

Downstairs, Sheena was still ranting, "She may be a child, but she sure talks big! Eight languages? She probably just learned a phrase so that she could brag to others, right? And, how dare she look down on Lena's second-place victory? Hah, why doesn't she try showing us a third-place victory, then?!"

"... That's enough!" The elderly Mrs. Anderson slammed the white cane she was holding against the floor. "She's your sister's one and only daughter! She's already quite the poor thing—"

At once, Sheena suddenly screamed, "Uh-huh, she's quite the poor thing, and so is my sister. But what about me?! If she hadn't run away from home and ended up being rumored to have eloped, would the Andersons' reputation have been this terrible?! Neither would my ex-fiancé have broken off our engagement! How much ridicule did we endure because of her back then?!"

Melissa heaved a deep sigh. To be honest, everyone loved Nora's mother deeply; that was why they were so upset with her. Sheena had been so proud of her sister back then...

She was about to console Sheena when she heard someone coming down the stairs.

She turned to see Nora and Cherry coming down.

She asked, "It's late, Nora. Where are the two of you going?"

Pete was very anxious, so he didn't answer.

Nora was as though a soulless puppet at the moment, so she didn't answer, either.

The two left the living room.

A look of confusion came over Melissa's countenance. Mrs. Anderson, who couldn't see, asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Did Nora leave? Was it

because of Sheena? Sheena, get Nora back here! If she leaves, then you can forget about ever coming back here to see me!”

Sheena was also dumbfounded. Her sharp and fierce expression cracked, but she nevertheless curled her lip and scoffed, “She can leave if she wants to. I’d instead show more admiration for her if she doesn’t rely on the Andersons!”

Melissa panicked. She said, “Sheena, Nora has never once said that she intends to rely on us. She’s a doctor! She can support herself! If you don’t like her, then you can come back less often in the future!”

She went after Nora after saying that.

Unfortunately, the moment she went out, Nora had already started the car and disappeared from the porch in the blink of an eye.

In the car.

Little Pete sat in the passenger seat. With his seat belt buckled, he pointed the way with the help of his cell phone. “Turn right... Turn left at the third intersection...”

He knew Mommy was scared and needed to see that there were two children before she could feel at ease.

He couldn’t continue to hide it anymore.

Nora stayed silent and drove seriously.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at a villa complex.

Security at the gates was brisk and they refused to let them in, but the moment the guard saw Pete, he immediately greeted him respectfully. “Welcome back, Mr. Hunt.”

‘Mr. Hunt’...

Nora, who had a stern look on her face, stared intently ahead of her.

She had already calmed down on the way here. She also believed most of what Pete said, but the fear and panic of losing her son led to her having to see both children in front of her with her own two eyes before she could feel at ease.



The guards gave them clearance and she drove into the villa complex.

“Mommy, go to Villa No. 8.”

Nora obediently stopped the car at Villa No. 8’s entrance. She staggered out of the car and knocked on the door.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell rang. A few seconds later, someone opened the door. Cherry’s adorable little head popped out and she asked cutely, “Who... Mommy?!”

Justin’s voice followed closely after. “Who’s at the door, Pete?”

## **Chapter 42 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

The place was in chaos. The sound of doctors and nurses administering emergency medical treatment could be heard coming from the room.

“Mom!”

“Grandma!”

“Great-Grandma!”

Justin’s uncle’s family burst into tears. All of them were crying and they acted as if they were terribly sad.

“Shut up!” Justin barked fiercely, causing their sobs to stop abruptly. Justin’s second uncle, Raymond Hunt, immediately said reproachfully, “Never mind if you’re not crying because you’re cold-blooded, Justin. Why are you forbiddi—”

Justin shot him a glare and snapped, “Grandma isn’t dead!”

Raymond was so frightened by him that the words he was about to utter became stuck in his throat. His family also gradually stopped crying.

Justin pressed his lips together and stared hard at the ward.

Pete's tiny body started to tremble. Even someone like him who was usually clever and quick-witted for his age was at a loss now. As if sensing his panic, Justin placed his large warm hand on his shoulder.

Pete gradually calmed down. When he turned to the side, he immediately saw Justin looking down at him from above. Justin's voice was rich and mellow as he said, "Don't be scared, Pete."

Pete's eyes reddened again and he nodded.

Nora had already walked over to the ward by then. She glanced at Pete. When she was on the plane, because she needed to sleep, she had stayed inside her room with Cherry the whole time and hadn't interacted with Justin and his son.

Now that she was observing him so closely, she realized that his physique really was very similar to Cherry's.

When she wanted to observe him a little more, the sounds in the ward caught her attention.

When Justin noticed that she didn't enter the ward immediately upon arriving but instead looked at him, his heart sank. Did Anti also think that Grandma was doomed?

His voice was very low. For the first time, there was helplessness and pleading in his voice. He said, "Miss Smith, pleas—"

However, before he could finish, Nora had already retracted her gaze and entered the ward.

Hospital Finest was indeed worthy of its reputation as a renowned hospital in the country. Ranging from their equipment to the doctors, it boasted the best medical conditions in the States. Even the nurses were highly professional.

Everyone moved in an orderly manner as they tried to save the patient.

"Prepare to apply electric shock!"

"200 volts!"

Bam!

“ ... ”

Beep, beep, beep! ...Beep... beep...

When her heart finally started beating again, the doctors and nurses breathed sighs of relief.

Nora, however, frowned. She had observed the patient's various data previously...

“Mr. Hunt, the old Mrs. Hunt's body is already at its limit. The cardiac arrest just now has caused multiple organ failures. If she doesn't wake up in time, I'm afraid it'll be life-threatening.”

The chief doctor, who was part of the emergency rescue efforts just now, took off her mask, revealing a bright and attractive face underneath. Her voice was calm and steady as she related the patient's condition.

A frowning Justin asked, “Dr. York, Grandma has always been healthy. Why did this suddenly happen?”

At his question, Tina York frowned and let out a sigh. She replied, “Mrs. Hunt is already 80 years old after all. Her body is no longer as healthy as before.”

Justin looked at Nora and asked, “Do we proceed with surgery immediately?”

“No, you mustn't!”

Tina shook her head before Nora could reply. Her voice was mild and gentle as she spoke, making her seem like a reliable person. She said, “Mrs. Hunt is too weak at the moment. We've only just snatched her back from the jaws of death. If she undergoes surgery now, the operation will bring further harm to her.”

Nora didn't speak. Instead, she was carefully observing the patient.

Mrs. Hunt's eyes were closed. She was thin and her face was filled with dense wrinkles. There was barely any sign of life in her as she laid on the bed.

Her body was indeed in an extremely weakened state.

However, if she didn't undergo surgery, resulting in the blood clot in her brain impeding blood circulation for a prolonged period of time, it was possible that the chances of her waking up in the future would become very low.

While she was thinking, another quarrel broke out outside the door.

Raymond and his family had also heard what Tina said. Infuriated, Raymond exclaimed, "Does that mean my mother is doomed?! Oh, why is your life so hard, Mom? We've already told you that the boy that Justin brought back is an ingrate, yet you refuse to believe us and insisted on keeping him by your side! But in the end, he so cruelly pushed you down the stairs instead! He might as well have killed you!"

Raymond was 55 years old this year. He looked thin but energetic, and had a shrewd look in his eyes that came from many years of life experience.

His son, Roger Hunt, had the Hunts' exclusive deep-set eyes. However, the look in his eyes wasn't as deep and unfathomable as Justin's. On the contrary, he was always smiling and gave off a feeling as if he was up to no good.

He sighed and choked on his sobs as he said, "Don't say that, Dad. Pete isn't a normal child after all. He's mentally ill. He didn't mean to suffer a relapse. He didn't want to hurt his grandma, either..."

There was a boy in their side of the family who was in the same generation as Pete. Because he was fat, he was nicknamed Fatty. His cheeks were so fleshy that even his eyes had disappeared. Fatty rushed up to Pete, stretched out his chubby hand, and sent it flying toward Pete's face fiercely while he shouted, "You little freak and murderer!"

Justin was about to ask Nora for her opinion after hearing what Tina said. However, at such a critical moment, his uncle and his family were actually ignoring his grandmother's condition and were starting to attack Pete again.

When he saw Fatty raise his hand and send it toward Pete's face,

Justin's eyes darkened and he couldn't restrain the anger that he had been suppressing anymore. He lifted his foot and knocked Fatty onto the ground as fast as he could!

The kick caused Fatty to slide a meter away on the ground. As he was fat, his blubber acted as a buffer. Moreover, Justin had also deliberately kept his strength under control, so he didn't suffer any internal injury.

However, the pain nevertheless made him burst into tears. He crawled and scrambled over to Raymond and hid behind him. "Save me, Grandpa! Uncle Justin's trying to kill me!"

Raymond shouted angrily, "Justin, what are you doing?!"

Anger roiled in Justin's deep-set eyes. The beauty mark at his eye was cold and ruthless as he said, "If you can't keep your grandson in check, then I'll do it for you."

Raymond yelled, "Why don't you keep your son in check first instead?! He caused his own grandmother's death! That's absolutely unforgivable!"

Justin, who had an imposing aura all around him, took a step forward and said, "Pete didn't kill anyone. I trust him."

Roger stood in between him and Fatty and his father. He let out a sigh that was as gentle as ever and said, "Justin, there's no use even if you trust him. It's obvious from the footage from the surveillance cameras in the living room that Pete had pushed Grandpa. We've already given the footage to Grandpa, and they've decided that they'll hold a family meeting this weekend and expel Pete from the Hunts!"

Apart from the servants at home that testified that Pete had quarreled with his great-grandmother, the most fundamental evidence supporting the accusation that Pete had pushed her was the surveillance camera footage.

The video footage was taken from the back. In the video, the elderly Mrs. Hunt was falling while Pete's arm was outstretched... No matter how one looked at it, it simply looked as if Pete had pushed her down.

They had both witnesses' testimonies as well as material evidence.

Therefore, they had only one option left now, and that was to save Mrs. Hunt and have her regain consciousness. She was the only person who could prove Pete's innocence!

Although his son had never spoken up for himself, Justin trusted him from the beginning to the end!

Pete stared hard at the ward. He couldn't hear the others reprimanding him at all. The only thing he cared about was Great-Grandma.

Seeing the elderly lady lying motionless, his eyes reddened. He suddenly rushed into the ward, hugged Nora's leg, and pleaded, "Mommy, save Great-Grandma!"

Nora was shocked.

She, who was checking Mrs. Hunt's various health indicators, froze. She slowly lowered her head and immediately saw the little boy who always brought her a sense of familiarity. He was currently looking up at her.

He had a mask and a cap on, so his looks couldn't be clearly seen. However, those familiar eyes of his were full of familial love and pleading.

Nora's mind suddenly went blank. Some kind of thought was about to flash across her mind, but it was at this moment that another machine sounded an alarm.

Saving the patient was what mattered the most at the moment.

She refocused on the situation in front of her and looked over—Mrs. Hunt's blood pressure had risen a little.

Tina also hurried in at this point, and it was then that she finally noticed Nora. She put on a mask and frowned as she asked, "Who are you? This is the ICU ward. Please go out immediately!"

"Miss Smith is here on my request."

Justin shortly also entered the ward. He ordered, "Let her take part in the rescue efforts."

Tina paused for a moment and a sharp look flashed across her eyes. However, she suddenly thought of something and she nodded and said, "Alright, sure."

The ward entered another busy period.

Justin took Pete with him and left the ward.

Nora wisely stood at the side.

Tina suddenly looked at her and asked sarcastically and disdainfully, "Sodium nitroprusside, Dr. Smith?"

Sodium nitroprusside was the most basic drug to lower blood pressure.

Nora nodded.

Tina quickly injected the drug into Mrs. Hunt and stabilized her condition again.

After reading the medical records, looking at the latest CT scans, and getting a good idea of the patient's condition, Nora finally walked out of the ward with Tina.

Tina was walking in front. As soon as she left the ward, she saw Justin striding toward her. She took off her mask and, with a solemn look, was about to speak when Justin walked straight past her to Nora instead. He looked nervous as he asked, "Is surgery possible?"

Tina quickly spoke ahead of Nora. She said, "Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Hunt's current condition is very complicated. She has high blood pressure, multiple organ failure, and it's taking a huge toll on her heart. If she undergoes surgery now, even if Anti were around, there'll only be a 30% success rate if we can't protect her heart.

"There's a 70% chance that the patient will die mid-operation. Additionally, the operation is also very traumatic to the patient. Even if she's lucky enough to survive, her heart would be damaged, and she may only end up having half a year left. Dr. Smith, am I right?"

Her analysis was very reasonable. Nora nodded.

When Tina saw that she at least still had some self-awareness, she didn't pay any more attention to her. She glanced at Raymond and the others who were nearby and suddenly lowered her voice and said, "However, I do have a safe suggestion here, Mr. Hunt."

Justin finally looked her way.

Tina raised her chin slightly and said unhurriedly, "As you know, I'm a student of Mr. Myers, a master of alternative traditional medicine techniques. I'm also familiar with some of these techniques. To be honest, I can use acupuncture to allow Mrs. Hunt to temporarily regain consciousness."

"Temporarily?" Justin was puzzled.

Tina had both hands in the pockets of her white lab coat and her straight hair was all tucked behind her head. At nearly 30 years old, her age made her look reliable yet also feminine. Her voice was even and mild, which made people put trust in her.

"Yes, I can use acupuncture needles to forcibly break through the blood clot in her brain so that she'll wake up temporarily. This is the commonly known phenomenon where one experiences a short-lived period of good health prior to their demise. However, she'll only be able to last one day after she wakes up. After that, she'll..."

Justin's eyes suddenly widened and he pressed his lips tightly together.

When Tina saw that he understood what she was saying, she slowly said, "Mrs. Hunt's condition is such that if she undergoes surgery now, even if it goes well, she'll only be able to last half a year after using the best medication. If the operation fails and she fails to regain consciousness, going by her current condition, she'll only be able to live for another two months.

"But if you take up my suggestion, Mrs. Hunt can wake up immediately and clear Pete's name. You don't want him to be slandered for life, do you?"

Nora, who had been standing next to her all this time, was bewildered.

Doctors should be benevolent.

However, her suggestion was tantamount to murder!

She cast her cat-like eyes down slightly to hide her disdain.

As the head of the number one family in the States, Justin was a ruthless and domineering man. Tina's suggestion was indeed in his son's best interests.

The thought had only just formed in her mind when she heard Justin's cold warning. "Dr. York, your duty is to the patient."



Suppressed by his aura, Tina immediately lowered her head and said, “My apologies, Mr. Hunt. I watched Pete grow up, so I ended up too concerned and got my priorities wrong.”

Justin didn’t pay any more attention to her. He asked Nora, “Ms. Smith, is surgery possible or not?”

These words were something that Nora had heard countless times from her patients or their families. However, the man’s voice was as low and rich as cello timbre, which made her mood improve for some inexplicable reason.

The corners of Nora’s lips quirked upward slightly and she slowly uttered, “Yes, it is.”

Then, she even added an extra line as reassurance for the narcissistic man in front of her: “The success rate is 99%.”

The remaining 1% was attributed to force majeure.

After all, what if an earthquake were to suddenly occur?

“Dr. Smith, you must be bluffing?” Tina said, “Mr. Hunt, as Mrs. Hunt’s doctor, I must tell you that the success rate would only be 30% even if Anti were here. You mustn’t let her fool you!”

However, Justin didn’t seem to have any doubt about her words. He immediately ordered, “Prepare the operating room.”

Seeing that he wasn’t listening to her at all, Tina tried to calm herself down. Then, she secretly sneered, That doctor honestly thinks too highly of herself! She’s just courting her own death!

Let’s see how Mr. Hunt deals with her when the elderly Mrs. Hunt dies mid-operation!

By the time the operating room was ready, Lily and her other assistants had already arrived.

There was no way she would use outsiders for such a difficult operation, of course.

Nora entered the ward after she put on the surgical gown in the sterile room.

Lily complained softly, “The patient is very advanced in her years, Anti. The biggest problem isn’t the head but the heart. Surgery indeed isn’t recommended in her case. Why did you take it up?”

“I’ll take care of the heart.”

Nora took out a few needles and pierced the old lady’s heart with them quickly and accurately, thereby sealing and protecting her heart meridian.

Her cat-like eyes gleamed.

The top surgeon was just a title that others had given her. No one knew that she was actually more skilled at alternative medicine instead.

Five hours later.

An exhausted Nora removed her surgical gown and walked out of the operating room.

As she was drugged the night before, it had resulted in her being a little short on energy today. She leaned against the sofa in the sterile area and closed her eyes. In her daze, the familiar voice rang in her mind again: “Mommy, save Great-Grandma!”

Those eyes and that voice—they seemed so familiar to her!

Nora woke up with a start. She hesitantly went out and immediately spotted Justin who had been waiting outside the whole time.

The man was leaning against the wall. When he saw her walking toward him in a rare show of emotion, the corners of his lips curled up a little. Even the beauty mark at his eye seemed to be smiling.

And yet she denied having feelings for him.

That scorching look in her eyes at this moment was so passionate.

While his imagination was running wild, the woman rushed up to him and asked, “Where’s your son?”

Justin was bewildered.

Justin had a puzzled look in his deep-set eyes. Why was she instead asking about his son after coming up to him?

Without any change in his expression, he replied casually, "He's gone back first. Is something the matter?"

The operation had lasted for six hours and it was already 1 am in the morning. Pete had originally planned to stick it out, but he was still young after all and couldn't endure it.

Thus, Justin had sent someone to take him home first.

He's left?

Nora immediately lost interest. She retracted her gaze and reverted to her lazy stance. "No, it's nothing. Why are you still here?"

Justin slowly stood up straight and looked at her intently. The beauty mark at his eye looked a little more bewitching under the light and his voice was low and alluring as he replied, "I'm waiting for you."

"..."

It was late at night. Moonlight shone through the windows onto the quiet hallway. The man was now a little close to her after he straightened his back, making the atmosphere seem somewhat amorous.

In this instant, Nora even formed the misconception that the man was flirting with her.

She shook her head slightly to get rid of the distracting thoughts in her mind. Then, she chuckled softly and said, "It's understandable that the patient's family is worried about her. Don't worry, Mrs. Hunt will be fine."

She took out her cell phone and checked her text messages. "The Andersons have sent someone to pick me up. I'm going off first."

The woman turned around neatly after saying that. When she walked, it was as if she was too lazy to even lift her legs. The way she walked was definitely not an elegant one; in fact, it even felt a little lazy. However, she wasn't slow and her back view actually felt intriguing.

Justin, who was a step late, followed after her.

He didn't doubt the skills of the person he had found. He trusted that she had done a good job.

Besides, it was exactly because he intended to personally send her home to the Andersons that he had waited here.

But unexpectedly, right after he turned the corner, he saw the woman holding her cell phone and making a call. Her voice was a little low as she said, "Look up Justin for me."

Justin was puzzled.

He stopped in his tracks. There was genuinely some puzzlement and perplexity in his usually cold and tough countenance at this moment.

After so many years of immersion in the world of commerce, he could almost see through everyone's thoughts by now. Yet that woman was the only person who seemed covered in a magical veil. Her form was vague and charming, and he couldn't see through her at all.

For example, wasn't she a little too fickle? She had been cool and indifferent toward him both the night before and just now, yet she was getting someone to investigate him a moment later?

He didn't go after her again and neither did Nora notice the man behind her. After another turn, she continued and said a second line: "I want all the information about his son."

On the other end of the phone call, Solo's mind was full of question marks. "Why are you looking up his son? Oh, I see, you want to be his stepmother, right? Heh, I told you Justin is a first-class beauty, didn't I? Sure enough, you can't control yourself anymore after seeing him, right? Say, is he especially handsome?"

The light in Nora's eyes flickered.

Was he handsome?

The way he looked on the sofa the night before, when he was obviously drugged yet still highly restraining himself, was indeed rather alluring.

She replied dispassionately, "He's passable."

Solo whistled and said, "Tsk, in all these years that I've known you, there are only a rare few that you even deem passable. I think the two of you have a chance! Are you planning to—"

Nora interrupted him and said, "I hope to see the information in my mailbox when I wake up."

Solo replied, "... Alright."

After hanging up, she got into the car that the Andersons had sent to pick her up. Not in the mood to admire New York's night scenery, she closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

"Miss Smith? Miss Smith?"

When a dazed Nora opened her eyes, she found that she had already arrived at the Andersons. The car had stopped at the porch and the small three-story villa was brightly lit. It was obvious that the occupants were still awake.

Nora yawned and glanced at the time as she got out of the car and found that it was already two o'clock in the morning.

The Andersons' villa was decorated in a simple European style. As soon as she entered, she was greeted with a simple and refreshing aura.

Four people sat on the sofa. An old lady who was nearly 80 years old was seated in the middle. The years had left their marks of vicissitude on her visage and her eyes looked ahead of her blankly. She asked, "Is she here? Why do I hear the car?"

Melissa, who was sitting on the left, smiled gently and said, "She's here!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson immediately stood up excitedly. She stretched out her arm in front of her and grabbed about as she called out, "Nora? You're Nora, right? Do you look like your mother?"

A young lady sat on her right. She looked to be in her early twenties and resembled Melissa a little, and there was some gracefulness in her large eyes. She held the elderly Mrs. Anderson's arm and said, "Grandma, Nora is a spitting image of her mother. She looks just like her."

Melissa laughed and said, "You make it sound like you've met your aunt before."

Back then, when the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home, Melissa hadn't wedded Simon yet. Even after the wedding, she saw more photos of Nora's mother than her actual person.

Sheril Anderson stuck out her tongue and replied, "Although I've never met her before, we're connected by blood. I felt a sense of kinship with Nora the moment I saw her!"

"Meh, what a fawner." The young man sitting across from the three of them was likely a college student. His handsome face was full of wildness and unruliness.

Sheril ignored him and took a brisk step forward instead. Then, she gently pulled Nora over to Mrs. Anderson and placed her hand on the old lady's.

Nora was actually taken aback a little.

She grew up with the Smiths. When she was a child, she had always been ridiculed for being obese. Moreover, because of her poor health, she didn't go out much and had stayed in her bedroom all the time.

Initially, she still went downstairs for her three daily meals, but later on, Wendy got someone to bring her food upstairs, so she didn't even have to leave her bedroom to eat anymore.

When she was a child, she was a lonely person. She used to envy how happy a family the three of them looked. Whenever she saw Angela latching onto Henry and wheedling, she would also hope for love from her family.

But the way Henry looked at her with disgust every time made Nora gradually lose that desire.

Thus, she placed her focus in other places instead, such as computer hacking, medicine, martial arts, and so on.

Therefore, she was rarely this intimate with people.

However, the disgust that she had imagined didn't come. The elderly lady's hands were a little soft because of her loose skin, but the dry heat of her palms seemed to penetrate the distant disguise she had put on.

"Nora..."

The old lady was so worked up that her hands were shaking. "You've had such a hard time all these years!"

"..."

Seeing that Nora didn't know what to do, Melissa said, "Mom, Nora is back now. It's already two in the morning. Why don't we go to bed first? We can talk tomorrow instead."

"Okay, okay..." Mrs. Anderson wiped her tears and said, "Nora, you must be tired, too. Go to bed for now."

Melissa got Sheril to take the old lady back to her bedroom while Nora followed her upstairs. Melissa said, "We've kept your mother's room intact all these years. Now that you're back, you can take her room. Cherry is already asleep."

"Okay."

"By the way, Nora, I didn't tell anyone that Mr. Hunt asked you to go to the hospital to perform an operation on his grandmother. I was afraid that they would be worried."

Nora didn't want to reveal her identity, either. She only wanted to stay here quietly for a few days. Once Mrs. Hunt woke up, she would return to California to look for her son.

She nodded.

As she was simply too tired, she didn't even take a good look at the room and went straight to bed.

The next day, as soon as she woke up, she saw Melissa in a panic outside her door. She said, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs.

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book—it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, “Nora, something’s gone wrong in the hospital!”

Nora raised an eyebrow. “What happened?”

“Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn’t woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man’s low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, “Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn’t woken up.”

“Sorry,” Nora coughed and said, “I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she’ll only regain consciousness this weekend.”

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient’s family about the details.

Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady’s condition the day before, and she asked, “Will it cause you any trouble?”

“Those are just trivial matters.” Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, “Don’t you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?”



Nora asked straightforwardly, "Is your son in the hospital?"

"...No, he isn't."

Nora immediately replied, "Oh. It's pointless even if I go over. It's fine as long as the patient's vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care."

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

"..."

In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here.

Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up.

When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, "Is Grand aunt alright, Justin?"

Justin snorted and replied, "She's fine."

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn't worthy of being Justin's son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grand aunt would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, "What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?"

Howard answered, "It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!"

A hesitant Justin asked, "But what if she's very cold and distant toward me?"

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, “Uh... Surely she isn’t thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn’t strong enough, he’s inherited your good features. He won’t starve to death if he becomes someone’s pretty boy in the future.”

“...”

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin’s eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, “Justin, if you’re free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, “Where are you going, Justin?”

“To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

“Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I’ve attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There’s something very strange, though. Apart from his son’s name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn’t find anything at all.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn’t been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly.

Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion?

No, she had to find a way to meet Justin’s son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn’t want to pass up any possibilities.

“Mommy! Didn’t you say that you’re taking me to Grandpa Quinn’s today?” Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn’t call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora’s lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, “Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It’s already afternoon! If I had known that’s how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!”

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, “Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!”

“Good, good.” Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, “Let’s hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!”

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons’ car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words “Quinn’s Martial Arts Hall” were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain.

Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.

But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead!

Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him?

He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, "Mr. Quinn, I'm not here by my teacher's request this time. Rather, I'd like you to take my son as your disciple."

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, "I'm not interested in your son at all—"

He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, "Cherry?!"

Quinn stared at Pete. Then, he rubbed his eyes and looked at him again. Even the wrinkles on his visage couldn't hide his surprise.

In the past five years, although he hadn't seen Cherry in person before, they often made video calls to each other. However, people would always look a little bigger and fatter in videos than in real life. As a result, the child in front of him ended up looking a little smaller and a little skinnier than Cherry.

But his facial features were practically identical to Cherry's!

Pete had immediately realized something with a start when Quinn exclaimed Cherry's name. His tiny form took a step forward. With his back to Justin, he looked up and asked, "Did you mistake me for someone else? Children generally look alike."

Pete gave Quinn a look as he spoke.

Upon sensing the look he was giving him, Quinn quickly reacted. He touched his beard and said with a cough, "Yeah, I must have made a mistake."

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was puzzled. He had been on a video call with Cherry only a moment ago. How did she suddenly become Irvin's disciple's son in the blink of an eye?

... Son?

Quinn suddenly looked down. He pointed at Pete and asked Justin, "He's your son?"

Justin, who was in the dark, was also confused about the conversation between the two of them. But when he heard his question, he nodded and answered, "Yes."

Quinn swallowed in disbelief and looked down at "Cherry" again.

He looked so much like Cherry... Could it be that...

Upon noticing how hesitant and contemplative he looked, Justin took the initiative to explain. He said, "Mr. Quinn, Pete is my son and should, by right, join the Irvin School of Martial Arts. But when I thought about it, I found that my teacher's martial arts aren't suitable for Pete because they're too feminine. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style is more masculine and more presentable, so I hope you can accept my son as a disciple."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' style tended to be more feminine and the disciples also often used insidious tricks when they fought. They were famous for being unpredictable, insidious, sly, and taking the enemy by surprise.

On the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced the path of masculinity. The disciples' strength and speed were all trained through sheer hard work and most of them were men.

Pete was already rather abnormal. If he became even more feminine... Justin was really afraid that he would grow up wrong. He'd better take the path of masculinity and train his psyche instead. This way, he might be able to straighten him out.

But when Justin said that, he instead noticed Quinn staring at his son with an unfathomable expression.

His brows drew together and his deep-set eyes shone with determination and resolution. He said, “Mr. Quinn, if you’re still reluctant, then I’ll challenge the school. You can decide the rules. If I manage to win by chance, please accept Pete as a disciple.”

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had an unwritten rule—if someone succeeded in their challenge to the school, then they would satisfy a condition set by the other party as long as it didn’t go against one’s morals.

In the past century, no one had ever succeeded in challenging the school. This went to show the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ position in the world of martial arts.

Next to him, Howard was dumbfounded when he heard what he said. Did he know where they were right now?!

This was the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They could drown him with just sheer numbers!

Justin was really doing so much for the sake of that little good-for-nothing! But given that tiny form of his, how could Mr. Quinn possibly accept him as a disciple?

Yet as soon as he thought so, he saw Quinn acting as if he hadn’t heard Justin at all. He merely asked emphatically, “Are you sure he’s a boy? Does he have a little willy?”

Justin was bewildered.

What kind of weird question was that?

Pete’s expression also darkened. He introduced himself and said, “Grandpa Quinn, my name is Peter Hunt. You can call me Pete. I’m male and a b-o-y!”

He practically squeezed the word ‘boy’ through his gritted teeth.

When he said that...

“Hahahahaha!”

Quinn raised his head to the sky and chortled. The way he looked at Pete was as if he had just found a rare treasure. He didn’t expect to find the son that Nora had been searching for these last five years!

Moreover, one could tell at a glance that the child had an excellent form that was very suitable for practicing martial arts!

He said to Justin, "I'll take your son in. We'll start practicing today. You can go now!"

Justin was bewildered.

Hesitation flickered in his deep-set eyes.

Seeing him motionless, Quinn frowned. He asked roughly, "What? You don't trust me?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

Justin took a step back.

Quinn was a well-known figure in the world of martial arts. There was no way he would pick on a child. If he said that he was taking him as a disciple, then that meant that he was really doing it.

Quinn grabbed Pete by his clothes and was about to eagerly take him in with him when Howard stepped forward. He said, "Mr. Quinn, my name is Howard. I've been admiring you for a very long time. I'm also here to join the Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Quinn looked back and glanced at him. He scanned him up and down before showing a touch of disdain. "What makes you think you can join us?"

Howard was taken aback.

Seeing that he couldn't answer him at all, Quinn turned and walked in.

A disciple of the school was about to close the door when Howard suddenly shouted crestfallenly, "Mr. Quinn, why would you rather accept that weakling instead of me?"

The disciple curled his lip and slammed the door shut. Hmph, did he think it was so easy to enter their school?

Howard was lost for words.

He touched his hooked nose with a puzzled look on his fierce countenance. "Why would Mr. Quinn possibly be interested in Pete? And, he even asked if he has a... Cough, surely he isn't mentally ill, is he?"

Justin glanced at him in disgust. "I think you're the one who's mentally ill."

Howard nevertheless humbly sought his advice. He said, "No matter how stupid I am, I can't possibly be stupider than Chester. But I really don't understand Mr. Quinn's actions. Can you tell me why?"

Justin turned and walked ahead, leaving behind only four mysterious words: "Think about it yourself."

To be honest, he didn't know, either!

In the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

In the middle of the spacious hall, Quinn looked at Pete greedily and said, "Hurry up and acknowledge me as your teacher, Nora's son! After that, we'll be teacher and disciple!"

He was very anxious, lest what was already in the bag... uh, his little disciple disappear!

Pete stared at him. Then, he nodded and said, "But can you agree not to tell Mommy for now? Cherry and I have already agreed to give Mommy a surprise."

There were still two days left before Great-Grandma woke up.

Pete hoped that his mother could interact a little more with the tyrant again. What if she suddenly finds some positive aspects about him?

Quinn touched his beard and said, "No, I can't."

Pete replied calmly, "Oh. In that case, I won't acknowledge you as my teacher."

"..."

Quinn frowned. "Hmph, do you think you can threaten me with that? Even if you don't acknowledge me as your teacher, just by the fact that I found you,



Sleepyhead will still agree to let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher just to express her gratitude!”

A puzzled Pete asked, “Who’s Sleepyhead?”

“Your mom.”

Pete was rendered speechless. He suspected that the old man was actually cursing.

After a stalemate of about ten minutes, footsteps could be heard coming from the door again. Then, Cherry’s voice rang out outside, “Grandpa Quinn, I’m here!”

Quinn immediately raced outside. When he saw Nora, he exclaimed excitedly, “Nora! I’ll tell you a secret if you let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher!”

Nora looked around the place after she entered.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was located in the heart of New York. The fact that they could take up such a large building for their martial arts gym in a place like this went to show just how deep and rock-solid a background the Quinn School of Martial Arts had.

The disciples in the gym were divided into several classes and were currently shouting energetically as they trained. Which part of it even looked like the ‘withered and dying out’ state that the old man had claimed it was?

Thus, upon hearing him trying to trick her again, Nora picked at her ears and said, “Tell me what the secret is and I’ll decide after that.”

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Everyone else was begging to be taken as disciples, so why was it simply so difficult for him to find a successor? He had finally found that woman’s daughter after so much trouble and on top of that, she was even a talented girl, yet all she did was sleep!

Fortunately, these two children inherited her good physique.

Quinn’s gaze flicked over to Cherry and he thought of Pete, who was in the martial arts gym, again.

To be honest, it was true that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style suited boys better. After all, there was no one else who would be as crazy talented as little Nora.

After weighing the pros and cons, he suddenly realized that taking Pete as his disciple might actually seem like a better deal? And a safer one?

Thus, Quinn coughed and said, "Forget it, I'm not telling you anymore."

" ... "

Nora just knew this would be the case. After that, she accompanied Quinn to the inner courtyard where he lived.

Quinn was wearing a white martial arts uniform. Despite being advanced in years, he was thin and energetic. Although his voice was rough, there was a sense of careful attentiveness within. If not, he wouldn't have become a master of the art, either.

When the two entered the inner courtyard, Quinn looked at her, stretched out his hand, and gestured at her. "Come on, let's see if you've made any progress lately?"

As he spoke, Quinn went on the offensive.

Nora stepped back quickly and evaded the attack. Then, she counterattacked and started to spar with Quinn.

Every move and every action carried a subdued but sharp and fierce momentum.

The pair had a good time sparring. Toward the end, even Nora broke out in a light sweat and she felt refreshed all over.

After they were done with the sparring, Quinn loosened his wrist muscles and remarked, "To think you can attain a level of skill like this despite slacking off. You're a crazy one indeed. If you practice well, you'll definitely surpass me."

Nora gave an "Oh" and replied dispassionately, "I'll also be able to surpass you when I'm your age."

" ... "

Quinn was rendered so speechless by her retort that he couldn't be bothered to be mad anymore. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but ask persistently, "You really don't intend to have Cherry pick up martial arts?"

Nora shook her head. "There isn't any need for her."

She had practiced martial arts back then in order to train and strengthen her body. However, Cherry was healthy and had always been strong and sturdy since she was a baby. Besides, Cherry was a little princess. The way her aunt raised her had turned her into a very delicate little girl who couldn't take any bit of discomfort at all.

If Nora made her practice martial arts, she would probably burst into tears and start wailing.

So, why bother?

Seeing how stubborn she was, Quinn could only give up. He complained, "Why do you also have your mom's temperament?"

Her mom...

Nora's interest was suddenly piqued. She asked, "Old man, do you know my mother? Can you tell me about her?"

Quinn stroked his white beard and smiled as he replied, "Your mom... She's a legend in New York!"

Nora was taken aback.

Quinn pointed to the table in the courtyard. Nora followed him and walked over. Although she was cheeky whenever she talked to him, after sitting down, she obediently picked up the teapot and poured him a cup of tea.

Quinn sat on the bench and took a sip from his teacup. "During your mom's younger days, she was amazingly talented and brilliant, and she was known as the most talented woman in New York. At that time, many people proposed to your mom and the Andersons were totally in the limelight. Even the Hunts thought it would be an honor if they could have her marry into the family. Unfortunately, she rejected the number one family in the end. Heh heh, she had backbone, alright. I, for one, don't think much of the Hunts, especially that disciple of Irvin's..."

Quinn and Irvin would always quarrel whenever they met.

Nora listened with great interest. When she noticed that Quinn had finished his tea, she poured him another cup and pressed, "And then?"

Quinn let out a "hmp" and went on. "At that time, I had just achieved some success in my training and made a name for myself in the circle. I wanted to take a disciple and took an interest in your mom. However, she didn't want to and rejected me... After that, she disappeared."

At this point, Quinn stroked his beard and said, "As for why she suddenly ran away from home? I don't know. Some say that she was kidnapped for her beauty and was imprisoned, but that's all nonsense. Given how fierce she was, who would have been able to kidnap her?"

"She then came to me two years later. She asked me to take you as my disciple once you're five or six years old, and train your body for you. At that time, she said she was dying."

Quinn sighed and said, "By the time I found you with the information she gave me, she was already gone."

"You don't have to be sad, though. Although your mom only lived for a short period of twenty years, her life was exciting and fulfilling. She led a life well-lived! But if you were to talk about her life, she did indeed let someone down."

A curious Nora sat upright. "Who was it?"

Quinn put down his teacup. "Have you heard of the Smiths from New York?"

Nora shook her head.

All she did every day was sleep, so she didn't know much about wealthy and influential powerhouses like them.

Quinn said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are equally powerful, and they were vying for the title of the number one family back then. The previous head of the Hunts was actually inferior to that fellow from the Smiths. Your mom also got engaged to that Smith fellow in the end, so when I heard that your last name was Smith, I had thought that she was pregnant with his child, but that unfortunately was not the case. Speaking of your father, he's a typical male

chauvinist pig. Your mom was so picky her entire lifetime, so why did she marry a scumbag like him in the end?”

Nora had no words to that. She was also just as puzzled.

“We digress. Anyway, the head of the Smiths at that time was a very ambitious man. With him leading the family, the Smiths nearly managed to surpass the Hunts. But when your mom went missing later, he fell into an irreversible slump. This stabilized the situation, and the Smiths and the Hunts became equally ranked again. After that, when Justin Hunt took over the family, he led the Hunts to completely surpass the Smiths and become the veritable No. 1 again.”

Quinn shook his head. “That kid from the Smiths is considered your elder. After he retired, he got a nephew of his to lead the Smiths. He also remains unmarried even now.”

Nora was astounded by what she heard. “My mom had indeed let him down.”

Quinn strongly agreed with her.

Nora suddenly asked, “What’s his name?”

Quinn smiled and answered, “Ian!”

Ian Smith?

She suddenly thought of the company that her mother had left behind. Its name was Idealian Pharmaceuticals...

Then, Quinn spoke again. “By the way, I heard that he became seriously ill recently. It seems that he won’t be able to live past this year. What a shame. He was quite the hero back then.”

After he finished, Quinn stood up and said, “Alright, you can rest here for a while. I’ll go and take a look at what the two children are doing.”

He had spotted Cherry and Pete secretly meeting up just now. He was itching to hurry up and take Pete as his disciple.

After Quinn left, Nora sat there and thought carefully about her mother’s past. However, she suddenly realized something with a start.

The two children?

Who was the other one apart from Cherry?

She stood up abruptly and walked toward the martial arts gym at the front.

Before she even entered the gym, she heard Quinn's voice coming from within: "Stand steady now! Persevere! This is a basic skill. This part right here is what makes us, the Quinn School of Martial Arts, better than the Irvin School of Martial Arts. Martial arts aren't something that can be learned overnight. You must take your time to lay a solid foundation..."

Nora pushed the door open and entered to see that "Cherry" had, at some point, changed into a set of men's sportswear and was practicing her form.

Quinn, who had his back to Nora, was talking to her. He said, "Since you're now my disciple, then you'll have to listen to what I say from now on. You must practice this stance for half an hour every morning after you wake up. Your mother is too lazy and has always been disobedient since she was a child. You mustn't take after her..."

Pete, who was facing the door and thus had noticed Nora, was lost for words.

He pursed his lips and stood up straight.

Surprised, Quinn exclaimed, "Why aren't you doing it anymore? You can't hold on anymore? You—"

Pete interrupted the rest of what he wanted to say before he could finish: "Mommy."

Quinn stiffened. Then, he slowly turned around to see Nora leaning against the wall. Her arms were casually folded and her cat-like eyes slightly raised as she quietly watched the two of them.

Her big boss-like attitude frightened Quinn, who stammered, "Um, little Nora, this..."

Nora asked lazily, "Old man, did you tempt her with rewards or threaten her with punishment?"

"...No, I didn't!"

Seeing that he was answering so surely, Nora looked at Pete again and asked hesitantly, "Cherry, are you genuinely interested in learning martial arts?"

Pete nodded firmly.

If he learned martial arts, should the tyrant dare so much as to bully Mommy in the future, he would be able to protect her and Cherry!

Nora was stunned.

Cherry took after her in her personality and was lazy and easygoing. She disliked being restrained the most. Yet she had actually taken an interest in martial arts?

Nora, who had always respected children's views, agreed to it after a little thought. "Alright."

After that, she looked at Quinn and said, "I'll send her here at 7 am sharp tomorrow. Old man, I have something up today, so I'll go back first."

After she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Pete.

Pete very naturally took a step forward, took her hand, and followed her out the door.

Even after the two of them disappeared from the martial arts gym, Quinn was still in a daze!

No, little Nora, that isn't your daughter you just picked up!

He was still in a daze when Cherry, who had just gone to the bathroom, ran over in her princess dress. "Huh? Where's Pete?"

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Right after Cherry spoke, her cell phone beeped. She picked it up and immediately saw a text message from Pete: "Cherry, I went home with Mommy. Daddy will pick you up in the evening. We'll switch back tomorrow."

She was going to see her handsome Daddy again.

Cherry jumped excitedly and took Quinn's hand as she asked, "Grandpa Quinn, when is Daddy coming to pick me up?"

“...Five o’clock in the evening.”

“Ah, then I still have two hours left. What shall we do? Do you have Barbies here?”

“... No.”

“Can I play games, then?”

“No, it’s bad for your eyes.”

Cherry pouted disappointedly and asked, “Grandpa Quinn, doesn’t the Quinn School of Martial Arts have any specialties?”

Old Quinn, who was taken aback, suddenly thought of something and answered, “Oh, that we do!”

As such, at five o’clock in the evening, Justin personally drove over to pick up his son.

His handsome countenance was calm at the moment. The Quinn School of Martial Arts’ style was masculine and domineering. He would definitely see his son drenched in stinky sweat all over like a little boy later, right?

With that in mind, he entered the school. He immediately saw a group of disciples dressed in white sportswear training in the compound.

Next to them, his son was wearing a white princess dress and pointing at one of them with his eyes all lit up. “Grandpa Quinn, Mr. No. 5 is the most handsome! But Mr. No. 9 is also very cool. Who should I pick? I’m so troubled!”

Justin was bewildered.

He cracked.

At this time, Nora hadn’t reached home yet. Instead, she was currently in Guardian Pharmacy, a herbal store and pharmacy in New York. She was holding a scale and choosing herbs from a box.

“Atractylodes lancea, wolfberry, chrysanthemum, cornus, rehmannia, dendrobium...”



After Nora adjusted the herbs' proportions, she handed them to the pharmacist and said, "Please use these to make some pills for internal consumption. The ones from just now are to be made into ointments for external usage. I'll come over and pick them up tomorrow."

The pharmacist had a big smile all over his face as he replied, "Sure, no problem!"

The customer was generous enough, so of course, he was willing to do her a trivial favor like this!

After that, Nora took Pete home.

She had been too tired after she got home the day before, so she didn't pay much attention to the elderly Mrs. Anderson's eyes. However, after she woke up today, she had checked her pulse and also carefully observed her eyes. She discovered that the cause for the old madam's loss of vision was that her eyes had received too much strain back then, resulting in vision loss from optic nerve damage.

There was no need for surgery. She just needed to nurse them back to a healthy state.

With the help of a GPS navigator, Nora drove all the way back to the Andersons. Before she even entered, she saw Melissa standing at the door. She was wearing a knitted dress and looked elegant and dignified. When she saw their car, her brows drew together in worry.

It was only when she parked the car in the villa that Nora spotted a luxurious Lincoln that was also parked there—it was obvious that a distinguished guest was visiting.

When she got off the car, Melissa hurried over and said, "Nora, your second aunt heard that you're here, so she came over to take a look."

The elderly Mrs. Anderson had two daughters and a son.

Nora's mother was the eldest while Simon was the third child. In the middle was her second child, Sheena Anderson.

Nora nodded. She was about to take Pete with her and enter the house when Melissa held her wrist and said apologetically, “She has a foul mouth, so don’t take what she says to heart.”

Nora was taken aback for a moment.

She could vaguely hear an arrogant voice coming through the door: “... yet she married a man like that in the end. Her daughter even grew up in a place like California and has never gone through higher education... Mom, you always say that I’m not as good as her, but look at us now. In the end, I’m the one that the Andersons need, aren’t I?”

Mrs. Anderson reprimanded her. “How can you say things like that? Regardless of whether Nora is outstanding or dull, she’s your elder sister’s daughter! She’s part of the Andersons!”

“Don’t bother saying things like that. It was through great effort that the Andersons’ reputation has gradually improved over the years. You’d best keep a tight watch over her, lest she does something disgraceful and embarrass the Andersons!”

Melissa coughed as a reminder to the people inside. Then, she called out, “Mom, Sheena, Nora’s back!”

Only then did Nora enter. She immediately saw an attractive woman resembling Simon sitting pompously on the sofa.

Sheena was 46 years old this year, but she looked as if she was 30 years old instead. She wore a professional suit and fully exuded a mature woman’s charm. Compared with Melissa’s grace, she seemed bossier.

After Nora entered, her gaze fell onto Pete right away and she asked disdainfully, “So, she’s your daughter? She must be five this year, right? Can she play the piano? Can she dance? Can she do calligraphy? Do you take Mathematical Olympiad classes? What kind of interest classes do you attend?”

Pete, who had been receiving an elite’s education since he was a baby, was bewildered.

Who was she looking down on?

Sheena threw a ton of questions to the child's face just to give her 'country bumpkin' niece an opening gambit.

Nora cast her eyes down with a slightly chilly look and kept quiet.

Melissa hurriedly played peacemaker and said, "Sheena, Cherry grew up abroad with Nora. Over there, they value quality education..."

Sheena leaned on the sofa. As though a person in power talking down to her subordinates, she said, "Quality education? It's all a lie. That's just so that they can better bridge the gap. Real aristocrats and the wealthy put their children through strict education from an early age!"

Her eyes were like blazing torches as she looked at Nora. She said, "So, your name is Nora? You're all grown up, so you've already missed the best time and opportunity to study. But rest assured; since you've come to us, on account of my sister, I won't let you roam the streets homeless. I heard that you got yourself pregnant before you were married, right? And that your ex-fiance broke off the engagement? Don't worry, I'll find you a good husband and ensure that you live worry-free for the rest of your life. As for your daughter..."

She looked at Pete and scanned the child up and down. Then, as though she was being charitable, she said, "Although five years old is a late start compared to others, there's at least still hope for her."

Nora had a very cold look in her eyes. She lowered her gaze and then, with a sardonic smile at the corner of her lips, she said, "You don't need to bother. I'll take care of my daughter's education myself."

Cherry's studies were indeed a huge headache. Her daughter had an extremely high IQ, but she was only interested in games and was sloppy in her studies. In particular, her history knowledge had become a huge mess thanks to her aunt abroad...

However, this didn't mean that others could criticize her at will.

"You? Take care of her education matters?"

Sheena said coldly, "What are you going to teach her? Are you going to teach her how to become obsessed with her cell phone and how to play games

every day? Are you going to have her be like you and engage in a chaotic private life, and become pregnant before marriage when she grows up?”

“Shut up!” Mrs. Anderson reprimanded Sheena, causing her to curl her lip.

Melissa even frowned and said reproachingly, “Sheena, I know you have her interests at heart, but can you speak in a less hurtful manner?”

Sheena sneered, “I just want her to have a clear idea of the situation she’s in! Does she really think it’s that easy to be a child of a wealthy family?”

She glanced at the ‘girl’ who was standing there stubbornly and said, “Not convinced, are you? Fine, I’ll show you Lena’s progress in her studies and give you a good sense of the gap between the two children! Go on, Lena, tell the big sister here what you’re capable of.”

Lena Xavier was Sheena’s daughter who was born at a later point in Sheena’s life. She gave birth to her at the age of forty, so Lena was only six that year.

The little girl wearing a dress was adorable and pretty. When she heard her, she raised her chin and declared proudly, “I know two foreign languages— Spanish and French—and can communicate fluently in them.”

Then, she said a couple of lines in the two foreign languages fluently, forming an animated and impressive sight.

After speaking, she looked at Pete triumphantly.

Sheena raised her chin proudly along with her. After Lena was done, she looked at Nora and asked, “I wonder what your daughter is capable of?”

Nora was about to speak when a sullen Pete’s lips suddenly parted and he prattled on in a language that no one understood.

Stunned, Lena asked, “What language is that?”

Pete calmly replied, “It’s Arabic. It’s very normal that you can’t understand it. Mommy has taught me eight different languages.”

“ ... ”

Lena, who felt as if she had lost, refused to concede defeat and spoke again. She said, “I’ve also participated in many competitions and took second place

in a children's calligraphy competition, as well as second place in a robotics competition for juniors!"

A puzzled Pete frowned and said, "Second place? How sad."

Lena was confused.

Furious, she went on and said, "I can recite 300 poems and spell 1,500 words. At the same time, I also learned programming and Mathematical Olympiad-level mathematics!"

Pete pursed his lips and sighed. "Are poems that hard to memorize and recite? Does programming even require effort to learn? Don't people immediately get these things after just a look?"

"???"

A puzzled Pete took Nora's hand and said, "Let's go upstairs, Mommy. Aunt Sheena probably still has something to talk to Grandma and Aunt Melissa about, so let's not disturb them anymore."

The two of them left behind a group of dumbfounded people and went upstairs.

Nora closed the door. Then, she turned around, picked up Pete, and put him down on the sofa while observing him. Cherry hated language studies. Since when did she even speak Arabic?

Something was definitely wrong!

She was about to ask Pete when her cell phone suddenly rang and interrupted her thoughts.

Nora picked up the call. The moment she did, she heard Henry's voice from the other end. "Nora! You've gotten gutsy, haven't you?! How dare you arrange for the company dividends to be sent to your bank account! Give me back the money right now! Otherwise, what am I supposed to live on?"

Nora replied coolly, "What does your survival have anything to do with me?"

"You—!" Henry was furious. But in the end, he said viciously, "I see. Now that you've gone to the Andersons, you don't intend to acknowledge a poor man like me as your father anymore? Thinking of cutting off your relations with me?"

No way! But if you give me \$8,000,000, I'll cut off relations with you from now on. How about it?"

Nora's eyes darkened. Asking for \$8,000,000 right away? He sure had a pretty big appetite.

When he heard her silence, Henry smiled triumphantly and said, "I know you don't have any money. However, the Andersons do! I'm sure the Andersons won't want me to show up in New York and embarrass them, right?"

"..."

What a shameless man. However, the corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward the next moment and she said, "Fine, I'll transfer the money to you right away, but you must tell me where you abandoned my son back then."

After a short pause, Henry finally agreed and said, "Fine! I'll tell you immediately after I receive the money!"

After hanging up, Nora tapped casually on her cell phone, wrote a Trojan horse malware program, and sent it to Henry.

The program would show fake funds transfer information when it reached him. However, once he opened the message, his cell phone would immediately be invaded by Nora, thereby allowing her to eavesdrop on him!

Money? Heh, dream on.

After she finished all this, she used her cell phone to monitor the conversation on the other side.

She heard Wendy's voice first: "Has the money arrived? Has the money arrived?"

"Yes, it has!"

"You've never mentioned her son's whereabouts all these years, Henry. Where exactly did you abandon her son?"

Henry let out a sinister laugh and replied, "Her son? He died a long time ago! I watched him breathe his last back then. After that, I buried him in the suburbs! So, she wants her son back? No problem, I can tell her where he is. I reckon he's probably a pile of bones by now?"

“ ... ”

Nora felt as if a bomb had suddenly gone off in her mind.

Her grip on her cell phone loosened and it fell onto the ground.

He's dead...

No wonder Henry had so vehemently refused to reveal any information all this time! No wonder all the private investigators couldn't find any news of her son!

Everything in front of her turned blurry, and large teardrops slid down her cheeks...

Her son was dead... He had died a long time ago!

It was her fault! It was her fault for not protecting her son!

She clenched her fists tightly. Her fingernails were embedded in her palms, yet she didn't feel any pain.

She felt as if someone had ruthlessly drawn a blunt blade across her heart. It hurt so much that she suddenly couldn't breathe anymore. She bent down, seemingly unable to hear anything at all...

It was at this moment that a small pair of hands held her.

Nora raised her head and immediately saw a small face stained with tears from shock and fright. Pete's lips parted and closed as he repeated something over and over. She tried hard to hear what he was saying. At last, she finally heard him.

He said, "Mommy! Don't cry! I'm still alive!"

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

She thought back to the day five years ago when she went into early labor...

She could remember very clearly that she was in a private clinic at that time. The white walls were peeling and it was very dim in the delivery room. There were only a doctor and a nurse, and they looked very unprofessional.

She laid on the cold delivery bed without even a shred of dignity.

She didn't remember the pain of labor anymore. All she remembered was the restless little hand that peeked out of the blanket wrapped around her son when her father took him away.

It was so small... as though just the size of her finger.

She had wanted to get up and take her child back, but her belly started to act up again.

The amniotic fluid in her water bag was almost gone. If she halted the labor process, then the child who was still in her belly would suffocate to death...

Nora felt as if all the air in her chest had been sucked away and she couldn't breathe.

She had chosen her daughter over her son!

Over the years, she had made countless phone calls to Henry and pleaded with him many times. However, he had never relented and told her anything. To be honest, she had vaguely already guessed as much deep down in her heart that...

Perhaps her son was already dead.

Otherwise, why would he still refuse to reveal the boy's whereabouts after the Grays had agreed to annul the engagement? This was also the reason why she hadn't immediately used a listening device on Henry when she returned to the States.

She was afraid of hearing a result that she didn't want to hear.

She had ultimately still held a glimmer of hope.

She also knew very well that the reason why Cherry, a vain and pretentious little princess, had suddenly bought a lot of boys' clothing and sometimes pretended to be a boy was actually to cheer her up and take away a bit of her pain when she missed her son.

She looked at her tearful daughter in front of her. When she heard what Pete said, she forced a smile and choked up as she said, "You don't have to comfort me, Cherry..."



Pete was badly frightened. The boy, who had been quiet and calm since he was a baby, was crying so badly that his face was covered in tears.

Mommy was as pale as a sheet, and her usually calm eyes were filled with despair and emptiness. Tears were rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably and her smile looked so tragic. She seemed as if she was going to collapse and pass out the next moment...

He panicked, utterly so.

He grabbed Nora's hand and shouted, "Mommy, I'm not lying! I'm Pete! I'm Peter Hunt, not Cherry! I'm not Cheryl Smith!"

"Mommy, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have kept it a secret from you!"

"Mommy, look at me! I'm Pete!"

"I was wrong. I won't do it anymore... Sob..."

His shouts made Nora's eyes gradually regain focus and her rationality gradually returned to her. She looked at Pete. "What... did you say?"

She found his claims incredulous, yet Cherry's various eccentricities during the recent period of time started to surface in her mind.

For example, Cherry had suddenly stopped playing games and started to read.

For example, Cherry would occasionally speak a lot less and become a lot quieter.

And, for example, when Cherry spoke fluent Arabic downstairs just now...

Everything in front of her became vague and surreal, and for a moment, Nora couldn't tell whether this was a dream or reality...

With her eyes filled with confusion, she asked, "Really?"

"Mommy, it's true." Pete put his arms around her waist. With his little face raised, he said, "My younger sister and I look exactly the same, but I grew up in New York. My name is Peter Hunt and my father is Justin Hunt!"

Nora stared at him. "Where's Cherry, then?"

Seeing that she didn't seem to believe him, Pete, who was afraid that his mother would return to that state earlier, gritted his teeth and said, "Mommy, come with me!"

He held Nora's hand with his own little hand and the two of them went downstairs.

Downstairs, Sheena was still ranting, "She may be a child, but she sure talks big! Eight languages? She probably just learned a phrase so that she could brag to others, right? And, how dare she look down on Lena's second-place victory? Hah, why doesn't she try showing us a third-place victory, then?!"

"... That's enough!" The elderly Mrs. Anderson slammed the white cane she was holding against the floor. "She's your sister's one and only daughter! She's already quite the poor thing—"

At once, Sheena suddenly screamed, "Uh-huh, she's quite the poor thing, and so is my sister. But what about me?! If she hadn't run away from home and ended up being rumored to have eloped, would the Andersons' reputation have been this terrible?! Neither would my ex-fiancé have broken off our engagement! How much ridicule did we endure because of her back then?!"

Melissa heaved a deep sigh. To be honest, everyone loved Nora's mother deeply; that was why they were so upset with her. Sheena had been so proud of her sister back then...

She was about to console Sheena when she heard someone coming down the stairs.

She turned to see Nora and Cherry coming down.

She asked, "It's late, Nora. Where are the two of you going?"

Pete was very anxious, so he didn't answer.

Nora was as though a soulless puppet at the moment, so she didn't answer, either.

The two left the living room.

A look of confusion came over Melissa's countenance. Mrs. Anderson, who couldn't see, asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Did Nora leave? Was it

because of Sheena? Sheena, get Nora back here! If she leaves, then you can forget about ever coming back here to see me!”

Sheena was also dumbfounded. Her sharp and fierce expression cracked, but she nevertheless curled her lip and scoffed, “She can leave if she wants to. I’d instead show more admiration for her if she doesn’t rely on the Andersons!”

Melissa panicked. She said, “Sheena, Nora has never once said that she intends to rely on us. She’s a doctor! She can support herself! If you don’t like her, then you can come back less often in the future!”

She went after Nora after saying that.

Unfortunately, the moment she went out, Nora had already started the car and disappeared from the porch in the blink of an eye.

In the car.

Little Pete sat in the passenger seat. With his seat belt buckled, he pointed the way with the help of his cell phone. “Turn right... Turn left at the third intersection...”

He knew Mommy was scared and needed to see that there were two children before she could feel at ease.

He couldn’t continue to hide it anymore.

Nora stayed silent and drove seriously.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at a villa complex.

Security at the gates was brisk and they refused to let them in, but the moment the guard saw Pete, he immediately greeted him respectfully. “Welcome back, Mr. Hunt.”

‘Mr. Hunt’...

Nora, who had a stern look on her face, stared intently ahead of her.

She had already calmed down on the way here. She also believed most of what Pete said, but the fear and panic of losing her son led to her having to see both children in front of her with her own two eyes before she could feel at ease.

The guards gave them clearance and she drove into the villa complex.

“Mommy, go to Villa No. 8.”

Nora obediently stopped the car at Villa No. 8’s entrance. She staggered out of the car and knocked on the door.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell rang. A few seconds later, someone opened the door. Cherry’s adorable little head popped out and she asked cutely, “Who... Mommy?!”

Justin’s voice followed closely after. “Who’s at the door, Pete?”

## **Chapter 43 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Nora was shocked.

She, who was checking Mrs. Hunt’s various health indicators, froze. She slowly lowered her head and immediately saw the little boy who always brought her a sense of familiarity. He was currently looking up at her.

He had a mask and a cap on, so his looks couldn’t be clearly seen. However, those familiar eyes of his were full of familial love and pleading.

Nora’s mind suddenly went blank. Some kind of thought was about to flash across her mind, but it was at this moment that another machine sounded an alarm.

Saving the patient was what mattered the most at the moment.

She refocused on the situation in front of her and looked over—Mrs. Hunt’s blood pressure had risen a little.

Tina also hurried in at this point, and it was then that she finally noticed Nora. She put on a mask and frowned as she asked, “Who are you? This is the ICU ward. Please go out immediately!”

“Miss Smith is here on my request.”

Justin shortly also entered the ward. He ordered, "Let her take part in the rescue efforts."

Tina paused for a moment and a sharp look flashed across her eyes. However, she suddenly thought of something and she nodded and said, "Alright, sure."

The ward entered another busy period.

Justin took Pete with him and left the ward.

Nora wisely stood at the side.

Tina suddenly looked at her and asked sarcastically and disdainfully, "Sodium nitroprusside, Dr. Smith?"

Sodium nitroprusside was the most basic drug to lower blood pressure.

Nora nodded.

Tina quickly injected the drug into Mrs. Hunt and stabilized her condition again.

After reading the medical records, looking at the latest CT scans, and getting a good idea of the patient's condition, Nora finally walked out of the ward with Tina.

Tina was walking in front. As soon as she left the ward, she saw Justin striding toward her. She took off her mask and, with a solemn look, was about to speak when Justin walked straight past her to Nora instead. He looked nervous as he asked, "Is surgery possible?"

Tina quickly spoke ahead of Nora. She said, "Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Hunt's current condition is very complicated. She has high blood pressure, multiple organ failure, and it's taking a huge toll on her heart. If she undergoes surgery now, even if Anti were around, there'll only be a 30% success rate if we can't protect her heart.

"There's a 70% chance that the patient will die mid-operation. Additionally, the operation is also very traumatic to the patient. Even if she's lucky enough to survive, her heart would be damaged, and she may only end up having half a year left. Dr. Smith, am I right?"

Her analysis was very reasonable. Nora nodded.

When Tina saw that she at least still had some self-awareness, she didn't pay any more attention to her. She glanced at Raymond and the others who were nearby and suddenly lowered her voice and said, "However, I do have a safe suggestion here, Mr. Hunt."

Justin finally looked her way.

Tina raised her chin slightly and said unhurriedly, "As you know, I'm a student of Mr. Myers, a master of alternative traditional medicine techniques. I'm also familiar with some of these techniques. To be honest, I can use acupuncture to allow Mrs. Hunt to temporarily regain consciousness."

"Temporarily?" Justin was puzzled.

Tina had both hands in the pockets of her white lab coat and her straight hair was all tucked behind her head. At nearly 30 years old, her age made her look reliable yet also feminine. Her voice was even and mild, which made people put trust in her.

"Yes, I can use acupuncture needles to forcibly break through the blood clot in her brain so that she'll wake up temporarily. This is the commonly known phenomenon where one experiences a short-lived period of good health prior to their demise. However, she'll only be able to last one day after she wakes up. After that, she'll..."

Justin's eyes suddenly widened and he pressed his lips tightly together.

When Tina saw that he understood what she was saying, she slowly said, "Mrs. Hunt's condition is such that if she undergoes surgery now, even if it goes well, she'll only be able to last half a year after using the best medication. If the operation fails and she fails to regain consciousness, going by her current condition, she'll only be able to live for another two months.

"But if you take up my suggestion, Mrs. Hunt can wake up immediately and clear Pete's name. You don't want him to be slandered for life, do you?"

Nora, who had been standing next to her all this time, was bewildered.

Doctors should be benevolent.

However, her suggestion was tantamount to murder!

She cast her cat-like eyes down slightly to hide her disdain.

As the head of the number one family in the States, Justin was a ruthless and domineering man. Tina's suggestion was indeed in his son's best interests.

The thought had only just formed in her mind when she heard Justin's cold warning. "Dr. York, your duty is to the patient."

Suppressed by his aura, Tina immediately lowered her head and said, "My apologies, Mr. Hunt. I watched Pete grow up, so I ended up too concerned and got my priorities wrong."

Justin didn't pay any more attention to her. He asked Nora, "Ms. Smith, is surgery possible or not?"

These words were something that Nora had heard countless times from her patients or their families. However, the man's voice was as low and rich as cello timbre, which made her mood improve for some inexplicable reason.

The corners of Nora's lips quirked upward slightly and she slowly uttered, "Yes, it is."

Then, she even added an extra line as reassurance for the narcissistic man in front of her: "The success rate is 99%."

The remaining 1% was attributed to force majeure.

After all, what if an earthquake were to suddenly occur?

"Dr. Smith, you must be bluffing?" Tina said, "Mr. Hunt, as Mrs. Hunt's doctor, I must tell you that the success rate would only be 30% even if Anti were here. You mustn't let her fool you!"

However, Justin didn't seem to have any doubt about her words. He immediately ordered, "Prepare the operating room."

Seeing that he wasn't listening to her at all, Tina tried to calm herself down. Then, she secretly sneered, That doctor honestly thinks too highly of herself! She's just courting her own death!

Let's see how Mr. Hunt deals with her when the elderly Mrs. Hunt dies mid-operation!

By the time the operating room was ready, Lily and her other assistants had already arrived.

There was no way she would use outsiders for such a difficult operation, of course.

Nora entered the ward after she put on the surgical gown in the sterile room.

Lily complained softly, "The patient is very advanced in her years, Anti. The biggest problem isn't the head but the heart. Surgery indeed isn't recommended in her case. Why did you take it up?"

"I'll take care of the heart."

Nora took out a few needles and pierced the old lady's heart with them quickly and accurately, thereby sealing and protecting her heart meridian.

Her cat-like eyes gleamed.

The top surgeon was just a title that others had given her. No one knew that she was actually more skilled at alternative medicine instead.

Five hours later.

An exhausted Nora removed her surgical gown and walked out of the operating room.

As she was drugged the night before, it had resulted in her being a little short on energy today. She leaned against the sofa in the sterile area and closed her eyes. In her daze, the familiar voice rang in her mind again: "Mommy, save Great-Grandma!"

Those eyes and that voice—they seemed so familiar to her!

Nora woke up with a start. She hesitantly went out and immediately spotted Justin who had been waiting outside the whole time.

The man was leaning against the wall. When he saw her walking toward him in a rare show of emotion, the corners of his lips curled up a little. Even the beauty mark at his eye seemed to be smiling.



And yet she denied having feelings for him.

That scorching look in her eyes at this moment was so passionate.

While his imagination was running wild, the woman rushed up to him and asked, "Where's your son?"

Justin was bewildered.

Justin had a puzzled look in his deep-set eyes. Why was she instead asking about his son after coming up to him?

Without any change in his expression, he replied casually, "He's gone back first. Is something the matter?"

The operation had lasted for six hours and it was already 1 am in the morning. Pete had originally planned to stick it out, but he was still young after all and couldn't endure it.

Thus, Justin had sent someone to take him home first.

He's left?

Nora immediately lost interest. She retracted her gaze and reverted to her lazy stance. "No, it's nothing. Why are you still here?"

Justin slowly stood up straight and looked at her intently. The beauty mark at his eye looked a little more bewitching under the light and his voice was low and alluring as he replied, "I'm waiting for you."

"..."

It was late at night. Moonlight shone through the windows onto the quiet hallway. The man was now a little close to her after he straightened his back, making the atmosphere seem somewhat amorous.

In this instant, Nora even formed the misconception that the man was flirting with her.

She shook her head slightly to get rid of the distracting thoughts in her mind. Then, she chuckled softly and said, "It's understandable that the patient's family is worried about her. Don't worry, Mrs. Hunt will be fine."

She took out her cell phone and checked her text messages. “The Andersons have sent someone to pick me up. I’m going off first.”

The woman turned around neatly after saying that. When she walked, it was as if she was too lazy to even lift her legs. The way she walked was definitely not an elegant one; in fact, it even felt a little lazy. However, she wasn’t slow and her back view actually felt intriguing.

Justin, who was a step late, followed after her.

He didn’t doubt the skills of the person he had found. He trusted that she had done a good job.

Besides, it was exactly because he intended to personally send her home to the Andersons that he had waited here.

But unexpectedly, right after he turned the corner, he saw the woman holding her cell phone and making a call. Her voice was a little low as she said, “Look up Justin for me.”

Justin was puzzled.

He stopped in his tracks. There was genuinely some puzzlement and perplexity in his usually cold and tough countenance at this moment.

After so many years of immersion in the world of commerce, he could almost see through everyone’s thoughts by now. Yet that woman was the only person who seemed covered in a magical veil. Her form was vague and charming, and he couldn’t see through her at all.

For example, wasn’t she a little too fickle? She had been cool and indifferent toward him both the night before and just now, yet she was getting someone to investigate him a moment later?

He didn’t go after her again and neither did Nora notice the man behind her. After another turn, she continued and said a second line: “I want all the information about his son.”

On the other end of the phone call, Solo’s mind was full of question marks. “Why are you looking up his son? Oh, I see, you want to be his stepmother, right? Heh, I told you Justin is a first-class beauty, didn’t I? Sure enough, you

can't control yourself anymore after seeing him, right? Say, is he especially handsome?"

The light in Nora's eyes flickered.

Was he handsome?

The way he looked on the sofa the night before, when he was obviously drugged yet still highly restraining himself, was indeed rather alluring.

She replied dispassionately, "He's passable."

Solo whistled and said, "Tsk, in all these years that I've known you, there are only a rare few that you even deem passable. I think the two of you have a chance! Are you planning to—"

Nora interrupted him and said, "I hope to see the information in my mailbox when I wake up."

Solo replied, "... Alright."

After hanging up, she got into the car that the Andersons had sent to pick her up. Not in the mood to admire New York's night scenery, she closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

"Miss Smith? Miss Smith?"

When a dazed Nora opened her eyes, she found that she had already arrived at the Andersons. The car had stopped at the porch and the small three-story villa was brightly lit. It was obvious that the occupants were still awake.

Nora yawned and glanced at the time as she got out of the car and found that it was already two o'clock in the morning.

The Andersons' villa was decorated in a simple European style. As soon as she entered, she was greeted with a simple and refreshing aura.

Four people sat on the sofa. An old lady who was nearly 80 years old was seated in the middle. The years had left their marks of vicissitude on her visage and her eyes looked ahead of her blankly. She asked, "Is she here? Why do I hear the car?"

Melissa, who was sitting on the left, smiled gently and said, "She's here!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson immediately stood up excitedly. She stretched out her arm in front of her and grabbed about as she called out, "Nora? You're Nora, right? Do you look like your mother?"

A young lady sat on her right. She looked to be in her early twenties and resembled Melissa a little, and there was some gracefulness in her large eyes. She held the elderly Mrs. Anderson's arm and said, "Grandma, Nora is a spitting image of her mother. She looks just like her."

Melissa laughed and said, "You make it sound like you've met your aunt before."

Back then, when the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home, Melissa hadn't wedded Simon yet. Even after the wedding, she saw more photos of Nora's mother than her actual person.

Sheril Anderson stuck out her tongue and replied, "Although I've never met her before, we're connected by blood. I felt a sense of kinship with Nora the moment I saw her!"

"Meh, what a fawner." The young man sitting across from the three of them was likely a college student. His handsome face was full of wildness and unruliness.

Sheril ignored him and took a brisk step forward instead. Then, she gently pulled Nora over to Mrs. Anderson and placed her hand on the old lady's.

Nora was actually taken aback a little.

She grew up with the Smiths. When she was a child, she had always been ridiculed for being obese. Moreover, because of her poor health, she didn't go out much and had stayed in her bedroom all the time.

Initially, she still went downstairs for her three daily meals, but later on, Wendy got someone to bring her food upstairs, so she didn't even have to leave her bedroom to eat anymore.

When she was a child, she was a lonely person. She used to envy how happy a family the three of them looked. Whenever she saw Angela latching onto Henry and wheedling, she would also hope for love from her family.

But the way Henry looked at her with disgust every time made Nora gradually lose that desire.

Thus, she placed her focus in other places instead, such as computer hacking, medicine, martial arts, and so on.

Therefore, she was rarely this intimate with people.

However, the disgust that she had imagined didn't come. The elderly lady's hands were a little soft because of her loose skin, but the dry heat of her palms seemed to penetrate the distant disguise she had put on.

"Nora..."

The old lady was so worked up that her hands were shaking. "You've had such a hard time all these years!"

"..."

Seeing that Nora didn't know what to do, Melissa said, "Mom, Nora is back now. It's already two in the morning. Why don't we go to bed first? We can talk tomorrow instead."

"Okay, okay..." Mrs. Anderson wiped her tears and said, "Nora, you must be tired, too. Go to bed for now."

Melissa got Sheril to take the old lady back to her bedroom while Nora followed her upstairs. Melissa said, "We've kept your mother's room intact all these years. Now that you're back, you can take her room. Cherry is already asleep."

"Okay."

"By the way, Nora, I didn't tell anyone that Mr. Hunt asked you to go to the hospital to perform an operation on his grandmother. I was afraid that they would be worried."

Nora didn't want to reveal her identity, either. She only wanted to stay here quietly for a few days. Once Mrs. Hunt woke up, she would return to California to look for her son.

She nodded.

As she was simply too tired, she didn't even take a good look at the room and went straight to bed.

The next day, as soon as she woke up, she saw Melissa in a panic outside her door. She said, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs.

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book—it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "What happened?"

"Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn't woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man's low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, "Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn't woken up."

"Sorry," Nora coughed and said, "I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she'll only regain consciousness this weekend."

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient's family about the details.

Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady's condition the day before, and she asked, "Will it cause you any trouble?"

"Those are just trivial matters." Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, "Don't you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?"

Nora asked straightforwardly, "Is your son in the hospital?"

"...No, he isn't."

Nora immediately replied, "Oh. It's pointless even if I go over. It's fine as long as the patient's vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care."

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

"..."

In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here.

Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up.

When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, "Is Grandaunt alright, Justin?"

Justin snorted and replied, "She's fine."

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn't worthy of being Justin's son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grandaunt would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, “What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?”

Howard answered, “It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!”

A hesitant Justin asked, “But what if she’s very cold and distant toward me?”

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, “Uh... Surely she isn’t thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn’t strong enough, he’s inherited your good features. He won’t starve to death if he becomes someone’s pretty boy in the future.”

“ ... ”

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin’s eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, “Justin, if you’re free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, “Where are you going, Justin?”

“To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

“Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I’ve attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There’s something very strange, though. Apart from his son’s name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn’t find anything at all.”

Nora was rendered speechless.



She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn't been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly.

Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion?

No, she had to find a way to meet Justin's son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn't want to pass up any possibilities.

"Mommy! Didn't you say that you're taking me to Grandpa Quinn's today?" Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn't call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, "Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It's already afternoon! If I had known that's how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!"

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, "Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!"

"Good, good." Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, "Let's hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!"

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would

be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons' car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words "Quinn's Martial Arts Hall" were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain.

Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.

But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead!

Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him?

He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, "Mr. Quinn, I'm not here by my teacher's request this time. Rather, I'd like you to take my son as your disciple."

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, "I'm not interested in your son at al—"

He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, "Cherry?!"

Quinn stared at Pete. Then, he rubbed his eyes and looked at him again. Even the wrinkles on his visage couldn't hide his surprise.

In the past five years, although he hadn't seen Cherry in person before, they often made video calls to each other. However, people would always look a

little bigger and fatter in videos than in real life. As a result, the child in front of him ended up looking a little smaller and a little skinnier than Cherry.

But his facial features were practically identical to Cherry's!

Pete had immediately realized something with a start when Quinn exclaimed Cherry's name. His tiny form took a step forward. With his back to Justin, he looked up and asked, "Did you mistake me for someone else? Children generally look alike."

Pete gave Quinn a look as he spoke.

Upon sensing the look he was giving him, Quinn quickly reacted. He touched his beard and said with a cough, "Yeah, I must have made a mistake."

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was puzzled. He had been on a video call with Cherry only a moment ago. How did she suddenly become Irvin's disciple's son in the blink of an eye?

... Son?

Quinn suddenly looked down. He pointed at Pete and asked Justin, "He's your son?"

Justin, who was in the dark, was also confused about the conversation between the two of them. But when he heard his question, he nodded and answered, "Yes."

Quinn swallowed in disbelief and looked down at "Cherry" again.

He looked so much like Cherry... Could it be that...

Upon noticing how hesitant and contemplative he looked, Justin took the initiative to explain. He said, "Mr. Quinn, Pete is my son and should, by right, join the Irvin School of Martial Arts. But when I thought about it, I found that my teacher's martial arts aren't suitable for Pete because they're too feminine. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style is more masculine and more presentable, so I hope you can accept my son as a disciple."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' style tended to be more feminine and the disciples also often used insidious tricks when they fought. They were famous for being unpredictable, insidious, sly, and taking the enemy by surprise.

On the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced the path of masculinity. The disciples' strength and speed were all trained through sheer hard work and most of them were men.

Pete was already rather abnormal. If he became even more feminine... Justin was really afraid that he would grow up wrong. He'd better take the path of masculinity and train his psyche instead. This way, he might be able to straighten him out.

But when Justin said that, he instead noticed Quinn staring at his son with an unfathomable expression.

His brows drew together and his deep-set eyes shone with determination and resolution. He said, "Mr. Quinn, if you're still reluctant, then I'll challenge the school. You can decide the rules. If I manage to win by chance, please accept Pete as a disciple."

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had an unwritten rule—if someone succeeded in their challenge to the school, then they would satisfy a condition set by the other party as long as it didn't go against one's morals.

In the past century, no one had ever succeeded in challenging the school. This went to show the Quinn School of Martial Arts' position in the world of martial arts.

Next to him, Howard was dumbfounded when he heard what he said. Did he know where they were right now?!

This was the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They could drown him with just sheer numbers!

Justin was really doing so much for the sake of that little good-for-nothing! But given that tiny form of his, how could Mr. Quinn possibly accept him as a disciple?

Yet as soon as he thought so, he saw Quinn acting as if he hadn't heard Justin at all. He merely asked emphatically, "Are you sure he's a boy? Does he have a little willy?"

Justin was bewildered.

What kind of weird question was that?

Pete's expression also darkened. He introduced himself and said, "Grandpa Quinn, my name is Peter Hunt. You can call me Pete. I'm male and a b-o-y!"

He practically squeezed the word 'boy' through his gritted teeth.

When he said that...

"Hahahahaha!"

Quinn raised his head to the sky and chortled. The way he looked at Pete was as if he had just found a rare treasure. He didn't expect to find the son that Nora had been searching for these last five years!

Moreover, one could tell at a glance that the child had an excellent form that was very suitable for practicing martial arts!

He said to Justin, "I'll take your son in. We'll start practicing today. You can go now!"

Justin was bewildered.

Hesitation flickered in his deep-set eyes.

Seeing him motionless, Quinn frowned. He asked roughly, "What? You don't trust me?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

Justin took a step back.

Quinn was a well-known figure in the world of martial arts. There was no way he would pick on a child. If he said that he was taking him as a disciple, then that meant that he was really doing it.

Quinn grabbed Pete by his clothes and was about to eagerly take him in with him when Howard stepped forward. He said, "Mr. Quinn, my name is Howard. I've been admiring you for a very long time. I'm also here to join the Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Quinn looked back and glanced at him. He scanned him up and down before showing a touch of disdain. "What makes you think you can join us?"

Howard was taken aback.

Seeing that he couldn't answer him at all, Quinn turned and walked in.

A disciple of the school was about to close the door when Howard suddenly shouted crestfallenly, "Mr. Quinn, why would you rather accept that weakling instead of me?"

The disciple curled his lip and slammed the door shut. Hmph, did he think it was so easy to enter their school?

Howard was lost for words.

He touched his hooked nose with a puzzled look on his fierce countenance. "Why would Mr. Quinn possibly be interested in Pete? And, he even asked if he has a... Cough, surely he isn't mentally ill, is he?"

Justin glanced at him in disgust. "I think you're the one who's mentally ill."

Howard nevertheless humbly sought his advice. He said, "No matter how stupid I am, I can't possibly be stupider than Chester. But I really don't understand Mr. Quinn's actions. Can you tell me why?"

Justin turned and walked ahead, leaving behind only four mysterious words: "Think about it yourself."

To be honest, he didn't know, either!

In the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

In the middle of the spacious hall, Quinn looked at Pete greedily and said, "Hurry up and acknowledge me as your teacher, Nora's son! After that, we'll be teacher and disciple!"

He was very anxious, lest what was already in the bag... uh, his little disciple disappear!

Pete stared at him. Then, he nodded and said, "But can you agree not to tell Mommy for now? Cherry and I have already agreed to give Mommy a surprise."

There were still two days left before Great-Grandma woke up.

Pete hoped that his mother could interact a little more with the tyrant again. What if she suddenly finds some positive aspects about him?

Quinn touched his beard and said, "No, I can't."

Pete replied calmly, "Oh. In that case, I won't acknowledge you as my teacher."

"..."

Quinn frowned. "Hmph, do you think you can threaten me with that? Even if you don't acknowledge me as your teacher, just by the fact that I found you, Sleepyhead will still agree to let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher just to express her gratitude!"

A puzzled Pete asked, "Who's Sleepyhead?"

"Your mom."

Pete was rendered speechless. He suspected that the old man was actually cursing.

After a stalemate of about ten minutes, footsteps could be heard coming from the door again. Then, Cherry's voice rang out outside, "Grandpa Quinn, I'm here!"

Quinn immediately raced outside. When he saw Nora, he exclaimed excitedly, "Nora! I'll tell you a secret if you let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher!"

Nora looked around the place after she entered.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was located in the heart of New York. The fact that they could take up such a large building for their martial arts gym in a place like this went to show just how deep and rock-solid a background the Quinn School of Martial Arts had.

The disciples in the gym were divided into several classes and were currently shouting energetically as they trained. Which part of it even looked like the 'withered and dying out' state that the old man had claimed it was?

Thus, upon hearing him trying to trick her again, Nora picked at her ears and said, "Tell me what the secret is and I'll decide after that."

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Everyone else was begging to be taken as disciples, so why was it simply so difficult for him to find a successor? He had finally found that woman's daughter after so much trouble and on top of that, she was even a talented girl, yet all she did was sleep!

Fortunately, these two children inherited her good physique.

Quinn's gaze flicked over to Cherry and he thought of Pete, who was in the martial arts gym, again.

To be honest, it was true that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style suited boys better. After all, there was no one else who would be as crazy talented as little Nora.

After weighing the pros and cons, he suddenly realized that taking Pete as his disciple might actually seem like a better deal? And a safer one?

Thus, Quinn coughed and said, "Forget it, I'm not telling you anymore."

"..."

Nora just knew this would be the case. After that, she accompanied Quinn to the inner courtyard where he lived.

Quinn was wearing a white martial arts uniform. Despite being advanced in years, he was thin and energetic. Although his voice was rough, there was a sense of careful attentiveness within. If not, he wouldn't have become a master of the art, either.

When the two entered the inner courtyard, Quinn looked at her, stretched out his hand, and gestured at her. "Come on, let's see if you've made any progress lately?"

As he spoke, Quinn went on the offensive.

Nora stepped back quickly and evaded the attack. Then, she counterattacked and started to spar with Quinn.

Every move and every action carried a subdued but sharp and fierce momentum.

The pair had a good time sparring. Toward the end, even Nora broke out in a light sweat and she felt refreshed all over.



After they were done with the sparring, Quinn loosened his wrist muscles and remarked, "To think you can attain a level of skill like this despite slacking off. You're a crazy one indeed. If you practice well, you'll definitely surpass me."

Nora gave an "Oh" and replied dispassionately, "I'll also be able to surpass you when I'm your age."

"..."

Quinn was rendered so speechless by her retort that he couldn't be bothered to be mad anymore. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but ask persistently, "You really don't intend to have Cherry pick up martial arts?"

Nora shook her head. "There isn't any need for her."

She had practiced martial arts back then in order to train and strengthen her body. However, Cherry was healthy and had always been strong and sturdy since she was a baby. Besides, Cherry was a little princess. The way her aunt raised her had turned her into a very delicate little girl who couldn't take any bit of discomfort at all.

If Nora made her practice martial arts, she would probably burst into tears and start wailing.

So, why bother?

Seeing how stubborn she was, Quinn could only give up. He complained, "Why do you also have your mom's temperament?"

Her mom...

Nora's interest was suddenly piqued. She asked, "Old man, do you know my mother? Can you tell me about her?"

Quinn stroked his white beard and smiled as he replied, "Your mom... She's a legend in New York!"

Nora was taken aback.

Quinn pointed to the table in the courtyard. Nora followed him and walked over. Although she was cheeky whenever she talked to him, after sitting down, she obediently picked up the teapot and poured him a cup of tea.

Quinn sat on the bench and took a sip from his teacup. “During your mom’s younger days, she was amazingly talented and brilliant, and she was known as the most talented woman in New York. At that time, many people proposed to your mom and the Andersons were totally in the limelight. Even the Hunts thought it would be an honor if they could have her marry into the family. Unfortunately, she rejected the number one family in the end. Heh heh, she had backbone, alright. I, for one, don’t think much of the Hunts, especially that disciple of Irvin’s...”

Quinn and Irvin would always quarrel whenever they met.

Nora listened with great interest. When she noticed that Quinn had finished his tea, she poured him another cup and pressed, “And then?”

Quinn let out a “hmph” and went on. “At that time, I had just achieved some success in my training and made a name for myself in the circle. I wanted to take a disciple and took an interest in your mom. However, she didn’t want to and rejected me... After that, she disappeared.”

At this point, Quinn stroked his beard and said, “As for why she suddenly ran away from home? I don’t know. Some say that she was kidnapped for her beauty and was imprisoned, but that’s all nonsense. Given how fierce she was, who would have been able to kidnap her?”

“She then came to me two years later. She asked me to take you as my disciple once you’re five or six years old, and train your body for you. At that time, she said she was dying.”

Quinn sighed and said, “By the time I found you with the information she gave me, she was already gone.”

“You don’t have to be sad, though. Although your mom only lived for a short period of twenty years, her life was exciting and fulfilling. She led a life well-lived! But if you were to talk about her life, she did indeed let someone down.”

A curious Nora sat upright. “Who was it?”

Quinn put down his teacup. “Have you heard of the Smiths from New York?”

Nora shook her head.

All she did every day was sleep, so she didn't know much about wealthy and influential powerhouses like them.

Quinn said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are equally powerful, and they were vying for the title of the number one family back then. The previous head of the Hunts was actually inferior to that fellow from the Smiths. Your mom also got engaged to that Smith fellow in the end, so when I heard that your last name was Smith, I had thought that she was pregnant with his child, but that unfortunately was not the case. Speaking of your father, he's a typical male chauvinist pig. Your mom was so picky her entire lifetime, so why did she marry a scumbag like him in the end?"

Nora had no words to that. She was also just as puzzled.

"We digress. Anyway, the head of the Smiths at that time was a very ambitious man. With him leading the family, the Smiths nearly managed to surpass the Hunts. But when your mom went missing later, he fell into an irreversible slump. This stabilized the situation, and the Smiths and the Hunts became equally ranked again. After that, when Justin Hunt took over the family, he led the Hunts to completely surpass the Smiths and become the veritable No. 1 again."

Quinn shook his head. "That kid from the Smiths is considered your elder. After he retired, he got a nephew of his to lead the Smiths. He also remains unmarried even now."

Nora was astounded by what she heard. "My mom had indeed let him down."

Quinn strongly agreed with her.

Nora suddenly asked, "What's his name?"

Quinn smiled and answered, "Ian!"

Ian Smith?

She suddenly thought of the company that her mother had left behind. Its name was Idealian Pharmaceuticals...

Then, Quinn spoke again. "By the way, I heard that he became seriously ill recently. It seems that he won't be able to live past this year. What a shame. He was quite the hero back then."

After he finished, Quinn stood up and said, "Alright, you can rest here for a while. I'll go and take a look at what the two children are doing."

He had spotted Cherry and Pete secretly meeting up just now. He was itching to hurry up and take Pete as his disciple.

After Quinn left, Nora sat there and thought carefully about her mother's past. However, she suddenly realized something with a start.

The two children?

Who was the other one apart from Cherry?

She stood up abruptly and walked toward the martial arts gym at the front.

Before she even entered the gym, she heard Quinn's voice coming from within: "Stand steady now! Persevere! This is a basic skill. This part right here is what makes us, the Quinn School of Martial Arts, better than the Irvin School of Martial Arts. Martial arts aren't something that can be learned overnight. You must take your time to lay a solid foundation..."

Nora pushed the door open and entered to see that "Cherry" had, at some point, changed into a set of men's sportswear and was practicing her form.

Quinn, who had his back to Nora, was talking to her. He said, "Since you're now my disciple, then you'll have to listen to what I say from now on. You must practice this stance for half an hour every morning after you wake up. Your mother is too lazy and has always been disobedient since she was a child. You mustn't take after her..."

Pete, who was facing the door and thus had noticed Nora, was lost for words.

He pursed his lips and stood up straight.

Surprised, Quinn exclaimed, "Why aren't you doing it anymore? You can't hold on anymore? You—"

Pete interrupted the rest of what he wanted to say before he could finish: "Mommy."

Quinn stiffened. Then, he slowly turned around to see Nora leaning against the wall. Her arms were casually folded and her cat-like eyes slightly raised as she quietly watched the two of them.

Her big boss-like attitude frightened Quinn, who stammered, “Um, little Nora, this...”

Nora asked lazily, “Old man, did you tempt her with rewards or threaten her with punishment?”

“...No, I didn’t!”

Seeing that he was answering so surely, Nora looked at Pete again and asked hesitantly, “Cherry, are you genuinely interested in learning martial arts?”

Pete nodded firmly.

If he learned martial arts, should the tyrant dare so much as to bully Mommy in the future, he would be able to protect her and Cherry!

Nora was stunned.

Cherry took after her in her personality and was lazy and easygoing. She disliked being restrained the most. Yet she had actually taken an interest in martial arts?

Nora, who had always respected children’s views, agreed to it after a little thought. “Alright.”

After that, she looked at Quinn and said, “I’ll send her here at 7 am sharp tomorrow. Old man, I have something up today, so I’ll go back first.”

After she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Pete.

Pete very naturally took a step forward, took her hand, and followed her out the door.

Even after the two of them disappeared from the martial arts gym, Quinn was still in a daze!

No, little Nora, that isn’t your daughter you just picked up!

He was still in a daze when Cherry, who had just gone to the bathroom, ran over in her princess dress. “Huh? Where’s Pete?”

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Right after Cherry spoke, her cell phone beeped. She picked it up and immediately saw a text message from Pete: "Cherry, I went home with Mommy. Daddy will pick you up in the evening. We'll switch back tomorrow."

She was going to see her handsome Daddy again.

Cherry jumped excitedly and took Quinn's hand as she asked, "Grandpa Quinn, when is Daddy coming to pick me up?"

"...Five o'clock in the evening."

"Ah, then I still have two hours left. What shall we do? Do you have Barbies here?"

"... No."

"Can I play games, then?"

"No, it's bad for your eyes."

Cherry pouted disappointedly and asked, "Grandpa Quinn, doesn't the Quinn School of Martial Arts have any specialties?"

Old Quinn, who was taken aback, suddenly thought of something and answered, "Oh, that we do!"

As such, at five o'clock in the evening, Justin personally drove over to pick up his son.

His handsome countenance was calm at the moment. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style was masculine and domineering. He would definitely see his son drenched in stinky sweat all over like a little boy later, right?

With that in mind, he entered the school. He immediately saw a group of disciples dressed in white sportswear training in the compound.

Next to them, his son was wearing a white princess dress and pointing at one of them with his eyes all lit up. "Grandpa Quinn, Mr. No. 5 is the most handsome! But Mr. No. 9 is also very cool. Who should I pick? I'm so troubled!"

Justin was bewildered.

He cracked.

At this time, Nora hadn't reached home yet. Instead, she was currently in Guardian Pharmacy, a herbal store and pharmacy in New York. She was holding a scale and choosing herbs from a box.

"Atractylodes lancea, wolfberry, chrysanthemum, cornus, rehmannia, dendrobium..."

After Nora adjusted the herbs' proportions, she handed them to the pharmacist and said, "Please use these to make some pills for internal consumption. The ones from just now are to be made into ointments for external usage. I'll come over and pick them up tomorrow."

The pharmacist had a big smile all over his face as he replied, "Sure, no problem!"

The customer was generous enough, so of course, he was willing to do her a trivial favor like this!

After that, Nora took Pete home.

She had been too tired after she got home the day before, so she didn't pay much attention to the elderly Mrs. Anderson's eyes. However, after she woke up today, she had checked her pulse and also carefully observed her eyes. She discovered that the cause for the old madam's loss of vision was that her eyes had received too much strain back then, resulting in vision loss from optic nerve damage.

There was no need for surgery. She just needed to nurse them back to a healthy state.

With the help of a GPS navigator, Nora drove all the way back to the Andersons. Before she even entered, she saw Melissa standing at the door. She was wearing a knitted dress and looked elegant and dignified. When she saw their car, her brows drew together in worry.

It was only when she parked the car in the villa that Nora spotted a luxurious Lincoln that was also parked there—it was obvious that a distinguished guest was visiting.

When she got off the car, Melissa hurried over and said, “Nora, your second aunt heard that you’re here, so she came over to take a look.”

The elderly Mrs. Anderson had two daughters and a son.

Nora’s mother was the eldest while Simon was the third child. In the middle was her second child, Sheena Anderson.

Nora nodded. She was about to take Pete with her and enter the house when Melissa held her wrist and said apologetically, “She has a foul mouth, so don’t take what she says to heart.”

Nora was taken aback for a moment.

She could vaguely hear an arrogant voice coming through the door: “... yet she married a man like that in the end. Her daughter even grew up in a place like California and has never gone through higher education... Mom, you always say that I’m not as good as her, but look at us now. In the end, I’m the one that the Andersons need, aren’t I?”

Mrs. Anderson reprimanded her. “How can you say things like that? Regardless of whether Nora is outstanding or dull, she’s your elder sister’s daughter! She’s part of the Andersons!”

“Don’t bother saying things like that. It was through great effort that the Andersons’ reputation has gradually improved over the years. You’d best keep a tight watch over her, lest she does something disgraceful and embarrass the Andersons!”

Melissa coughed as a reminder to the people inside. Then, she called out, “Mom, Sheena, Nora’s back!”

Only then did Nora enter. She immediately saw an attractive woman resembling Simon sitting pompously on the sofa.

Sheena was 46 years old this year, but she looked as if she was 30 years old instead. She wore a professional suit and fully exuded a mature woman’s charm. Compared with Melissa’s grace, she seemed bossier.

After Nora entered, her gaze fell onto Pete right away and she asked disdainfully, “So, she’s your daughter? She must be five this year, right? Can she play the piano? Can she dance? Can she do calligraphy? Do you take



Mathematical Olympiad classes? What kind of interest classes do you attend?"

Pete, who had been receiving an elite's education since he was a baby, was bewildered.

Who was she looking down on?

Sheena threw a ton of questions to the child's face just to give her 'country bumpkin' niece an opening gambit.

Nora cast her eyes down with a slightly chilly look and kept quiet.

Melissa hurriedly played peacemaker and said, "Sheena, Cherry grew up abroad with Nora. Over there, they value quality education..."

Sheena leaned on the sofa. As though a person in power talking down to her subordinates, she said, "Quality education? It's all a lie. That's just so that they can better bridge the gap. Real aristocrats and the wealthy put their children through strict education from an early age!"

Her eyes were like blazing torches as she looked at Nora. She said, "So, your name is Nora? You're all grown up, so you've already missed the best time and opportunity to study. But rest assured; since you've come to us, on account of my sister, I won't let you roam the streets homeless. I heard that you got yourself pregnant before you were married, right? And that your ex-fiance broke off the engagement? Don't worry, I'll find you a good husband and ensure that you live worry-free for the rest of your life. As for your daughter..."

She looked at Pete and scanned the child up and down. Then, as though she was being charitable, she said, "Although five years old is a late start compared to others, there's at least still hope for her."

Nora had a very cold look in her eyes. She lowered her gaze and then, with a sardonic smile at the corner of her lips, she said, "You don't need to bother. I'll take care of my daughter's education myself."

Cherry's studies were indeed a huge headache. Her daughter had an extremely high IQ, but she was only interested in games and was sloppy in her studies. In particular, her history knowledge had become a huge mess thanks to her aunt abroad...

However, this didn't mean that others could criticize her at will.

"You? Take care of her education matters?"

Sheena said coldly, "What are you going to teach her? Are you going to teach her how to become obsessed with her cell phone and how to play games every day? Are you going to have her be like you and engage in a chaotic private life, and become pregnant before marriage when she grows up?"

"Shut up!" Mrs. Anderson reprimanded Sheena, causing her to curl her lip.

Melissa even frowned and said reproachingly, "Sheena, I know you have her interests at heart, but can you speak in a less hurtful manner?"

Sheena sneered, "I just want her to have a clear idea of the situation she's in! Does she really think it's that easy to be a child of a wealthy family?"

She glanced at the 'girl' who was standing there stubbornly and said, "Not convinced, are you? Fine, I'll show you Lena's progress in her studies and give you a good sense of the gap between the two children! Go on, Lena, tell the big sister here what you're capable of."

Lena Xavier was Sheena's daughter who was born at a later point in Sheena's life. She gave birth to her at the age of forty, so Lena was only six that year.

The little girl wearing a dress was adorable and pretty. When she heard her, she raised her chin and declared proudly, "I know two foreign languages—Spanish and French—and can communicate fluently in them."

Then, she said a couple of lines in the two foreign languages fluently, forming an animated and impressive sight.

After speaking, she looked at Pete triumphantly.

Sheena raised her chin proudly along with her. After Lena was done, she looked at Nora and asked, "I wonder what your daughter is capable of?"

Nora was about to speak when a sullen Pete's lips suddenly parted and he prattled on in a language that no one understood.

Stunned, Lena asked, "What language is that?"

Pete calmly replied, "It's Arabic. It's very normal that you can't understand it. Mommy has taught me eight different languages."

"..."

Lena, who felt as if she had lost, refused to concede defeat and spoke again. She said, "I've also participated in many competitions and took second place in a children's calligraphy competition, as well as second place in a robotics competition for juniors!"

A puzzled Pete frowned and said, "Second place? How sad."

Lena was confused.

Furious, she went on and said, "I can recite 300 poems and spell 1,500 words. At the same time, I also learned programming and Mathematical Olympiad-level mathematics!"

Pete pursed his lips and sighed. "Are poems that hard to memorize and recite? Does programming even require effort to learn? Don't people immediately get these things after just a look?"

"???"

A puzzled Pete took Nora's hand and said, "Let's go upstairs, Mommy. Aunt Sheena probably still has something to talk to Grandma and Aunt Melissa about, so let's not disturb them anymore."

The two of them left behind a group of dumbfounded people and went upstairs.

Nora closed the door. Then, she turned around, picked up Pete, and put him down on the sofa while observing him. Cherry hated language studies. Since when did she even speak Arabic?

Something was definitely wrong!

She was about to ask Pete when her cell phone suddenly rang and interrupted her thoughts.

Nora picked up the call. The moment she did, she heard Henry's voice from the other end. "Nora! You've gotten gutsy, haven't you?! How dare you

arrange for the company dividends to be sent to your bank account! Give me back the money right now! Otherwise, what am I supposed to live on?"

Nora replied coolly, "What does your survival have anything to do with me?"

"You—!" Henry was furious. But in the end, he said viciously, "I see. Now that you've gone to the Andersons, you don't intend to acknowledge a poor man like me as your father anymore? Thinking of cutting off your relations with me? No way! But if you give me \$8,000,000, I'll cut off relations with you from now on. How about it?"

Nora's eyes darkened. Asking for \$8,000,000 right away? He sure had a pretty big appetite.

When he heard her silence, Henry smiled triumphantly and said, "I know you don't have any money. However, the Andersons do! I'm sure the Andersons won't want me to show up in New York and embarrass them, right?"

"..."

What a shameless man. However, the corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward the next moment and she said, "Fine, I'll transfer the money to you right away, but you must tell me where you abandoned my son back then."

After a short pause, Henry finally agreed and said, "Fine! I'll tell you immediately after I receive the money!"

After hanging up, Nora tapped casually on her cell phone, wrote a Trojan horse malware program, and sent it to Henry.

The program would show fake funds transfer information when it reached him. However, once he opened the message, his cell phone would immediately be invaded by Nora, thereby allowing her to eavesdrop on him!

Money? Heh, dream on.

After she finished all this, she used her cell phone to monitor the conversation on the other side.

She heard Wendy's voice first: "Has the money arrived? Has the money arrived?"

"Yes, it has!"

“You’ve never mentioned her son’s whereabouts all these years, Henry. Where exactly did you abandon her son?”

Henry let out a sinister laugh and replied, “Her son? He died a long time ago! I watched him breathe his last back then. After that, I buried him in the suburbs! So, she wants her son back? No problem, I can tell her where he is. I reckon he’s probably a pile of bones by now?”

“...”

Nora felt as if a bomb had suddenly gone off in her mind.

Her grip on her cell phone loosened and it fell onto the ground.

He’s dead...

No wonder Henry had so vehemently refused to reveal any information all this time! No wonder all the private investigators couldn’t find any news of her son!

Everything in front of her turned blurry, and large teardrops slid down her cheeks...

Her son was dead... He had died a long time ago!

It was her fault! It was her fault for not protecting her son!

She clenched her fists tightly. Her fingernails were embedded in her palms, yet she didn’t feel any pain.

She felt as if someone had ruthlessly drawn a blunt blade across her heart. It hurt so much that she suddenly couldn’t breathe anymore. She bent down, seemingly unable to hear anything at all...

It was at this moment that a small pair of hands held her.

Nora raised her head and immediately saw a small face stained with tears from shock and fright. Pete’s lips parted and closed as he repeated something over and over. She tried hard to hear what he was saying. At last, she finally heard him.

He said, “Mommy! Don’t cry! I’m still alive!”

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

She thought back to the day five years ago when she went into early labor...

She could remember very clearly that she was in a private clinic at that time. The white walls were peeling and it was very dim in the delivery room. There were only a doctor and a nurse, and they looked very unprofessional.

She laid on the cold delivery bed without even a shred of dignity.

She didn't remember the pain of labor anymore. All she remembered was the restless little hand that peeked out of the blanket wrapped around her son when her father took him away.

It was so small... as though just the size of her finger.

She had wanted to get up and take her child back, but her belly started to act up again.

The amniotic fluid in her water bag was almost gone. If she halted the labor process, then the child who was still in her belly would suffocate to death...

Nora felt as if all the air in her chest had been sucked away and she couldn't breathe.

She had chosen her daughter over her son!

Over the years, she had made countless phone calls to Henry and pleaded with him many times. However, he had never relented and told her anything. To be honest, she had vaguely already guessed as much deep down in her heart that...

Perhaps her son was already dead.

Otherwise, why would he still refuse to reveal the boy's whereabouts after the Grays had agreed to annul the engagement? This was also the reason why she hadn't immediately used a listening device on Henry when she returned to the States.

She was afraid of hearing a result that she didn't want to hear.

She had ultimately still held a glimmer of hope.

She also knew very well that the reason why Cherry, a vain and pretentious little princess, had suddenly bought a lot of boys' clothing and sometimes

pretended to be a boy was actually to cheer her up and take away a bit of her pain when she missed her son.

She looked at her tearful daughter in front of her. When she heard what Pete said, she forced a smile and choked up as she said, “You don’t have to comfort me, Cherry...”

Pete was badly frightened. The boy, who had been quiet and calm since he was a baby, was crying so badly that his face was covered in tears.

Mommy was as pale as a sheet, and her usually calm eyes were filled with despair and emptiness. Tears were rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably and her smile looked so tragic. She seemed as if she was going to collapse and pass out the next moment...

He panicked, utterly so.

He grabbed Nora’s hand and shouted, “Mommy, I’m not lying! I’m Pete! I’m Peter Hunt, not Cherry! I’m not Cheryl Smith!”

“Mommy, I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have kept it a secret from you!”

“Mommy, look at me! I’m Pete!”

“I was wrong. I won’t do it anymore... Sob...”

His shouts made Nora’s eyes gradually regain focus and her rationality gradually returned to her. She looked at Pete. “What... did you say?”

She found his claims incredulous, yet Cherry’s various eccentricities during the recent period of time started to surface in her mind.

For example, Cherry had suddenly stopped playing games and started to read.

For example, Cherry would occasionally speak a lot less and become a lot quieter.

And, for example, when Cherry spoke fluent Arabic downstairs just now...

Everything in front of her became vague and surreal, and for a moment, Nora couldn’t tell whether this was a dream or reality...

With her eyes filled with confusion, she asked, “Really?”

“Mommy, it’s true.” Pete put his arms around her waist. With his little face raised, he said, “My younger sister and I look exactly the same, but I grew up in New York. My name is Peter Hunt and my father is Justin Hunt!”

Nora stared at him. “Where’s Cherry, then?”

Seeing that she didn’t seem to believe him, Pete, who was afraid that his mother would return to that state earlier, gritted his teeth and said, “Mommy, come with me!”

He held Nora’s hand with his own little hand and the two of them went downstairs.

Downstairs, Sheena was still ranting, “She may be a child, but she sure talks big! Eight languages? She probably just learned a phrase so that she could brag to others, right? And, how dare she look down on Lena’s second-place victory? Hah, why doesn’t she try showing us a third-place victory, then?!”

“... That’s enough!” The elderly Mrs. Anderson slammed the white cane she was holding against the floor. “She’s your sister’s one and only daughter! She’s already quite the poor thing—”

At once, Sheena suddenly screamed, “Uh-huh, she’s quite the poor thing, and so is my sister. But what about me?! If she hadn’t run away from home and ended up being rumored to have eloped, would the Andersons’ reputation have been this terrible?! Neither would my ex-fiancé have broken off our engagement! How much ridicule did we endure because of her back then?!”

Melissa heaved a deep sigh. To be honest, everyone loved Nora’s mother deeply; that was why they were so upset with her. Sheena had been so proud of her sister back then...

She was about to console Sheena when she heard someone coming down the stairs.

She turned to see Nora and Cherry coming down.

She asked, “It’s late, Nora. Where are the two of you going?”

Pete was very anxious, so he didn’t answer.



Nora was as though a soulless puppet at the moment, so she didn't answer, either.

The two left the living room.

A look of confusion came over Melissa's countenance. Mrs. Anderson, who couldn't see, asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Did Nora leave? Was it because of Sheena? Sheena, get Nora back here! If she leaves, then you can forget about ever coming back here to see me!"

Sheena was also dumbfounded. Her sharp and fierce expression cracked, but she nevertheless curled her lip and scoffed, "She can leave if she wants to. I'd instead show more admiration for her if she doesn't rely on the Andersons!"

Melissa panicked. She said, "Sheena, Nora has never once said that she intends to rely on us. She's a doctor! She can support herself! If you don't like her, then you can come back less often in the future!"

She went after Nora after saying that.

Unfortunately, the moment she went out, Nora had already started the car and disappeared from the porch in the blink of an eye.

In the car.

Little Pete sat in the passenger seat. With his seat belt buckled, he pointed the way with the help of his cell phone. "Turn right... Turn left at the third intersection..."

He knew Mommy was scared and needed to see that there were two children before she could feel at ease.

He couldn't continue to hide it anymore.

Nora stayed silent and drove seriously.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at a villa complex.

Security at the gates was brisk and they refused to let them in, but the moment the guard saw Pete, he immediately greeted him respectfully. "Welcome back, Mr. Hunt."

'Mr. Hunt'...

Nora, who had a stern look on her face, stared intently ahead of her.

She had already calmed down on the way here. She also believed most of what Pete said, but the fear and panic of losing her son led to her having to see both children in front of her with her own two eyes before she could feel at ease.

The guards gave them clearance and she drove into the villa complex.

“Mommy, go to Villa No. 8.”

Nora obediently stopped the car at Villa No. 8’s entrance. She staggered out of the car and knocked on the door.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell rang. A few seconds later, someone opened the door. Cherry’s adorable little head popped out and she asked cutely, “Who... Mommy?!”

Justin’s voice followed closely after. “Who’s at the door, Pete?”

## **Chapter 44 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Justin had a puzzled look in his deep-set eyes. Why was she instead asking about his son after coming up to him?

Without any change in his expression, he replied casually, “He’s gone back first. Is something the matter?”

The operation had lasted for six hours and it was already 1 am in the morning. Pete had originally planned to stick it out, but he was still young after all and couldn’t endure it.

Thus, Justin had sent someone to take him home first.

He’s left?

Nora immediately lost interest. She retracted her gaze and reverted to her lazy stance. “No, it’s nothing. Why are you still here?”

Justin slowly stood up straight and looked at her intently. The beauty mark at his eye looked a little more bewitching under the light and his voice was low and alluring as he replied, "I'm waiting for you."

"..."

It was late at night. Moonlight shone through the windows onto the quiet hallway. The man was now a little close to her after he straightened his back, making the atmosphere seem somewhat amorous.

In this instant, Nora even formed the misconception that the man was flirting with her.

She shook her head slightly to get rid of the distracting thoughts in her mind. Then, she chuckled softly and said, "It's understandable that the patient's family is worried about her. Don't worry, Mrs. Hunt will be fine."

She took out her cell phone and checked her text messages. "The Andersons have sent someone to pick me up. I'm going off first."

The woman turned around neatly after saying that. When she walked, it was as if she was too lazy to even lift her legs. The way she walked was definitely not an elegant one; in fact, it even felt a little lazy. However, she wasn't slow and her back view actually felt intriguing.

Justin, who was a step late, followed after her.

He didn't doubt the skills of the person he had found. He trusted that she had done a good job.

Besides, it was exactly because he intended to personally send her home to the Andersons that he had waited here.

But unexpectedly, right after he turned the corner, he saw the woman holding her cell phone and making a call. Her voice was a little low as she said, "Look up Justin for me."

Justin was puzzled.

He stopped in his tracks. There was genuinely some puzzlement and perplexity in his usually cold and tough countenance at this moment.

After so many years of immersion in the world of commerce, he could almost see through everyone's thoughts by now. Yet that woman was the only person who seemed covered in a magical veil. Her form was vague and charming, and he couldn't see through her at all.

For example, wasn't she a little too fickle? She had been cool and indifferent toward him both the night before and just now, yet she was getting someone to investigate him a moment later?

He didn't go after her again and neither did Nora notice the man behind her. After another turn, she continued and said a second line: "I want all the information about his son."

On the other end of the phone call, Solo's mind was full of question marks. "Why are you looking up his son? Oh, I see, you want to be his stepmother, right? Heh, I told you Justin is a first-class beauty, didn't I? Sure enough, you can't control yourself anymore after seeing him, right? Say, is he especially handsome?"

The light in Nora's eyes flickered.

Was he handsome?

The way he looked on the sofa the night before, when he was obviously drugged yet still highly restraining himself, was indeed rather alluring.

She replied dispassionately, "He's passable."

Solo whistled and said, "Tsk, in all these years that I've known you, there are only a rare few that you even deem passable. I think the two of you have a chance! Are you planning to—"

Nora interrupted him and said, "I hope to see the information in my mailbox when I wake up."

Solo replied, "... Alright."

After hanging up, she got into the car that the Andersons had sent to pick her up. Not in the mood to admire New York's night scenery, she closed her eyes and fell asleep in a daze.

"Miss Smith? Miss Smith?"

When a dazed Nora opened her eyes, she found that she had already arrived at the Andersons. The car had stopped at the porch and the small three-story villa was brightly lit. It was obvious that the occupants were still awake.

Nora yawned and glanced at the time as she got out of the car and found that it was already two o'clock in the morning.

The Andersons' villa was decorated in a simple European style. As soon as she entered, she was greeted with a simple and refreshing aura.

Four people sat on the sofa. An old lady who was nearly 80 years old was seated in the middle. The years had left their marks of vicissitude on her visage and her eyes looked ahead of her blankly. She asked, "Is she here? Why do I hear the car?"

Melissa, who was sitting on the left, smiled gently and said, "She's here!"

The elderly Mrs. Anderson immediately stood up excitedly. She stretched out her arm in front of her and grabbed about as she called out, "Nora? You're Nora, right? Do you look like your mother?"

A young lady sat on her right. She looked to be in her early twenties and resembled Melissa a little, and there was some gracefulness in her large eyes. She held the elderly Mrs. Anderson's arm and said, "Grandma, Nora is a spitting image of her mother. She looks just like her."

Melissa laughed and said, "You make it sound like you've met your aunt before."

Back then, when the Andersons' eldest daughter had run away from home, Melissa hadn't wedded Simon yet. Even after the wedding, she saw more photos of Nora's mother than her actual person.

Sheril Anderson stuck out her tongue and replied, "Although I've never met her before, we're connected by blood. I felt a sense of kinship with Nora the moment I saw her!"

"Meh, what a fawner." The young man sitting across from the three of them was likely a college student. His handsome face was full of wildness and unruliness.

Sheril ignored him and took a brisk step forward instead. Then, she gently pulled Nora over to Mrs. Anderson and placed her hand on the old lady's.

Nora was actually taken aback a little.

She grew up with the Smiths. When she was a child, she had always been ridiculed for being obese. Moreover, because of her poor health, she didn't go out much and had stayed in her bedroom all the time.

Initially, she still went downstairs for her three daily meals, but later on, Wendy got someone to bring her food upstairs, so she didn't even have to leave her bedroom to eat anymore.

When she was a child, she was a lonely person. She used to envy how happy a family the three of them looked. Whenever she saw Angela latching onto Henry and wheedling, she would also hope for love from her family.

But the way Henry looked at her with disgust every time made Nora gradually lose that desire.

Thus, she placed her focus in other places instead, such as computer hacking, medicine, martial arts, and so on.

Therefore, she was rarely this intimate with people.

However, the disgust that she had imagined didn't come. The elderly lady's hands were a little soft because of her loose skin, but the dry heat of her palms seemed to penetrate the distant disguise she had put on.

"Nora..."

The old lady was so worked up that her hands were shaking. "You've had such a hard time all these years!"

"..."

Seeing that Nora didn't know what to do, Melissa said, "Mom, Nora is back now. It's already two in the morning. Why don't we go to bed first? We can talk tomorrow instead."

"Okay, okay..." Mrs. Anderson wiped her tears and said, "Nora, you must be tired, too. Go to bed for now."

Melissa got Sheril to take the old lady back to her bedroom while Nora followed her upstairs. Melissa said, "We've kept your mother's room intact all these years. Now that you're back, you can take her room. Cherry is already asleep."

"Okay."

"By the way, Nora, I didn't tell anyone that Mr. Hunt asked you to go to the hospital to perform an operation on his grandmother. I was afraid that they would be worried."

Nora didn't want to reveal her identity, either. She only wanted to stay here quietly for a few days. Once Mrs. Hunt woke up, she would return to California to look for her son.

She nodded.

As she was simply too tired, she didn't even take a good look at the room and went straight to bed.

The next day, as soon as she woke up, she saw Melissa in a panic outside her door. She said, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs.

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book—it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, "Nora, something's gone wrong in the hospital!"

Nora raised an eyebrow. "What happened?"

"Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn't woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man's low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, "Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn't woken up."

"Sorry," Nora coughed and said, "I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she'll only regain consciousness this weekend."

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient's family about the details.

Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady's condition the day before, and she asked, "Will it cause you any trouble?"

"Those are just trivial matters." Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, "Don't you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?"

Nora asked straightforwardly, "Is your son in the hospital?"

"...No, he isn't."

Nora immediately replied, "Oh. It's pointless even if I go over. It's fine as long as the patient's vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care."

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

" ... "



In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here.

Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up.

When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, "Is Grandaunt alright, Justin?"

Justin snorted and replied, "She's fine."

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn't worthy of being Justin's son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grandaunt would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, "What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?"

Howard answered, "It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!"

A hesitant Justin asked, "But what if she's very cold and distant toward me?"

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, "Uh... Surely she isn't thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn't strong enough, he's inherited your good features. He won't starve to death if he becomes someone's pretty boy in the future."

"..."

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin's eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, "Justin, if you're free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, "Where are you going, Justin?"

“To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

“Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I’ve attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There’s something very strange, though. Apart from his son’s name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn’t find anything at all.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn’t been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly.

Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion?

No, she had to find a way to meet Justin’s son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn’t want to pass up any possibilities.

“Mommy! Didn’t you say that you’re taking me to Grandpa Quinn’s today?” Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn’t call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora’s lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, "Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It's already afternoon! If I had known that's how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!"

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, "Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!"

"Good, good." Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, "Let's hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!"

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons' car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words "Quinn's Martial Arts Hall" were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain.

Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.

But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead!

Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him?

He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, “Mr. Quinn, I’m not here by my teacher’s request this time. Rather, I’d like you to take my son as your disciple.”

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, “I’m not interested in your son at al—”

He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, “Cherry?!”

Quinn stared at Pete. Then, he rubbed his eyes and looked at him again. Even the wrinkles on his visage couldn’t hide his surprise.

In the past five years, although he hadn’t seen Cherry in person before, they often made video calls to each other. However, people would always look a little bigger and fatter in videos than in real life. As a result, the child in front of him ended up looking a little smaller and a little skinnier than Cherry.

But his facial features were practically identical to Cherry’s!

Pete had immediately realized something with a start when Quinn exclaimed Cherry’s name. His tiny form took a step forward. With his back to Justin, he looked up and asked, “Did you mistake me for someone else? Children generally look alike.”

Pete gave Quinn a look as he spoke.

Upon sensing the look he was giving him, Quinn quickly reacted. He touched his beard and said with a cough, “Yeah, I must have made a mistake.”

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was puzzled. He had been on a video call with Cherry only a moment ago. How did she suddenly become Irvin’s disciple’s son in the blink of an eye?

... Son?

Quinn suddenly looked down. He pointed at Pete and asked Justin, “He’s your son?”

Justin, who was in the dark, was also confused about the conversation between the two of them. But when he heard his question, he nodded and answered, “Yes.”

Quinn swallowed in disbelief and looked down at “Cherry” again.

He looked so much like Cherry... Could it be that...

Upon noticing how hesitant and contemplative he looked, Justin took the initiative to explain. He said, "Mr. Quinn, Pete is my son and should, by right, join the Irvin School of Martial Arts. But when I thought about it, I found that my teacher's martial arts aren't suitable for Pete because they're too feminine. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style is more masculine and more presentable, so I hope you can accept my son as a disciple."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' style tended to be more feminine and the disciples also often used insidious tricks when they fought. They were famous for being unpredictable, insidious, sly, and taking the enemy by surprise.

On the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced the path of masculinity. The disciples' strength and speed were all trained through sheer hard work and most of them were men.

Pete was already rather abnormal. If he became even more feminine... Justin was really afraid that he would grow up wrong. He'd better take the path of masculinity and train his psyche instead. This way, he might be able to straighten him out.

But when Justin said that, he instead noticed Quinn staring at his son with an unfathomable expression.

His brows drew together and his deep-set eyes shone with determination and resolution. He said, "Mr. Quinn, if you're still reluctant, then I'll challenge the school. You can decide the rules. If I manage to win by chance, please accept Pete as a disciple."

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had an unwritten rule—if someone succeeded in their challenge to the school, then they would satisfy a condition set by the other party as long as it didn't go against one's morals.

In the past century, no one had ever succeeded in challenging the school. This went to show the Quinn School of Martial Arts' position in the world of martial arts.

Next to him, Howard was dumbfounded when he heard what he said. Did he know where they were right now?!

This was the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They could drown him with just sheer numbers!

Justin was really doing so much for the sake of that little good-for-nothing! But given that tiny form of his, how could Mr. Quinn possibly accept him as a disciple?

Yet as soon as he thought so, he saw Quinn acting as if he hadn't heard Justin at all. He merely asked emphatically, "Are you sure he's a boy? Does he have a little willy?"

Justin was bewildered.

What kind of weird question was that?

Pete's expression also darkened. He introduced himself and said, "Grandpa Quinn, my name is Peter Hunt. You can call me Pete. I'm male and a b-o-y!"

He practically squeezed the word 'boy' through his gritted teeth.

When he said that...

"Hahahahaha!"

Quinn raised his head to the sky and chortled. The way he looked at Pete was as if he had just found a rare treasure. He didn't expect to find the son that Nora had been searching for these last five years!

Moreover, one could tell at a glance that the child had an excellent form that was very suitable for practicing martial arts!

He said to Justin, "I'll take your son in. We'll start practicing today. You can go now!"

Justin was bewildered.

Hesitation flickered in his deep-set eyes.

Seeing him motionless, Quinn frowned. He asked roughly, "What? You don't trust me?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

Justin took a step back.

Quinn was a well-known figure in the world of martial arts. There was no way he would pick on a child. If he said that he was taking him as a disciple, then that meant that he was really doing it.

Quinn grabbed Pete by his clothes and was about to eagerly take him in with him when Howard stepped forward. He said, "Mr. Quinn, my name is Howard. I've been admiring you for a very long time. I'm also here to join the Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Quinn looked back and glanced at him. He scanned him up and down before showing a touch of disdain. "What makes you think you can join us?"

Howard was taken aback.

Seeing that he couldn't answer him at all, Quinn turned and walked in.

A disciple of the school was about to close the door when Howard suddenly shouted crestfallenly, "Mr. Quinn, why would you rather accept that weakling instead of me?"

The disciple curled his lip and slammed the door shut. Hmph, did he think it was so easy to enter their school?

Howard was lost for words.

He touched his hooked nose with a puzzled look on his fierce countenance. "Why would Mr. Quinn possibly be interested in Pete? And, he even asked if he has a... Cough, surely he isn't mentally ill, is he?"

Justin glanced at him in disgust. "I think you're the one who's mentally ill."

Howard nevertheless humbly sought his advice. He said, "No matter how stupid I am, I can't possibly be stupider than Chester. But I really don't understand Mr. Quinn's actions. Can you tell me why?"

Justin turned and walked ahead, leaving behind only four mysterious words: "Think about it yourself."

To be honest, he didn't know, either!

In the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

In the middle of the spacious hall, Quinn looked at Pete greedily and said, "Hurry up and acknowledge me as your teacher, Nora's son! After that, we'll be teacher and disciple!"

He was very anxious, lest what was already in the bag... uh, his little disciple disappear!

Pete stared at him. Then, he nodded and said, "But can you agree not to tell Mommy for now? Cherry and I have already agreed to give Mommy a surprise."

There were still two days left before Great-Grandma woke up.

Pete hoped that his mother could interact a little more with the tyrant again. What if she suddenly finds some positive aspects about him?

Quinn touched his beard and said, "No, I can't."

Pete replied calmly, "Oh. In that case, I won't acknowledge you as my teacher."

"..."

Quinn frowned. "Hmph, do you think you can threaten me with that? Even if you don't acknowledge me as your teacher, just by the fact that I found you, Sleepyhead will still agree to let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher just to express her gratitude!"

A puzzled Pete asked, "Who's Sleepyhead?"

"Your mom."

Pete was rendered speechless. He suspected that the old man was actually cursing.

After a stalemate of about ten minutes, footsteps could be heard coming from the door again. Then, Cherry's voice rang out outside, "Grandpa Quinn, I'm here!"

Quinn immediately raced outside. When he saw Nora, he exclaimed excitedly, "Nora! I'll tell you a secret if you let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher!"

Nora looked around the place after she entered.



The Quinn School of Martial Arts was located in the heart of New York. The fact that they could take up such a large building for their martial arts gym in a place like this went to show just how deep and rock-solid a background the Quinn School of Martial Arts had.

The disciples in the gym were divided into several classes and were currently shouting energetically as they trained. Which part of it even looked like the 'withered and dying out' state that the old man had claimed it was?

Thus, upon hearing him trying to trick her again, Nora picked at her ears and said, "Tell me what the secret is and I'll decide after that."

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Everyone else was begging to be taken as disciples, so why was it simply so difficult for him to find a successor? He had finally found that woman's daughter after so much trouble and on top of that, she was even a talented girl, yet all she did was sleep!

Fortunately, these two children inherited her good physique.

Quinn's gaze flicked over to Cherry and he thought of Pete, who was in the martial arts gym, again.

To be honest, it was true that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style suited boys better. After all, there was no one else who would be as crazy talented as little Nora.

After weighing the pros and cons, he suddenly realized that taking Pete as his disciple might actually seem like a better deal? And a safer one?

Thus, Quinn coughed and said, "Forget it, I'm not telling you anymore."

"..."

Nora just knew this would be the case. After that, she accompanied Quinn to the inner courtyard where he lived.

Quinn was wearing a white martial arts uniform. Despite being advanced in years, he was thin and energetic. Although his voice was rough, there was a sense of careful attentiveness within. If not, he wouldn't have become a master of the art, either.

When the two entered the inner courtyard, Quinn looked at her, stretched out his hand, and gestured at her. "Come on, let's see if you've made any progress lately?"

As he spoke, Quinn went on the offensive.

Nora stepped back quickly and evaded the attack. Then, she counterattacked and started to spar with Quinn.

Every move and every action carried a subdued but sharp and fierce momentum.

The pair had a good time sparring. Toward the end, even Nora broke out in a light sweat and she felt refreshed all over.

After they were done with the sparring, Quinn loosened his wrist muscles and remarked, "To think you can attain a level of skill like this despite slacking off. You're a crazy one indeed. If you practice well, you'll definitely surpass me."

Nora gave an "Oh" and replied dispassionately, "I'll also be able to surpass you when I'm your age."

"..."

Quinn was rendered so speechless by her retort that he couldn't be bothered to be mad anymore. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but ask persistently, "You really don't intend to have Cherry pick up martial arts?"

Nora shook her head. "There isn't any need for her."

She had practiced martial arts back then in order to train and strengthen her body. However, Cherry was healthy and had always been strong and sturdy since she was a baby. Besides, Cherry was a little princess. The way her aunt raised her had turned her into a very delicate little girl who couldn't take any bit of discomfort at all.

If Nora made her practice martial arts, she would probably burst into tears and start wailing.

So, why bother?

Seeing how stubborn she was, Quinn could only give up. He complained, "Why do you also have your mom's temperament?"

Her mom...

Nora's interest was suddenly piqued. She asked, "Old man, do you know my mother? Can you tell me about her?"

Quinn stroked his white beard and smiled as he replied, "Your mom... She's a legend in New York!"

Nora was taken aback.

Quinn pointed to the table in the courtyard. Nora followed him and walked over. Although she was cheeky whenever she talked to him, after sitting down, she obediently picked up the teapot and poured him a cup of tea.

Quinn sat on the bench and took a sip from his teacup. "During your mom's younger days, she was amazingly talented and brilliant, and she was known as the most talented woman in New York. At that time, many people proposed to your mom and the Andersons were totally in the limelight. Even the Hunts thought it would be an honor if they could have her marry into the family. Unfortunately, she rejected the number one family in the end. Heh heh, she had backbone, alright. I, for one, don't think much of the Hunts, especially that disciple of Irvin's..."

Quinn and Irvin would always quarrel whenever they met.

Nora listened with great interest. When she noticed that Quinn had finished his tea, she poured him another cup and pressed, "And then?"

Quinn let out a "hmp" and went on. "At that time, I had just achieved some success in my training and made a name for myself in the circle. I wanted to take a disciple and took an interest in your mom. However, she didn't want to and rejected me... After that, she disappeared."

At this point, Quinn stroked his beard and said, "As for why she suddenly ran away from home? I don't know. Some say that she was kidnapped for her beauty and was imprisoned, but that's all nonsense. Given how fierce she was, who would have been able to kidnap her?"

"She then came to me two years later. She asked me to take you as my disciple once you're five or six years old, and train your body for you. At that time, she said she was dying."

Quinn sighed and said, "By the time I found you with the information she gave me, she was already gone.

"You don't have to be sad, though. Although your mom only lived for a short period of twenty years, her life was exciting and fulfilling. She led a life well-lived! But if you were to talk about her life, she did indeed let someone down."

A curious Nora sat upright. "Who was it?"

Quinn put down his teacup. "Have you heard of the Smiths from New York?"

Nora shook her head.

All she did every day was sleep, so she didn't know much about wealthy and influential powerhouses like them.

Quinn said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are equally powerful, and they were vying for the title of the number one family back then. The previous head of the Hunts was actually inferior to that fellow from the Smiths. Your mom also got engaged to that Smith fellow in the end, so when I heard that your last name was Smith, I had thought that she was pregnant with his child, but that unfortunately was not the case. Speaking of your father, he's a typical male chauvinist pig. Your mom was so picky her entire lifetime, so why did she marry a scumbag like him in the end?"

Nora had no words to that. She was also just as puzzled.

"We digress. Anyway, the head of the Smiths at that time was a very ambitious man. With him leading the family, the Smiths nearly managed to surpass the Hunts. But when your mom went missing later, he fell into an irreversible slump. This stabilized the situation, and the Smiths and the Hunts became equally ranked again. After that, when Justin Hunt took over the family, he led the Hunts to completely surpass the Smiths and become the veritable No. 1 again."

Quinn shook his head. "That kid from the Smiths is considered your elder. After he retired, he got a nephew of his to lead the Smiths. He also remains unmarried even now."

Nora was astounded by what she heard. "My mom had indeed let him down."

Quinn strongly agreed with her.

Nora suddenly asked, "What's his name?"

Quinn smiled and answered, "Ian!"

Ian Smith?

She suddenly thought of the company that her mother had left behind. Its name was Idealian Pharmaceuticals...

Then, Quinn spoke again. "By the way, I heard that he became seriously ill recently. It seems that he won't be able to live past this year. What a shame. He was quite the hero back then."

After he finished, Quinn stood up and said, "Alright, you can rest here for a while. I'll go and take a look at what the two children are doing."

He had spotted Cherry and Pete secretly meeting up just now. He was itching to hurry up and take Pete as his disciple.

After Quinn left, Nora sat there and thought carefully about her mother's past. However, she suddenly realized something with a start.

The two children?

Who was the other one apart from Cherry?

She stood up abruptly and walked toward the martial arts gym at the front.

Before she even entered the gym, she heard Quinn's voice coming from within: "Stand steady now! Persevere! This is a basic skill. This part right here is what makes us, the Quinn School of Martial Arts, better than the Irvin School of Martial Arts. Martial arts aren't something that can be learned overnight. You must take your time to lay a solid foundation..."

Nora pushed the door open and entered to see that "Cherry" had, at some point, changed into a set of men's sportswear and was practicing her form.

Quinn, who had his back to Nora, was talking to her. He said, "Since you're now my disciple, then you'll have to listen to what I say from now on. You must practice this stance for half an hour every morning after you wake up. Your mother is too lazy and has always been disobedient since she was a child. You mustn't take after her..."

Pete, who was facing the door and thus had noticed Nora, was lost for words.

He pursed his lips and stood up straight.

Surprised, Quinn exclaimed, "Why aren't you doing it anymore? You can't hold on anymore? You—"

Pete interrupted the rest of what he wanted to say before he could finish: "Mommy."

Quinn stiffened. Then, he slowly turned around to see Nora leaning against the wall. Her arms were casually folded and her cat-like eyes slightly raised as she quietly watched the two of them.

Her big boss-like attitude frightened Quinn, who stammered, "Um, little Nora, this..."

Nora asked lazily, "Old man, did you tempt her with rewards or threaten her with punishment?"

"...No, I didn't!"

Seeing that he was answering so surely, Nora looked at Pete again and asked hesitantly, "Cherry, are you genuinely interested in learning martial arts?"

Pete nodded firmly.

If he learned martial arts, should the tyrant dare so much as to bully Mommy in the future, he would be able to protect her and Cherry!

Nora was stunned.

Cherry took after her in her personality and was lazy and easygoing. She disliked being restrained the most. Yet she had actually taken an interest in martial arts?

Nora, who had always respected children's views, agreed to it after a little thought. "Alright."

After that, she looked at Quinn and said, "I'll send her here at 7 am sharp tomorrow. Old man, I have something up today, so I'll go back first."

After she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Pete.

Pete very naturally took a step forward, took her hand, and followed her out the door.

Even after the two of them disappeared from the martial arts gym, Quinn was still in a daze!

No, little Nora, that isn't your daughter you just picked up!

He was still in a daze when Cherry, who had just gone to the bathroom, ran over in her princess dress. "Huh? Where's Pete?"

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Right after Cherry spoke, her cell phone beeped. She picked it up and immediately saw a text message from Pete: "Cherry, I went home with Mommy. Daddy will pick you up in the evening. We'll switch back tomorrow."

She was going to see her handsome Daddy again.

Cherry jumped excitedly and took Quinn's hand as she asked, "Grandpa Quinn, when is Daddy coming to pick me up?"

"...Five o'clock in the evening."

"Ah, then I still have two hours left. What shall we do? Do you have Barbies here?"

"... No."

"Can I play games, then?"

"No, it's bad for your eyes."

Cherry pouted disappointedly and asked, "Grandpa Quinn, doesn't the Quinn School of Martial Arts have any specialties?"

Old Quinn, who was taken aback, suddenly thought of something and answered, "Oh, that we do!"

As such, at five o'clock in the evening, Justin personally drove over to pick up his son.

His handsome countenance was calm at the moment. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style was masculine and domineering. He would definitely see his son drenched in stinky sweat all over like a little boy later, right?

With that in mind, he entered the school. He immediately saw a group of disciples dressed in white sportswear training in the compound.

Next to them, his son was wearing a white princess dress and pointing at one of them with his eyes all lit up. "Grandpa Quinn, Mr. No. 5 is the most handsome! But Mr. No. 9 is also very cool. Who should I pick? I'm so troubled!"

Justin was bewildered.

He cracked.

At this time, Nora hadn't reached home yet. Instead, she was currently in Guardian Pharmacy, a herbal store and pharmacy in New York. She was holding a scale and choosing herbs from a box.

"Atractylodes lancea, wolfberry, chrysanthemum, cornus, rehmannia, dendrobium..."

After Nora adjusted the herbs' proportions, she handed them to the pharmacist and said, "Please use these to make some pills for internal consumption. The ones from just now are to be made into ointments for external usage. I'll come over and pick them up tomorrow."

The pharmacist had a big smile all over his face as he replied, "Sure, no problem!"

The customer was generous enough, so of course, he was willing to do her a trivial favor like this!

After that, Nora took Pete home.

She had been too tired after she got home the day before, so she didn't pay much attention to the elderly Mrs. Anderson's eyes. However, after she woke up today, she had checked her pulse and also carefully observed her eyes. She discovered that the cause for the old madam's loss of vision was that her eyes had received too much strain back then, resulting in vision loss from optic nerve damage.



There was no need for surgery. She just needed to nurse them back to a healthy state.

With the help of a GPS navigator, Nora drove all the way back to the Andersons. Before she even entered, she saw Melissa standing at the door. She was wearing a knitted dress and looked elegant and dignified. When she saw their car, her brows drew together in worry.

It was only when she parked the car in the villa that Nora spotted a luxurious Lincoln that was also parked there—it was obvious that a distinguished guest was visiting.

When she got off the car, Melissa hurried over and said, “Nora, your second aunt heard that you’re here, so she came over to take a look.”

The elderly Mrs. Anderson had two daughters and a son.

Nora’s mother was the eldest while Simon was the third child. In the middle was her second child, Sheena Anderson.

Nora nodded. She was about to take Pete with her and enter the house when Melissa held her wrist and said apologetically, “She has a foul mouth, so don’t take what she says to heart.”

Nora was taken aback for a moment.

She could vaguely hear an arrogant voice coming through the door: “... yet she married a man like that in the end. Her daughter even grew up in a place like California and has never gone through higher education... Mom, you always say that I’m not as good as her, but look at us now. In the end, I’m the one that the Andersons need, aren’t I?”

Mrs. Anderson reprimanded her. “How can you say things like that? Regardless of whether Nora is outstanding or dull, she’s your elder sister’s daughter! She’s part of the Andersons!”

“Don’t bother saying things like that. It was through great effort that the Andersons’ reputation has gradually improved over the years. You’d best keep a tight watch over her, lest she does something disgraceful and embarrass the Andersons!”

Melissa coughed as a reminder to the people inside. Then, she called out, "Mom, Sheena, Nora's back!"

Only then did Nora enter. She immediately saw an attractive woman resembling Simon sitting pompously on the sofa.

Sheena was 46 years old this year, but she looked as if she was 30 years old instead. She wore a professional suit and fully exuded a mature woman's charm. Compared with Melissa's grace, she seemed bossier.

After Nora entered, her gaze fell onto Pete right away and she asked disdainfully, "So, she's your daughter? She must be five this year, right? Can she play the piano? Can she dance? Can she do calligraphy? Do you take Mathematical Olympiad classes? What kind of interest classes do you attend?"

Pete, who had been receiving an elite's education since he was a baby, was bewildered.

Who was she looking down on?

Sheena threw a ton of questions to the child's face just to give her 'country bumpkin' niece an opening gambit.

Nora cast her eyes down with a slightly chilly look and kept quiet.

Melissa hurriedly played peacemaker and said, "Sheena, Cherry grew up abroad with Nora. Over there, they value quality education..."

Sheena leaned on the sofa. As though a person in power talking down to her subordinates, she said, "Quality education? It's all a lie. That's just so that they can better bridge the gap. Real aristocrats and the wealthy put their children through strict education from an early age!"

Her eyes were like blazing torches as she looked at Nora. She said, "So, your name is Nora? You're all grown up, so you've already missed the best time and opportunity to study. But rest assured; since you've come to us, on account of my sister, I won't let you roam the streets homeless. I heard that you got yourself pregnant before you were married, right? And that your ex-fiance broke off the engagement? Don't worry, I'll find you a good husband and ensure that you live worry-free for the rest of your life. As for your daughter..."

She looked at Pete and scanned the child up and down. Then, as though she was being charitable, she said, “Although five years old is a late start compared to others, there’s at least still hope for her.”

Nora had a very cold look in her eyes. She lowered her gaze and then, with a sardonic smile at the corner of her lips, she said, “You don’t need to bother. I’ll take care of my daughter’s education myself.”

Cherry’s studies were indeed a huge headache. Her daughter had an extremely high IQ, but she was only interested in games and was sloppy in her studies. In particular, her history knowledge had become a huge mess thanks to her aunt abroad...

However, this didn’t mean that others could criticize her at will.

“You? Take care of her education matters?”

Sheena said coldly, “What are you going to teach her? Are you going to teach her how to become obsessed with her cell phone and how to play games every day? Are you going to have her be like you and engage in a chaotic private life, and become pregnant before marriage when she grows up?”

“Shut up!” Mrs. Anderson reprimanded Sheena, causing her to curl her lip.

Melissa even frowned and said reproachingly, “Sheena, I know you have her interests at heart, but can you speak in a less hurtful manner?”

Sheena sneered, “I just want her to have a clear idea of the situation she’s in! Does she really think it’s that easy to be a child of a wealthy family?”

She glanced at the ‘girl’ who was standing there stubbornly and said, “Not convinced, are you? Fine, I’ll show you Lena’s progress in her studies and give you a good sense of the gap between the two children! Go on, Lena, tell the big sister here what you’re capable of.”

Lena Xavier was Sheena’s daughter who was born at a later point in Sheena’s life. She gave birth to her at the age of forty, so Lena was only six that year.

The little girl wearing a dress was adorable and pretty. When she heard her, she raised her chin and declared proudly, “I know two foreign languages— Spanish and French—and can communicate fluently in them.”

Then, she said a couple of lines in the two foreign languages fluently, forming an animated and impressive sight.

After speaking, she looked at Pete triumphantly.

Sheena raised her chin proudly along with her. After Lena was done, she looked at Nora and asked, "I wonder what your daughter is capable of?"

Nora was about to speak when a sullen Pete's lips suddenly parted and he prattled on in a language that no one understood.

Stunned, Lena asked, "What language is that?"

Pete calmly replied, "It's Arabic. It's very normal that you can't understand it. Mommy has taught me eight different languages."

"..."

Lena, who felt as if she had lost, refused to concede defeat and spoke again. She said, "I've also participated in many competitions and took second place in a children's calligraphy competition, as well as second place in a robotics competition for juniors!"

A puzzled Pete frowned and said, "Second place? How sad."

Lena was confused.

Furious, she went on and said, "I can recite 300 poems and spell 1,500 words. At the same time, I also learned programming and Mathematical Olympiad-level mathematics!"

Pete pursed his lips and sighed. "Are poems that hard to memorize and recite? Does programming even require effort to learn? Don't people immediately get these things after just a look?"

"???"

A puzzled Pete took Nora's hand and said, "Let's go upstairs, Mommy. Aunt Sheena probably still has something to talk to Grandma and Aunt Melissa about, so let's not disturb them anymore."

The two of them left behind a group of dumbfounded people and went upstairs.

Nora closed the door. Then, she turned around, picked up Pete, and put him down on the sofa while observing him. Cherry hated language studies. Since when did she even speak Arabic?

Something was definitely wrong!

She was about to ask Pete when her cell phone suddenly rang and interrupted her thoughts.

Nora picked up the call. The moment she did, she heard Henry's voice from the other end. "Nora! You've gotten gutsy, haven't you?! How dare you arrange for the company dividends to be sent to your bank account! Give me back the money right now! Otherwise, what am I supposed to live on?"

Nora replied coolly, "What does your survival have anything to do with me?"

"You—!" Henry was furious. But in the end, he said viciously, "I see. Now that you've gone to the Andersons, you don't intend to acknowledge a poor man like me as your father anymore? Thinking of cutting off your relations with me? No way! But if you give me \$8,000,000, I'll cut off relations with you from now on. How about it?"

Nora's eyes darkened. Asking for \$8,000,000 right away? He sure had a pretty big appetite.

When he heard her silence, Henry smiled triumphantly and said, "I know you don't have any money. However, the Andersons do! I'm sure the Andersons won't want me to show up in New York and embarrass them, right?"

"..."

What a shameless man. However, the corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward the next moment and she said, "Fine, I'll transfer the money to you right away, but you must tell me where you abandoned my son back then."

After a short pause, Henry finally agreed and said, "Fine! I'll tell you immediately after I receive the money!"

After hanging up, Nora tapped casually on her cell phone, wrote a Trojan horse malware program, and sent it to Henry.

The program would show fake funds transfer information when it reached him. However, once he opened the message, his cell phone would immediately be invaded by Nora, thereby allowing her to eavesdrop on him!

Money? Heh, dream on.

After she finished all this, she used her cell phone to monitor the conversation on the other side.

She heard Wendy's voice first: "Has the money arrived? Has the money arrived?"

"Yes, it has!"

"You've never mentioned her son's whereabouts all these years, Henry. Where exactly did you abandon her son?"

Henry let out a sinister laugh and replied, "Her son? He died a long time ago! I watched him breathe his last back then. After that, I buried him in the suburbs! So, she wants her son back? No problem, I can tell her where he is. I reckon he's probably a pile of bones by now?"

"..."

Nora felt as if a bomb had suddenly gone off in her mind.

Her grip on her cell phone loosened and it fell onto the ground.

He's dead...

No wonder Henry had so vehemently refused to reveal any information all this time! No wonder all the private investigators couldn't find any news of her son!

Everything in front of her turned blurry, and large teardrops slid down her cheeks...

Her son was dead... He had died a long time ago!

It was her fault! It was her fault for not protecting her son!

She clenched her fists tightly. Her fingernails were embedded in her palms, yet she didn't feel any pain.

She felt as if someone had ruthlessly drawn a blunt blade across her heart. It hurt so much that she suddenly couldn't breathe anymore. She bent down, seemingly unable to hear anything at all...

It was at this moment that a small pair of hands held her.

Nora raised her head and immediately saw a small face stained with tears from shock and fright. Pete's lips parted and closed as he repeated something over and over. She tried hard to hear what he was saying. At last, she finally heard him.

He said, "Mommy! Don't cry! I'm still alive!"

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

She thought back to the day five years ago when she went into early labor...

She could remember very clearly that she was in a private clinic at that time. The white walls were peeling and it was very dim in the delivery room. There were only a doctor and a nurse, and they looked very unprofessional.

She laid on the cold delivery bed without even a shred of dignity.

She didn't remember the pain of labor anymore. All she remembered was the restless little hand that peeked out of the blanket wrapped around her son when her father took him away.

It was so small... as though just the size of her finger.

She had wanted to get up and take her child back, but her belly started to act up again.

The amniotic fluid in her water bag was almost gone. If she halted the labor process, then the child who was still in her belly would suffocate to death...

Nora felt as if all the air in her chest had been sucked away and she couldn't breathe.

She had chosen her daughter over her son!

Over the years, she had made countless phone calls to Henry and pleaded with him many times. However, he had never relented and told her anything.

To be honest, she had vaguely already guessed as much deep down in her heart that...

Perhaps her son was already dead.

Otherwise, why would he still refuse to reveal the boy's whereabouts after the Grays had agreed to annul the engagement? This was also the reason why she hadn't immediately used a listening device on Henry when she returned to the States.

She was afraid of hearing a result that she didn't want to hear.

She had ultimately still held a glimmer of hope.

She also knew very well that the reason why Cherry, a vain and pretentious little princess, had suddenly bought a lot of boys' clothing and sometimes pretended to be a boy was actually to cheer her up and take away a bit of her pain when she missed her son.

She looked at her tearful daughter in front of her. When she heard what Pete said, she forced a smile and choked up as she said, "You don't have to comfort me, Cherry..."

Pete was badly frightened. The boy, who had been quiet and calm since he was a baby, was crying so badly that his face was covered in tears.

Mommy was as pale as a sheet, and her usually calm eyes were filled with despair and emptiness. Tears were rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably and her smile looked so tragic. She seemed as if she was going to collapse and pass out the next moment...

He panicked, utterly so.

He grabbed Nora's hand and shouted, "Mommy, I'm not lying! I'm Pete! I'm Peter Hunt, not Cherry! I'm not Cheryl Smith!"

"Mommy, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have kept it a secret from you!"

"Mommy, look at me! I'm Pete!"

"I was wrong. I won't do it anymore... Sob..."



His shouts made Nora's eyes gradually regain focus and her rationality gradually returned to her. She looked at Pete. "What... did you say?"

She found his claims incredulous, yet Cherry's various eccentricities during the recent period of time started to surface in her mind.

For example, Cherry had suddenly stopped playing games and started to read.

For example, Cherry would occasionally speak a lot less and become a lot quieter.

And, for example, when Cherry spoke fluent Arabic downstairs just now...

Everything in front of her became vague and surreal, and for a moment, Nora couldn't tell whether this was a dream or reality...

With her eyes filled with confusion, she asked, "Really?"

"Mommy, it's true." Pete put his arms around her waist. With his little face raised, he said, "My younger sister and I look exactly the same, but I grew up in New York. My name is Peter Hunt and my father is Justin Hunt!"

Nora stared at him. "Where's Cherry, then?"

Seeing that she didn't seem to believe him, Pete, who was afraid that his mother would return to that state earlier, gritted his teeth and said, "Mommy, come with me!"

He held Nora's hand with his own little hand and the two of them went downstairs.

Downstairs, Sheena was still ranting, "She may be a child, but she sure talks big! Eight languages? She probably just learned a phrase so that she could brag to others, right? And, how dare she look down on Lena's second-place victory? Hah, why doesn't she try showing us a third-place victory, then?!"

"... That's enough!" The elderly Mrs. Anderson slammed the white cane she was holding against the floor. "She's your sister's one and only daughter! She's already quite the poor thing—"

At once, Sheena suddenly screamed, "Uh-huh, she's quite the poor thing, and so is my sister. But what about me?! If she hadn't run away from home and

ended up being rumored to have eloped, would the Andersons' reputation have been this terrible?! Neither would my ex-fiancé have broken off our engagement! How much ridicule did we endure because of her back then?!"

Melissa heaved a deep sigh. To be honest, everyone loved Nora's mother deeply; that was why they were so upset with her. Sheena had been so proud of her sister back then...

She was about to console Sheena when she heard someone coming down the stairs.

She turned to see Nora and Cherry coming down.

She asked, "It's late, Nora. Where are the two of you going?"

Pete was very anxious, so he didn't answer.

Nora was as though a soulless puppet at the moment, so she didn't answer, either.

The two left the living room.

A look of confusion came over Melissa's countenance. Mrs. Anderson, who couldn't see, asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Did Nora leave? Was it because of Sheena? Sheena, get Nora back here! If she leaves, then you can forget about ever coming back here to see me!"

Sheena was also dumbfounded. Her sharp and fierce expression cracked, but she nevertheless curled her lip and scoffed, "She can leave if she wants to. I'd instead show more admiration for her if she doesn't rely on the Andersons!"

Melissa panicked. She said, "Sheena, Nora has never once said that she intends to rely on us. She's a doctor! She can support herself! If you don't like her, then you can come back less often in the future!"

She went after Nora after saying that.

Unfortunately, the moment she went out, Nora had already started the car and disappeared from the porch in the blink of an eye.

In the car.

Little Pete sat in the passenger seat. With his seat belt buckled, he pointed the way with the help of his cell phone. "Turn right... Turn left at the third intersection..."

He knew Mommy was scared and needed to see that there were two children before she could feel at ease.

He couldn't continue to hide it anymore.

Nora stayed silent and drove seriously.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at a villa complex.

Security at the gates was brisk and they refused to let them in, but the moment the guard saw Pete, he immediately greeted him respectfully. "Welcome back, Mr. Hunt."

'Mr. Hunt'...

Nora, who had a stern look on her face, stared intently ahead of her.

She had already calmed down on the way here. She also believed most of what Pete said, but the fear and panic of losing her son led to her having to see both children in front of her with her own two eyes before she could feel at ease.

The guards gave them clearance and she drove into the villa complex.

"Mommy, go to Villa No. 8."

Nora obediently stopped the car at Villa No. 8's entrance. She staggered out of the car and knocked on the door.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell rang. A few seconds later, someone opened the door. Cherry's adorable little head popped out and she asked cutely, "Who... Mommy?!"

Justin's voice followed closely after. "Who's at the door, Pete?"

## **Chapter 45 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

When Nora opened her eyes, Cherry was no longer by her side. She was likely playing downstairs.

She took a look around the room after she got up. It was twice as large as her bedroom in the Smith residence in California and was decorated in white and gray tones. One could vaguely see that her mother had been a strong woman.

After washing up, she walked to the study that came with the room and found that it was very clean. From the details, one could see how thoughtful the Andersons were.

Nora picked up a book—it was about biological sciences and the pharmaceutical industry. It was no wonder her mother had founded Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Someone suddenly knocked lightly on her bedroom door. Nora opened the door and immediately heard an anxious Melissa say, “Nora, something’s gone wrong in the hospital!”

Nora raised an eyebrow. “What happened?”

“Mr. Hunt called just now and said that Mrs. Hunt still hasn’t woken up. He asked you to give him a call once you wake up.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

Here she was, thinking that something terrible had really happened.

She called Justin. When the call connected, the man’s low and deep voice was as if a musical instrument striking her eardrums. He said, “Miss Smith, my grandmother still hasn’t woken up.”

“Sorry,” Nora coughed and said, “I forgot to tell you yesterday that the patient is too weak, so she’ll only regain consciousness this weekend.”

It was indeed her mistake not to inform the patient’s family about the details.

Justin fell silent for a moment.

Nora thought of the dispute that had taken place in the hallway when she was busy checking the old lady’s condition the day before, and she asked, “Will it cause you any trouble?”

“Those are just trivial matters.” Justin paused. Then, he suddenly asked, “Don’t you have to come over and take a look today, Miss Smith?”

Nora asked straightforwardly, “Is your son in the hospital?”

“...No, he isn’t.”

Nora immediately replied, “Oh. It’s pointless even if I go over. It’s fine as long as the patient’s vitals are all normal. I trust that the doctors in Hospital Finest would be more professional than me when it comes to nursing care.”

Hospital Finest was directly affiliated with the number one family. The family was strong and powerful, and the wages and work benefits they offered were extremely attractive. 40% of the renowned experts in the country were working in Hospital Finest.

“...”

In the hospital, Justin looked through the glass window on the door at the old lady in the ICU ward. His lips were pursed tightly and there was a bit of doubt in his eyes.

Why had she asked about his son first? It was as if she would have come over, had Pete been here.

Justin had a dark and sullen look on his countenance after he hung up.

When Howard noticed his expression, he asked hesitantly, “Is Grandaunt alright, Justin?”

Justin snorted and replied, “She’s fine.”

Howard nodded. Although he hated Pete and felt that he wasn’t worthy of being Justin’s son, in his heart, Howard still hoped that his grandaunt would wake up earlier.

Suddenly, he noticed that Justin was frowning as if he was thinking about the biggest problem in the world. After a short internal struggle, Justin finally looked at him and asked, “What might be the reason behind a woman showing great interest in Pete?”

Howard answered, “It must definitely be because she wants to marry you and be his stepmother!”

A hesitant Justin asked, “But what if she’s very cold and distant toward me?”

Howard scratched his head. Then, the brawny but simple-minded man grinned and said, “Uh... Surely she isn’t thinking of becoming your daughter-in-law? Even though Pete isn’t strong enough, he’s inherited your good features. He won’t starve to death if he becomes someone’s pretty boy in the future.”

“...”

Seeing the cold look almost capable of freezing someone in Justin’s eyes, Howard rubbed his nose and asked carefully, “Justin, if you’re free today, can you take me to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

Justin turned and walked out.

Howard followed after him and asked, “Where are you going, Justin?”

“To pick up Pete and go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

At the Andersons.

After Nora hung up, she opened her email inbox and saw an investigation report and message that Solo had sent:

“Anti, Justin is surprisingly easy to investigate. Hacking into his computer was a walk in the park. I’ve attached a document with all his information from his childhood to the present. His everyday whereabouts are listed clearly. There’s something very strange, though. Apart from his son’s name—Peter Hunt—everything else about him is securely hidden. I couldn’t find anything at all.”

Nora was rendered speechless.

She opened the file and looked up the month when she had gotten inexplicably pregnant five years ago, only to find that Justin hadn’t been to California at that time.

She closed her mailbox somewhat disappointedly.

Was what happened yesterday really just an illusion?

No, she had to find a way to meet Justin’s son.

She knew it sounded rather crazy, but after five years of fruitless searching, she didn't want to pass up any possibilities.

"Mommy! Didn't you say that you're taking me to Grandpa Quinn's today?" Cherry, who was wearing a princess dress, ran into the room.

Nora saw the text messages that Quinn had sent early in the morning. She knew that the old man was probably all out of patience by now, yet he still didn't call her for the fear that he would end up disturbing her.

That was exactly the kind of person Quinn was. On the surface, he seemed like a cheeky old man who scolded her for being lazy and sleeping every day, yet he was also afraid of disturbing her rest.

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward slightly and she made a video call to Quinn.

Quinn picked up almost right away. He reprimanded her loudly, "Are you a pig? How can you sleep until this time of the day? It's already afternoon! If I had known that's how you were going to be, I would have sent someone to pick up Cherry long ago!"

Nora ignored him. Instead, she pointed the phone camera at Cherry.

When they were abroad, they had often made video calls to each other. Cherry waved and said adorably, "Grandpa Quinn, Mommy and I will visit you right away!"

"Good, good." Quinn stroked his gray beard and said, "Let's hang up and stop wasting time then. Hurry over now!"

Nora took Cherry with her and went downstairs. After greeting Melissa and chatting a little with the elderly Mrs. Anderson, she learned that Simon would be discharged in another two days. After that, she took the Andersons' car and went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Half an hour later, at the Quinn School of Martial Arts entrance.

Justin stood there with his hands behind his back as he looked at the ancient gates. The words "Quinn's Martial Arts Hall" were written on the signboard above.

Howard, who was standing behind him, glanced at Pete with disdain.

Pete had a straight face on and resembled Justin quite a bit when he mimicked him.

But no matter how hard he tried to mimic him, he was still nothing but a little good-for-nothing. Howard had heard that not only was he mentally ill, but his grades had even dropped again and again in the exams held by the Hunts.

In their generation, Justin had always been far ahead in the lead!

Would Mr. Quinn even take an interest in someone like him?

He curled his lip. When he heard footsteps coming toward them, he hurriedly stood up straight.

Quinn came out with his hands behind his back. He didn't look very happy to see Justin. He asked, "What are you doing here? Is Irvin dead yet?"

Justin bowed respectfully and replied, "Mr. Quinn, I'm not here by my teacher's request this time. Rather, I'd like you to take my son as your disciple."

Quinn curled his lip and scoffed, "I'm not interested in your son at al—"

He had only just said that when he became instantly stunned upon spotting Pete. He exclaimed, "Cherry?!"

Quinn stared at Pete. Then, he rubbed his eyes and looked at him again. Even the wrinkles on his visage couldn't hide his surprise.

In the past five years, although he hadn't seen Cherry in person before, they often made video calls to each other. However, people would always look a little bigger and fatter in videos than in real life. As a result, the child in front of him ended up looking a little smaller and a little skinnier than Cherry.

But his facial features were practically identical to Cherry's!

Pete had immediately realized something with a start when Quinn exclaimed Cherry's name. His tiny form took a step forward. With his back to Justin, he looked up and asked, "Did you mistake me for someone else? Children generally look alike."



Pete gave Quinn a look as he spoke.

Upon sensing the look he was giving him, Quinn quickly reacted. He touched his beard and said with a cough, "Yeah, I must have made a mistake."

At the bottom of his heart, though, he was puzzled. He had been on a video call with Cherry only a moment ago. How did she suddenly become Irvin's disciple's son in the blink of an eye?

... Son?

Quinn suddenly looked down. He pointed at Pete and asked Justin, "He's your son?"

Justin, who was in the dark, was also confused about the conversation between the two of them. But when he heard his question, he nodded and answered, "Yes."

Quinn swallowed in disbelief and looked down at "Cherry" again.

He looked so much like Cherry... Could it be that...

Upon noticing how hesitant and contemplative he looked, Justin took the initiative to explain. He said, "Mr. Quinn, Pete is my son and should, by right, join the Irvin School of Martial Arts. But when I thought about it, I found that my teacher's martial arts aren't suitable for Pete because they're too feminine. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style is more masculine and more presentable, so I hope you can accept my son as a disciple."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' style tended to be more feminine and the disciples also often used insidious tricks when they fought. They were famous for being unpredictable, insidious, sly, and taking the enemy by surprise.

On the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced the path of masculinity. The disciples' strength and speed were all trained through sheer hard work and most of them were men.

Pete was already rather abnormal. If he became even more feminine... Justin was really afraid that he would grow up wrong. He'd better take the path of masculinity and train his psyche instead. This way, he might be able to straighten him out.

But when Justin said that, he instead noticed Quinn staring at his son with an unfathomable expression.

His brows drew together and his deep-set eyes shone with determination and resolution. He said, “Mr. Quinn, if you’re still reluctant, then I’ll challenge the school. You can decide the rules. If I manage to win by chance, please accept Pete as a disciple.”

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had an unwritten rule—if someone succeeded in their challenge to the school, then they would satisfy a condition set by the other party as long as it didn’t go against one’s morals.

In the past century, no one had ever succeeded in challenging the school. This went to show the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ position in the world of martial arts.

Next to him, Howard was dumbfounded when he heard what he said. Did he know where they were right now?!

This was the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They could drown him with just sheer numbers!

Justin was really doing so much for the sake of that little good-for-nothing! But given that tiny form of his, how could Mr. Quinn possibly accept him as a disciple?

Yet as soon as he thought so, he saw Quinn acting as if he hadn’t heard Justin at all. He merely asked emphatically, “Are you sure he’s a boy? Does he have a little willy?”

Justin was bewildered.

What kind of weird question was that?

Pete’s expression also darkened. He introduced himself and said, “Grandpa Quinn, my name is Peter Hunt. You can call me Pete. I’m male and a b-o-y!”

He practically squeezed the word ‘boy’ through his gritted teeth.

When he said that...

“Hahahahaha!”

Quinn raised his head to the sky and chortled. The way he looked at Pete was as if he had just found a rare treasure. He didn't expect to find the son that Nora had been searching for these last five years!

Moreover, one could tell at a glance that the child had an excellent form that was very suitable for practicing martial arts!

He said to Justin, "I'll take your son in. We'll start practicing today. You can go now!"

Justin was bewildered.

Hesitation flickered in his deep-set eyes.

Seeing him motionless, Quinn frowned. He asked roughly, "What? You don't trust me?"

"No, that's not what I mean."

Justin took a step back.

Quinn was a well-known figure in the world of martial arts. There was no way he would pick on a child. If he said that he was taking him as a disciple, then that meant that he was really doing it.

Quinn grabbed Pete by his clothes and was about to eagerly take him in with him when Howard stepped forward. He said, "Mr. Quinn, my name is Howard. I've been admiring you for a very long time. I'm also here to join the Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Quinn looked back and glanced at him. He scanned him up and down before showing a touch of disdain. "What makes you think you can join us?"

Howard was taken aback.

Seeing that he couldn't answer him at all, Quinn turned and walked in.

A disciple of the school was about to close the door when Howard suddenly shouted crestfallenly, "Mr. Quinn, why would you rather accept that weakling instead of me?"

The disciple curled his lip and slammed the door shut. Hmph, did he think it was so easy to enter their school?

Howard was lost for words.

He touched his hooked nose with a puzzled look on his fierce countenance. “Why would Mr. Quinn possibly be interested in Pete? And, he even asked if he has a... Cough, surely he isn’t mentally ill, is he?”

Justin glanced at him in disgust. “I think you’re the one who’s mentally ill.”

Howard nevertheless humbly sought his advice. He said, “No matter how stupid I am, I can’t possibly be stupider than Chester. But I really don’t understand Mr. Quinn’s actions. Can you tell me why?”

Justin turned and walked ahead, leaving behind only four mysterious words: “Think about it yourself.”

To be honest, he didn’t know, either!

In the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

In the middle of the spacious hall, Quinn looked at Pete greedily and said, “Hurry up and acknowledge me as your teacher, Nora’s son! After that, we’ll be teacher and disciple!”

He was very anxious, lest what was already in the bag... uh, his little disciple disappear!

Pete stared at him. Then, he nodded and said, “But can you agree not to tell Mommy for now? Cherry and I have already agreed to give Mommy a surprise.”

There were still two days left before Great-Grandma woke up.

Pete hoped that his mother could interact a little more with the tyrant again. What if she suddenly finds some positive aspects about him?

Quinn touched his beard and said, “No, I can’t.”

Pete replied calmly, “Oh. In that case, I won’t acknowledge you as my teacher.”

“ ... ”

Quinn frowned. “Hmph, do you think you can threaten me with that? Even if you don’t acknowledge me as your teacher, just by the fact that I found you, Sleepyhead will still agree to let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher just to express her gratitude!”

A puzzled Pete asked, “Who’s Sleepyhead?”

“Your mom.”

Pete was rendered speechless. He suspected that the old man was actually cursing.

After a stalemate of about ten minutes, footsteps could be heard coming from the door again. Then, Cherry’s voice rang out outside, “Grandpa Quinn, I’m here!”

Quinn immediately raced outside. When he saw Nora, he exclaimed excitedly, “Nora! I’ll tell you a secret if you let Cherry acknowledge me as her teacher!”

Nora looked around the place after she entered.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was located in the heart of New York. The fact that they could take up such a large building for their martial arts gym in a place like this went to show just how deep and rock-solid a background the Quinn School of Martial Arts had.

The disciples in the gym were divided into several classes and were currently shouting energetically as they trained. Which part of it even looked like the ‘withered and dying out’ state that the old man had claimed it was?

Thus, upon hearing him trying to trick her again, Nora picked at her ears and said, “Tell me what the secret is and I’ll decide after that.”

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Everyone else was begging to be taken as disciples, so why was it simply so difficult for him to find a successor? He had finally found that woman’s daughter after so much trouble and on top of that, she was even a talented girl, yet all she did was sleep!

Fortunately, these two children inherited her good physique.

Quinn's gaze flicked over to Cherry and he thought of Pete, who was in the martial arts gym, again.

To be honest, it was true that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style suited boys better. After all, there was no one else who would be as crazy talented as little Nora.

After weighing the pros and cons, he suddenly realized that taking Pete as his disciple might actually seem like a better deal? And a safer one?

Thus, Quinn coughed and said, "Forget it, I'm not telling you anymore."

"..."

Nora just knew this would be the case. After that, she accompanied Quinn to the inner courtyard where he lived.

Quinn was wearing a white martial arts uniform. Despite being advanced in years, he was thin and energetic. Although his voice was rough, there was a sense of careful attentiveness within. If not, he wouldn't have become a master of the art, either.

When the two entered the inner courtyard, Quinn looked at her, stretched out his hand, and gestured at her. "Come on, let's see if you've made any progress lately?"

As he spoke, Quinn went on the offensive.

Nora stepped back quickly and evaded the attack. Then, she counterattacked and started to spar with Quinn.

Every move and every action carried a subdued but sharp and fierce momentum.

The pair had a good time sparring. Toward the end, even Nora broke out in a light sweat and she felt refreshed all over.

After they were done with the sparring, Quinn loosened his wrist muscles and remarked, "To think you can attain a level of skill like this despite slacking off. You're a crazy one indeed. If you practice well, you'll definitely surpass me."

Nora gave an "Oh" and replied dispassionately, "I'll also be able to surpass you when I'm your age."

“ ... ”

Quinn was rendered so speechless by her retort that he couldn't be bothered to be mad anymore. Nevertheless, he couldn't help but ask persistently, “You really don't intend to have Cherry pick up martial arts?”

Nora shook her head. “There isn't any need for her.”

She had practiced martial arts back then in order to train and strengthen her body. However, Cherry was healthy and had always been strong and sturdy since she was a baby. Besides, Cherry was a little princess. The way her aunt raised her had turned her into a very delicate little girl who couldn't take any bit of discomfort at all.

If Nora made her practice martial arts, she would probably burst into tears and start wailing.

So, why bother?

Seeing how stubborn she was, Quinn could only give up. He complained, “Why do you also have your mom's temperament?”

Her mom...

Nora's interest was suddenly piqued. She asked, “Old man, do you know my mother? Can you tell me about her?”

Quinn stroked his white beard and smiled as he replied, “Your mom... She's a legend in New York!”

Nora was taken aback.

Quinn pointed to the table in the courtyard. Nora followed him and walked over. Although she was cheeky whenever she talked to him, after sitting down, she obediently picked up the teapot and poured him a cup of tea.

Quinn sat on the bench and took a sip from his teacup. “During your mom's younger days, she was amazingly talented and brilliant, and she was known as the most talented woman in New York. At that time, many people proposed to your mom and the Andersons were totally in the limelight. Even the Hunts thought it would be an honor if they could have her marry into the family. Unfortunately, she rejected the number one family in the end. Heh heh, she

had backbone, alright. I, for one, don't think much of the Hunts, especially that disciple of Irvin's..."

Quinn and Irvin would always quarrel whenever they met.

Nora listened with great interest. When she noticed that Quinn had finished his tea, she poured him another cup and pressed, "And then?"

Quinn let out a "hmp" and went on. "At that time, I had just achieved some success in my training and made a name for myself in the circle. I wanted to take a disciple and took an interest in your mom. However, she didn't want to and rejected me... After that, she disappeared."

At this point, Quinn stroked his beard and said, "As for why she suddenly ran away from home? I don't know. Some say that she was kidnapped for her beauty and was imprisoned, but that's all nonsense. Given how fierce she was, who would have been able to kidnap her?"

"She then came to me two years later. She asked me to take you as my disciple once you're five or six years old, and train your body for you. At that time, she said she was dying."

Quinn sighed and said, "By the time I found you with the information she gave me, she was already gone."

"You don't have to be sad, though. Although your mom only lived for a short period of twenty years, her life was exciting and fulfilling. She led a life well-lived! But if you were to talk about her life, she did indeed let someone down."

A curious Nora sat upright. "Who was it?"

Quinn put down his teacup. "Have you heard of the Smiths from New York?"

Nora shook her head.

All she did every day was sleep, so she didn't know much about wealthy and influential powerhouses like them.

Quinn said, "The Smiths and the Hunts are equally powerful, and they were vying for the title of the number one family back then. The previous head of the Hunts was actually inferior to that fellow from the Smiths. Your mom also got engaged to that Smith fellow in the end, so when I heard that your last



name was Smith, I had thought that she was pregnant with his child, but that unfortunately was not the case. Speaking of your father, he's a typical male chauvinist pig. Your mom was so picky her entire lifetime, so why did she marry a scumbag like him in the end?"

Nora had no words to that. She was also just as puzzled.

"We digress. Anyway, the head of the Smiths at that time was a very ambitious man. With him leading the family, the Smiths nearly managed to surpass the Hunts. But when your mom went missing later, he fell into an irreversible slump. This stabilized the situation, and the Smiths and the Hunts became equally ranked again. After that, when Justin Hunt took over the family, he led the Hunts to completely surpass the Smiths and become the veritable No. 1 again."

Quinn shook his head. "That kid from the Smiths is considered your elder. After he retired, he got a nephew of his to lead the Smiths. He also remains unmarried even now."

Nora was astounded by what she heard. "My mom had indeed let him down."

Quinn strongly agreed with her.

Nora suddenly asked, "What's his name?"

Quinn smiled and answered, "Ian!"

Ian Smith?

She suddenly thought of the company that her mother had left behind. Its name was Idealian Pharmaceuticals...

Then, Quinn spoke again. "By the way, I heard that he became seriously ill recently. It seems that he won't be able to live past this year. What a shame. He was quite the hero back then."

After he finished, Quinn stood up and said, "Alright, you can rest here for a while. I'll go and take a look at what the two children are doing."

He had spotted Cherry and Pete secretly meeting up just now. He was itching to hurry up and take Pete as his disciple.

After Quinn left, Nora sat there and thought carefully about her mother's past. However, she suddenly realized something with a start.

The two children?

Who was the other one apart from Cherry?

She stood up abruptly and walked toward the martial arts gym at the front.

Before she even entered the gym, she heard Quinn's voice coming from within: "Stand steady now! Persevere! This is a basic skill. This part right here is what makes us, the Quinn School of Martial Arts, better than the Irvin School of Martial Arts. Martial arts aren't something that can be learned overnight. You must take your time to lay a solid foundation..."

Nora pushed the door open and entered to see that "Cherry" had, at some point, changed into a set of men's sportswear and was practicing her form.

Quinn, who had his back to Nora, was talking to her. He said, "Since you're now my disciple, then you'll have to listen to what I say from now on. You must practice this stance for half an hour every morning after you wake up. Your mother is too lazy and has always been disobedient since she was a child. You mustn't take after her..."

Pete, who was facing the door and thus had noticed Nora, was lost for words.

He pursed his lips and stood up straight.

Surprised, Quinn exclaimed, "Why aren't you doing it anymore? You can't hold on anymore? You—"

Pete interrupted the rest of what he wanted to say before he could finish: "Mommy."

Quinn stiffened. Then, he slowly turned around to see Nora leaning against the wall. Her arms were casually folded and her cat-like eyes slightly raised as she quietly watched the two of them.

Her big boss-like attitude frightened Quinn, who stammered, "Um, little Nora, this..."

Nora asked lazily, "Old man, did you tempt her with rewards or threaten her with punishment?"

“...No, I didn’t!”

Seeing that he was answering so surely, Nora looked at Pete again and asked hesitantly, “Cherry, are you genuinely interested in learning martial arts?”

Pete nodded firmly.

If he learned martial arts, should the tyrant dare so much as to bully Mommy in the future, he would be able to protect her and Cherry!

Nora was stunned.

Cherry took after her in her personality and was lazy and easygoing. She disliked being restrained the most. Yet she had actually taken an interest in martial arts?

Nora, who had always respected children’s views, agreed to it after a little thought. “Alright.”

After that, she looked at Quinn and said, “I’ll send her here at 7 am sharp tomorrow. Old man, I have something up today, so I’ll go back first.”

After she spoke, she stretched out her hand to Pete.

Pete very naturally took a step forward, took her hand, and followed her out the door.

Even after the two of them disappeared from the martial arts gym, Quinn was still in a daze!

No, little Nora, that isn’t your daughter you just picked up!

He was still in a daze when Cherry, who had just gone to the bathroom, ran over in her princess dress. “Huh? Where’s Pete?”

Quinn was at a loss for words.

Right after Cherry spoke, her cell phone beeped. She picked it up and immediately saw a text message from Pete: “Cherry, I went home with Mommy. Daddy will pick you up in the evening. We’ll switch back tomorrow.”

She was going to see her handsome Daddy again.

Cherry jumped excitedly and took Quinn's hand as she asked, "Grandpa Quinn, when is Daddy coming to pick me up?"

"...Five o'clock in the evening."

"Ah, then I still have two hours left. What shall we do? Do you have Barbies here?"

"... No."

"Can I play games, then?"

"No, it's bad for your eyes."

Cherry pouted disappointedly and asked, "Grandpa Quinn, doesn't the Quinn School of Martial Arts have any specialties?"

Old Quinn, who was taken aback, suddenly thought of something and answered, "Oh, that we do!"

As such, at five o'clock in the evening, Justin personally drove over to pick up his son.

His handsome countenance was calm at the moment. The Quinn School of Martial Arts' style was masculine and domineering. He would definitely see his son drenched in stinky sweat all over like a little boy later, right?

With that in mind, he entered the school. He immediately saw a group of disciples dressed in white sportswear training in the compound.

Next to them, his son was wearing a white princess dress and pointing at one of them with his eyes all lit up. "Grandpa Quinn, Mr. No. 5 is the most handsome! But Mr. No. 9 is also very cool. Who should I pick? I'm so troubled!"

Justin was bewildered.

He cracked.

At this time, Nora hadn't reached home yet. Instead, she was currently in Guardian Pharmacy, a herbal store and pharmacy in New York. She was holding a scale and choosing herbs from a box.

“Atractylodes lancea, wolfberry, chrysanthemum, cornus, rehmannia, dendrobium...”

After Nora adjusted the herbs' proportions, she handed them to the pharmacist and said, “Please use these to make some pills for internal consumption. The ones from just now are to be made into ointments for external usage. I'll come over and pick them up tomorrow.”

The pharmacist had a big smile all over his face as he replied, “Sure, no problem!”

The customer was generous enough, so of course, he was willing to do her a trivial favor like this!

After that, Nora took Pete home.

She had been too tired after she got home the day before, so she didn't pay much attention to the elderly Mrs. Anderson's eyes. However, after she woke up today, she had checked her pulse and also carefully observed her eyes. She discovered that the cause for the old madam's loss of vision was that her eyes had received too much strain back then, resulting in vision loss from optic nerve damage.

There was no need for surgery. She just needed to nurse them back to a healthy state.

With the help of a GPS navigator, Nora drove all the way back to the Andersons. Before she even entered, she saw Melissa standing at the door. She was wearing a knitted dress and looked elegant and dignified. When she saw their car, her brows drew together in worry.

It was only when she parked the car in the villa that Nora spotted a luxurious Lincoln that was also parked there—it was obvious that a distinguished guest was visiting.

When she got off the car, Melissa hurried over and said, “Nora, your second aunt heard that you're here, so she came over to take a look.”

The elderly Mrs. Anderson had two daughters and a son.

Nora's mother was the eldest while Simon was the third child. In the middle was her second child, Sheena Anderson.

Nora nodded. She was about to take Pete with her and enter the house when Melissa held her wrist and said apologetically, “She has a foul mouth, so don’t take what she says to heart.”

Nora was taken aback for a moment.

She could vaguely hear an arrogant voice coming through the door: “... yet she married a man like that in the end. Her daughter even grew up in a place like California and has never gone through higher education... Mom, you always say that I’m not as good as her, but look at us now. In the end, I’m the one that the Andersons need, aren’t I?”

Mrs. Anderson reprimanded her. “How can you say things like that? Regardless of whether Nora is outstanding or dull, she’s your elder sister’s daughter! She’s part of the Andersons!”

“Don’t bother saying things like that. It was through great effort that the Andersons’ reputation has gradually improved over the years. You’d best keep a tight watch over her, lest she does something disgraceful and embarrass the Andersons!”

Melissa coughed as a reminder to the people inside. Then, she called out, “Mom, Sheena, Nora’s back!”

Only then did Nora enter. She immediately saw an attractive woman resembling Simon sitting pompously on the sofa.

Sheena was 46 years old this year, but she looked as if she was 30 years old instead. She wore a professional suit and fully exuded a mature woman’s charm. Compared with Melissa’s grace, she seemed bossier.

After Nora entered, her gaze fell onto Pete right away and she asked disdainfully, “So, she’s your daughter? She must be five this year, right? Can she play the piano? Can she dance? Can she do calligraphy? Do you take Mathematical Olympiad classes? What kind of interest classes do you attend?”

Pete, who had been receiving an elite’s education since he was a baby, was bewildered.

Who was she looking down on?

Sheena threw a ton of questions to the child's face just to give her 'country bumpkin' niece an opening gambit.

Nora cast her eyes down with a slightly chilly look and kept quiet.

Melissa hurriedly played peacemaker and said, "Sheena, Cherry grew up abroad with Nora. Over there, they value quality education..."

Sheena leaned on the sofa. As though a person in power talking down to her subordinates, she said, "Quality education? It's all a lie. That's just so that they can better bridge the gap. Real aristocrats and the wealthy put their children through strict education from an early age!"

Her eyes were like blazing torches as she looked at Nora. She said, "So, your name is Nora? You're all grown up, so you've already missed the best time and opportunity to study. But rest assured; since you've come to us, on account of my sister, I won't let you roam the streets homeless. I heard that you got yourself pregnant before you were married, right? And that your ex-fiance broke off the engagement? Don't worry, I'll find you a good husband and ensure that you live worry-free for the rest of your life. As for your daughter..."

She looked at Pete and scanned the child up and down. Then, as though she was being charitable, she said, "Although five years old is a late start compared to others, there's at least still hope for her."

Nora had a very cold look in her eyes. She lowered her gaze and then, with a sardonic smile at the corner of her lips, she said, "You don't need to bother. I'll take care of my daughter's education myself."

Cherry's studies were indeed a huge headache. Her daughter had an extremely high IQ, but she was only interested in games and was sloppy in her studies. In particular, her history knowledge had become a huge mess thanks to her aunt abroad...

However, this didn't mean that others could criticize her at will.

"You? Take care of her education matters?"

Sheena said coldly, "What are you going to teach her? Are you going to teach her how to become obsessed with her cell phone and how to play games

every day? Are you going to have her be like you and engage in a chaotic private life, and become pregnant before marriage when she grows up?”

“Shut up!” Mrs. Anderson reprimanded Sheena, causing her to curl her lip.

Melissa even frowned and said reproachingly, “Sheena, I know you have her interests at heart, but can you speak in a less hurtful manner?”

Sheena sneered, “I just want her to have a clear idea of the situation she’s in! Does she really think it’s that easy to be a child of a wealthy family?”

She glanced at the ‘girl’ who was standing there stubbornly and said, “Not convinced, are you? Fine, I’ll show you Lena’s progress in her studies and give you a good sense of the gap between the two children! Go on, Lena, tell the big sister here what you’re capable of.”

Lena Xavier was Sheena’s daughter who was born at a later point in Sheena’s life. She gave birth to her at the age of forty, so Lena was only six that year.

The little girl wearing a dress was adorable and pretty. When she heard her, she raised her chin and declared proudly, “I know two foreign languages— Spanish and French—and can communicate fluently in them.”

Then, she said a couple of lines in the two foreign languages fluently, forming an animated and impressive sight.

After speaking, she looked at Pete triumphantly.

Sheena raised her chin proudly along with her. After Lena was done, she looked at Nora and asked, “I wonder what your daughter is capable of?”

Nora was about to speak when a sullen Pete’s lips suddenly parted and he prattled on in a language that no one understood.

Stunned, Lena asked, “What language is that?”

Pete calmly replied, “It’s Arabic. It’s very normal that you can’t understand it. Mommy has taught me eight different languages.”

“ ... ”

Lena, who felt as if she had lost, refused to concede defeat and spoke again. She said, “I’ve also participated in many competitions and took second place



in a children's calligraphy competition, as well as second place in a robotics competition for juniors!"

A puzzled Pete frowned and said, "Second place? How sad."

Lena was confused.

Furious, she went on and said, "I can recite 300 poems and spell 1,500 words. At the same time, I also learned programming and Mathematical Olympiad-level mathematics!"

Pete pursed his lips and sighed. "Are poems that hard to memorize and recite? Does programming even require effort to learn? Don't people immediately get these things after just a look?"

"???"

A puzzled Pete took Nora's hand and said, "Let's go upstairs, Mommy. Aunt Sheena probably still has something to talk to Grandma and Aunt Melissa about, so let's not disturb them anymore."

The two of them left behind a group of dumbfounded people and went upstairs.

Nora closed the door. Then, she turned around, picked up Pete, and put him down on the sofa while observing him. Cherry hated language studies. Since when did she even speak Arabic?

Something was definitely wrong!

She was about to ask Pete when her cell phone suddenly rang and interrupted her thoughts.

Nora picked up the call. The moment she did, she heard Henry's voice from the other end. "Nora! You've gotten gutsy, haven't you?! How dare you arrange for the company dividends to be sent to your bank account! Give me back the money right now! Otherwise, what am I supposed to live on?"

Nora replied coolly, "What does your survival have anything to do with me?"

"You—!" Henry was furious. But in the end, he said viciously, "I see. Now that you've gone to the Andersons, you don't intend to acknowledge a poor man like me as your father anymore? Thinking of cutting off your relations with me?"

No way! But if you give me \$8,000,000, I'll cut off relations with you from now on. How about it?"

Nora's eyes darkened. Asking for \$8,000,000 right away? He sure had a pretty big appetite.

When he heard her silence, Henry smiled triumphantly and said, "I know you don't have any money. However, the Andersons do! I'm sure the Andersons won't want me to show up in New York and embarrass them, right?"

"..."

What a shameless man. However, the corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward the next moment and she said, "Fine, I'll transfer the money to you right away, but you must tell me where you abandoned my son back then."

After a short pause, Henry finally agreed and said, "Fine! I'll tell you immediately after I receive the money!"

After hanging up, Nora tapped casually on her cell phone, wrote a Trojan horse malware program, and sent it to Henry.

The program would show fake funds transfer information when it reached him. However, once he opened the message, his cell phone would immediately be invaded by Nora, thereby allowing her to eavesdrop on him!

Money? Heh, dream on.

After she finished all this, she used her cell phone to monitor the conversation on the other side.

She heard Wendy's voice first: "Has the money arrived? Has the money arrived?"

"Yes, it has!"

"You've never mentioned her son's whereabouts all these years, Henry. Where exactly did you abandon her son?"

Henry let out a sinister laugh and replied, "Her son? He died a long time ago! I watched him breathe his last back then. After that, I buried him in the suburbs! So, she wants her son back? No problem, I can tell her where he is. I reckon he's probably a pile of bones by now?"

“ ... ”

Nora felt as if a bomb had suddenly gone off in her mind.

Her grip on her cell phone loosened and it fell onto the ground.

He's dead...

No wonder Henry had so vehemently refused to reveal any information all this time! No wonder all the private investigators couldn't find any news of her son!

Everything in front of her turned blurry, and large teardrops slid down her cheeks...

Her son was dead... He had died a long time ago!

It was her fault! It was her fault for not protecting her son!

She clenched her fists tightly. Her fingernails were embedded in her palms, yet she didn't feel any pain.

She felt as if someone had ruthlessly drawn a blunt blade across her heart. It hurt so much that she suddenly couldn't breathe anymore. She bent down, seemingly unable to hear anything at all...

It was at this moment that a small pair of hands held her.

Nora raised her head and immediately saw a small face stained with tears from shock and fright. Pete's lips parted and closed as he repeated something over and over. She tried hard to hear what he was saying. At last, she finally heard him.

He said, "Mommy! Don't cry! I'm still alive!"

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

She thought back to the day five years ago when she went into early labor...

She could remember very clearly that she was in a private clinic at that time. The white walls were peeling and it was very dim in the delivery room. There were only a doctor and a nurse, and they looked very unprofessional.

She laid on the cold delivery bed without even a shred of dignity.

She didn't remember the pain of labor anymore. All she remembered was the restless little hand that peeked out of the blanket wrapped around her son when her father took him away.

It was so small... as though just the size of her finger.

She had wanted to get up and take her child back, but her belly started to act up again.

The amniotic fluid in her water bag was almost gone. If she halted the labor process, then the child who was still in her belly would suffocate to death...

Nora felt as if all the air in her chest had been sucked away and she couldn't breathe.

She had chosen her daughter over her son!

Over the years, she had made countless phone calls to Henry and pleaded with him many times. However, he had never relented and told her anything. To be honest, she had vaguely already guessed as much deep down in her heart that...

Perhaps her son was already dead.

Otherwise, why would he still refuse to reveal the boy's whereabouts after the Grays had agreed to annul the engagement? This was also the reason why she hadn't immediately used a listening device on Henry when she returned to the States.

She was afraid of hearing a result that she didn't want to hear.

She had ultimately still held a glimmer of hope.

She also knew very well that the reason why Cherry, a vain and pretentious little princess, had suddenly bought a lot of boys' clothing and sometimes pretended to be a boy was actually to cheer her up and take away a bit of her pain when she missed her son.

She looked at her tearful daughter in front of her. When she heard what Pete said, she forced a smile and choked up as she said, "You don't have to comfort me, Cherry..."

Pete was badly frightened. The boy, who had been quiet and calm since he was a baby, was crying so badly that his face was covered in tears.

Mommy was as pale as a sheet, and her usually calm eyes were filled with despair and emptiness. Tears were rolling down her cheeks uncontrollably and her smile looked so tragic. She seemed as if she was going to collapse and pass out the next moment...

He panicked, utterly so.

He grabbed Nora's hand and shouted, "Mommy, I'm not lying! I'm Pete! I'm Peter Hunt, not Cherry! I'm not Cheryl Smith!"

"Mommy, I'm sorry! I shouldn't have kept it a secret from you!"

"Mommy, look at me! I'm Pete!"

"I was wrong. I won't do it anymore... Sob..."

His shouts made Nora's eyes gradually regain focus and her rationality gradually returned to her. She looked at Pete. "What... did you say?"

She found his claims incredulous, yet Cherry's various eccentricities during the recent period of time started to surface in her mind.

For example, Cherry had suddenly stopped playing games and started to read.

For example, Cherry would occasionally speak a lot less and become a lot quieter.

And, for example, when Cherry spoke fluent Arabic downstairs just now...

Everything in front of her became vague and surreal, and for a moment, Nora couldn't tell whether this was a dream or reality...

With her eyes filled with confusion, she asked, "Really?"

"Mommy, it's true." Pete put his arms around her waist. With his little face raised, he said, "My younger sister and I look exactly the same, but I grew up in New York. My name is Peter Hunt and my father is Justin Hunt!"

Nora stared at him. "Where's Cherry, then?"

Seeing that she didn't seem to believe him, Pete, who was afraid that his mother would return to that state earlier, gritted his teeth and said, "Mommy, come with me!"

He held Nora's hand with his own little hand and the two of them went downstairs.

Downstairs, Sheena was still ranting, "She may be a child, but she sure talks big! Eight languages? She probably just learned a phrase so that she could brag to others, right? And, how dare she look down on Lena's second-place victory? Hah, why doesn't she try showing us a third-place victory, then?!"

"... That's enough!" The elderly Mrs. Anderson slammed the white cane she was holding against the floor. "She's your sister's one and only daughter! She's already quite the poor thing—"

At once, Sheena suddenly screamed, "Uh-huh, she's quite the poor thing, and so is my sister. But what about me?! If she hadn't run away from home and ended up being rumored to have eloped, would the Andersons' reputation have been this terrible?! Neither would my ex-fiancé have broken off our engagement! How much ridicule did we endure because of her back then?!"

Melissa heaved a deep sigh. To be honest, everyone loved Nora's mother deeply; that was why they were so upset with her. Sheena had been so proud of her sister back then...

She was about to console Sheena when she heard someone coming down the stairs.

She turned to see Nora and Cherry coming down.

She asked, "It's late, Nora. Where are the two of you going?"

Pete was very anxious, so he didn't answer.

Nora was as though a soulless puppet at the moment, so she didn't answer, either.

The two left the living room.

A look of confusion came over Melissa's countenance. Mrs. Anderson, who couldn't see, asked anxiously, "What's the matter? Did Nora leave? Was it

because of Sheena? Sheena, get Nora back here! If she leaves, then you can forget about ever coming back here to see me!”

Sheena was also dumbfounded. Her sharp and fierce expression cracked, but she nevertheless curled her lip and scoffed, “She can leave if she wants to. I’d instead show more admiration for her if she doesn’t rely on the Andersons!”

Melissa panicked. She said, “Sheena, Nora has never once said that she intends to rely on us. She’s a doctor! She can support herself! If you don’t like her, then you can come back less often in the future!”

She went after Nora after saying that.

Unfortunately, the moment she went out, Nora had already started the car and disappeared from the porch in the blink of an eye.

In the car.

Little Pete sat in the passenger seat. With his seat belt buckled, he pointed the way with the help of his cell phone. “Turn right... Turn left at the third intersection...”

He knew Mommy was scared and needed to see that there were two children before she could feel at ease.

He couldn’t continue to hide it anymore.

Nora stayed silent and drove seriously.

Half an hour later, the car arrived at a villa complex.

Security at the gates was brisk and they refused to let them in, but the moment the guard saw Pete, he immediately greeted him respectfully. “Welcome back, Mr. Hunt.”

‘Mr. Hunt’...

Nora, who had a stern look on her face, stared intently ahead of her.

She had already calmed down on the way here. She also believed most of what Pete said, but the fear and panic of losing her son led to her having to see both children in front of her with her own two eyes before she could feel at ease.

The guards gave them clearance and she drove into the villa complex.

“Mommy, go to Villa No. 8.”

Nora obediently stopped the car at Villa No. 8’s entrance. She staggered out of the car and knocked on the door.

Ding-dong!

The doorbell rang. A few seconds later, someone opened the door. Cherry’s adorable little head popped out and she asked cutely, “Who... Mommy?!”

Justin’s voice followed closely after. “Who’s at the door, Pete?”