

Chapter 46 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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 47 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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 48 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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.

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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!”

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

Chapter 49 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

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 50 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Nora was as pale as a sheet.

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

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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.

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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.

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