

## Chapter 149 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Anti: 'I don't know who that is.'

Director Shaw, "?"

It suddenly occurred to him that even though the two of them had spoken to each other downstairs, if Angela really was Anti's younger sister, why would she choose to apply to be a postgraduate student under him rather than at Professor Anti's?

Anti was a neurosurgery professor at the New York University School of Medicine by the school's invitation. Many people were aware of this. During the last two years, there was no lack of people applying to become her postgraduate students. However, as Anti was out of the country, she had never accepted any of them.

But she had returned to the States this year!

At the very worst, she could have brought her sister with her instead!

This showed that her relationship with her younger sister must not be that great.

The shrewd Director Shaw immediately caught all these little details very sensitively, and he breathed a sigh of relief at once. It was fortunate that he had made the effort to bring it up and prevented his plan from backfiring on itself!

This was exactly why people shouldn't just do things for someone else's sake without saying anything about it. Without asking the other party about it, how would one know whether or not they truly needed it?

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Nora had just sent the strands of hair, whose follicles were intact, and her own hair samples abroad a moment ago.

She called Lily, her assistant, and instructed, "Go to the most professional DNA testing lab and give me the results as soon as possible."

A puzzled Lily asked, “Why don’t you do it in the States instead, Anti?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. “Because it’s easy for others to falsify results here.”

“ ... ”

Lily fell silent—she actually found herself rendered speechless. A moment later, she said, “I strongly feel that you have a persecution complex. You’ve been hiding your identity for so many years because you’re supposedly in mortal danger, but I’ve never seen anyone wanting to kill you.”

Nora chuckled and replied, “Yeah, maybe you’re right. Just get it done for me, though.”

She didn’t dare to let her guard down even after she hung up, however.

Her mother, Yvette Anderson, had told her to stay mediocre and avoid being too outstanding. If not, it would get her killed!

She still didn’t know where exactly the danger would come from. However, she was no longer the same woman with a devil-may-care attitude from a few years ago, either.

She had two children now.

One would never go wrong being a little more careful.

After couriering the package, she drove leisurely to the kindergarten to pick up Pete from school.

Tanya was in a bad mood that day, so she had taken a day off and hadn’t gone to the kindergarten. As a result, she had to pick up Pete from school before she could go to bed. If only Pete could drive home by himself!

She let out a yawn while thinking about it.

At the same time, a surly-looking Pete stood at the entrance of the kindergarten with his schoolbag. After his repeated protests, Mommy had finally allowed him to wear trousers instead today.

After all!

There were also other little girls in the kindergarten who wore the trouser version of the school uniform.

While he was waiting in boredom, Nora finally arrived.

After the little fellow got into the backseat and fastened his seatbelt, he heaved a silent sigh and asked, “Can I stop going to school, Mommy?”

Nora turned the car around and asked, “Why?”

Pete complained, “The kids in the kindergarten are too childish!”

Through the rearview mirror, Nora could see her son frowning helplessly. She asked curiously, “What happened?”

Pete replied, “The teacher told us the story about the tortoise and the hare today. Then, they asked us whether we wanted to be a tortoise or a hare.”

Nora chuckled and asked, “And then?”

Pete replied, “... Why do the kids want to be hares instead of the humans that they are?”

“...”

Then, Pete lowered his head again and went on. “Also, Brandon drank a girl’s yogurt drink today. The girl also drank it after that. Then, she became very scared and said that her mom and dad had told her that she would get pregnant if she kissed a boy. So, she asked what she should do if she became pregnant?”

Nora was no longer sleepy at this point. She asked, “And then?”

Pete sighed. “Brandon patted his chest and told her not to worry. He said that she can just give birth to the baby if she really becomes pregnant. After that, the three of them can attend kindergarten together!”

“...”

Pete looked at Nora. “Sharing a yogurt drink won’t make anyone pregnant—you have to sleep together for that to happen. They are so ignorant!”

Nora, “...”

She held her laughter back and instead said approvingly, "I find Brandon quite a responsible boy, though. The Smiths have taught their children pretty well."

Pete, "?"

Was Mommy actually praising Brandon, that simple-minded boy who had almost castrated himself?

He pursed his lips and said, "I will also be a very responsible boy."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Oh? Is there a kid you like?"

Pete tilted his head and answered seriously, "Yes!"

Tsk.

Unexpectedly, that stubborn block of wood, who was just like his father, actually had someone he liked?

But as soon as Nora thought so, he said, "I like Cherry."

"..."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. "What about people aside from Cherry? Do you have any friends you like?"

Pete was mildly autistic, so Nora had to slowly bring him out of it and encourage him to become more cheerful. Besides, since she was driving and couldn't sleep, she might as well tease him a little.

Pete originally wanted to shake his head, but a timid little figure suddenly surfaced in his mind.

He asked, "Mommy, what will happen if someone who's allergic to mangoes eats it?"

Cherry had told him that Mommy's medical skills were the best in the world.

Nora replied, "They'll be fine if they are sent to the hospital for treatment in time."

In that case, why didn't Mia come to school today?

However, he wondered about it for only a moment before he tossed the thought to the back of his mind.

When they reached the Andersons, Pete got out of the car by himself and waited obediently for Nora.

As for Nora, she saw a text message from Justin when she picked up her cell phone: 'How about visiting my son again this evening, Ms. Smith?'

Nora, “?”

Cherry was just having mild stomach flu. With the pills that she had fed her, she must be full of energy at the moment. Yet she was still in the hospital?

Weren't they going to go home?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little and she replied: 'He should be fine by now.'

After replying to the message, she brought Pete with her and entered the house.

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In the hotel next to the New York University School of Medicine.

Angela had only booked one room, and it was a double-bed room at that. The bed could obviously fit two, but she cooked up an excuse that she wasn't used to sleeping with someone else on the same bed, and forced Lisa to sleep on the sofa instead.

After happily having a big feast, Angela was currently painting her nails with a mask sheet on her face and doing her skincare routine. In contrast, Lisa was bent over the desk and studying.

The interview was just a few days away. She wanted to do well in it.

When Angela finished painting her nails, she stretched out her arms and leaned back against the bed while sitting upright. At the sight of what Lisa was doing, she couldn't help but laugh. "What's the use of working so hard? Which professor are you applying for?"

Lisa ignored her.

Angela went on. “Is it Tina York? Not only did she just become a professor this year, but she’s also young, so she’s definitely inexperienced. But given your grades, you’ll be doing pretty well if you can become a postgraduate student under her! At least you’ll still be a postgraduate student at the New York University School of Medicine. It’ll be easier for you to find a job in the future.”

Right after she said that, their cell phones suddenly beeped at the same time—the interview notices had arrived!

A beaming Angela picked up her cell phone and opened the text message.

Both of them had received interview notices.

To apply to become a postgraduate student, one had to pass a preliminary exam and then an interview. Before the interview, they should also make contact with their tutors, so that they would pass the interview more easily.

If Director Shaw and Angela had really hit it off, with Director Shaw escorting her, the interview would just be a procedure.

Therefore, Angela wasn’t nervous at all.

Lisa also breathed a sigh of relief as she looked at the interview notice. Their interviews were on the same day, and results would basically be out shortly after the interviews.

Once she passed the interview, she would be able to stay in New York and intern at a hospital. However, Lisa wasn’t intending to leave even if she didn’t clear the interview.

New York had one of the highest standards of medical care in the country. The city also had the most advanced equipment here, so she wanted to stay and learn more.

While she was mulling over it, Angela suddenly looked at her. She walked over and said, “I want to use the desk for a while.”

Lisa, “?”

Her brows drew together as she stared at Angela whose arms were outstretched, but she still stepped aside in the end and went to the sofa with her books in her arms.

The sofa in the five-star hotel room was very narrow, so she couldn't move at all whenever she was sleeping on it. After the last few days, her back was already sore and aching. She leaned against the dining table and continued to read.

She had only just taken a couple of glances when she heard loud voices.

Angela had turned on her cell phone and was watching a variety TV show on it.

She had turned the audio very loud and was also guffawing. It was so noisy that she couldn't read at all. Lisa took a deep breath, put on her earphones, and continued reading.

At nine o'clock in the evening.

When Lisa stepped away from the table, Angela switched off the lights in the room.

Lisa panicked. "I'm still studying my materials about patients with severe head injuries. I'm planning to go in that direction tomorrow for the interview. Why are you switching off the lights?"

Angela raised her eyebrows and said, "What does your interview have to do with me? I'm going to sleep. You'll only have the energy to go through the interview after a good night's sleep!"

She laid down on the bed after that.

Lisa, "!!"

She took a deep breath and went to the bathroom angrily with her books. She turned on a dim lamp, sat on the toilet bowl, and continued her studies of the subject.

In the room, Angela was resting on the bed. As she was used to staying up, she couldn't sleep, either, so she started using her cell phone instead.

Wendy sent her a text message: 'How's Lisa?'

Angela replied: 'She's okay, I suppose, but I don't want her to pass. It'll make me look bad if word gets out that she also passed.'

Wendy wrote: 'Isn't that easy? You can just hide her admission ticket.'

Her words made Angela's eyes light up.

She sat up from the bed and secretly peeked into the bathroom.

She wasn't actually the highest scorer in the California University of Medicine for the postgraduate written entrance examination this time. The highest scorer was Lisa.

She had never expected that little bitch to outshine her.

Therefore, she mustn't give her the opportunity to attend the interview.

Especially when... Angela had discovered that Lisa had also filled in Director Shaw's name in the Preferred Mentor field when she took a look at her application form earlier that day.

Didn't that make her a competitor, then?

Director Shaw only accepted four to five postgraduate students a year. Every spot taken was a spot gone!

Angela got off the bed and quietly went over to Lisa's schoolbag. She rummaged through it, took out her ID card and her admission ticket, wrapped them up, and hid them in her own bag.

That evening, Lisa made sufficient preparations for her interview the next day.

By the time she went to sleep on the sofa, it was already one o'clock in the morning. She rested on the sofa and slept until the sun was up.

After waking up, she hurriedly washed up. Then, she picked up her bag that she had already packed a long time ago, and went out with Angela.

The hotel was very close to the university, so it only took them ten minutes to walk there.

After entering the university, they went to the interview venue.



Angela took out her admission ticket and ID card and waited to be called in for the interview. The interview included a self-introduction and a self-evaluation.

While she was silently reciting her self-introduction to herself, Lisa suddenly stood up. "Where's my ID card? And my admission ticket? Have you seen them, Angela?"

Angela pursed her lips and retorted arrogantly, "Why are you asking me about your missing ID card? It's not like I stole it!"

"That's not what I mean..." Lisa was in such a panic that she was about to burst into tears. She rummaged through her bag again but still couldn't find her ID card. Finally, she said, "Give me the hotel's key card, Angela. I'm going back to look for it."

Angela raised her eyebrows and handed her the key card.

Lisa took the key card and ran to the hotel anxiously.

After she ran off, Angela suddenly stood up and went to the bathroom. Then, she took out Lisa's admission ticket and ID card from her pocket and tossed them into the trash can.

When she was done, she left the bathroom feeling refreshed and invigorated.

Soon, it was her turn for the interview.

Angela entered the room, only to realize that Director Shaw wasn't among the four interviewers today. Well, that made sense. After all, why would a doctor of Director Shaw's level attend interviews like this?

Angela nevertheless sat down obediently. When asked if she had a preferred mentor, Angela smiled and replied, "Yes, I've already talked to Director Shaw."

Everyone present could tell what she was implying.

Interviews were generally simple and easy to clear. Although Angela's answers weren't satisfactory, the four teachers still cleared her in the end.

When Angela came out of the room, she happened to see an out-of-breath Lisa running back from the hotel.

She was talking to the person in charge of the interview. She said, "I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, but this interview really means a lot to me. Can you allow me to go for the interview first?"

The staff member sighed and replied, "If you had lost just the admission ticket, I could still have used your ID card to print one at the last minute for you. But since you've lost even that, I can't help you. Please don't make things difficult for me, miss... You can still try again next year..."

Lisa's eyes were all red. "But that means I would've wasted a whole year. Please, mister, can you help me ask the higher-ups if they can make an exception? I really like this school. I came all the way from California to New York for this..."

At the sight of her crying so pitifully, the staff member relented. Just as he was about to say something, Angela walked over and said bitchily, "Lisa, the most important quality a doctor should possess is meticulousness. What are you making a fuss here for when you can't even keep your admission ticket and ID card with you properly for an exam? Will you also only realize that you've forgotten your scalpel when you're already at the operating table?"

Her words made the staff member harden his heart again.

Angela grabbed Lisa's arm and dragged her away. "Stop embarrassing yourself here and come with me instead!"

A despondent Lisa followed behind her. However, when she walked to the entrance, she suddenly noticed a familiar-looking jeep parked there...