

Chapter 171 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Henry was utterly stunned when he heard what the lawyer said. "We agreed back then that the villa will be mine as long as I make sure she's alive, and she's alive and well right now! You can't take back the villa!"

The two lawyers looked at each other.

"We wouldn't know anything about that. However, we have gone through all the procedures legally, and Ms. Smith has the final say with regard to the villa!"

Henry was dumbfounded.

He simply couldn't believe that this could happen. He grabbed the contract from the lawyer and read it carefully.

Sure enough, in the contract he had signed was a clause that stated that once Nora came of age, she would have the right to decide whether or not to take back ownership of the villa.

In other words, if he treated Nora alright, she wouldn't take back the villa.

But if he didn't, then Yvette would have a backup plan for her!

Henry was so furious that he whipped out his cell phone and called Nora right away. "You no-good daughter! How can you treat me like this when I brought you up until you were 18 years old! That villa is mine! Your mother said that as long as you're alive, the villa will remain mine!"

Nora's voice was very low and deep, and also tinged with sinister ruthlessness as she said, "If you hadn't buried my son alive, perhaps I would have given you the villa."

Her words stunned Henry. "H-how did you know?"

Wendy was the only person whom he had told. He had never told anyone else about it. How did she know about it?

Henry was completely unaware that she had already hacked into his cell phone's operating system when they were on the phone previously, and could monitor their conversations in real-time.

A mocking Nora replied, "What do you think?"

Henry suddenly looked at Wendy—he suspected that she was the one who had told Nora about it. However, this wasn't the time to be pursuing such things. He yelled furiously, "Nora, our family of three grew up in that villa! We are its true owners! Do you think you'll have a home just because you've taken the villa? Dream on! Even if we lose the villa, you'll still be all alone, whereas the three of us are a family!"

"Is that so?" Nora drawled, "Then I hope your family of three will stay together forever?"

Henry, "?"

When he wanted to say something, the other party hung up on him.

Henry, "..."

The two lawyers were just there to notify him about the villa's ownership. They didn't need his consent to take it back. Since they had fulfilled their duty, the two of them left.

Henry plopped down on the sofa after they left.

Wendy and Angela exchanged a look and then looked at Henry. Wendy asked carefully, "Henry, the villa..."

"We won't be able to get the villa back anymore! This is New York, where the Andersons are a big family with a big business. If we fight it out with her, we'll definitely be the ones to lose out in the end!"

Henry's brows drew together. "Forget it, let's go back to California for now. Take out all the valuable things you've bought over the years and sell them as soon as possible. The money should be enough for the three of us to survive, right?"

The company had an annual income of five million dollars. After receiving the money, Henry would always buy Wendy handbags and jewelry, as well as various luxury goods for Angela.

On the contrary, he only owned two valuable watches.

Wendy's eyes flickered when she heard him.

She and Angela exchanged another look and then nodded.

Henry got up from the sofa and said, "Let's book our flight tickets and leave right away, lest anything else happens while we're still here and we end up not even able to enter the house when we get home. It would be terrible if we can't get those things out of the house! Go and book the flight tickets, Wendy!"

"Okay," Wendy replied without any hesitation.

She went to the side with her cell phone and used it for a while before she said, "The earliest flight is in three hours. You can relax for now."

"Okay," replied Henry.

Angela poured him a glass of water. "Have some water, Dad."

Henry took the glass from her. However, he almost spat the water out after taking a sip. He flung the glass onto the floor and snapped, "Why is it so hot?!"

Angela's eyes flickered.

Henry had never lost his temper with her in the past, even when the water she poured for him was too hot. As expected, he must have become estranged from her after he realized the truth, right?

She lowered her head and said, "I didn't mean it, Dad."

Wendy hurried over and held Angela, who had squatted down to clean the mess, with a touch of frostiness on her countenance.

Then, she smiled and said, "Now that you've been accepted to the New York University School of Medicine, you should go back to the school, Angela. You don't have to go back with us. Go for an internship during summer vacation instead. There's still some money in this card, so take it with you for now."

Angela looked at Henry.

Henry wanted to say that there were almost \$50,000 in the card, which was too much. However, when he thought of how they would be able to sell the things at home for more than a million dollars after they got home, he chose not to say anything.

He had to win over his daughter!

Angela took the card, picked up her bag, and left.

After she left, Wendy and Henry packed their luggage together.

An hour later, the two set off for the airport.

When they arrived at the airport, Wendy looked at Henry and suggested, “Why don’t you check in the luggage first? It looks like there are a lot of people in line over there. I’ll go and collect the tickets at the self-service check-in kiosk and come back later!”

Checked baggage must be done at least fifty minutes before takeoff. They wouldn’t be able to check in the baggage if they were too late. Time was rather pressing, so Henry nodded.

He brought the two suitcases with him and lined up behind the crowd.

At the sight of how the people in front were walking so slowly, he felt a little anxious.

New York was a big and crowded place, indeed. Even the airport was teeming with people. Seeing that there was only an hour left to take-off, and that he had already waited for over half an hour, yet Wendy still hadn’t returned—Henry decided to call her.

Wendy picked up the call very quickly.

“Where are you?” asked Henry.

Wendy smiled and answered, “I’m on the plane, of course!”

Henry was taken aback. “What?”

Wendy replied, "The plane is about to start taxiing, Henry. Let's bid our farewells here!"

Henry was utterly astounded. "What do you mean, Wendy?"

"It means exactly what I said, Henry. Don't worry about the luxury goods in the villa. I've already asked my brother to go over and retrieve them all!"

Henry was filled with disbelief. "Wendy, what are you doing? We can get more than a million dollars with those things. Even if we don't have the villa anymore, we won't have to worry about money for the rest of our lives!"

Wendy laughed. She sounded very relaxed as she said, "Yes, you're right. With that money, Angela and I won't have to worry about money for the rest of our lives, so you can rest assured!"

Henry finally understood what she was saying. "A-are you actually abandoning me?"

Wendy sneered, "I've done so much and worked so hard at home to take care of you all these years, Henry, but what about you? Who do you think you are? All you do is shout and yell at me all day, and treat me like a free babysitter. Now that you don't have any more income, why should I still bend all over to make you happy? The money is all mine now, and I will spend it well, so you don't have to worry! As for Angela, I'd advise you not to bother her. Otherwise, I'll expose everything you've done and put you in jail!"

Henry had done some illegal business in California over the years. Although he had made a loss in the end, it was a fact that he had broken the law.

Should Wendy really report him, Henry would have to go to jail!

Henry was successfully deterred.

Wendy then said, "We were married for so many years, after all, so I didn't just leave you with nothing. There is a small bag in the left pocket of the suitcase with your ID card and \$30,000 in it. You can take that as my way of paying homage to our friendship during all these years."

Henry panicked. He shouted into the phone, "Get off the plane, Wendy! Get off the plane now! I want to see you! You can't just leave me behind!"

His eyes were red, and he suddenly found himself in a total panic.

Never had he thought that he would end up betrayed and abandoned at midlife...

His voice choked as he said into the phone, "Wendy! Wendy, I was wrong. I shouldn't have made those mistakes when I was young. I've really realized how wrong I was. Come back to me! Come back!"

Wendy's voice was very soft but determined. She said, "The plane is about to take off, Henry. Goodbye."

She hung up on him right away after saying that.

Henry stared at his phone and frantically called her back, but all he could hear on the phone was "The person you are trying to reach is unavailable. Please try again later."

Henry then rushed over to the side. Through the windows, he was just in time to see the plane bound for California taking off...

How he wished he could go through the glass and jump right into that plane!

Wendy had taken care of him and taken charge of everything at home all these years. Henry had always thought that the woman loved him.

After all, back when he made the deal with Yvette in his youth, he actually had a girlfriend. However, for the sake of wealth and glory, he had made Wendy wait for him.

Yvette had said that she didn't want someone with a girlfriend because she was afraid that it would set them back in life.

Thus, he had never made any mention of Wendy.

But Wendy didn't want him anymore...

This wasn't just physical abandonment but also spiritual betrayal!

Henry flung himself onto the window and cried his heart out like a child who had lost his way home.

No, he absolutely mustn't let Wendy off just like that. With his ID and bank card in hand, he ran to the counter to buy a ticket for the next flight to California, so that he could go after her.

However, the tickets for the earliest flight were sold out.

While Henry was panicking, someone walked over from the side and asked, "Are you looking for a ticket for the flight that departs in an hour? I have one here."

Henry was taken aback.

The man said, "I've booked one. Let's go online later. If you book the ticket immediately after I cancel it, you'll be able to buy it..."

Wendy had always been the one who booked the flight tickets whenever they went out of the city, so he wasn't clear about details like these. This made him believe what the man said, without thinking twice.

The two went to the bathroom and busied themselves on their phones for a while inside. A hesitant Henry asked, "Does this mean I've successfully booked the ticket?"

However, when he looked up, the man from just now had already disappeared. His ID and bank card had also been stolen.

Henry, "!!"

He left the bathroom in a panic, but he could no longer see where the conman had gone or where he was in the crowd!

Henry was in a total panic.

Not only was he stranded in New York with his money and bank card stolen, but he had even lost his ID! What was he going to do now?! Surely he couldn't beg on the streets, right?!

—

Outside the airport.

The man who had just conned Henry got rid of his wretched appearance, stood up straight, and made a call. He said, "All done, Boss."

Justin's voice reached him from the other end of the call. "Okay. You're in charge of keeping an eye on him after this. I want him... to wish he were dead instead."

The man shivered all over and silently said a prayer for Henry. He didn't know how that man had offended Boss to make him give such ruthless orders, but he nevertheless answered obediently, "Yes, sir!"

At the Hunts'.

Murderous intent burst forth from Justin's deep, bottomless eyes after he hung up.

During the last few days, through his own investigations as well as from sounding Cherry out, he had roughly gotten an understanding of what had really happened back then. Nora hadn't abandoned Pete—it was Henry Smith who had buried him alive!

He thought back to that day. If he hadn't been afraid when he heard what the other party said; or if he had been just a little more conceited—and felt that he had never bedded any woman, so there was no way he would have any children—and ended up not rushing over... Pete would no longer be in the world now!

Therefore, it was very easy for him to make the decision to kill Henry.

However, that would be letting him off too easily!

Since he had tried to kill his son, he would make him spend the rest of his life in pain and agony!

After putting his cell phone in his pocket, Justin walked out of the room, his footsteps relaxed. Since he had done something good, he had to claim the relevant credit, of course.

For example, he had found out that two people had paid to make the live-stream trend on social media. One of them was Miranda, whom he had already talked to the Woods about.

The other one was at the New York University School of Medicine—Tina York. She was a woman, so he would let that woman decide what to do with her instead!

Of course, there was no need to tell her Henry's fate.

Justin exited the manor's gates and got in the car to go to Nora.

That woman would surely be very sad now, right?

He should go and comfort her a little.

However, as soon as he got in the car, his phone rang again. His subordinate's voice reached him from the other end of the call when he answered.

"Boss, as it turns out, we aren't the only ones whom that Smith fellow had offended! I just saw someone secretly beat him up."

Justin raised his eyebrows. "And then?"

"Heh, they took him away after that. I'm tailing them now. Try guessing who they are?"

"Who are they?"

"The Smiths."

The Smiths?

In all of New York, the ones calling the shots were either the Hunts or the Smiths.

Even Justin would show the Smiths a bit of courtesy on the surface when he was going about things. That was why he hadn't bypassed the Smiths to directly pressure the kindergarten during the Tanya incident back then—that would have been discourteous to the Smiths!

The Smiths didn't have any feud or grievances with Henry, though. Why did they kidnap him?

Could it be that...

Justin didn't say any more.

On the phone, his subordinate asked, "Boss, should I catch up to them and save him? It would be terrible if the Smiths tortured him to death."

Justin stayed silent for a while before he said, "Forget it. We'll show the Smiths some courtesy."

If the situation really was like what he was guessing it was, then he'd better maintain a good relationship with the Smiths!

—

At the Andersons.

Nora went upstairs lazily after she came back from the police station. However, she simply couldn't get to sleep anymore after lying down on the bed.

What Morris Ford had said in the police station made her frown.

Why exactly had her mother run away from home for no rhyme or reason back then?

She placed her hands behind her head and stared at the ceiling, thinking about how she could hide herself to sleep in peace and quiet... and stay away from all these ridiculous affairs altogether.

At this moment, her cell phone suddenly rang.

She picked it up and glanced at it. She only chose to answer because she saw that the caller was Lily.

Lily's voice reached her from the other end. "Have you settled all of your domestic affairs, Anti?"

Nora let out a 'yeah'.

Only then did Lily say, "Then I can tell you a piece of news now. Guess what I discovered when I was doing the DNA tests for you?"

Nora couldn't be bothered to make any guesses, so she said coldly and mercilessly, "If you're not going to say it, then I'm hanging up."

"Hey, don't! Don't!"

Lily understood her boss very well, so she didn't dare to keep her in suspense anymore. She said, "Anti, you should know that the eight pairs of genes that

determine a human being's intelligence are located on the X-chromosome. When I was testing your DNA, I discovered that your eight pairs of genes differ from other people's! No wonder you're so smart!"

Nora, "?"

She'd never once thought that she was smart. She merely found everything rather simple and was able to master anything right away. This led her to feel that life was quite boring. Fortunately, she was in poor health and needed more sleep than others. Otherwise, how bored would she be if she were awake all the time every day?

She yawned. "Is there anything else?"

Lily answered, "You should also know that because the IQ genes are located on the X-chromosome, the reason why you are so smart must be that both your mother and father are also smart!"

Nora stared at the ceiling, her mind already wandering.

As everyone would know, females have two X-chromosomes while males have one X-chromosome and one Y-chromosome. The Y-chromosome comes from the father, which means that a son inherits 100% of his intelligence from his mother.

It was no wonder that Pete was so good in his studies and so smart at such a young age. When she was five, she was still fretting about filling her belly, yet the little fellow had already started to learn how to solve Mathematical Olympiad problems that ordinary people would only learn when they were in middle or high school.

Compared with him, Cherry's case, however, was kind of a long story.

Nora suddenly asked, "Surely Cherry's reluctance to study wasn't inherited from her father, right?"

Lily, "?"

Nora's cell phone suddenly rang at this point—another call had come in. Clearly displayed on the screen was a certain name: Narcissist.

After glancing at it, she said to Lily, "I'll hang up for now."

After ending the call with Lily, she picked up the other call. Justin's low and deep voice reached her from the other end of the call. He said, "I saw the live-stream, Ms. Smith."

He saw it?

Nora raised her eyebrows.

Most wealthy people were particular about their reputation and didn't like live-streams. In addition, Henry had behaved like a shrew and kicked up a huge fuss in someone else's live-stream earlier in the day. People had even started to attack Harmonia Pharmacy in the comments.

If she didn't clarify the truth in front of everyone, Harmonia Pharmacy would definitely have been affected.

That was why she hadn't requested that the reporter shut down her live-stream right away. Instead, she had publicly announced the truth in the live-stream in front of the camera, and in front of all the viewers nationwide.

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Does it have anything to do with you, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin coughed and replied, "Of course it does. After all, you are one of the candidates in consideration for the position of my fiancée."

"?? What?"

Justin slowly spoke again. He said, "Didn't you say you're interested in me, Ms. Smith? I also have a rather good impression of you. Therefore, you are among the candidates in consideration for my fiancée."

"..."

Nora fell silent, the corners of her mouth spasming a little.

In order to defend that onerous lie, it was necessary that she continued to cooperate with his narcissism.

Seemingly because she had fallen silent, Justin spoke again. He asked, "Do you want to know who the candidates for my fiancée are?"

"..."

No, she didn't.

Nora took a sip of water from the glass at the table beside her. She was about to speak when the other party—as though afraid that she might misunderstand—said eagerly, “You’re the only one.”

Nora, “!!!”

“Cough! Cough! Cough!”

His words caused her to choke on the water. Why was she suddenly feeling like his words didn't sound narcissistic anymore but a little like a confession instead?

She put down the glass and held her forehead with her hand a little as she leaned against the headboard. All of a sudden, she felt like she might have accidentally overdone things.

Justin then asked dispassionately, “Do you think 26 years old is too old?”

“What?”

For the first time, her IQ couldn't keep up with the conversation!

Justin replied, “Getting married at the age of 26, I mean... After all, that leaves us with only less than a year to prepare for it. We should make our wedding a grand one.”

Nora suddenly sat up straight. She was utterly astounded!

She swallowed. “Huh?”

“Do you find it too late? But if we hold it at the end of the year, it'll be too rushed...”

The few good wedding locations required advanced bookings.

On top of that, they had to choose an auspicious date, too.

“Stop!” said Nora.

Justin was taken aback. “What's the matter?”

Nora took a sip of water to calm her nerves, feeling as if she was being forced into marriage. She suddenly said, “Actually, I’m a female hooligan.”

Justin, “?”

“A great man once said that engaging in romantic relationships without any intention of progressing to marriage is an act of hooliganism.”

It was the other party’s turn to fall silent this time.

Nora coughed and went on. “Mr. Hunt, I don’t think I’ve ever confessed my feelings to you, right? Do you know why?”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t believe in getting married.” Nora easily made up a lie. To be honest, it wasn’t really a lie, either. Given her trouble-averse character, she liked being alone the most. Free of all constraints and worries, she could sleep for eternity.

Nora went on. “Even though I admire you very much, Mr. Hunt, I don’t want to waste your time. I will keep my distance and won’t give you any more trouble in the future.”

Justin, “...”

Had he failed in his proposal and gotten himself rejected?!

After falling silent for quite a while, he finally said, “Let’s talk face-to-face instead, Ms. Smith.”

Nora, “?”

“I’m outside the Andersons’ now.”

“...”

Nora had no choice but to get off the bed. She slipped her feet into a pair of slippers and shuffled downstairs. With her cell phone in hand, she glanced at the full-length mirror in the living room before she went out. Although the woman reflected in the mirror was wearing pajamas, and her long hair was loose behind her and looked a little messy, she—in an unusual move—didn’t

put on a baseball cap but instead neatened her hair a little before she went out.

Justin's black Hummer was parked nearby. He leaned against the car, his big, tall, and slender figure complementing the large Hummer beside him.

Nora slowly walked over. "Why are you here?"

Justin observed her with his deep, bottomless gaze, his heart feeling a little heavy.

She couldn't even be bothered to change before she came out. This showed that she really wasn't interested in him, right?

He cast his eyes down a little disappointedly before he slowly said, "I was worried that you would be unhappy and your mood would be affected by what had happened, so I came over to check on you."

Then, he started to ask for credit. He said, "Henry Smith and his family aren't the only ones behind the incident today. There were also others helping to encourage it. One of them is Miranda Wood; I've already talked to Mr. Wood about it for you. The other one is Tina York, a newly-appointed professor at the New York University School of Medicine. What do you want to do with that woman?"

Tina York?

Why was it her again...

Nora lowered her gaze and replied, "You can leave it to me."

"Okay."

Justin watched as she let out another sleepy yawn—it was already past her usual bedtime. He couldn't bear to see her like this, so he said, "Alright. Why don't you go back for now?"

He turned to leave after he spoke. However, he then heard the woman ask, "Can I borrow something from you, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin's gaze suddenly became scorching hot.

He had thought of a set of lines between lovers:

'Can I borrow something from you?'

'Why?'

'So that I can owe you a lifetime.'

Could it be that... that woman was also into things like that?

After all, Cherry was really good at talking...

Justin, whose imagination was running wild, curled the corners of his lips up slightly into a smile. He stood up straight and asked with a smile, "What would you like to borrow?"

"Two strands of hair."

Justin, "???"

He gazed at Nora with a bit of confusion but saw her looking at him seriously instead. She said, "Mm, as a memento, I guess."

Justin, "!"

He stared at the woman in front of him. Suddenly, he bent over a little, placed his hands on his knees, and lowered his head. "Okay. Go ahead and pluck them, then."

The man's actions, when he suddenly lowered his head and came close to her, gave Nora a shock.

Then, she looked at the man's hair.

His shampoo was vanilla-scented, which smelled very refreshing. There wasn't any greasy smell, either. The man's hair texture, like him, was distinct, black, and hard.

Nora stretched out her hand, located a spot where it wouldn't hurt as much, and plucked out two strands of hair.

His hair jabbed her skin a little. When the man's head was lowered, his slightly curved neck and Adam's apple were exceptionally obvious. He looked up slightly—the deep and bottomless look in his eyes, as well as his obedient and docile appearance at the moment, made him look like a little puppy...

waiting for its owner to adopt it... Cough. Her imagination was running a little wild.

Nora took a couple of steps back after she was done. She said, "Okay, I'm done."

Justin chuckled. "Do you need some more?"

"Aren't you afraid of going bald?" Nora retorted. Right after she said that though, she felt that the remark sounded too intimate, so she withdrew her gaze again.

Justin slowly stood back up. When he saw her carefully putting the strands of hair into a bag, he seemingly finally understood something.

He let out a low chuckle and said, "In that case... Goodbye, Ms. Smith?"

"Mm. Bye."

Justin only got in the car after he saw Nora turn around and enter the villa. After getting in the car, he felt even more amused.

That woman must be planning to do a DNA test with his hair, right?

After all, her son was with him, so she must want to confirm it one last time.

It looked like she indeed cared a little about his identity as the child's father... This at least showed that she did care about him, right?

After consoling himself a little, Justin turned and left contentedly.

Unbeknownst to him...

Nora went upstairs and called Lily immediately after she entered the villa. When Lily picked up, she said, "I have the children's father's DNA sample here. I'll send his and the children's DNA samples to you later."

"What for? Do you want to check whether they are parent and child?"

"No."

It wasn't like Justin was an idiot. If he hadn't already confirmed that Pete was his son, why would he take care of him all the way till now?

It wasn't like he had a hobby of raising other people's kids for them.

It was just that...

A disdainful Nora said, "Check his IQ genes and see if it'll lower Cherry's IQ. After all, my daughter inherited half of her IQ from him!"

"..."

"Also, check whether the narcissism gene is hereditary or not."

"..."

"By the way," Nora, whose gaze was lowered, her expression calm, and her eyes cool and clear, asked, "Did you immediately destroy all my DNA data after the comparison?"

"Yes, I did!" A resigned Lily said, "Anti, your IQ genes are indeed a bit peculiar, but such mutations exist in ordinary people too. Why must you always keep yourself under wraps so securely? No normal person would check your genes. I suspect that you have a serious case of persecution complex!"

Nora didn't pay any attention to her teasing.

To be honest, she actually also wanted to complain about the whole situation. She wasn't the one with a persecution complex; rather, it was her mother, Yvette! That audio recording was also constantly reminding her to be careful at all times!

Therefore, she would just stay low-profile as much as she could.

Lily then asked, "About the suddenly arranged operation you mentioned, does it need our professional team to go over?"

Surgery wasn't as simple as just making a few cuts with a knife. One must make various preparations before the operation, carefully consider all the situations that might occur during the operation, and come up with corresponding strategies for them.

Generally speaking, assistants who had worked with the chief surgeon for many years would be able to understand the chief surgeon's intentions better.

Lily was Nora's assistant during most of her operations. She was her most capable assistant.

At her question, Nora suddenly thought of something. Her lip corners curled into a smile and she replied, "No, it's fine. I've looked through the medical records that Shaw sent. It's just a minor operation that he can even do himself. It's just that his hands aren't stable enough, that's all."

Operations were a piece of cake for Anti. Seeing her confidence, Lily didn't refute her and she hung up.

At night, Nora mailed Justin's DNA sample out.

When she went to bed, she saw a new text message on her phone. It was from Justin The Narcissist: 'I actually don't believe in getting married, either, Ms. Smith. I was originally very troubled that I couldn't take responsibility for you despite your feelings for me. However, after talking to you and interacting with you earlier this evening, I discovered that you and I coincide in opinion on this. It seems that we both only like to date but not to get married.'

'After my inspection, you have passed my review. From now on, we can start dating.'

Nora, "??"

She couldn't help but wonder if she was reading the messages right!

What kind of messages did that scumbag just send her?

Dating? When did she ever say that she was going to date him?

Nora's lip corners spasmed. She was about to ask when the man sent another message: 'Are you free for lunch at noon tomorrow, girlfriend?'

Nora: 'Girlfriend?'

Justin The Narcissist: 'You were the one who said earlier today that you only want to date and didn't want to get married. I've agreed to it. Since we're dating, then doesn't that make you my girlfriend?'

Nora: "..."

She stared at her cell phone and was silent for a very, very long time. For some reason, when she saw the word 'girlfriend', she actually felt a teeny-weeny bit of sweetness in her heart?

She replied: 'I'm not free tomorrow.'

In four days, she would have to operate on the child that Director Shaw had mentioned. Thus, she needed to get enough sleep for the next three days, and also get all the plans ready.

After sending the message, she lay down, closed her eyes, and fell asleep.

Pete, who had finished his homework, entered the room quietly and covered her with a quilt. Then, he climbed up the other side of the bed, lay down, and picked up his cell phone.

The little fellow stared at the ceiling. What he was thinking, however, was that he had dance lessons again the next day. When exactly was the tyrant going to send Cherry to the Quinn School of Martial Arts? When exactly would he be able to switch back with her?!

He didn't want to dance anymore!

Also, didn't they say that Mia had already recovered from her allergic reaction? Why was she still not in school yet? If she didn't attend classes again the next day, should he call and ask about her?

—

A day later at the Smiths.

Joel stared at his subordinate, who was wearing a black hoodie, and asked, "Have you gotten Ms. Smith's DNA sample?"

The man in the black hoodie was in charge of carrying out the Smiths' shady dealings. He led a small team that consisted of a few people.

The Smiths provided for him while he took care of things for them at critical moments.

His name was Quentin Smith, and he was a member of the Smith family.

He had never failed in any of the various tasks that he had undertaken so far and was basically very reliable.

Although Ian's request was a simple one, Joel had always regarded him as someone who was even more important than his father. Thus, he had tasked Quentin with the mission despite it being just a simple one.

He'd originally thought that it would be done in just a few hours, but unexpectedly, a whole day had already passed, yet he hadn't received any news yet. Suspecting that Quentin had forgotten to inform him after he completed the task, he specially summoned him back to ask him about it.

Quentin's head was lowered, and his entire face was buried in darkness. His voice was low as he replied, "Sorry, I haven't gotten it yet."

Joel was a little surprised.

He didn't quite understand. There were many ways to retrieve a person's DNA sample.

For example, there might be saliva on the target's cutlery during meals, or they could also catch the target off-guard and pluck a few strands of hair from her head. If all else failed, they could also retrieve some skin tissue...

Quentin was a ruthless man. Surely his heart didn't soften just because his target was a beauty, right?

Joel frowned. He was about to ask when Quentin scratched his head. He looked a little pained as he said, "I have never seen a woman who's such a shut-in like her."

Quentin looked at Joel. He sounded aggrieved as he said, "I've been watching her for a day and a night. During this time, she ate a meal and slept for 24 hours! She always washes the dishes immediately after she eats. I can hardly even find her fingerprints in the Andersons', let alone retrieve her DNA sample!"

An indignant Quentin went on. "Her water glass is placed right on her bedside table, right? Surely there will be saliva on it, right? But no, there isn't! She cleans the glass even if she only takes a single sip. Is she really a woman?"

It was only when Quentin looked up that Joel finally noticed the dark circles under his eyes. He obviously hadn't slept a wink for 24 hours, but in spite of that, he said exceptionally energetically, "Don't worry, I will continue to watch her even if I don't eat or drink. I don't believe she can coop herself up at home for a whole month."

"... Did you sneak into the Andersons'?" asked Joel.

"Yeah, I did." Quentin nodded.

Joel frowned. "Did they discover you?"

He just wanted a DNA test done secretly. He didn't want to make enemies with the Andersons.

Quentin shook his head. "I'm confident enough in that, at least. My footsteps are light, and I bring my equipment wherever I go. There won't be any traces left behind."

Joel nodded. Then, he turned and started to walk out of the room.

"Where are you going?" asked Quentin.

"To send my daughter to school."

—

At the Andersons'.

Nora stretched after she woke up. Then, she shuffled out of her bedroom leisurely. When she was exiting the room, her eyes flickered a little and she looked at the door.

As expected, the strand of hair that she had attached to the door before she went to bed had fallen off.

From the looks of it, she wasn't imagining things when she sensed someone sneaking into her room while she was asleep the night before.

Nora took a walk around the entire house, but she didn't find anything missing in the house. The only things that had been touched were her glass of water and the trash can in the toilet.

Tsk.

What a disgusting thief!

Nora shook her head. At the same time, she also became wary. It seemed that her mother was indeed right!

She was already staying so low-profile, yet people were setting their sights on her. Life was simply too dangerous!

If she died and turned to ashes, would she be free of disturbances forevermore?

Nora shook her head and abandoned the thought. Then, she led Pete out of the house and sent him to school.

On the way, Tanya asked, “Has hell frozen over today, Nora? Even though I’m at home, you actually took the initiative to take us to school! And you even woke up early in the morning!”

“... Oh, I’m going to the New York University School of Medicine for a preoperative medical consultation later, so I need the car. It just so happens that the school is on the way.”

Tanya, “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed and she held Pete as she cried out, “Look at your Mommy, Cherry! She practically has no self-awareness at all! Even though she woke up so early, it isn’t for our sakes at all!”

Pete was silent for a moment before he replied, “... God-mom, why must you humiliate yourself by asking something like that?”

Tanya, “???”

She took a long while before she finally realized what Pete meant. After that, she coughed and remarked, “That does seem to be the case, huh!”

“...”

Pete heaved a silent sigh. He suddenly asked, “Will Mia be in school today?”

A dejected look appeared on Tanya's face at the mention of the name. She shook her head and replied, "I don't know."

Pete couldn't help but ask, "Can you give them a call and ask about it?"

Tanya's jaw tensed up and she replied, "Let's talk about it the next time instead."

After sending the pair to the kindergarten, Nora then drove to the New York University School of Medicine. The child's brain operation was a classic case of conditions like his, so a lot of people had come to attend the meeting, including all the teachers and directors from the neurosurgery department.

She parked the car outside the conference room. She was about to go upstairs when she happened to see Tina.

With a small notebook in her hand, Tina's back was straightened, and she was about to head upstairs.

She was extremely happy today.

Although she hadn't managed to make Nora get her just desserts during the live-stream, there was, after all, an old but true saying—those who encountered frustrations in love, flourished in their careers!

She had finally ushered in a new lease of life in her career—

Her request to prepare for the operation together with Anti and Director Shaw had been approved!

Although Anti had also performed an operation when Tina was helping to take care of the elderly Mrs. Hunt the other time, she had brought her own team, so Tina hadn't been authorized to enter the operating room at all.

She had wanted to observe the operation and learn from it that time, but Justin hadn't agreed to it.

But now, her chance was finally here again!

In addition, she had also obtained the right to personally participate in the operation herself!

In other words, she could assist Anti in the operation now! Even if all she did was just a simple suture, having it known to everyone would still elevate her position in the medical field.

However, while she was walking, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a certain loathsome person.

Tina stopped in her tracks. Sure enough, she saw a sloppy figure walking over leisurely from the car park—it was none other than Nora.

She broke into a frown and walked to the conference room. However, after she took a few steps, she realized that Nora had actually also come over. The two of them were even right at the entrance of the conference room.

Seeing that she was about to enter, Tina immediately asked, “What are you doing here?”

Nora glanced at her but didn’t say anything. Tina, however, suddenly stretched out her arm and stopped her. She said, “Sorry, but we have an important meeting with Director Shaw today. If you’re here for Director Shaw, I’d advise you to go to his office and wait over there. This isn’t a place that unrelated personnel can enter so casually!”

Nora, “?”

The half-amused woman looked at Tina, finding her awfully laughable. “Unrelated personnel?” She asked.

Tina nodded and looked at her. She said, “Ms. Smith, I’d advise you not to be so greedy and insatiable. You were already very lucky to be able to enter Anti’s operating room because of Mr. Hunt the last time. Are you going to follow us into the operating room to observe again this time? You can’t just have a single person hogging all the good things, right?”

“The last time?”

Nora raised her brows again. She had already long forgotten that she had operated on Mrs. Hunt before.

Tina frowned at her reaction at once. She said, “You can’t really be that greedy, right? It’s said that different people gain different insights and experiences when watching Anti perform surgery. You should give more of such opportunities to other people instead, Ms. Smith.”

While speaking, she spied Director Shaw's assistant walking over out of the corner of her eye. She changed her attitude at once, switching from a lofty attitude to her usual gentle one. She let out a sigh and said, "I'm not doing this to fight for opportunities for myself, of course; I'm already authorized to enter the operating room. I just feel that Ms. Smith shouldn't trouble Director Shaw because of things like this. We were allowed to enter the operating room only after going through a careful selection process. If you make use of such means to get in, then it'll mean that someone else deserving the chance won't be able to get in..."

Sure enough, her remark resonated with the person walking over.

There was no way everyone could enter the operating room. An additional person going in would mean one fewer person from the school going in. Moreover, observing and learning up close would also feel different from just watching videos.

The assistant was a doctoral student. Once he graduated, he would remain on campus and become a professor, as well as a specially-invited chief doctor in the hospital. He was also the protégé whom Director Shaw was the proudest of. His name was Michael Lange.

He curled his lip disdainfully inwardly and said somewhat unhappily, "Director Shaw asked me to bring you in."

Tina frowned at the sight.

Just whose connections did Nora use to actually make Director Shaw treat her so politely...? On top of that, he had even sent his most capable assistant to pick her up.

The Andersons weren't capable of this. In that case, could it be the Hunts?

Tina lowered her head and followed behind them.

When Nora entered the conference room, Director Shaw was in the midst of a consultation with a few experts. Doctors of Tina's level could only take the furthest seats and listen to their discussion.

However, as soon as Nora entered, Director Shaw stood up and said, "You're here, Ms. Smith."

As he spoke, he made a move to give up his seat to her.

Nora waved and said, "It's fine."

She randomly pulled a chair over, sat behind the few of them, and said, "Go on, don't mind me."

Director Shaw understood what she was like—the big boss didn't like trouble, so she might leave early—so he didn't dare to say much about it. He continued the discussion with the others instead.

Tina, who was seated at the back, glanced at the postgraduate students standing behind the row of chairs, and curled her lip in disdain.

Real chief physicians were all seated at the front and participating in the discussion.

Only postgraduate students who came along to study would sit behind their teachers. Sometimes, when there weren't enough chairs to go around, they would have to stand instead.

Among those who came to listen, Michael was the only one qualified to sit at the front.

She'd thought that Nora must be very capable, but as it turned out, she was also just here to listen!

The corners of her lips curled into a smile.

Two hours later.

"... This is a bleeding point. We have to take special care to avoid this spot during the operation."

After discussing various possibilities, Director Shaw and the others finalized the surgical plan.

Director Shaw was a relatively democratic and magnanimous person. Whenever he had an operation slated, he would have his doctoral and postgraduate students discuss the operation together. As such, he asked, "Do you have any other opinions? Or is there anything that you feel we should pay attention to?"

With the few mentor-level doctors jointly discussing the operation, all the details had already been gone through, so everyone shook their heads.

Director Shaw then looked at Nora and asked, “Is there anything special to take note of?”

Nora raised her droopy, slightly world-weary almond-shaped eyes and leisurely uttered, “No.”

This was just a minor operation. Director Shaw had already taken every single possibility into consideration.

Nora had listened to their discussion very seriously. As a result, now that she had relaxed, she couldn't help but yawn after she spoke.

It made her look lazy and sloppy as if she had been close to nodding off the entire time.

Tina glanced at Michael and sighed. She said, “Some people don't even have the opportunity to come in and listen even if they want to, yet there are people who don't know to cherish the opportunity they have. What a waste of places...”

A constantly serious Michael looked around.

All the students who were here for the discussion were very attentive. Everyone was holding pens and notebooks, and writing notes. Some had even brought recorder pens, for fear that they would miss important things to take note of.

Even Director Shaw and the other chief doctors had notebooks with them and were making notes about the key points of the operation.

Nora was the only one sitting there casually.

Michael thought of his roommate, who hadn't been selected to participate in Anti's surgery because they were short of a place. Before he came here, his envious roommate had said to him, “You're so blessed. I'm willing to do anything just to observe Anti's operation even once!”

Anti was their—all the neurosurgeons'—idol. An opportunity like this was simply too rare, yet that woman wasn't cherishing it!

In the midst of his thoughts, Director Shaw said, "Michael, go to my office and get the list of personnel participating in the operation the day after tomorrow."

Michael nodded.

Director Shaw's office was just next door. The personnel list needed his signature for final approval.

After taking the list, he took a casual look at the names on it while on the way back.

First on the list was Anti.

In the past, her name was something that only existed in legends. However, he now had the opportunity to meet her up close. The sight of her name alone made Michael rather excited.

The second was Director Shaw...

Following it was a list of assistants. He went through the names from the start to the end, but he suddenly realized that Nora's name wasn't on it?

His footsteps suddenly became rather light and springy.

He just knew that Director Shaw wasn't a man who acted according to one's connections!

After he returned to the conference room, Director Shaw announced the list and signed it. He dismissed everyone after that. Then, to Nora, he said, "Please wait for me for a while, Ms. Smith. I have a very important phone consultation that will take about ten minutes, but I have something to talk to you about after that."

Nora yawned again and nodded.

Director Shaw said, "Michael, take Ms. Smith to my office first!"

Michael nodded and led Nora out of the conference room.

Tina was very happy when she heard the list of personnel participating in the operation.

She didn't expect that Nora's name wouldn't be in there! It seemed like the connections she had used weren't powerful enough after all!

She wondered if she was spluttering in anger at the moment? Or perhaps, she was mad and embarrassed instead?

Tina wanted very much to admire her current countenance and facial expression.

Thus, she deliberately dawdled a little in the bathroom. When she saw Michael walking out of the conference room with Nora, she walked over and pretended to bump into them. Then, she said pretentiously, "You won't be able to observe Anti's operation this time, Dr. Smith. Don't be too disappointed, though. After all, there will always be another chance next time, right?"

Nora, "???"

She looked at Tina lazily. "Are you very bored and idle today?"

Tina cast her eyes down and said, "How can you say that? I was just trying to comfort you out of kindness. I know you must be in a very bad mood because you can't take part in Anti's operation, but this can't be help—"

However, as soon as she said that, Nora interrupted her and said, "Who says I'm not taking part in it?"

Both Tina and Michael were stunned the moment she said that.

Tina looked at her incredulously. "Are you still planning to take part in it when you aren't even on the list? How are you going to do that?"

She glanced at the direction Nora was heading—it was Director Shaw's office—and she said, "Are you planning to pester Director Shaw again? Do you..."

When she noticed that Michael was still next to Nora, she swallowed back down the words 'have any shame or not'. Tina balled up her fists tightly and changed what she wanted to say. She said, "... You're putting Director Shaw in a really tight spot if you do that. Everyone already knows the list of participants, Ms. Smith. Except for Anti, no one has the right to modify it. Director Shaw is a man of principles and is well-respected in school. If he

bends the rules because of you, I'm really afraid that his reputation would end up in shambles in his twilight years..."

She glanced at Michael after she spoke—sure enough, the man was frowning. Then, she heaved a sigh and said, "I know it's useless no matter how much more I say, but I just want everyone to be okay. It's better to not be so insistent on some things, Ms. Smith. I'll go first."

She turned and left after that.

But before she even reached the corner, she heard Michael's cold and stiff voice. He said, "There is no lack of doctors who want to take part in Anti's operation, Ms. Smith. What one should rely on is their capabilities, not their connections!"

Tina lowered her gaze and left with peace of mind.

Michael was the student that Director Shaw was the proudest of. Additionally, they were also related in another way—Director Shaw had already decided on Michael as his son-in-law. Thus, he had a huge say, be it in the school or with Director Shaw.

Her words might not work, but Michael's surely would!

So, Nora wanted to take part in Anti's operation this time? Heh, no way!

It would be her turn to envy her this time, no matter what!

Tina left with confidence.

—

Michael's gaze was fixed on Nora.

He'd always had only admiration for every decision that his mentor made because Director Shaw was a true doctor.

'Doctors should be benevolent'—Director Shaw was a true reflection of these words.

Many people had given up on the child because his condition was too difficult, and there were too many uncertainties involved—after all, he was still in the growth and development phase.

Yet, Director Shaw had taken it on and was even willing to stake his life's reputation on it.

After all, should the operation fail, his record of never failing a single operation in his life would be broken.

Michael entered Director Shaw's office immediately after he spoke.

Nora followed him at the back. She sat on the sofa and looked around leisurely after she entered the office. Michael poured her a glass of water. Then, he sat in front of her and said, "I know you have powerful connections, Ms. Smith. That's why Mr. Shaw treats you with great respect. However, I'd still advise you to give up on joining the operation!"

Michael said in persuasion, "There are a lot of people watching the operation this time. On top of that, there would also be reporters, so the operation is of great importance. The list of participants has gone through several layers of screening. If anyone is found to have tampered with it, Mr. Shaw would have to take responsibility for it!"

He then glanced at Nora's clean hands and refreshed appearance. It didn't seem like there was even a hint of rigor to her at all.

He frowned and went on. "Also, everyone who enters the operating room has to thoroughly memorize the finalized surgical plan, but you were sleeping during the meeting just now. You didn't make any record of the discussion at all, did you? What can a flippant person like you learn even if you're in the operating room?"

A surprised Nora retorted, "Who says I didn't commit anything to memory?"

Michael became even angrier when he heard her rebuttal. He said, "You look like you're probably one or two years younger than me, right, Ms. Smith? Then you should know better than anyone else that a good memory is never as good as a worn-out pen. You should at least bring a notebook with you and note down all the important information when you study, right? You'll only be able to make sure that you don't forget anything important if you do that. But what did you do instead? You were nodding off throughout the entire meeting!"

Nora, "?"

She stared at Michael's notebook, which was densely packed with his writings. Then, she held her forehead with her hand and said, "How would I possibly not be able to memorize this bit of information?"

Not only did she have a photographic memory, but the act of performing an operation was even already close to becoming muscle memory for her. How could anything possibly go wrong?

Michael was a little overwhelmed by her rhetorical question. Nevertheless, his expression still darkened and he said, "One shouldn't be so conceited, Ms. Smith!"

How could anyone possibly remember this many surgical key points?

This was impossible unless they were like Director Shaw, who had undertaken innumerable operations and gone through various experiences!

Nora, however, was puzzled. "Was I being conceited?"

Her words made Michael choke. The young woman in front of him was practically incorrigible. At once, he said angrily, "Having you be part of Anti's operation is an insult in itself to Anti! Anti is an almighty surgeon who has never failed in any of their operations. They are practically a legend of the medical profession. Can you please hold a little awe or reverence with regard to observing their operation?!"

Nora could tell from the way he spoke about Anti that he must be a diehard fan of Anti.

But... a legend of the medical profession? An almighty surgeon?

Now, that was a little too exaggerated.

Even though she had always been thick-skinned, the corners of her lips nonetheless couldn't help but spasm at this moment. "They aren't that godly, are they?"

Her self-effacing reply, however, made Michael misunderstand. He said furiously, "What do you mean by that, Ms. Smith? How dare you not take even Anti seriously? Are you saying that you don't think Anti is that amazing? Are you looking down on Anti, or are you looking down on medical practice as a profession itself?"

Nora, "..."

Did he need to elevate it to such a level of ideology?

Besides, how did she even become equivalent to medical practice as a profession itself?!

Nora face-palmed. The people in the medical profession were regarding her as too great a person, which vaguely stressed her out a little. Even though she found the situation funny, she nevertheless explained seriously, "Anti is also human. They aren't a god."

She just needed more sleep than ordinary people, that was all!

Anti was someone completely beyond Michael's reach! She was also his idol in his career. There was no way he could ever tolerate anyone blaspheming or looking down on her!

The sight of Nora looking down so much on the genius doctor infuriated him. He got up at once and said angrily, "You—!"

Before he could finish, the office door was pushed open, and Director Shaw hurried in.

He had forcibly reduced the ten-minute-long consultation to just five minutes, for fear that he would accidentally slight the big boss. Yet, as soon as he entered, he instead saw Michael glaring at her?

A frightened Director Shaw immediately asked, "What are you doing, Michael?"

A huffy Michael looked at Director Shaw and said, "I really don't understand just who exactly is backing her up, Director Shaw. She's just a little girl. Why are you so polite to her?"

Director Shaw, "?"

He stopped Michael's accusations at once, stepped forward, and rebuked, "What kind of nonsense are you spouting? She doesn't have anyone backing her up!"

His words made Michael even more perplexed. He asked, "In that case, are you going to let her participate in Anti's operation?"

“Of course!”

Michael was furious. He demanded, “Why are you letting her participate in Anti’s operation when she despises Anti so much?”

Director Shaw couldn’t help but hold his forehead. Then, he looked at Michael and asked, “Do you know who she is?”

Next Chapter coming soon.

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