

Chapter 203 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

That one line from him made everyone there dumbfounded.

Everyone looked at them incredulously.

Pete kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "Daddy."

Justin nodded. He took a step forward and took the initiative to ask, "Didn't you go to the bathroom? Why are you here instead?"

Pete, "?"

As it turned out, Cherry had made up an excuse and gone to the bathroom. No wonder his father didn't recognize him!

At practically the same time, a bodyguard came over and said, "Mr. Hunt, the little mister is gone. We..."

He'd only just said that when he spotted Pete. He closed his mouth right away.

Both Nora and Pete fell for their act.

Pete immediately adopted a different stance and said, "I came to look for Mommy."

He held Nora's hand after he spoke.

Nora raised her brows.

She glanced at the bodyguards and then at Justin. She couldn't help feeling that something was a little amiss, yet she couldn't pinpoint it. Wasn't Justin purported to have a very high IQ?

How was it possible that he couldn't even see through such a low-level loophole?

But... it did make sense!

There practically weren't any boy-girl twins that looked identical in this world. If she weren't their mother, she probably wouldn't have ever thought that she also had a daughter, right?

With that in mind, Nora lowered her head as if she had thought it through.

Next to them, Paul was dumbfounded. He stared at them incredulously and sputtered, "The... the two of you..."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "I told you. Who says this child isn't Justin's?"

Mia and Brandon also immediately jumped in and said, "Yes, that's right! Cherry is a child of the Hunts! We weren't lying, yeah!"

Terence, "!"

Brandon looked at Terence again. He stuck his tongue out and said, "Nanny nanny boo-boo! To think you wanted to bully Cherry. So, Cherry can go in now, right?"

"..."

Justin finally understood what exactly had happened after he said that.

It seemed that his son had been bullied by a six-year-old in kindergarten.

How useless.

He secretly dissed him inwardly before he pulled a long face and said, "What's going on? Are the Hunts' children not allowed to enter the racetracks?"

The security officers, "!"

The security officers at the entrance broke out in cold sweat at once. They said, "Of course they are!. It's an honor that your child graced our racetracks with her presence, Mr. Hunt! It's my fault for failing to recognize a famous person when I see one. Please come in, please come in!"

Both Justin and Nora knew that the security officers were just threatened by Paul, that's all.

He was just a man trying to make a living, so why bother holding it against him?

Nora scoffed and said insinuatingly, “Never judge a book by its cover. Remember to keep your eyes open the next time you do anything.”

The security officer nodded at once.

Next to him, Paul, who had wanted to do Justin a favor, looked livid.

Never would he have ever expected things to turn out this way!

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“Cherry, where are you?”

Worried about her safety, Pete sent Cherry a text message immediately after he entered the racetracks.

Cherry: ‘I’m already seated in the benches! Come and look for me later, Pete!’

Knowing that she was safe, Pete breathed a sigh of relief.

Only then did he look up at the two people walking in front of him.

Justin was smiling, and his dark eyes were full of mirth. He said, “So, Ms. Smith, you’ve been claiming to outsiders that you’re my woman?”

Nora, “...”

She stuffed her hands into her pockets casually, seemingly disinclined to carry on the topic. She asked, “What put you in the mood to come and watch the race, Mr. Hunt?”

“It can’t be helped. My son likes it,” replied Justin.

As expected, it really was because of little Cherry.

Nora let out an ‘oh’. Just as Justin was about to say something, she suddenly did a U-turn and said, “Since you’re here, then please take Pete and the two children from the Smiths with you to watch the race, Mr. Hunt. I have to go backstage to visit my dear cousin.”

Although Cherry was a clever and adorable child, this was ultimately a messy place. Nora was worried about her safety.

Justin narrowed his eyes and said, "Okay. See you at the benches later?"

Nora waved but didn't answer.

He must be kidding. Was she supposed to go to the benches so that the family of four could meet one another?

She was dying to avoid him instead!

Justin watched as the woman's slender figure disappeared into the distance. Only then did he look back at Pete.

After a few days of separation from the little brat, it seemed like there was now light in his eyes, especially with Mia and Brandon next to him at the moment. The three of them standing together looked like they were on pretty good terms with one another.

Justin cast his eyes down.

Pete didn't have any friends at the Hunts. In addition, Pete didn't allow anyone other than him to go near him.

In spite of that, because the children weren't walking properly, Brandon bumped into Pete from time to time, yet he didn't show any sign of annoyance.

Justin's brows drew together.

The woman might look lazy and sloppy, but by her side, Cherry had grown up to be a lively and lovable girl. Her son had only been with her for a few days, yet he also seemed to have become much more cheerful.

Was he really not as good as that woman at raising a child?

While he was reflecting upon himself, Paul came over to make up for what had happened just now. He smiled and said jokingly, "Information about you is really too confidential, Mr. Hunt. I always thought that you had a son, but as it turns out, it's actually a daughter?"

He glanced at Pete and hesitated again before he asked, "So, is he a boy or a girl?"

Justin glanced at him with his deep-set eyes and slowly replied, "Either is possible."

Paul, "?"

He wanted to say more, but Justin had already turned around and left with the children. It was obvious that he wasn't interested in talking anymore.

Paul, "..."

What the heck did he mean by either was possible?

Elsewhere, Nora called Cherry and was informed that the little fellow was at the benches. However, it seemed that she had slipped into the benches to the west, so she was planning to go over and look for her.

They were currently in the north. This was where the final sprint would be, so the point of view was excellent there. It was a position that only people like Justin could occupy.

To get to the west side from the north side, she had to pass by a row of resting areas.

The racers were currently resting there.

The abandoned location occupied a huge area, so the resting area was made up of a row of small houses. When Nora was passing by, a couple of racers happened to walk past her. They were chatting earnestly with each other.

"Have you heard? Logan has a leg injury. He definitely won't be able to take first place in the race anymore!"

"Of course. I even heard that it was the Myerses who did it to go against the Andersons, but no one dares to say anything about it. After all, Paul Quinlan is backing up Winston!"

"What should we do? If Logan loses, will the bookies let him off?"

"No way! Logan probably won't be able to step out of this place alive today. You have no idea how fierce those people are."

“Sigh, how tragic.. If he insists on racing with his leg injury, his leg will probably be a goner after this. With the way things are now, he’s doomed unless Yanci descends from heaven to save him!”

“That’s impossible. The international racer Yanci? In a place like this? I heard that the organizers send him an invitation every year, but there’s no way he’ll have any interest in races that aren’t fit to be seen in public like this.”

“Sigh, that’s true. You’re right. In that case, Logan is really done for this time! And so are the Andersons, right? If they want their son back, they’ll need 50 million dollars...”

“ ... ”

The two passed by Nora as they chatted.

Nora stopped in her tracks.

She had known all along that Logan seemed to be in some kind of trouble, but she hadn’t expected it to be this bad.

Why didn’t he bring up even a word about it at home?

While thinking about it, Nora sent Cherry a text message reminding her to pay attention to her safety. Then, she headed to the racers’ lounge.

The racers’ lounge wasn’t accessible to ordinary people.

The people guarding the place were all men that Jordan trusted the most. The one standing guard at the entrance happened to be one of the people who had tried to stop Nora from going up the stairs when she rushed over to the Hoffmans’ the other day. He had also been involved in what happened after that, so he knew who she was. Rather surprised to see her, he hastily said, “I’ll take you to Mr. Hoffman!”

The Andersons’ affairs were indeed rather troublesome this time.

Mr. Hoffman had also been having a headache over it the last couple of days.

If he had known this would happen, he would’ve listened to Logan and postponed the race to next month.

What was he to do now?

That was 50 million dollars they were talking about. Even they would have difficulty forking out that money, let alone the Andersons. After all, who would have that much cash with them?

Nora nodded.

As she walked into the lounge with the man, they ran into Mrs. Hoffman.

Mrs. Hoffman had been taking care of Jimmy in the hospital the last few days, so she hadn't had a good sleep in a while. It was to the extent that she even had dark circles under her eyes. At the sight of Nora, she grabbed her hand and said sincerely, "Oh, you've come? I was just about to go and look for you. Are you here because of Logan? I know all about it. Don't worry, I will definitely make sure he's fine!"

She went on and said, "I came here especially to look for Jordan. Even if there's no other way, we can at least get those 50 million dollars ready!"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed a little as she stared at Mrs. Hoffman, who seemed like a completely different person now.

The woman was really straightforward.

She said unhurriedly, "No, it's fine."

Mrs. Hoffman sighed and said, "You don't have to stand on ceremony with us. I've already heard from the doctor—if you hadn't rushed over to our place, what I would have seen the next morning would probably have been Jimmy's dead body since I had thought that he was feeling unwell just because he was scared. You saved him! So, that makes you our benefactor! I'm willing to give you even my life, let alone 50 million dollars. I have some jewelry here that should also be worth a sum..."

At this point, she suddenly straightened her back and said, "By the way, I haven't formally apologized to you yet. I misunderstood you. Sigh, I'm not trying to make excuses for myself, but every time Jimmy got a headache in school, the teacher would call me; but every time I brought him back home, he would be right as rain again. That boy is such a halfwit. To think he couldn't even describe the symptoms clearly. We had also gone to the hospital for his headaches. The doctor suggested a brain CT scan, but also said that there will be radiation exposure, so he wanted us to think about it ourselves. Later, we took him back home, yet he said that it didn't hurt anymore. This repeated

over and over again... That was why when you told us to have a lumbar puncture done, my first reaction was to think that you were spouting nonsense... Now that I think about it, I was really so ignorant!"

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Nora actually wasn't angry.

She had seen family members of patients who were even more difficult to deal with than Mrs. Hoffman. Besides, doctors tended to favor conservative methods of treatment for children.

The amount of radiation exposure that a brain CT scan would expose one to, was equivalent to 1.5 times the amount of a chest radiograph.

It was normal for doctors to let them make the decision themselves.

She nodded. Then, she interrupted Mrs. Hoffman and said, "I'd like to visit Logan."

"Okay, I'll take you there!"

With Mrs. Hoffman leading the way, no one dared to stop them all the more.

—

In the lounge.

Logan shifted his ankle after he put on his clothes. The severe pain made him as pale as a sheet, and cold sweat trickled down his forehead.

His friend next to him ranted furiously, "They sure were ruthless! The bones at your ankle are all shattered! You can't apply any force on it at all! Is there even any difference whether you take part in the race or not? In my opinion, you should just go to Mr. Hoffman and give up the race!"

Logan didn't pay him any attention. A look of pain and resolution came over his untamed countenance.

It was one thing to lose, but something else entirely to give up the race.

He couldn't let down the people supporting him.

He took a deep breath and said, "Let's go."

The door was suddenly pushed open at this moment.

Linson Leigh, the racer whom Winston was supporting, stood outside the door.

Linson was an upstart racer. He had taken second place the year before with a result of merely five seconds behind Logan.

Paul was in support of him, and he had become a rising star in the world of car racing.

Logan looked at him and asked hostilely, "What are you doing here?"

Linson stood arrogantly at the door and replied, "I'm here to show Logan—The Racing King some concern, of course. How's your foot? I heard that the bones are all broken. If you still don't undergo surgery, you probably won't be able to ever recover, right?"

Logan, who was pulling a long face, retorted, "It's none of your business."

Linson curled his lip disdainfully and said, "Sigh, why so angry, Logan—The Racing King? As they say, the new constantly replace the old, while the old grows cold. In New York's world of racing, the era of Logan—The Racing King has already passed. Now that you've become too old, surely you should make way for newcomers, right?"

His words angered Logan's friend, who yelled furiously, "If the seniors have to make way for the newbies, then let's just go through a normal handover! Besides, Logan is only 22 years old! He's in the prime of youth right now! Make way, my a*s!"

Linson was about to speak when Winston came over. It was obvious at first glance that he had overly indulged in carnal desires, causing his health to be all spent. With an annoying look on his face, he said, "Sigh, what are you worked up for? No matter how young he is, he can only be a thing of the past. Starting from today, New York's world of racing is about to welcome a new era! The era that belongs to Linson has come!"

"Get out!"

A furious Logan stood up abruptly. However, pain shot up from his leg, causing him to fall back onto the sofa. He looked at his leg in astonishment. The pain was getting worse today, making him unable to even stand for a while there!

Winston looked at Logan's leg. As he hadn't undergone surgery in time, the wound was already festering somewhat.

Winston clicked his tongue a couple of times. He said, "Logan, with that leg of yours, you probably won't even be able to step on the brakes if you get into the car, right? With the way you are, how are you going to take part in the race? Oh, what are you to do? Team White doesn't even have a substitute. Is there even anyone who can race in your stead?"

Logan clenched his fists.

This was the crux of the problem.

Team White had always taken first place!

Therefore, Team White had never needed a substitute. This led to them becoming unable to even find a decent substitute after something happened to his leg.

In addition, geniuses like Linson were indeed rare. Apart from Logan in his prime condition, Yanci was probably the only one who could beat him...

In the midst of his thoughts, a woman's voice reached them.. She said, "I can."

The few of them looked over to see a chubby but beefy woman striding in.

Behind her was a petite figure that had been completely covered by her. It wasn't until Mrs. Hoffman entered the room that the others saw the person behind her.

Winston's eyes lit up at the sight of her.

The woman's almond-shaped eyes were half-lidded, and she gave off a very dispirited air. However, her facial features were gorgeous, and her skin was so fair that it was as if it was luminescent.

She was the one who had spoken just now.

Logan obviously also saw Nora. His wild and untamed countenance was filled with surprise. He tensed his jaw but didn't immediately refute her.

Surprisingly, it was Linson who frowned and asked, "Who are you? What are you doing?"

Mrs. Hoffman thought of what had happened just now and became rather angry. She immediately said, "She is Jimmy's savior, as well as Ms. Smith from the Andersons."

'Ms. Smith from the Andersons'... Obviously, she had made a name for herself at the dance party the other time.

Perhaps because Linson had also heard of her, he didn't question any further. He merely sneered, "So, it's you, Ms. Smith. I'd advise you not to interrupt when other people are talking. Those who didn't know any better would have thought that you were going to race in Logan's stead!"

"Is Logan's name something you can say?" Logan's friend yelled angrily, "You should be calling him Mr. Anderson!"

In the world of car racing, seniority mattered a lot.

Linson cast his eyes down and said very arrogantly, "I think people should talk with their capabilities in the world of car racing instead. Also, this is the racers' lounge. It's best that women stay out of this place. Yours is a special situation though, Logan. With your leg in that condition, it's understandable that the Andersons would worry about you and send someone to supervise you."

Then, he laughed and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Don't worry. There is no doubt that I'll let Logan lose in a very dignified manner today! After all, no matter what, I have to show our racing king here some courtesy, right?"

His words angered the few of them.

Mrs. Hoffman rebuked him. "Linson, you're here to race, so just race like you should! Why must you speak in such an infuriating manner?"

Linson sneered, "Mrs. Hoffman, I know you're the organizer of this place. Are the races you hold so fair and square that people don't even have the right to talk anymore?"

Mrs. Hoffman, “!”

She had never been an eloquent person and only knew how to act shrewishly. However, it didn't seem like acting shrewishly would be of any use in this situation.

This was because there was no way Linson would show Jordan any courtesy at all. He was a racer whom Winston had approached specifically to deal with Logan. In addition, he was also someone whom Paul was using to deal with Jordan.

After all, Jordan had made a ton of money over the years through Logan!

Seeing that Mrs. Hoffman was so mad that she was rendered speechless, Winston laughed and said, “These are men's affairs, Mrs. Hoffman. What are women interfering for? We men may be competing with one another, but we'll still take into account our personal relationships with one another, so this won't affect our relationship. Right, Ms. Smith?”

Winston had wanted to take Nora as his wife back then but had failed to do so. Although he hated her for it, at the sight of her face, he couldn't quite hate her anymore.

It would be great if he could get his hands on a beauty like her.

Upon hearing him say that, Linson also cooperated with him and said, “Alright, let's not argue anymore. You'd better hurry up and find a substitute, Logan—The Racing King, lest no one takes your place in the race later. Given the condition of your leg, your life will be in danger if you can't step on the brakes!”

The racetracks were filled with places of a high level of difficulty. The racers also drove at the highest speed they could muster, so it would be terrible if one couldn't brake.

When Linson said that, Mrs. Hoffman immediately looked at Logan and said, “Yes, that's right. If you really can't, then don't bother going into the field and just give up! You can make back the money after you lose it, but if you lose your life, you won't be left with anything!”

Logan gritted his teeth.

He was about to speak when Nora said, "Didn't I already say? I'll do it."

"..."

The lounge fell silent for a moment.

A brief moment later, Mrs. Hoffman was the first to speak. She said, "Racing is not like driving, Ms. Smith. It's not that simple. Moreover, you need to have a good sense of the car and its quirks. You mustn't go into the field..."

Winston also laughed. He said, "She's right, Ms. Smith. This isn't a joke. 160 miles per hour is already the fastest you can usually go when you drive, right? In racing, however, the minimum speed starts at 200 miles per hour! People who don't know how to race will completely be putting their lives at stake!"

Linson also curled his lip disdainfully. He said, "Have you completely given up, Logan—The Racing King? Instead of letting a woman race in your stead, it'll be more dignified for you if you just concede defeat straightaway!"

Almost as soon as he said that, Logan suddenly said, "I have the freedom to choose whoever I want as my substitute. If memory serves me right, this place seems to be my lounge. Linson, if you want an exclusive lounge, then please wait until you win the championship. Now, please leave!"

Only champions had their own lounges in the racetracks.

Even if Linson was the first runner-up, he still had to change and warm up with the rest of the racers.

This was an unwritten rule in the world of racing.

Logan's words provoked Linson, making him narrow his eyes. He sneered, "Certainly. Well, enjoy your exclusive rest for the last time, then, Logan—The Racing King. After all, I'm afraid you'll never get to enjoy such treatment ever again after today!"

After leaving those words behind, he turned around and said, "Let's go!"

Winston glanced at Nora. He wanted to hit on her and strike up a conversation, but in the end, he left without saying anything.

In the lounge, only Nora, Mrs. Hoffman, Logan, and Logan's friend were left.

It was obvious that none of them took what Nora said just now seriously. Mrs. Hoffman said worriedly, "What's going on? Even if you can't take the first place, the substitute should be able to go into the field, right? Hasn't Jordan been looking for a substitute for you the last few days?"

Logan pressed his lips together tightly while his friend said angrily, "When had Team White ever needed a substitute in the past when Logan was around? We needed one at the last minute this year, so we looked for one, but with Linson threatening them, no one is willing to do it! I'm practically speechless! They are driving us into a corner!"

Mrs. Hoffman said angrily, "Those people are too wicked!"

Just as the three of them were awfully worried, Nora asked, "Where can I change my clothes?"

The other three, "??"

Mrs. Hoffman was the first to turn to her. She looked at her incredulously. "Ms. Smith?"

Logan's friend was next. He asked, "Weren't you just trying to bail us out? Surely you weren't serious, right?"

Nora ignored the two of them and looked fixedly at Logan.

Logan kept quiet for a long while before he suddenly asked, "Do you have a racing suit?"

Racers' suits and helmets were all custom-made.

Nora brought the backpack on her back to the front and held it up a little to indicate that her racing suit was inside.

Right from the start, her purpose in coming over was to see if she could find a chance to go a couple of laps, so she had naturally brought her equipment along.

Logan balled up his fists and said, "... Alright, then."

Outside the lounge.

Logan, his friend, and Mrs. Hoffman waited anxiously.

Nora was changing inside the lounge.

Logan's friend asked, "Are you really letting her go into the field?"

Mrs. Hoffman also frowned. "Yeah. Can Ms. Smith do it?"

"Does she know how to race? Has she ever raced before? Won't she lose and come last if she goes into the field like that?" asked Logan's friend.

An irritated Logan clenched his jaw and retorted, "Then how about you do it?"

His friend shut up at once.

Logan stared at the lounge.

He knew that he was going to lose for sure this time, but his ankle was hurting even more badly today, making him unable to persevere at all. Just like what Linson had said, he probably wouldn't be able to even step on the brakes!

He had no other choice under such circumstances.

He could only make a Hail Mary effort now!

Creak!

The door was pushed open. Nora, dressed in a red and white racing suit, walked out of the lounge. Her long hair had been tied into a ponytail, and she was holding a helmet.

The tight-fitting racing suit outlined her tall, slender, and graceful figure, stunning the trio at the door.

Mrs. Hoffman looked her figure up and down and said, "Your figure is so good, Ms. Smith! Also, this is the first time that I find myself thinking that women can actually look so handsome in racing suits!"

Logan's friend also complimented her. He said, "At least your cousin doesn't look like she's all form and no function, Logan! She puts forth a good image! Even if you lose, you'll be able to lose in a more dignified manner now."

Logan, "..."

"All racers, please head to the field!"

As the announcement rang out, Logan stood at the front with his crutch, limping as the four of them walked toward the racecourse together.

Logan loved his car very much, so his car had been modified by him to become nearly the best car in New York.

Although Nora liked to drive, what she liked more was the feeling of going at fast speed. She didn't actually feel anything for the act of racing itself. She touched Logan's car, finding it comfortable.

"Go in and try it."

Logan opened the door to his car and—for the very first time—said that to an outsider.

His sports car was his life itself. He had never allowed anyone to test drive it in all these years.

Nora nodded. She entered the car, sat in the driver's seat, and familiarized herself with the car's controls. Then, she gave Logan an 'OK' gesture and got out of the car.

After staying quiet for a while, Logan finally said, "Keep safety as your top priority. It's fine even if you come last."

He said softly, "At the very least, it's the Andersons themselves who are losing and not someone else losing in the Andersons' stead."

Having a substitute fill in for him would be the same as someone losing the race for him.

However, if the substitute was Nora, then at the very least, it would be the Andersons themselves losing the race.

Nora raised her eyebrows when she heard what he said. She was a little surprised.

Never would she have ever imagined that Logan would say something like that. To be honest, she had conversed a lot with everyone in the Andersons by now, save for Logan whom she had only exchanged a few words with and met only a few times. Unexpectedly, the boy had actually seen her as family?

While she was in a daze, next to them, the other racers also came out one after another. When they saw Nora, all of them were dumbfounded.

Even the rest of the racers spoke up, let alone Linson.

“What’s going on, Logan—The Racing King? You actually got a woman to fill in for you?”

“Have you already given up before the race has even started?”

“By getting a woman to compete with us, isn’t he looking down on us a little too much?”

“There has never been a female racing champion in the world of racing all these years! In fact, very few women even participate in the races, right?”

“ ... ”

Mrs. Hoffman got angry in the midst of them passing comments. She placed her hands on her hips and sneered, “Just make sure nothing’s wrong with yourselves and mind your own business. Besides, is there any regulation on the racetracks that states that a woman can’t go into the field? How is it that I don’t know anything about that?”

Everyone knew who Mrs. Hoffman was, so none of them dared to say any more when they heard her.

Mrs. Hoffman let out a scoff.

On the benches.

The people who had bet on Logan had gathered together. He always won the championship in past years, so he was no longer anyone unusual. Thus, many people had bet on his victory.

However, all of them were cursing at the moment.

“Damn it, what is Logan—The Racing King doing? He actually got a woman to race in his stead?”

“I heard that he injured his leg, so he can’t drive.”

“Doesn’t that mean we’re gonna lose for sure?! That’s all of my savings, you know?!”

“That’s too much of him! Make her get off the racecourse. If Logan—The Racing King loses the race, then he deserves it even if he dies in the car. We didn’t spend so much to bet on a woman but on him!”

“Exactly!”

The group of people shouted, “Get lost!”

They created a huge scene. Jordan, who was seated at the other side, was also dumbfounded when he saw Nora. He hadn’t expected that.

However, after the last few days’ events, how could he possibly not defend Nora?

He reminded the crowd of the rules of the race at once—substitutes were allowed to take over a racer!

The outraged and indignant group of people were suppressed by him. As a result, all the people in the benches could do was just shout and curse a little. They couldn’t do anything else at all.

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A few minutes ago, Justin had entrusted Pete and the other children to the bodyguards. He got up and walked toward the lounge.

Lawrence, who was accompanying him, asked, “Where are you going, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin lowered his gaze. “Didn’t they say that the Anderson kid has injured his leg? How is he going to compete?”

“... Surely you’re not thinking of going into the field yourself, right?”

Justin’s lips curled into a smile. He replied, “Yeah, it’s been a long time since I last exercised these old arms and legs of mine!”

Lawrence, “...”

Mr. Hunt, you sure are going all the way and beyond for Ms. Smith’s sake!

But isn't it obviously Ms. Smith who likes you? Why does it seem like you're the one wooing her now?!

No one dared to intercept or stop Justin, no matter where he went.

When he reached the lounge, he just so happened to see Nora and the other three people heading to the racecourse.

He stared at the girl's graceful figure, his eyes darkening a little as he gazed at the exquisite curve of her back.

Lawrence was also looking at them. "Is that Ms. Smith? Is she actually going into the field in person?"

Justin's reaction, however, was to say, "... Where do you think you're looking?"

Lawrence, "???"

His gaze, however, stopped at that waist that looked as if one hand was more than enough to circle around it, as well as those long and powerful legs...

They silently followed behind the four, upon which they saw Nora getting into the car.

In the distance.

"All racers, please get ready."

As the announcement rang out, the racers put on their helmets and got into their cars.

Logan held Nora's shoulders before she got into the car. Justin's scorching gaze was fixed on his hands, much as if someone was touching something precious to him...

Logan instructed, "The ranking doesn't matter. Your life is what matters the most. You can just take it that you're driving normally."

Nora patted him back on his shoulders. The corners of her lips suddenly curled into a smile and she said, "Don't worry. Just wait for me to return with the first place for you."

Nora went straight into the car after saying that, leaving the other three flabbergasted.

Mrs. Hoffman said, "... No, Ms. Smith, your life is still more important. Don't bother too much about the ranking!"

Logan's friend also remarked, "My word, are girls nowadays not only wild and arrogant but also such big braggarts?"

Nora, however, only whistled at them and ignored them.

She felt as if all the cells in her body were on fire.

She only felt like this whenever she drove a racing car. It was just like she was filled with fuel and raring to go. She had already stopped listening to what the people outside were saying a long time ago.

Nearby, Winston and Linson were talking to each other quietly.

"Mr. Myers, just sit and wait for the Andersons to go bankrupt! I will definitely win!" said Linson.

Winston replied, "Cut the crap. Ms. Smith thoroughly embarrassed me some time back. Teach her a lesson on the racecourse!"

Although one could say that his proposal the other time was a gaffe, it had nevertheless embarrassed Winston. On top of that, the two of them had separated on a bad note when they met again just now.

Since he couldn't get his hands on a beauty like that, then everyone else could forget about getting their hands on her, too!

Linson's eyes darkened. "Give it to me straight, Mr. Myers. What kind of lesson are you asking for?"

On the racecourse, forcing a car to stop or sending a car flying were both within one's control!

Linson was lofty and conceited. Apart from Logan, he didn't think much of anyone else. Thus, he knew that he would have the time and opportunity to engage in such nasty little thoughts.

Winston's eyes darkened.

The woman standing next to him was Tina.

Ever since she was dismissed by the university, her status in the medical profession had been utterly ruined. Jon had asked her about it when she returned to the Myerses, but she simply refused to reveal the fact that Nora was Anti.

This was because she knew that once she told them, the Myerses wouldn't stand up for her anymore.

Based on Jon's character, he would definitely compromise and try to make peace with Nora.

Hence, she hadn't mentioned it to anyone else all this time.

Winston had only brought her here today because she pestered him to. Upon hearing their conversation, she immediately said, "The more ruthless, the better!"

Winston actually wanted to hold back some because Nora was a woman, but Tina held his arm and said, "She's the one who caused me to be dismissed by the university. Winston, are you unwilling to even help me take revenge for that? Besides, she already has a fiancé..."

The word 'fiancé' made Winston want to ruin the woman. The look in his eyes turned cold and he said, "Do as she says."

"Roger!"

Upon receiving the instructions, Linson smirked and got into the car.

The race was about to start.

Justin, who had heard their entire conversation, looked absolutely livid.

Halting the race at once and taking Nora's place was indeed a good solution, but not only did that woman have great pride, but she also had a lot of personality. Moreover, it seemed like she was very experienced in car racing. If he were to do that, he might end up making her dislike him.

Yet, if he were to leave her be, he couldn't help but worry that Linson might really do something to her.

Justin promptly made his decision. He walked straight to Team Black and grabbed a racer who was about to enter his car.

The next moment, he put on the helmet that the racer had prepared long ago and got into the car!

“Hey, who are you? You—”

The racer panicked. He was about to speak when Lawrence came forward and grabbed him. He blocked what the racer was about to say with just a one-liner: “This is Mr. Hunt.”

The racer was dumbfounded.

Team Black had always been in the last place and had never achieved a good ranking in the races before. He was just here to run through the motion with the others, but unexpectedly, Mr. Hunt was actually getting in his car?

While everyone was absorbed in their own thoughts, the referee suddenly fired the starting pistol!

Following the bang, all the cars charged out.

“Come on! Come on!”

The audience was in full swing on the benches.

Cherry and Pete were in the north and the west benches respectively. Both of them watched Team White’s cars excitedly.

“Come on, Mommy!”

“Mommy, you’re the best!”

Logan and Mrs. Hoffman stood at the sidelines and stared ahead of them nervously.

His friend said, “This... She seems fine? She’s following the crowd. It’s just that her takeoff was a little too fast.”

Her takeoff was a little too fast...

The thought rang out in everyone’s minds.

Logan's jaw tensed up tightly, as did his mind.

It was easy to become unstable if one took off too quickly. In addition, there was a sharp turn not far ahead. Thus, everyone familiar with the racecourse knew that they mustn't take off too fast. Otherwise, it would be very dangerous at the turn!

Nora had a daughter! She had a child!

She mustn't die here!

Logan took a couple of steps forward nervously. He regretted letting her go into the field in this instant.

Justin had watched a few races here before, so he knew that there was a sharp turn ahead. Thus, when he saw that Nora had taken off too quickly and was leading far ahead, he was alarmed.

He didn't have the luxury to think too much about it anymore. He slammed on the gas pedal and went straight after her, hoping that he could stop her in time while she was turning the corner, or help her out or something...

On the benches.

Everyone was also alarmed and nervous.

Someone said, "Isn't that female racer going a little too hard at it? This... Is she sick of living?"

"Oh my god, this is making me panic. What should we do? Will anything happen to her?"

"Did she see the sharp turn in front? Is it really okay for her to drive like that?"

"There is no lack of racers getting into accidents every year. The thought of such a beautiful woman perishing makes my heart kinda ache, though!"

"..."

Tina and Winston also exchanged a look.

Winston suddenly smiled and said, "It doesn't look like Linson even needs to do anything anymore."

A hypocritical Tina replied, “This... I never thought of killing her, either. I just wanted Linson to teach her a lesson.”

Winston chortled when he heard her.

Hidden among the crowd was Joel, who was constantly paying attention to Mia and Brandon. Like an invisible man, no one paid any attention to him.

He was also staring at Nora at the moment.

At the thought of the DNA test report, he also became a little worried.

Nora didn't know what was on everyone's minds at the moment. The feeling of moving at extremely high speed made her feel as if her blood was seething.

She had already noticed the sharp turn ahead a long time ago.

However, she didn't slow down. Instead, she rushed straight over!

As a result, everyone only heard the sharp screech of wheels rubbing against the ground. The next moment... With a beautiful drift, she made the car change the direction it was going in. Then, she continued rushing forward without any reduction in speed!

Everyone was flabbergasted!

That drift at extreme speed just now was completely something that a novice would not know.

Logan's eyes widened in disbelief... T-the speed of that drift... There was only one person in the entire world who could do it...

That person was the racer who had participated in an international racing competition a year ago—Yanci!

Could it be that...

Logan stared disbelievingly at the car far in the lead on the racecourse in front of him. He suddenly recalled his conversation with Cherry back then:

“I like car racing, too, yeah! So does my Mommy.”

“Do you know who Yanci is?”

“My Mommy doesn’t allow me to tell anyone.”

Just now, before the girl went into the field, she had said wildly and arrogantly, “Don’t worry. Just wait for me to return with the first place for you...”

Her demeanor had been casual and lazy when she said that, but now that he thought about it again, there was only affirmation and certainty in her voice.

Logan’s gaze, as he stared at the sports car, became increasingly hot and fervent.

Never had he ever thought that the cousin whom he didn’t like would actually turn out to be Yanci, the person he admired the most deep down!

He couldn’t help but take a step forward and crane his neck to look over.

Excitement was running through his veins.

Mrs. Hoffman didn’t know much about car racing, so the sight only made her heart pound in trepidation. She said, “What was going on with Ms. Smith just now? Why does it look like the wheels were about to catch fire?!”

As for Logan’s friend, he merely swallowed hard and uttered, “Oh my god!”

In the benches.

Those who initially weren’t optimistic about Nora suddenly stood up.

Someone rubbed their eyes and asked hesitantly, “Were my eyes deceiving me just now? Or did she just luck out?”

“That angle, that speed, that drift... Without a few years of racing experience under their belt, I’m afraid no one can do it, right?”

“... So, it really isn’t a fluke? Was it because youth knows no fear, or was she just bold because she knows what she’s doing?”

“Is that really something a woman can do?”

The race went on in full swing.

Nora's car was leading far ahead while the cars in second and third places were very close. One was a car from Team Black, which was ranked last in the world of racing, while the other was Linson.

The look on Winston's face had changed.

Tina was even frowning. She said, "What's wrong with Linson? Isn't he supposedly very impressive? Yet he can't even outrun a woman?"

A sullen-faced Winston snapped, "What do you know? Who can outrun that kind of speed? Even Logan in his prime would pale a little in comparison!"

Tina didn't believe him. "How can that be? She's a woman!"

That woman was Anti!

There was no way Anti could accomplish her surgical achievements without a few years of experience, whereas racing also required practice.

It was impossible for a person to have that much energy!

Winston's gaze, however, became rather scorching. He swallowed and said, "A woman who can drive a sports car well is definitely an intense one right down to her bones! She has enough kick in her for sure! I suddenly can't quite bear to part with her anymore!"

A sense of acerbity welled up in Tina upon hearing his words.

She tugged at Winston, took a deep breath, and said, "You're my fiancé!"

Winston looked at her and smiled. "Am I?"

His two-worded rhetorical question made Tina choke.

In order to get rid of Winston and also to deal with Nora back then, Tina had taken the initiative to break off their engagement, and also said that she had only treated him as a brother.

Later, because she had no way out anymore, she had returned obediently and climbed into Winston's bed. Only then did the two of them get back together.

She knew that because she had always been the one to treat Ian's illness at the Smiths, there was no way Jon would give himself a slap in the face and

say that her skills or character as a doctor was bad. Therefore, even if no one among the surgeons' community acknowledged her anymore, she still had the world of alternative medicine to turn to!

Therefore, Jon had given tacit approval with regard to this and hadn't brought it up ever again.

Tina knew that she could no longer indulge in the wishful thinking, that was Justin, anymore, so she had to have Winston firmly in her grasp.

She couldn't help but say sourly, "Yes, you are. Besides, what's the use, no matter how beautiful the woman is? Isn't it all the same once the lights are off at night?"

Winston burst into laughter at once. He glanced at her again and replied, "Yes, it's all the same."

Tina, "..."

She couldn't help but feel like he was indirectly insulting her!

She looked at the racecourse viciously, hoping that Linson would make life difficult for that woman later. It would be best if he caused her death on the racecourse!

She clenched her fists.

—

Justin, who was in Team Black's sports car, was also stunned.

He hadn't expected Nora to actually maneuver the turn ahead so easily when the angle was so tricky. The corners of his lips slowly curled into a smile, and he suddenly thought of the international racer Yanci.

Nationality: American

Gender: Female

He didn't expect Yanci to actually be her!

That woman sure gave him surprises everywhere.

Justin wasn't very interested in sports cars, but he did occasionally drive a few laps for stress relief. He had never participated in a race before, but clever people were able to easily handle everything.

After turning a corner, he saw Linson suddenly taking a shortcut. He was probably going to catch up to Nora.

Justin frowned.

Although Nora had a high level of skill, she nevertheless suffered from the disadvantage of being unfamiliar with the terrain. There was actually a shortcut one could take after the turn, but she didn't know about it.

Additionally, Linson was planning to rush over and hit the car later. With the front of his car ramming into the body of Nora's car, the faster her speed was, the more dangerous it would be for her!

Justin stepped on the gas pedal again and rushed straight toward Linson.

Linson had taken a shortcut, so it would take about ten seconds for him to go over from his position. Going by that woman's speed, she would also pass by in front of him ten seconds later.

When that happened, he would need only to speed up and he would be able to send her flying together with the car!

A racer whose car was overturned would almost certainly end up disabled. In fact, their life might even be at risk.

A triumphant look appeared in Linson's eyes at the thought.

He indeed hadn't expected a woman to drive so well in a race, but so what even if she drove well? This would probably be the only day of her racing career!

A vicious and ruthless look burst forth in Linson's eyes.

If he were to control his speed and direction well, hitting her car that way would only cause some damage to his car at the most. In contrast, the other party would be sent flying. In that case, he would still be the champion!

Linson's lips curled up slightly as he approached the intersection.

Seemingly having heard the hum of his opponent's engine, he immediately accelerated and rushed forward!!

But at this point!

A black and white sports car suddenly rushed up beside him and overtook him, forcing him into the lane on the other side.

An intense screech resulting from friction reached him. Linson's pupils shrank, and he subconsciously turned the steering wheel.

The two cars rubbed hard against each other!

Bam!

Linson's car was thrown out. Justin's car also swayed unsteadily as it charged ahead.

The car that was sent flying in midair overturned again and again until it reached the sides of the racecourse, only coming to a stop after it overturned a few times. It was unknown whether the person inside was dead or alive.

Justin's car was also heavily damaged in the collision.

However, he didn't stop the car or halt the competition. Instead, he continued ahead after turning the corner and followed after Nora!

Justin, "..."

He stepped on the brakes again but found that the brakes weren't working. He knew that this was because the car had suffered serious damage in the collision just now.

The brakes had failed. What should he do now?

Nora had actually already noticed when Linson wanted to charge toward her and run into her car at the corner.

As a professional racer, she did at least still possess that bit of vigilance in her.

When she missed the intersection, she had immediately realized that she was on the wrong path.

And the moment she heard the revving of the engine, she had realized Linson's intentions. Thus, her lips curled into a smile, and she suddenly stepped on the gas pedal and sped up.

So, Linson wanted to ram his car into hers?

Heh, they could talk about it again when he caught up to her instead.

Just as she charged over with a whoosh, she heard a loud bang—the cars in second and third places had actually collided!

Linson's car overturned as it went flying out. His fate would now lie in the hands of God.

As for the car in third place—in other words, the car from Team Black—it was obvious from its exterior that it had sustained very serious damage, yet it was still following behind her closely! On top of that, it didn't look like it had any intentions of slowing down!

Nora silently gave him a thumbs-up.

Mm, as expected of a racer. He sure was professional!

In addition, his speed was increasing further and further. From the looks of it, he was going to overtake her soon.

To think there was actually an expert racer like that in the States.

The corners of Nora's lips curled upward, and she suddenly found herself full of fighting spirit. Thus, she sped up and continued to defend her leading position.

The two of them chased after each other and went a few full laps. Even when they reached the final lap, there still wasn't much of a distance between Nora's car and Team Black's.

In fact, the two cars were even moving side by side.

The lane was narrow. Nora sped up, but the other party was not to be outdone, either.

Nora suddenly looked over and gave a thumbs-up to the Team Black racer to express her admiration for him. She didn't expect that there would be a racer who was even faster than her!

Justin, who was in Team Black's car, was very miserable at the moment.

The racing track was relatively slippery, causing the car to go faster and faster. He couldn't stop at all.

If this went on, it would definitely be the end of him.

Yet, that woman was actually giving him a thumbs-up at a time like this?

The corners of his lips spasmed a little. All of a sudden, he took off his helmet and yelled at the top of his lungs, "My brakes are broken. Stay away!"

He might not be able to control the car's speed, but he could let the car rub against the lane and slow it down with friction. During the few laps just now, he had also been observing the lane and trying to come up with the most feasible solution.

However, this particular method was a little too dangerous.

Therefore, he absolutely had to inform Nora about it and have her move away, lest it accidentally injured her!

Nora, "??"

She looked at his familiar but anxious-looking countenance in astonishment. She had never expected Team Black's racer to actually be Justin.

That man actually had a hobby of racing?

Also... His brakes were broken?

In a split second, she realized that the car must have sustained the damage during the battle with Linson just now.

So, should she listen to him and move away like he was telling her to?

Nora hesitated for only 0.1 seconds before she made her decision.

Ah, well.

Even though custody issues wouldn't exist anymore once the children's father was dead, should he really die, Cherry and Pete would probably be very sad. Cheering the children up would be kinda troublesome.

As soon as the thought formed, Nora's lips suddenly curled into a smile. She said, "Wait for me."

Justin was stunned when he heard those three words.

The next moment, he saw Nora's car suddenly speeding up!

After going a few laps, her car's speed had already reached the highest it could go. Nobody knew how she did it, but she suddenly overtook him.

On top of that, her car suddenly drifted at a spot more than 100 meters ahead to execute a huge 180-degree U-turn, thereby becoming face-to-face with Justin's!

Justin's pupils shrank.

His car would definitely ram into hers!

But as soon as the thought formed in his mind, Nora's car suddenly started to retreat, speeding up as it did so. In no time, the speed at which it retreated reached one that was almost the same as his.

And then!

The two cars made contact with each other, bumper to bumper.

The next moment, with one in front of the other, the two cars crossed the finish line. After that, Nora started to slow down, using friction generated by the car to slowly reduce the two cars' speed until they finally came to a stop.

The benches were filled with silence.

Only the sound of the rest of the cars' engines and the rubbing against the racing tracks could be heard in the entire venue. A whole twenty seconds after the cars stopped, Nora finally pushed the door open and got out of the car. All of a sudden, the whole place erupted into fervent applause!!

"How exciting! Oh my god, that was an Angel's Kiss just now, right? How romantic!"

“Ahhhh! I’ve actually become a fan of a car couple! Team White and Team Black... Aren’t they totally a match made in heaven? How is it that I actually want two sports cars to fall in love?!”

“Oh my god! I’ve never seen such an exciting race before. Linson was sent flying and dropped out of the race. He’s seriously injured now, with even his leg broken. Even if he survives, he can forget about ever racing again for the rest of his life! Also, a dark horse has suddenly appeared in Team Black? Just who is he? To think he can actually achieve a result as amazing as first runner-up!”

“Never in this lifetime of mine would I have ever thought that I would want two cars to fall in love.”

Jordan, who had hurried over upon hearing the news, heaved a sigh of relief.

He had heard about Justin requisitioning Team Black’s car, running into Linson’s car and sending him flying, as well as his brakes subsequently failing the moment these events happened.

Should anything untoward happen to Mr. Hunt in his racetracks, the Hoffmans would be a goner!

But unexpectedly!

Ms. Smith had actually saved Mr. Hunt!

She had in turn saved their family again!

In the racecourse.

Justin also opened his car’s door and got out of the low racing car. He looked rather sullen at the moment. He had actually been somewhat confident of making the car stop with friction.

Nora’s actions were simply too dangerous. The slightest bit of mishandling would have led to both cars getting into accidents.

He was already in danger, so never mind about him.

But what about her?

Even though that was what he was thinking, the moment he spotted that pretty and lovely figure leaning against the sports car with her chin up and looking at him all challenging and bad-ass, he suddenly wasn't angry anymore—because he had suddenly realized that she was aware of all the risks and danger, but she was simply just that confident.

His lips curled into a smile, and his expression returned to normal as he slowly walked toward Nora. He ruffled his hair that had been flattened by the helmet and said unhurriedly, "I didn't think that you loved me that much, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

The corners of Justin's lips quirked upward as he said, "Doesn't what you did just now look like the two cars were kissing?"

Nora, "??"

Justin took another step forward. He lowered his voice and said, "What was even more unexpected was that you actually love me so much that you were willing to take such a huge risk, even if it meant that you would die with me."

Nora, "???"

The corners of her lips spasmed. She couldn't help but wish time could go back to two minutes ago. If so, she definitely wouldn't give herself such trouble.

Please just let that narcissist go to hell!

—

In the benches, Joel was glad to see that both of them were safe.

His cell phone rang at this moment. No one knew what the caller said, but his expression changed drastically in an instant. He turned to the bodyguard and instructed, "Take good care of Mia and make sure that she goes home safely. Something has happened to Uncle Ian. I'm going to the hospital to take a look!"

Joel left quietly and did not attract much attention. He had come anonymously anyway.

However, in the venue, Nora's competition had caused a sensation.

Justin and Nora came together from the racing track. As soon as they left the competition grounds, Logan and the others went up to them. Logan's friend immediately said, "Hey, sister, who on earth are you? You're actually so powerful! That speed, that angle, and your eyesight are simply too good!"

Nora did not say anything. She glanced at Logan and saw that the eyes of the originally arrogant young man, who was usually cold to her, were burning with passion.

He was still silent and spoke little, but his attitude had clearly changed.

He must have recognized her.

Her almond-shaped eyes glanced at him before she threw the helmet to him. "Help me bring it back."

She did not feel comfortable in this tight suit either. After saying this, she went to the lounge and changed back into her black outfit.

When she came out of the lounge, Jordan happened to walk over and was chatting with Logan.

He patted Logan's shoulder and laughed out loud. "Ms. Smith is simply godlike. She always surprises people, making us feel like everything is simple in the world."

Logan nodded. "Yes, she's very powerful."

Jordan winked at Logan and deliberately lowered his voice at this moment. "Little Brother, she's Yanci, right?"

Logan did not answer yes or deny it.

Jordan seemed to have understood something and patted his head immediately. "It's true. Speaking of which, I once said that Yanci and I are more familiar than you. But I didn't expect the two of you to be family! Now that I think of it, it's so awkward!"

Logan, "..."

He was embarrassed to say that he had just found out that this sister was Yanci.

Seeing Nora walking over, Logan hurriedly handed over the helmet in his hand.

Nora asked, "Can you help me bring it home?"

It was quite heavy. Anyway, Logan had a professional basket carrier.

Logan said, "That's not what I meant. I mean, can you sign an autograph?"

Nora, "?"

"... I plan to keep it as a memento."

"..."

—

Elsewhere.

Seeing that Nora had won first place and Justin had won second place, Pete was very happy. He slowly smiled and slipped to the toilet beside Mia and Brandon while they were not paying attention.

Cherry was hiding there. When the two children met, Cherry immediately said, "Brother, let's switch back. I miss Mommy!"

Pete, "...Okay."

Although he was a little unwilling to leave his mother and be with the tyrant, since his sister had made this request, he had to agree unconditionally.

As the two of them spoke, they changed their clothes.

Then, Cherry skipped over to Mia and Brandon.

—

Justin went off stage. When he saw that heartless woman changing her clothes, he prepared to leave.

In order to not bring Pete back and ensure that the child he brought back was his daughter, Justin deliberately dawdled for a while longer. When he heard

from the bodyguard that Nora had left with the three children, he walked out and went to Pete.

When he saw the little fellow, he suddenly squatted down and smiled. He asked, "Little Pete, was Daddy cool just now?"

His daughter was a face-judger and must have seen what happened earlier.

The reason he asked again was to deepen his daughter's impression of him.

He could almost imagine his daughter turning soft and replying cutely, "Daddy is the most handsome!"

However, he did not expect the little fellow to suddenly reach out and touch his head after staring at him for a while. "Daddy, you haven't been seeing the family doctor lately?"

Justin, "?"

The smile on his face froze. He stared at the child in front of him for a long time before suddenly realizing something.

His entire body was about to split apart. Where was his soft and affectionate daughter?!

Pete was also a little confused. How did the tyrant suddenly become like this?

He even used that indescribable expression and asked for praise... He wondered if the tyrant's soul had been pierced by someone!

Pete shook his head silently and turned to walk behind him. He wished he could cover his face so that no one would know that he was his father.

He said in a muffled voice, "Daddy, you only got second place. Mommy is first. No wonder you can't get Mommy after so long."

"..."

Sensing his son's disdain, Justin coughed and stood up straight. "Don't you know how to praise people?"

“Mommy, you were so cool today! Even if I use an earth-shattering amount of power, your handsomeness can’t be described with words. Especially that move of the beauty saving the hero at the end. That was amazing! You should let daddy devote his life to you!”

On the way back to the Andersons’, Cherry’s little mouth never stopped moving.

Although she was already immune to her words, Nora, who was driving, still twitched her lips. “Who taught you that phrase?”

Cherry tilted her head. “It was Aunt and Grandma!”

Nora, “...Don’t listen to everything other people say in the future.”

“Okay! But mommy, I missed you so much! I missed you so much that my heart almost grew wings and flew over! Mommy, did you miss me?”

The little fellow had a sweet mouth and bright eyes.

Nora looked at her through the rearview mirror and only said, “So noisy.”

Cherry immediately shut her mouth aggrievedly. She endured it and couldn’t help but ask, “Mommy, Brother isn’t noisy. Do you like him and not me?”

Nora, “...No.”

The little fellow’s expression immediately turned cheerful. “That’s good! You have to love both of us at the same time. Let me tell you, Dad and Mom can’t be biased!”

“ ... ”

—

At this moment, in the VIP ward of the hospital.

Joel rushed over in a hurry. When he reached the door of the ward, he happened to see a few nurses standing outside with bated breaths. They did not even dare to breathe. It was enough to see how angry Ian was in the ward.

He first looked for the attending doctor and asked about his condition.

The attending doctor said, “Although Mr. Smith is very angry, perhaps it’s hatred or resentment, but for some reason, he actually has some desire to live...”

Suddenly, he has the will to live?

This was logically a good thing.

At the thought of this, Joel pushed open the ward door. The moment he entered, he saw Ian sitting on the bed with a blank face. He exuded a vitality he had never felt before.

In the past, he would not be able to do anything. But now, his face was ashen and he was clearly angry.

In front of him was the DNA report that Quentin had done...