

## Chapter 301 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

She looked at her fist in surprise, and then at the man in front of her—blood was already trickling out of his mask.

“...”

A strange silence filled the place.

Just as Nora was about to apologize, Justin’s low and deep voice rang out. “He has fainted. Take him to the hospital.”

Seeing that he had spoken, the staff member didn’t dare to say any more. He gave the doctors a call at once.

There were specially hired doctors in the arena, in case people became seriously injured in the tournament. They quickly hurried over.

The group of people quickly carried the injured man away. Even the staff member who had brought them there didn’t pursue the matter. In fact, he didn’t even dare to cast even a glance at them but quickly slipped away with the crowd.

Nora: “...”

Taken aback, she asked, “He’s going to me go just like that?”

However, she paused when she looked at Justin.

For some reason, Justin had a rather odd look in his eyes as he looked at her, as though he was the one who had been punched just now.

While thinking about it, Justin coughed and asked, “Do you want to beat Big Brother up that much?”

“Yeah.”

Nora looked down at her fist and heaved a sigh. “Unfortunately, that guy just now was a fake.”

Justin: “?”

Nora told him her analysis. “I already threw the punch very slowly just now, but he still didn’t manage to react in time. In addition, the staff didn’t dare to hold me accountable at all. Based on all that, that ‘Big Brother’ was a fake.”

She waved her fist in the air and said, “I wonder when I can really slam this fist into his face.”

Justin: “...”

He suddenly felt like his cheek really hurt.

The staff didn’t pursue the matter even after she hit the fake Big Brother, so Nora could only follow Justin back into the arena again.

Soon, it was Nora’s match.

She was in Ring 6.

When the host called out her contestant number 028, she took a step forward and got ready to enter the ring. It was at this moment that Smithin jumped out from nowhere and grabbed her. He asked, “Hey, are you actually going into the ring to compete?”

Nora: “?”

She looked at the black-clad teenager with the mask and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“You sure are unlucky. To think you have been assigned Tired Reno for your first match. Do you know? Even though he’s a rookie, he has already won nine consecutive matches. Once he wins the match with you, he’ll advance to Class B.”

Nora frowned. “And then?”

Smithin thought for a moment. Then, he tried to persuade her and said, “You’ve seen him, right? Tired Reno is a big guy. He can send you sprawling with just a punch. I’d advise you to give up. A delicate young missy like you shouldn’t go into the ring. It would look really bad if you have to beg for mercy on your knees later.”

Nora: “????”

Smithin lifted his chin and said, "What are you looking at me for? He's also my opponent in my next match. Just give up, I'll beat him up for you in the next match! You can think of it as revenge!"

Quentin sounded as full of delusions of grandeur as ever.

Nora couldn't help but hold her forehead. She asked, "Are you this helpful and enthusiastic to everyone?"

Quentin: "??"

Her question stunned Quentin.

He stared at Nora blankly. For a moment, he also felt like he was behaving a little strangely.

When had he become such a busybody? What was he showing a stranger so much concern for?

To be honest, he couldn't quite describe what he was feeling, either. It was just that the woman's calm and collected attitude kept making him feel as if she was Nora.

After all, he had been tailing and protecting Nora for very long.

He snorted and said, "I guess I was being unnecessarily nosy."

He walked off after saying that.

Nora: "..."

Had her words offended Quentin just now? Otherwise, why would that guy with delusions of grandeur suddenly become so distant?

She didn't think too deeply into it, though, because she was about to go into the ring.

Before she did, she looked back and glanced at Cherry.

Cherry immediately took the hint and stretched out her hands and covered her eyes. She said, "Don't worry, Mommy, I'm all ready. I will sing rhymes for Daddy later!"

Nora then looked at Justin. She was about to speak when Justin nodded and said, "I will report the rhymes she sang to you later."

Nora nodded. While walking to the ring, she couldn't help but feel that something was amiss. It was not until she got into the ring that she suddenly realized something—was their rapport a little too good just now?

It was as if they were a family of three.

She coughed.

When her imagination was running wild, Tired Reno opposite her said, "Not only are you a woman, but you're even coming into the ring dressed like that? Are you here to fight, or are you here to look for a boyfriend?"

Nora, who was a little taken aback, lowered her head and looked at what she was wearing.

All the places that should be covered, were. There shouldn't be any problem, right?

She broke into a frown.

The audience, however, burst into loud laughter. "Yeah, it's actually a woman! What's a woman here to join in the fun for!"

Although there were a lot of girls learning martial arts nowadays, they were naturally weaker than men in physical strength. While women had managed to occupy a certain position in other respects, truly powerful women were still a minority in the world of martial arts.

There were also women among the spectators, and their words filled them with indignation. They said, "What's wrong with women? Have you forgotten the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister?"

"Exactly! Are women incapable of fighting just because they are women? If you're that great, why don't you challenge the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister to a one-on-one duel?!"

"Hmph!"

The women spoke up. They were all either someone's wives or sisters, or one of the few outstanding people in the martial arts circle. The men around them didn't dare to antagonize them anymore.

All of them changed the subject with a smile and said, "No, that's not what we meant. We're just talking about the fact that she's wearing a dress."

"Yeah, isn't it inconvenient for her to move her legs if she's wearing a dress? She's going to have wardrobe malfunctions later when she lifts her legs into the air! I'm saying it for her sake."

"Tsk, it's rare to see a woman in one-on-one duels. Of course, we would love to watch! It won't be interesting anymore if it's all men! I just think that she shouldn't have worn a dress!"

In the ring.

Tired Reno also frowned as he looked at Nora. He said, "Let's start?"

Nora stood where she was leisurely. "Yeah, let's start!"

Tired Reno frowned and said, "Do you want to go and change? I can wait for you."

Nora was a little taken aback. "Why?"

Tired Reno felt a headache coming on. "Didn't you hear what the audience said? If you continue to wear that, you... won't be able to move your legs freely."

Nora lowered her head again and looked at her dress. Only then did she realize what they were talking about. "Oh, that's what you meant," she said.

Tired Reno nodded.

Everyone else also breathed sighs of relief. Even Quentin, who was among the audience, curled his lips disdainfully.

What a stupid woman. There were so many wretched men down here, yet she had worn a dress to fight. Let's see what she was gonna do!

While he was thinking about it, he heard Nora say, "Oh, it's okay even if I don't use my legs."

Everyone: “??”

Everyone was stunned. They stared at her incredulously, wondering if the woman was out of her mind. She wasn't going to use her legs? Did that mean she was only going to use her fists? But how powerful could a woman's fists be?

Moreover, without using the legs, she wouldn't be able to do movements such as swooping toward the opponent and so on.

Quentin scoffed.

She wasn't going to use her legs? Was it because she thought flapping her lips would be enough?

Well, if she were to admit defeat before Tired Reno rushed over, she indeed wouldn't have to use her legs. In fact, she wouldn't even need her hands!

While he was thinking about it, Tired Reno frowned. “You—”

“Let's cut the crap and start.”

Nora had become annoyed. She could have already ended the match while they were talking. What a huge waste of her energy.

She stretched out a finger and made a hooking gesture at Tired Reno. “Let's start.”

Tired Reno: “!”

Although he was a man, the woman's provocation nevertheless angered him. He snorted and said, “You asked for it!”

He balled up his hands and swung his fist straight at Nora!

His punch was quick and powerful. Tired Reno, who also didn't want to waste any time, wanted to end the match quickly, so he didn't show any mercy despite his opponent being a woman.

The audience closed their eyes.

One must know that Tired Reno's punch had knocked all his previous nine opponents onto the ground!

Wasn't he a little too insensible? He was actually using his sure-kill move against a young missy right from the start?

Quentin held his forehead. Tired Reno moved so quickly that 028 probably couldn't even react in time to admit defeat.

He was still thinking about it when he heard the loud thwack of a fist making contact with flesh. Then, with a boom, someone landed fiercely on the ground.

A sympathetic Quentin looked at the ring to see how miserable the woman looked...

However, the moment she looked up, she was stunned.

There were no obstructions around the ring. It could be considered a loss if she fell off the ring. At this moment, the woman in the black dress was standing there. The air in the basement was ventilated, and her black dress fluttered arrogantly with the wind.

In front of her, Tired Reno had collapsed to the ground, exhausted. He had already fainted.

Everyone: "!!!"

Quentin narrowed his eyes as well.

"Omg!"

The entire audience erupted. Everyone was asking, "Did you see what just happened?"

"Wait, Tired Reno went to hit someone, but why he did faint instead?"

Someone said weakly, "I... I think I saw 028 reach out her hand and gently hit Tired Reno."

"..."

The crowd fell silent again.

Then, they saw 028 rubbing her wrist and looking around hesitantly. "Is it over?"

Only then did the referee react and announce, "028 wins!"

Nora walked to the side and jumped down from the ring.

The audience immediately gave way in fear.

They saw her walking along the crowd to the food section. There was a sofa over there. A man was sitting there hugging a girl.

After everyone simmered down, they could hear the little girl reciting a poem in her childish voice.

"...The stone path to the mountain is slanted.

He and she were deep in the clouds.

Dreaming of a princess meeting a prince.

But in reality, a dinosaur meets a frog..."

Nora stopped in her tracks. Veins popped out on her forehead.

When Cherry saw her walking over, she said excitedly, "Mommy, I've already memorized 300 poems! I didn't peek at your competition earlier!"

Everyone was speechless.

What a strange family of three!!!

Initially, they thought that the woman was hungry when she went to the food section. However, after Nora walked over, she sat on the sofa beside the girl and told the man and the girl, "Wake me up at 8 o'clock."

Then, she tilted her head slightly and fell asleep on the sofa.

Everyone was speechless.

Quentin: !!!

His lips twitched. He felt that this woman was simply unreasonable. She had just defeated Tired Reno. Who was she?

Under everyone's guesses, Nora really fell asleep.



Her dreams were strange and chaotic. In the end, she was not woken up by Justin, but by her own phone call.

She yawned and answered the call in a daze. She said angrily, "You better have something important to say."

With that, she opened her eyes lazily and saw Justin and Cherry opposite her. Behind their masks, the two pairs of eyes were staring at her.

Cherry said softly, "Mommy has a very bad morning temper. It's especially scary."

Justin had a regretful look on his face. "It's a pity I didn't get the chance to see it."

Cherry said, "Next time when we sleep together, I'll let you take a look in the morning. We're outside right now, so she's a little restrained!"

Justin smiled. "Yes, I look forward to that day."

Nora: "..."

Only then did she realize that she was in the sparring arena. The noisy crowd around her had prevented her from taking a good nap.

She subconsciously sat up straight and wiped the non-existent saliva from the corner of her mouth.

The two people opposite her were speechless.

Solo's voice came from the other end of the line. "Sigh, stop scaring me. I found some information about Ryan. Didn't you ask me to help you investigate?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What?"

"Ryan was the second son of the Smiths back then. Ian is the third son of the Smiths. You know that, right? Back then, the eldest son of the Smiths was useless. As he liked to mess around outside, the previous head of the Smiths decided to look for the next patriarch between Ryan and Ian. Unfortunately, Ryan's private life was chaotic and he was with many women. It was said that he even got a small celebrity pregnant. In addition, although Ian was three years younger than Ryan, he had already displayed outstanding aptitude.

Therefore, Ian was made the person in charge at that time. Ryan became more carefree from then on, but he was actually not as useless as he looked.”

All the news Nora heard about Ryan from the Smiths was about his bad aspects.

For example, he was slippery and unreliable.

She narrowed her eyes. Just as she was thinking about what Ryan was doing, Solo said, “You know Quentin, right? It wouldn’t be surprising even if you don’t know. From Quentin’s generation, the Smiths have hidden his existence. Outsiders won’t know about him. They let Quentin handle things that aren’t suitable to be seen by the public. The Smiths’ hidden forces are all in Quentin’s hands. You’ve just reunited with the Smiths, so it’s normal that you don’t know about him.”

Nora: “...”

The second Smiths member she met was Quentin.

However, she did not interrupt Solo. She knew that this person liked to keep people in suspense when he sent messages, so she decided not to say anything. As expected, Solo felt that it was meaningless to wait for a reply from her. He pursed his lips and said, “But do you know who founded this dark force?”

Nora frowned. “Ryan?”

Solo: “No.”

Nora: “!!”

If that wasn’t the case, why did he say so much nonsense?

Just as she was about to lose her temper, Solo accurately grasped her temper and hurriedly explained, “It was Ian. However, Ian inherited the Smiths and became the patriarch on the surface, so he handed that force to Ryan.”

Nora narrowed her eyes.

“Also, Ryan is from Irvin School of Martial Arts. He can be considered a member of the pugilistic world. He has a certain status in New York’s pugilistic world. I heard that he hosted two tournaments back then. Up until now, most

of the ways to earn money in the tournaments were thought of by Ian and him.”

Nora: “...”

She was stunned. “The Smiths own shares in the martial arts tournament?”

“It’s not shares. Ryan used to be the president of the pugilistic world. Even now, his name is still on the title.”

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Solo said, “I asked around again and realized that although the president of the pugilistic world had disappeared, the association would often receive some orders from him to prevent the pugilistic world from becoming a mess over the years.”

“Got it.”

Nora hung up.

She held her chin and began to think. She did not expect to hear news about Ryan when she was only participating in a martial arts tournament.

She wanted to look for Ryan only to get his DNA sample. She would compare the two DNA match results to determine whose daughter she was.

After all, Lily had said that her genes had mutated. The comparison between her and Ian’s DNA samples was actually not accurate.

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly saw a person in ragged clothes flash past not far away, making her frown.

Wasn’t this Old Maddy?

Why was he here?!

Nora thought about this and hurriedly stood up to follow.

But before she could take two steps, Justin followed her. “What’s wrong?”

“I saw an acquaintance,” Nora replied simply and continued walking forward. However, she realized that Old Maddy had already disappeared.

She was very confident that she had not mistaken him.

After all, she did not like to fantasize.

But why was Old Maddy here? The Smith villa was an hour away from here.

As she frowned in thought, it was her turn to go on stage. "This competition is between 028 and Milk Lover. Please come on stage."

Nora could only give up on looking for Old Maddy and went on stage.

A woman had subdued "Tired Reno" the moment she made a move. This had attracted everyone's attention. Everyone wanted to know what had just happened.

Some people even felt that Nora might have been lucky just now. Tired Reno must have made a mistake to be hit by her.

Furthermore, it was her first time on stage. Perhaps Tired Reno had underestimated her.

Just like Tired Reno, Milk Lover had already won eight or nine rounds and was not bad. At least he was not a simple Class A.

Before Milk Lover went on stage, he was warned by a kind person to be wary of 028.

However, after he went on stage, he saw that Nora was still wearing that dress. She did not change her clothes at all.

With her eye-catchingly beautiful figure and slender waist, she did not look like a trained person.

Milk Lover raised his guard.

He said, "028, what's your name?"

Everyone would give themselves a name. For example, Tired Reno and Milk Lover were Internet aliases. Of course, if someone wanted to use their real name, it was not a problem.

Nora: "028."

Milk Lover: "I'm asking for your real name. I want to know which sect you're from."

Nora was silent for a moment. "You don't need to know."

On such an occasion, she would be in the limelight sooner or later. She must not leave her name.

When Milk Lover saw her distant look, he frowned. "Alright, since you don't want to say anything, don't blame me for being rude! You don't use your legs, right? Heh!"

With that, he leaped and kicked.

This kick was very strong. In addition, he ran a short distance to gain more strength in his kick. If Nora was kicked, she would definitely be injured. Everyone thought that Nora would dodge easily and find another opportunity to counterattack.

However, they did not expect Nora to suddenly take a small step back and stretch out her fist.

Bam!

Nora's fist landed on the soles of Milk Lover's feet. She directly sent him flying out of the ring.

Bam!

Milk Lover prostrated on the ground below the ring.

"Omg!"

The entire venue was in an uproar.

This time, everyone was certain that 028 was not just lucky. She was really a martial arts expert!

"028 wins this competition!"

With his previous experience, the referee did not stutter this time.

Nora walked down from the stage.

She ignored the surrounding voices trying to curry favor with her and walked toward Justin again.

Quentin, who was hiding in the crowd and watching her compete, narrowed his eyes. This woman was not bad.

He walked towards her.

Nora had completed her mission today and was prepared to go home.

After all, she had to fight two matches a day. She needed to fight 60 times and 30 days to reach Class F and fight against Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother.

She sighed silently.

It was a waste of time.

How good would it be if she could finish all the competitions in one day?

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly heard praise from behind her. "Your performance just now was not bad. You impressed me."

Nora,:"???"

She pursed her lips and turned around. Sure enough, Quentin was standing behind her, staring at her seriously. "I now announce that I was wrong. You can be my opponent."

"..."

Why did this stupid vibe make her want to attack?

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

She was about to say something when Quentin suddenly said, "I seriously considered it. I think you can become my teammate. We can team up and level up together."

Nora: "?"

Team up to level up?

She frowned. "I'm not interested in all that."

She did not have time to team up with him!

As she thought about this, Quentin's calm voice sounded. "Is that so? Forget it then. I originally didn't think we should team up. After all, I'm so powerful. I can definitely advance all the way. If not for saving time, I wouldn't have considered this. Sorry to disturb you."

With that, he turned to leave, but his arm was suddenly grabbed. He turned back hesitantly and saw the woman in the silver mask staring at him. "Save time? What do you mean? Explain clearly before you leave."

Quentin: "???"

He was surprised. "Didn't you see the competition rules?"

Nora blinked and answered confidently, "No."

Why would she bother seeing the rules? Wasn't it just fighting!

Quentin: "..."

The corners of his lips twitched. "In a one-on-one competition, you have to win ten rounds before you can advance. But in a team competition, you can advance collectively after winning five rounds. I came to register for the competition today. It will take a month to enter Class F, but if we team up, it will take half a month. Of course, after entering Class F, the team will automatically disband, and we will still be opponents."

Nora: "!!"

Why didn't she know there was such a system!

"Let's team up," she agreed happily.

Quentin frowned. "Team up? You really want to enter Class F? Why do you want to enter Class F?"

Nora replied, "To fight with Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother."

“Impressive.” Quentin gave her a thumbs up. “Just now, I thought that your IQ was a little low and that you were not worthy of being my match. But your ambition is not small, it has made up for your IQ.”

Nora, who had outstanding intelligence, was speechless.

Seeing her staring at him, Quentin raised his chin as well. “I just made an agreement with Big Sister. When I enter Class F, I’ll spar with her. Looks like we have the same goal. That way, we’ll save ourselves a lot of trouble.”

“Then let’s team up,” Nora replied.

“Not yet.” Quentin sighed. “There have to be three people in a team. We’re still short of one person.”

Nora: “??”

She looked around and finally looked at Justin. She grabbed his arm and pushed him forward. “Add him.”

Justin, the top disciple of Irvin School of Martial Arts, was just standing at the side and listening to them talk. At the moment, he was speechless.

“Can he do it?”

Quentin said in disdain.

When Justin, who had originally planned to reject them, heard this, he immediately sneered. Just as he was about to speak, Nora said, “He definitely can.”

Men could not say no.

Quentin: “?”

He hesitated. “Have you tried it before?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then, let’s team up.”

“ ... ”



Justin, who was standing beside them, seriously suspected that these two people were in cahoots!

However, the two of them were clearly fine and did not say anything. He could only retract his suspicions.

Nora leaned in and whispered, "Help me out, I have to meet Big Brother in the tournament as quickly as I can."

Justin, who would rather not meet Nora in a match, looked at her almond-shaped eyes. "... Okay."

Therefore, the three of them walked to the registration area and prepared to switch to the team competition.

However, halfway through, Nora suddenly saw Old Maddy again!

He secretly sneaked into the room beside him, making Nora narrow her eyes. She gave Justin a look and sneaked over.

She wanted to see what Old Maddy was up to!!

Nora glanced at Justin and quickly slipped to the side.

Quentin was stunned and planned to chase after her. "Hey, where are you going..."

However, Justin grabbed his arm and the man replied coldly, "She's going to be busy."

"What is she busy with? The registration deadline is coming up soon! Today is the last day!"

Justin did not let go of his hand at all. "The two of us can just register."

Quentin frowned. "How is that possible? There have to be three people in the team competition. You..."

Before he could finish speaking, Justin pulled him toward the registration counter.

Quentin: "??"

He wanted to break free, but with his strength, he could not. This reminded him of how Nora had grabbed his arm when he was about to leave and refused to let him go.

This couple was really strange. They were both extremely strong.

With this doubt in mind, Quentin and Justin arrived at the registration counter.

The staff at the registration counter was lazily slouched with his legs crossed. When he saw the two of them enter and noticed Justin, he immediately stood up. "B-Bi-Br..."

Before he could call out "Big Brother," Justin interrupted him. "We came to sign up for the team competition. One of us has something on, so can the two of us sign up?"

The staff member: "!!!"

Register for the team competition?

Big Brother, what kind of international joke was this?!

Who could match his speed!

However, the staff member did not dare to speak much, especially when he saw Justin's bright eyes. He smiled. "Of course, of course! May I know your names?"

"Smithin, 028, and me." Justin paused. "820."

820?

Although there was already someone with this number, if Big Brother said he was 820, then he was 820. The staff member was very tactful and immediately nodded. "Alright, I'll handle it for you right away!"

With that, he lowered his head and stamped his seal, settling the team competition registration. He did not even need to ask about ordinary matters. "That's enough. You guys can participate in the team competition starting tomorrow."

"Okay."

After receiving the bracelet from the representative team, Justin and Quentin left the registration area.

As soon as the two of them left, someone secretly went to the registration counter. "Can we sign up for the team competition? The other two didn't rush over because they had something on. I'll sign them up for them."

The staff member said, "No! The three people attending the team competition must be here at the same time. Otherwise, you can't sign up!"

"..."

Quentin looked at this scene and revealed a thoughtful look.

After leaving the registration area with Justin, he suddenly said reservedly, "I understand."

Justin: "?"

Quentin: "Sigh, I must have been exposed."

Justin: "???"

Quentin looked at him. "Do you know why the staff was so respectful to us just now?"

Justin hesitated for a moment before replying, "Why?"

"Because I'm still careless enough to expose my identity. That's right. Smithin is the same as Quentin."

Quentin?

So he was Quentin, the Smiths' dark power.

Everyone in New York knew that the current generation of Smiths had six sons. However, they did not know that the Smiths actually had seven sons.

It was said that Quentin was third.

As Justin thought this, he saw the young man in front of him pat his shoulder. "You definitely know who I am. My second uncle is Ryan Smith, the president

of the pugilistic world. That's why the staff was so respectful to me. However, you don't have to feel pressured to team up with me. I'm very approachable."

Justin: "????"

"Tell your wife there's no need to feel any pressure. And once you know my true identity, don't be arrogant. After all, in the entire New York, after Big Sister and Big Brother, I'm the most powerful."

Justin: "..."

"Speaking of which, I'm a little worried about you."

Quentin looked at Justin. This person might have been hiding in the dark all day, so he was very talkative at this moment. "Your wife is so obsessed with Big Brother. I keep feeling that it's not simple. You must be jealous, right?"

Justin: "??"

"It's just like how I admire Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister. When I admire her, unknowingly, that kind of relationship has already changed. If Big Sister does not dislike me, I'm willing to be with her, even if she's..."

Before Quentin met Big Sister, he did not expect her to be such a muscular woman.

However, the admiration he felt for her was too strong. After the initial shock, he had already gotten used to her figure and even ignored it.

Yes, even if she was a fatty, he could do it!

Justin: "!!!"

The corners of his mouth twitched. "Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister is already married."

"What?" Quentin was stunned. "Why haven't I heard of it before?"

"Do you know who I am?"

Justin looked at him.

Quentin shook his head.

Justin smiled. "Yes, it's good that you don't know."

Previously, he had been worried that this fool would recognize him. Now, it seemed like this worry was completely unnecessary. He did not even know the most basic scam at the martial arts seminar! This person had really wasted his years!

Quentin: "..."

On the other side, Nora did not lose track of Old Maddy.

Old Maddy had been acting suspiciously. He looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to him, so he entered a room.

Nora slowed down and came to the door.. She gently pushed the door open and looked over. She saw Old Maddy sitting there...

Old Maddy sat there. No, to be more specific, he was squatting there and eating the food beside him. He ate the cake until his face was full, and he stuffed juice and meat into his mouth. He looked like he had not eaten anything good for a long time.

Nora: "!!"

So he had sneaked here to steal food?

While she was in a daze, a worker saw her and walked over with a frown. "What are you doing? This is Big Sister's resting place. You..."

Before he could finish speaking, he saw Old Maddy in the room. He immediately rushed in anxiously. "Beggar? Why are you here? Get lost! This is not a place for you to stay. This is the place for Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister!"

He grabbed Old Maddy's arm in disdain.

Old Maddy's clothes were rolled up, and his arm was covered in scars, as if they had been burned. He smiled at the staff and stuffed food into his mouth crazily.

Nora: "!"

The staff member was anxious. “Quickly call security. How can we let the beggar in? This is not a place he can come as he pleases!”

When he was about to leave, Nora stopped him. “Wait a minute. I know this person. I’ll take him away.”

The staff frowned and reprimanded, “You brought him in? Watch the person you brought in. Take him away quickly. This is Big Sister’s waiting room! This is Big Sister’s first time on stage this year. Her status is very noble! These desserts were all prepared for her, how dare he eat them! He’s going overboard!”

When Old Maddy heard this, he looked at her and grinned. “Delicious.”

One could not tell his looks from his face, but he looked really ugly when he was eating.

Nora took a deep breath. “Follow me.”

Old Maddy still seemed to remember her. Perhaps it was because, even if he was crazy, he knew that he had made a mistake and followed Nora obediently.

The two of them walked through the crowd and out of the basement, then went to the parking lot.

Old Maddy had been eating all along the way. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

When they arrived at the car park, there was no one around. Nora suddenly reached out and grabbed Old Maddy’s arm, pressing against his pulse.

His pulse was strong but chaotic.

He was indeed crazy.

Was Old Maddy really a lunatic?

But the Smith villa was so far away. How did he get here?

Nora simply asked, “Old Maddy, why are you here?”

Old Maddy raised his hand and ate half of the cake. He held it tightly in his hand and handed it to Nora. "It's delicious. Eat..."

The cake was rotten from his grip. It was disgusting.

Nora stared at it for a while. "You came here for food?"

Old Maddy nodded. Seeing that she was not eating, he stuffed the cake in his hand into his mouth.

Nora clenched her jaw.

She stared at him for a long time before sighing deeply. "I'll take you back."

It was unknown if Old Maddy understood what she meant. He followed behind Nora and the two of them got into the car. Nora drove him back to the Smiths villa.

On the way, she sent Justin a message and told him that she had left.

Justin replied, reminding her to participate in the competition tomorrow. Moreover, the person who was teaming up with them was called Smithin.

Nora expressed that she understood.

On the way, she observed Old Maddy through the rearview mirror.

He sat in the backseat obediently and quietly. His legs were relaxed and he subconsciously revealed the posture of a big boss. However, when she looked at his face, he was reserved and curiously touching everything.

When he met Nora's gaze, he jumped in shock and curled up obediently.

This person gave off a very contradictory feeling.

Nora thought of what Old Maddy had said when he found her last time. She asked tentatively, "Old Maddy, do you know Ryan?"

"Ryan..." Old Maddy muttered the name silently before shaking his head in confusion. "I don't know him..."

He had clearly mentioned Ryan previously.

Nora frowned and said, "Then do you know Ian?"

Old Maddy nodded immediately. "Ian is a good person!"

With that, he seemed excited. "He has a daughter! He has a daughter!"

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "Who's his daughter?"

Old Maddy pointed at her. "It's you, it's you, it's you!"

Nora followed his lead. "But everyone says I'm Ryan's daughter."

"You're not like him."

Old Maddy grinned. "You look like Ian. You're Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter! Ian's daughter has returned home!"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

These words made her feel that Old Maddy knew something. This person's identity was definitely not simple.

Furthermore... could he be Ryan?

Ryan...

Nora seemed to have suddenly thought of something. She sped up and the car dashed directly into the Smiths' residence. When they reached home, she grabbed Old Maddy.

Then, she took a few strands of his hair and rushed into the room, heading upstairs.

After entering her bedroom, she put the hair in a special bag and called Lily. She sent Lily the samples overnight for her to test Old Maddy's DNA.

Although the possibility of Old Maddy being Ryan was not high, she still had to confirm it.



She did not notice that after she left, Old Maddy was still standing at the same spot. After staring at Nora's back for a long time, his eyes suddenly became clear.

He seemed to not understand what was going on as he muttered, "Yvette..."

After shouting this name, Old Maddy's eyes gradually became confused.

He seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. He only repeated, "Ian has a daughter. Ian's daughter is looking for him..."

Then, he lowered his head and continued eating the cake in his hand. He walked familiarly to the small house in the front yard.

The next day, when Nora woke up, the test results from Lily had not arrived yet. After all, this time, it was an international express delivery. It would take two days to reach.

Nora yawned. When she got up and saw that Pete had already been taken to school by Joel, she went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she saw that the atmosphere in the living room was not right.

She yawned and looked over in confusion. She saw Maureen looking at Yvonne angrily and saying, "I told you, if it's not us, then it's not us! Why would we tell outsiders about you? What good is it to us if you don't enter the Hacker Alliance?"

Yvonne lowered her head, her eyes red.

She did not speak. Florence, who had always been standing beside her, said, "But Miss Yvonne did not enter the Hacker Alliance because someone said that there was a problem with her software and that she attacked her own family for no reason. This kind of software definitely doesn't qualify, so she was eliminated. Y and Q had agreed to let her join at first!"

Maureen sneered. "What does that have to do with us? We don't even know any hackers. If we knew any hackers, would we still need to beg you all these years?"

Warren frowned as well. “Yvonne, you even suspect me? When have I deceived you all these years?”

Yvonne sighed, “Warren, it’s not that I don’t believe you, but this matter has indeed been leaked. Do you really not know any hackers?”

“Of course...” Warren wanted to answer firmly, but his words suddenly stopped.

Of course, they knew a hacker.

He swallowed. “I... I know Solo, but I never told him about this. Even if he found out that someone had invaded us, he didn’t know who you were!”

Maureen said in disdain, “Yes, some people are just delusional. We’re the ones who leaked the news just because we know Solo? Nora introduced him to us! Are you going to malign Nora as well?”

She paused.

Maureen and Warren looked at each other.

Sure enough, Yvonne said in surprise, “You’re saying that Nora also knows Solo?”

She bit her lip and sighed heavily.

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne’s expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. “Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she’d written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn’t it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. “See, you’ve already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne’s plans!”

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. “Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I’m not bad to you either!”

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, “What did I do to you? Isn’t it because your skills aren’t good enough?”

Everyone: “!!!”

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good. Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."

Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"

Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. You can just stand behind me later. I'll take on two opponents."

Justin: "???"

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, "With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team's name?"

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, "How about Third In The World?"

Nora: "?"

Justin: "?"

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, “Don’t forget this—I’m the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!”

“...”

Nora couldn’t be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, “It’s up to you.”

As a result...

“Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!”

Together with the host’s announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn't even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

"One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I'm your fan!"

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: "???"

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. "Ahhhhh! She's so suave!"

Quentin: "???"

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn't easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. “Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don’t you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!”

Quentin: “!!!!”

Why hadn’t he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you’re wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I’ll take care of...”

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn’t give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn’t very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren’t hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn’t be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces



with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin fainted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: "??"

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, "What happened?"

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

"..."

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, "Team Third In The World wins!"

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

"Smithin!"

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He’d originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. “No, it’s not convenient,” he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

'Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?'

'Ahhhh! If I weren't already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I'd have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother's! They are both so tall and handsome!'

Someone even asked:

'Shouldn't there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?'

Someone kindly answered: 'No, the last member is Smithin, but he's not important. Your focus is off, bro.'

Quentin: "???"

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, "Why don't I carry the kid for the next match?"

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn't he thought of it just now?

Justin: "?"

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, "Sure."

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

"Why is Smithin holding the child this time?"

"Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!"

"You're right! Also, doesn't Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don't look like they're here to compete at all. They're clearly here for shopping!"

Quentin: "?"

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin's lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

"Why is their team named Third In The World?"

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora’s two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, “Big Sister is on! She’s going to compete!”

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, “You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister’s graceful form?”

“...”

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, “Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he’s automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn’t, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn’t lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she’ll advance to Class C once she finishes this match.”

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

“Also,” Quentin patted his chest and said, “When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before.”

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

“Big Sister! Big Sister!”

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she's Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren't that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I'm really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who's the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can't they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn't it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man's muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn't the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with 'Big Sister' stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, "It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister."

Big Sister nodded and said, "I look forward to your guidance."

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn't that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts' moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

"Big Sister has won!"

"Isn't that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!"

"Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?"

"It's because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength..."

"Don't tell anyone, but I think No. 028's match was more interesting than Big Sister's..."

"I think so, too..."

"Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?"

Amidst everyone's speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.



The door to the fake Big Sister's lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. "Who's there?"

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister's intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, "Linda pays her respects to her senior!"

'Senior'?

Nora was surprised. "Whose disciple are you?"

"My teacher is Sir Lucas."

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, “The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don’t have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you.”

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, “I’ve already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation.”

Nora: “...”

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, “Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?”

Linda smiled and replied, “Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity.”

“Okay, we’ll do just that, then,” said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother’s words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy’s arm and said, “Where do you live? I’ll take you back there.”

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. “Will you give me hamburgers?”

“Yes.”

“Okay!”

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn’t foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren’t many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one’s field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora’s eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy’s house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to

cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch



on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!”

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. “You’re really a man who says one thing but means another!”

Warren snorted. “How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you’re out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn’t go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy’s condition sound as serious as possible!”

“No problem!”

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy’s illness was in the brain, but it wasn’t so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. “Are you going to the backyard, Nora?” she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn’t bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, “Yeah.”

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy's illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, “How do you feel, Old Maddy?”

## **Chapter 302 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

While he was thinking about it, Tired Reno frowned. “You—”

“Let’s cut the crap and start.”

Nora had become annoyed. She could have already ended the match while they were talking. What a huge waste of her energy.

She stretched out a finger and made a hooking gesture at Tired Reno. “Let’s start.”

Tired Reno: “!”

Although he was a man, the woman’s provocation nevertheless angered him. He snorted and said, “You asked for it!”

He balled up his hands and swung his fist straight at Nora!

His punch was quick and powerful. Tired Reno, who also didn’t want to waste any time, wanted to end the match quickly, so he didn’t show any mercy despite his opponent being a woman.

The audience closed their eyes.

One must know that Tired Reno’s punch had knocked all his previous nine opponents onto the ground!

Wasn’t he a little too insensible? He was actually using his sure-kill move against a young missy right from the start?

Quentin held his forehead. Tired Reno moved so quickly that 028 probably couldn’t even react in time to admit defeat.

He was still thinking about it when he heard the loud thwack of a fist making contact with flesh. Then, with a boom, someone landed fiercely on the ground.

A sympathetic Quentin looked at the ring to see how miserable the woman looked...

However, the moment she looked up, she was stunned.

There were no obstructions around the ring. It could be considered a loss if she fell off the ring. At this moment, the woman in the black dress was standing there. The air in the basement was ventilated, and her black dress fluttered arrogantly with the wind.

In front of her, Tired Reno had collapsed to the ground, exhausted. He had already fainted.

Everyone: “!!!”

Quentin narrowed his eyes as well.

“Omg!”

The entire audience erupted. Everyone was asking, “Did you see what just happened?”

“Wait, Tired Reno went to hit someone, but why he did faint instead?”

Someone said weakly, “I... I think I saw 028 reach out her hand and gently hit Tired Reno.”

“...”

The crowd fell silent again.

Then, they saw 028 rubbing her wrist and looking around hesitantly. “Is it over?”

Only then did the referee react and announce, “028 wins!”

Nora walked to the side and jumped down from the ring.

The audience immediately gave way in fear.

They saw her walking along the crowd to the food section. There was a sofa over there. A man was sitting there hugging a girl.

After everyone simmered down, they could hear the little girl reciting a poem in her childish voice.

“...The stone path to the mountain is slanted.

He and she were deep in the clouds.

Dreaming of a princess meeting a prince.

But in reality, a dinosaur meets a frog...”

Nora stopped in her tracks. Veins popped out on her forehead.

When Cherry saw her walking over, she said excitedly, “Mommy, I’ve already memorized 300 poems! I didn’t peek at your competition earlier!”

Everyone was speechless.

What a strange family of three!!!

Initially, they thought that the woman was hungry when she went to the food section. However, after Nora walked over, she sat on the sofa beside the girl and told the man and the girl, “Wake me up at 8 o’clock.”

Then, she tilted her head slightly and fell asleep on the sofa.

Everyone was speechless.

Quentin: !!!

His lips twitched. He felt that this woman was simply unreasonable. She had just defeated Tired Reno. Who was she?

Under everyone’s guesses, Nora really fell asleep.

Her dreams were strange and chaotic. In the end, she was not woken up by Justin, but by her own phone call.

She yawned and answered the call in a daze. She said angrily, “You better have something important to say.”

With that, she opened her eyes lazily and saw Justin and Cherry opposite her. Behind their masks, the two pairs of eyes were staring at her.

Cherry said softly, “Mommy has a very bad morning temper. It’s especially scary.”

Justin had a regretful look on his face. "It's a pity I didn't get the chance to see it."

Cherry said, "Next time when we sleep together, I'll let you take a look in the morning. We're outside right now, so she's a little restrained!"

Justin smiled. "Yes, I look forward to that day."

Nora: "..."

Only then did she realize that she was in the sparring arena. The noisy crowd around her had prevented her from taking a good nap.

She subconsciously sat up straight and wiped the non-existent saliva from the corner of her mouth.

The two people opposite her were speechless.

Solo's voice came from the other end of the line. "Sigh, stop scaring me. I found some information about Ryan. Didn't you ask me to help you investigate?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What?"

"Ryan was the second son of the Smiths back then. Ian is the third son of the Smiths. You know that, right? Back then, the eldest son of the Smiths was useless. As he liked to mess around outside, the previous head of the Smiths decided to look for the next patriarch between Ryan and Ian. Unfortunately, Ryan's private life was chaotic and he was with many women. It was said that he even got a small celebrity pregnant. In addition, although Ian was three years younger than Ryan, he had already displayed outstanding aptitude. Therefore, Ian was made the person in charge at that time. Ryan became more carefree from then on, but he was actually not as useless as he looked."

All the news Nora heard about Ryan from the Smiths was about his bad aspects.

For example, he was slippery and unreliable.

She narrowed her eyes. Just as she was thinking about what Ryan was doing, Solo said, "You know Quentin, right? It wouldn't be surprising even if you don't know. From Quentin's generation, the Smiths have hidden his existence."



Outsiders won't know about him. They let Quentin handle things that aren't suitable to be seen by the public. The Smiths' hidden forces are all in Quentin's hands. You've just reunited with the Smiths, so it's normal that you don't know about him."

Nora: "..."

The second Smiths member she met was Quentin.

However, she did not interrupt Solo. She knew that this person liked to keep people in suspense when he sent messages, so she decided not to say anything. As expected, Solo felt that it was meaningless to wait for a reply from her. He pursed his lips and said, "But do you know who founded this dark force?"

Nora frowned. "Ryan?"

Solo: "No."

Nora: "!!"

If that wasn't the case, why did he say so much nonsense?

Just as she was about to lose her temper, Solo accurately grasped her temper and hurriedly explained, "It was Ian. However, Ian inherited the Smiths and became the patriarch on the surface, so he handed that force to Ryan."

Nora narrowed her eyes.

"Also, Ryan is from Irvin School of Martial Arts. He can be considered a member of the pugilistic world. He has a certain status in New York's pugilistic world. I heard that he hosted two tournaments back then. Up until now, most of the ways to earn money in the tournaments were thought of by Ian and him."

Nora: "..."

She was stunned. "The Smiths own shares in the martial arts tournament?"

"It's not shares. Ryan used to be the president of the pugilistic world. Even now, his name is still on the title."

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Solo said, "I asked around again and realized that although the president of the pugilistic world had disappeared, the association would often receive some orders from him to prevent the pugilistic world from becoming a mess over the years."

"Got it."

Nora hung up.

She held her chin and began to think. She did not expect to hear news about Ryan when she was only participating in a martial arts tournament.

She wanted to look for Ryan only to get his DNA sample. She would compare the two DNA match results to determine whose daughter she was.

After all, Lily had said that her genes had mutated. The comparison between her and Ian's DNA samples was actually not accurate.

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly saw a person in ragged clothes flash past not far away, making her frown.

Wasn't this Old Maddy?

Why was he here?!

Nora thought about this and hurriedly stood up to follow.

But before she could take two steps, Justin followed her. "What's wrong?"

"I saw an acquaintance," Nora replied simply and continued walking forward. However, she realized that Old Maddy had already disappeared.

She was very confident that she had not mistaken him.

After all, she did not like to fantasize.

But why was Old Maddy here? The Smith villa was an hour away from here.

As she frowned in thought, it was her turn to go on stage. "This competition is between 028 and Milk Lover. Please come on stage."

Nora could only give up on looking for Old Maddy and went on stage.

A woman had subdued “Tired Reno” the moment she made a move. This had attracted everyone’s attention. Everyone wanted to know what had just happened.

Some people even felt that Nora might have been lucky just now. Tired Reno must have made a mistake to be hit by her.

Furthermore, it was her first time on stage. Perhaps Tired Reno had underestimated her.

Just like Tired Reno, Milk Lover had already won eight or nine rounds and was not bad. At least he was not a simple Class A.

Before Milk Lover went on stage, he was warned by a kind person to be wary of 028.

However, after he went on stage, he saw that Nora was still wearing that dress. She did not change her clothes at all.

With her eye-catchingly beautiful figure and slender waist, she did not look like a trained person.

Milk Lover raised his guard.

He said, “028, what’s your name?”

Everyone would give themselves a name. For example, Tired Reno and Milk Lover were Internet aliases. Of course, if someone wanted to use their real name, it was not a problem.

Nora: “028.”

Milk Lover: “I’m asking for your real name. I want to know which sect you’re from.”

Nora was silent for a moment. “You don’t need to know.”

On such an occasion, she would be in the limelight sooner or later. She must not leave her name.

When Milk Lover saw her distant look, he frowned. “Alright, since you don’t want to say anything, don’t blame me for being rude! You don’t use your legs, right? Heh!”

With that, he leaped and kicked.

This kick was very strong. In addition, he ran a short distance to gain more strength in his kick. If Nora was kicked, she would definitely be injured. Everyone thought that Nora would dodge easily and find another opportunity to counterattack.

However, they did not expect Nora to suddenly take a small step back and stretch out her fist.

Bam!

Nora's fist landed on the soles of Milk Lover's feet. She directly sent him flying out of the ring.

Bam!

Milk Lover prostrated on the ground below the ring.

“Omg!”

The entire venue was in an uproar.

This time, everyone was certain that 028 was not just lucky. She was really a martial arts expert!

“028 wins this competition!”

With his previous experience, the referee did not stutter this time.

Nora walked down from the stage.

She ignored the surrounding voices trying to curry favor with her and walked toward Justin again.

Quentin, who was hiding in the crowd and watching her compete, narrowed his eyes. This woman was not bad.

He walked towards her.

Nora had completed her mission today and was prepared to go home.

After all, she had to fight two matches a day. She needed to fight 60 times and 30 days to reach Class F and fight against Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother.

She sighed silently.

It was a waste of time.

How good would it be if she could finish all the competitions in one day?

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly heard praise from behind her. "Your performance just now was not bad. You impressed me."

Nora: "???"

She pursed her lips and turned around. Sure enough, Quentin was standing behind her, staring at her seriously. "I now announce that I was wrong. You can be my opponent."

"..."

Why did this stupid vibe make her want to attack?

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

She was about to say something when Quentin suddenly said, "I seriously considered it. I think you can become my teammate. We can team up and level up together."

Nora: "?"

Team up to level up?

She frowned. "I'm not interested in all that."

She did not have time to team up with him!

As she thought about this, Quentin's calm voice sounded. "Is that so? Forget it then. I originally didn't think we should team up. After all, I'm so powerful. I can definitely advance all the way. If not for saving time, I wouldn't have considered this. Sorry to disturb you."

With that, he turned to leave, but his arm was suddenly grabbed. He turned back hesitantly and saw the woman in the silver mask staring at him. "Save time? What do you mean? Explain clearly before you leave."

Quentin: "???"

He was surprised. "Didn't you see the competition rules?"

Nora blinked and answered confidently, "No."

Why would she bother seeing the rules? Wasn't it just fighting!

Quentin: "..."

The corners of his lips twitched. "In a one-on-one competition, you have to win ten rounds before you can advance. But in a team competition, you can advance collectively after winning five rounds. I came to register for the competition today. It will take a month to enter Class F, but if we team up, it will take half a month. Of course, after entering Class F, the team will automatically disband, and we will still be opponents."

Nora: "!!"

Why didn't she know there was such a system!

"Let's team up," she agreed happily.

Quentin frowned. "Team up? You really want to enter Class F? Why do you want to enter Class F?"

Nora replied, "To fight with Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother."

"Impressive." Quentin gave her a thumbs up. "Just now, I thought that your IQ was a little low and that you were not worthy of being my match. But your ambition is not small, it has made up for your IQ."

Nora, who had outstanding intelligence, was speechless.

Seeing her staring at him, Quentin raised his chin as well. "I just made an agreement with Big Sister. When I enter Class F, I'll spar with her. Looks like we have the same goal. That way, we'll save ourselves a lot of trouble."

"Then let's team up," Nora replied.

“Not yet.” Quentin sighed. “There have to be three people in a team. We’re still short of one person.”

Nora: “??”

She looked around and finally looked at Justin. She grabbed his arm and pushed him forward. “Add him.”

Justin, the top disciple of Irvin School of Martial Arts, was just standing at the side and listening to them talk. At the moment, he was speechless.

“Can he do it?”

Quentin said in disdain.

When Justin, who had originally planned to reject them, heard this, he immediately sneered. Just as he was about to speak, Nora said, “He definitely can.”

Men could not say no.

Quentin: “?”

He hesitated. “Have you tried it before?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then, let’s team up.”

“...”

Justin, who was standing beside them, seriously suspected that these two people were in cahoots!

However, the two of them were clearly fine and did not say anything. He could only retract his suspicions.

Nora leaned in and whispered, “Help me out, I have to meet Big Brother in the tournament as quickly as I can.”

Justin, who would rather not meet Nora in a match, looked at her almond-shaped eyes. “... Okay.”

Therefore, the three of them walked to the registration area and prepared to switch to the team competition.

However, halfway through, Nora suddenly saw Old Maddy again!

He secretly sneaked into the room beside him, making Nora narrow her eyes. She gave Justin a look and sneaked over.

She wanted to see what Old Maddy was up to!!

Nora glanced at Justin and quickly slipped to the side.

Quentin was stunned and planned to chase after her. "Hey, where are you going..."

However, Justin grabbed his arm and the man replied coldly, "She's going to be busy."

"What is she busy with? The registration deadline is coming up soon! Today is the last day!"

Justin did not let go of his hand at all. "The two of us can just register."

Quentin frowned. "How is that possible? There have to be three people in the team competition. You..."

Before he could finish speaking, Justin pulled him toward the registration counter.

Quentin: "??"

He wanted to break free, but with his strength, he could not. This reminded him of how Nora had grabbed his arm when he was about to leave and refused to let him go.

This couple was really strange. They were both extremely strong.

With this doubt in mind, Quentin and Justin arrived at the registration counter.

The staff at the registration counter was lazily slouched with his legs crossed. When he saw the two of them enter and noticed Justin, he immediately stood up. "B-Bi-Br..."



Before he could call out “Big Brother,” Justin interrupted him. “We came to sign up for the team competition. One of us has something on, so can the two of us sign up?”

The staff member: “!!!”

Register for the team competition?

Big Brother, what kind of international joke was this?!

Who could match his speed!

However, the staff member did not dare to speak much, especially when he saw Justin’s bright eyes. He smiled. “Of course, of course! May I know your names?”

“Smithin, 028, and me.” Justin paused. “820.”

820?

Although there was already someone with this number, if Big Brother said he was 820, then he was 820. The staff member was very tactful and immediately nodded. “Alright, I’ll handle it for you right away!”

With that, he lowered his head and stamped his seal, settling the team competition registration. He did not even need to ask about ordinary matters. “That’s enough. You guys can participate in the team competition starting tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

After receiving the bracelet from the representative team, Justin and Quentin left the registration area.

As soon as the two of them left, someone secretly went to the registration counter. “Can we sign up for the team competition? The other two didn’t rush over because they had something on. I’ll sign them up for them.”

The staff member said, “No! The three people attending the team competition must be here at the same time. Otherwise, you can’t sign up!”

“ ... ”

Quentin looked at this scene and revealed a thoughtful look.

After leaving the registration area with Justin, he suddenly said reservedly, "I understand."

Justin: "?"

Quentin: "Sigh, I must have been exposed."

Justin: "???"

Quentin looked at him. "Do you know why the staff was so respectful to us just now?"

Justin hesitated for a moment before replying, "Why?"

"Because I'm still careless enough to expose my identity. That's right. Smithin is the same as Quentin."

Quentin?

So he was Quentin, the Smiths' dark power.

Everyone in New York knew that the current generation of Smiths had six sons. However, they did not know that the Smiths actually had seven sons.

It was said that Quentin was third.

As Justin thought this, he saw the young man in front of him pat his shoulder. "You definitely know who I am. My second uncle is Ryan Smith, the president of the pugilistic world. That's why the staff was so respectful to me. However, you don't have to feel pressured to team up with me. I'm very approachable."

Justin: "????"

"Tell your wife there's no need to feel any pressure. And once you know my true identity, don't be arrogant. After all, in the entire New York, after Big Sister and Big Brother, I'm the most powerful."

Justin: "..."

"Speaking of which, I'm a little worried about you."

Quentin looked at Justin. This person might have been hiding in the dark all day, so he was very talkative at this moment. “Your wife is so obsessed with Big Brother. I keep feeling that it’s not simple. You must be jealous, right?”

Justin: “??”

“It’s just like how I admire Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister. When I admire her, unknowingly, that kind of relationship has already changed. If Big Sister does not dislike me, I’m willing to be with her, even if she’s...”

Before Quentin met Big Sister, he did not expect her to be such a muscular woman.

However, the admiration he felt for her was too strong. After the initial shock, he had already gotten used to her figure and even ignored it.

Yes, even if she was a fatty, he could do it!

Justin: “!!!”

The corners of his mouth twitched. “Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister is already married.”

“What?” Quentin was stunned. “Why haven’t I heard of it before?”

“Do you know who I am?”

Justin looked at him.

Quentin shook his head.

Justin smiled. “Yes, it’s good that you don’t know.”

Previously, he had been worried that this fool would recognize him. Now, it seemed like this worry was completely unnecessary. He did not even know the most basic scam at the martial arts seminar! This person had really wasted his years!

Quentin: “...”

On the other side, Nora did not lose track of Old Maddy.

Old Maddy had been acting suspiciously. He looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to him, so he entered a room.

Nora slowed down and came to the door.. She gently pushed the door open and looked over. She saw Old Maddy sitting there...

Old Maddy sat there. No, to be more specific, he was squatting there and eating the food beside him. He ate the cake until his face was full, and he stuffed juice and meat into his mouth. He looked like he had not eaten anything good for a long time.

Nora: “!!”

So he had sneaked here to steal food?

While she was in a daze, a worker saw her and walked over with a frown. “What are you doing? This is Big Sister’s resting place. You...”

Before he could finish speaking, he saw Old Maddy in the room. He immediately rushed in anxiously. “Beggar? Why are you here? Get lost! This is not a place for you to stay. This is the place for Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister!”

He grabbed Old Maddy’s arm in disdain.

Old Maddy’s clothes were rolled up, and his arm was covered in scars, as if they had been burned. He smiled at the staff and stuffed food into his mouth crazily.

Nora: “!”

The staff member was anxious. “Quickly call security. How can we let the beggar in? This is not a place he can come as he pleases!”

When he was about to leave, Nora stopped him. “Wait a minute. I know this person. I’ll take him away.”

The staff frowned and reprimanded, “You brought him in? Watch the person you brought in. Take him away quickly. This is Big Sister’s waiting room! This is Big Sister’s first time on stage this year. Her status is very noble! These desserts were all prepared for her, how dare he eat them! He’s going overboard!”

When Old Maddy heard this, he looked at her and grinned. "Delicious."

One could not tell his looks from his face, but he looked really ugly when he was eating.

Nora took a deep breath. "Follow me."

Old Maddy still seemed to remember her. Perhaps it was because, even if he was crazy, he knew that he had made a mistake and followed Nora obediently.

The two of them walked through the crowd and out of the basement, then went to the parking lot.

Old Maddy had been eating all along the way. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

When they arrived at the car park, there was no one around. Nora suddenly reached out and grabbed Old Maddy's arm, pressing against his pulse.

His pulse was strong but chaotic.

He was indeed crazy.

Was Old Maddy really a lunatic?

But the Smith villa was so far away. How did he get here?

Nora simply asked, "Old Maddy, why are you here?"

Old Maddy raised his hand and ate half of the cake. He held it tightly in his hand and handed it to Nora. "It's delicious. Eat..."

The cake was rotten from his grip. It was disgusting.

Nora stared at it for a while. "You came here for food?"

Old Maddy nodded. Seeing that she was not eating, he stuffed the cake in his hand into his mouth.

Nora clenched her jaw.

She stared at him for a long time before sighing deeply. "I'll take you back."

It was unknown if Old Maddy understood what she meant. He followed behind Nora and the two of them got into the car. Nora drove him back to the Smiths villa.

On the way, she sent Justin a message and told him that she had left.

Justin replied, reminding her to participate in the competition tomorrow. Moreover, the person who was teaming up with them was called Smithin.

Nora expressed that she understood.

On the way, she observed Old Maddy through the rearview mirror.

He sat in the backseat obediently and quietly. His legs were relaxed and he subconsciously revealed the posture of a big boss. However, when she looked at his face, he was reserved and curiously touching everything.

When he met Nora's gaze, he jumped in shock and curled up obediently.

This person gave off a very contradictory feeling.

Nora thought of what Old Maddy had said when he found her last time. She asked tentatively, "Old Maddy, do you know Ryan?"

"Ryan..." Old Maddy muttered the name silently before shaking his head in confusion. "I don't know him..."

He had clearly mentioned Ryan previously.

Nora frowned and said, "Then do you know Ian?"

Old Maddy nodded immediately. "Ian is a good person!"

With that, he seemed excited. "He has a daughter! He has a daughter!"

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "Who's his daughter?"

Old Maddy pointed at her. "It's you, it's you, it's you!"

Nora followed his lead. "But everyone says I'm Ryan's daughter."

“You’re not like him.”

Old Maddy grinned. “You look like Ian. You’re Ian’s daughter! Ian has a daughter! Ian’s daughter has returned home!”

Nora narrowed her eyes.

These words made her feel that Old Maddy knew something. This person’s identity was definitely not simple.

Furthermore... could he be Ryan?

Ryan...

Nora seemed to have suddenly thought of something. She sped up and the car dashed directly into the Smiths’ residence. When they reached home, she grabbed Old Maddy.

Then, she took a few strands of his hair and rushed into the room, heading upstairs.

After entering her bedroom, she put the hair in a special bag and called Lily. She sent Lily the samples overnight for her to test Old Maddy’s DNA.

Although the possibility of Old Maddy being Ryan was not high, she still had to confirm it.

She did not notice that after she left, Old Maddy was still standing at the same spot. After staring at Nora’s back for a long time, his eyes suddenly became clear.

He seemed to not understand what was going on as he muttered, “Yvette...”

After shouting this name, Old Maddy’s eyes gradually became confused.

He seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. He only repeated, “Ian has a daughter. Ian’s daughter is looking for him...”

Then, he lowered his head and continued eating the cake in his hand. He walked familiarly to the small house in the front yard.

The next day, when Nora woke up, the test results from Lily had not arrived yet. After all, this time, it was an international express delivery. It would take two days to reach.

Nora yawned. When she got up and saw that Pete had already been taken to school by Joel, she went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she saw that the atmosphere in the living room was not right.

She yawned and looked over in confusion. She saw Maureen looking at Yvonne angrily and saying, "I told you, if it's not us, then it's not us! Why would we tell outsiders about you? What good is it to us if you don't enter the Hacker Alliance?"

Yvonne lowered her head, her eyes red.

She did not speak. Florence, who had always been standing beside her, said, "But Miss Yvonne did not enter the Hacker Alliance because someone said that there was a problem with her software and that she attacked her own family for no reason. This kind of software definitely doesn't qualify, so she was eliminated. Y and Q had agreed to let her join at first!"

Maureen sneered. "What does that have to do with us? We don't even know any hackers. If we knew any hackers, would we still need to beg you all these years?"

Warren frowned as well. "Yvonne, you even suspect me? When have I deceived you all these years?"

Yvonne sighed, "Warren, it's not that I don't believe you, but this matter has indeed been leaked. Do you really not know any hackers?"

"Of course..." Warren wanted to answer firmly, but his words suddenly stopped.

Of course, they knew a hacker.

He swallowed. "I... I know Solo, but I never told him about this. Even if he found out that someone had invaded us, he didn't know who you were!"



Maureen said in disdain, “Yes, some people are just delusional. We’re the ones who leaked the news just because we know Solo? Nora introduced him to us! Are you going to malign Nora as well?”

She paused.

Maureen and Warren looked at each other.

Sure enough, Yvonne said in surprise, “You’re saying that Nora also knows Solo?”

She bit her lip and sighed heavily.

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne’s expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. “Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she'd written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn't it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. "See, you've already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne's plans!"

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. "Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I'm not bad to you either!"

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, "What did I do to you? Isn't it because your skills aren't good enough?"

Everyone: "!!!"

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good. Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."

Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"

Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. You can just stand behind me later. I'll take on two opponents."

Justin: "???"

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, "With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team's name?"

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, "How about Third In The World?"

Nora: "?"

Justin: "?"

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, "Don't forget this—I'm the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!"

"..."

Nora couldn't be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, "It's up to you."

As a result...

“Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!”

Together with the host’s announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn’t even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

"One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I'm your fan!"

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: "???"

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. "Ahhhhh! She's so suave!"

Quentin: "???"

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn't easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. "Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don't you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!"

Quentin: "!!!!"

Why hadn't he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, "Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I'll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you're wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I'll take care of..."

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn't give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn't very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren't hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn't be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin feinted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: "??"

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, "What happened?"

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

"..."

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, "Team Third In The World wins!"

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

"Smithin!"

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, "What's the matter?"

The little girl raised her head and said, "Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I'd like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820's family of three, but you're in the shot!"



Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He’d originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. “No, it’s not convenient,” he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

'Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?'

'Ahhhh! If I weren't already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I'd have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother's! They are both so tall and handsome!'

Someone even asked:

'Shouldn't there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?'

Someone kindly answered: 'No, the last member is Smithin, but he's not important. Your focus is off, bro.'

Quentin: "???"

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, "Why don't I carry the kid for the next match?"

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn't he thought of it just now?

Justin: “?”

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, “Sure.”

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

“Why is Smithin holding the child this time?”

“Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!”

“You’re right! Also, doesn’t Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don’t look like they’re here to compete at all. They’re clearly here for shopping!”

Quentin: “?”

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin’s lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

“Why is their team named Third In The World?”

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora's two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, "Big Sister is on! She's going to compete!"

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, "You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister's graceful form?"

"..."

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, "Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he's automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn't, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn't lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she'll advance to Class C once she finishes this match."

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she

can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again.”

Nora: “...”

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, “Envious, aren't you?”

Nora nodded. “Yes, I am.”

“It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!”

“...”

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. “Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient.”

Nora: “...”

“Also,” Quentin patted his chest and said, “When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before.”

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

"Big Sister! Big Sister!"

Everyone yelled excitedly.

"Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she's Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren't that easy to build!"

"Yeah! I'm really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who's the stronger of the two?"

"I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can't they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!"

"Tsk, isn't it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?"

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man's muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn't the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with 'Big Sister' stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, "It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister."

Big Sister nodded and said, "I look forward to your guidance."

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn't that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts' moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

"Big Sister has won!"

"Isn't that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!"

"Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?"

"It's because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength..."

"Don't tell anyone, but I think No. 028's match was more interesting than Big Sister's..."

"I think so, too..."

"Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?"

Amidst everyone's speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister's lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. "Who's there?"

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister's intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest

form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, “Linda pays her respects to her senior!”

‘Senior’?

Nora was surprised. “Whose disciple are you?”

“My teacher is Sir Lucas.”

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect’s affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, “Get up and talk.”

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn’t wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, “The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it.”

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, “The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don’t have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you.”



Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. "Do you know my mother?" she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy’s arm and said, “Where do you live? I’ll take you back there.”

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. “Will you give me hamburgers?”

“Yes.”

“Okay!”

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn’t foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren’t many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one’s field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora’s eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy’s house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler’s claim that the Smiths weren’t abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!"

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. "You're really a man who says one thing but means another!"

Warren snorted. "How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you're out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his

condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn't go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy's condition sound as serious as possible!"

"No problem!"

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy's illness was in the brain, but it wasn't so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. "Are you going to the backyard, Nora?" she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn't bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, "Yeah."

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.



Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy’s illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"

## **Chapter 303 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Nora thought about this and hurriedly stood up to follow.

But before she could take two steps, Justin followed her. "What's wrong?"

"I saw an acquaintance," Nora replied simply and continued walking forward. However, she realized that Old Maddy had already disappeared.

She was very confident that she had not mistaken him.

After all, she did not like to fantasize.

But why was Old Maddy here? The Smith villa was an hour away from here.

As she frowned in thought, it was her turn to go on stage. "This competition is between 028 and Milk Lover. Please come on stage."

Nora could only give up on looking for Old Maddy and went on stage.

A woman had subdued "Tired Reno" the moment she made a move. This had attracted everyone's attention. Everyone wanted to know what had just happened.

Some people even felt that Nora might have been lucky just now. Tired Reno must have made a mistake to be hit by her.

Furthermore, it was her first time on stage. Perhaps Tired Reno had underestimated her.

Just like Tired Reno, Milk Lover had already won eight or nine rounds and was not bad. At least he was not a simple Class A.

Before Milk Lover went on stage, he was warned by a kind person to be wary of 028.

However, after he went on stage, he saw that Nora was still wearing that dress. She did not change her clothes at all.

With her eye-catchingly beautiful figure and slender waist, she did not look like a trained person.

Milk Lover raised his guard.

He said, "028, what's your name?"

Everyone would give themselves a name. For example, Tired Reno and Milk Lover were Internet aliases. Of course, if someone wanted to use their real name, it was not a problem.

Nora: "028."

Milk Lover: "I'm asking for your real name. I want to know which sect you're from."

Nora was silent for a moment. "You don't need to know."

On such an occasion, she would be in the limelight sooner or later. She must not leave her name.

When Milk Lover saw her distant look, he frowned. "Alright, since you don't want to say anything, don't blame me for being rude! You don't use your legs, right? Heh!"

With that, he leaped and kicked.

This kick was very strong. In addition, he ran a short distance to gain more strength in his kick. If Nora was kicked, she would definitely be injured. Everyone thought that Nora would dodge easily and find another opportunity to counterattack.

However, they did not expect Nora to suddenly take a small step back and stretch out her fist.

Bam!

Nora's fist landed on the soles of Milk Lover's feet. She directly sent him flying out of the ring.

Bam!

Milk Lover prostrated on the ground below the ring.

"Omg!"

The entire venue was in an uproar.

This time, everyone was certain that 028 was not just lucky. She was really a martial arts expert!

“028 wins this competition!”

With his previous experience, the referee did not stutter this time.

Nora walked down from the stage.

She ignored the surrounding voices trying to curry favor with her and walked toward Justin again.

Quentin, who was hiding in the crowd and watching her compete, narrowed his eyes. This woman was not bad.

He walked towards her.

Nora had completed her mission today and was prepared to go home.

After all, she had to fight two matches a day. She needed to fight 60 times and 30 days to reach Class F and fight against Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother.

She sighed silently.

It was a waste of time.

How good would it be if she could finish all the competitions in one day?

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly heard praise from behind her. “Your performance just now was not bad. You impressed me.”

Nora, :”???”

She pursed her lips and turned around. Sure enough, Quentin was standing behind her, staring at her seriously. “I now announce that I was wrong. You can be my opponent.”

“ ... ”

Why did this stupid vibe make her want to attack?

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

She was about to say something when Quentin suddenly said, “I seriously considered it. I think you can become my teammate. We can team up and level up together.”

Nora: “?”

Team up to level up?

She frowned. “I’m not interested in all that.”

She did not have time to team up with him!

As she thought about this, Quentin’s calm voice sounded. “Is that so? Forget it then. I originally didn’t think we should team up. After all, I’m so powerful. I can definitely advance all the way. If not for saving time, I wouldn’t have considered this. Sorry to disturb you.”

With that, he turned to leave, but his arm was suddenly grabbed. He turned back hesitantly and saw the woman in the silver mask staring at him. “Save time? What do you mean? Explain clearly before you leave.”

Quentin: “???”

He was surprised. “Didn’t you see the competition rules?”

Nora blinked and answered confidently, “No.”

Why would she bother seeing the rules? Wasn’t it just fighting!

Quentin: “...”

The corners of his lips twitched. “In a one-on-one competition, you have to win ten rounds before you can advance. But in a team competition, you can advance collectively after winning five rounds. I came to register for the competition today. It will take a month to enter Class F, but if we team up, it will take half a month. Of course, after entering Class F, the team will automatically disband, and we will still be opponents.”

Nora: “!!”

Why didn’t she know there was such a system!

“Let’s team up,” she agreed happily.

Quentin frowned. "Team up? You really want to enter Class F? Why do you want to enter Class F?"

Nora replied, "To fight with Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother."

"Impressive." Quentin gave her a thumbs up. "Just now, I thought that your IQ was a little low and that you were not worthy of being my match. But your ambition is not small, it has made up for your IQ."

Nora, who had outstanding intelligence, was speechless.

Seeing her staring at him, Quentin raised his chin as well. "I just made an agreement with Big Sister. When I enter Class F, I'll spar with her. Looks like we have the same goal. That way, we'll save ourselves a lot of trouble."

"Then let's team up," Nora replied.

"Not yet." Quentin sighed. "There have to be three people in a team. We're still short of one person."

Nora: "??"

She looked around and finally looked at Justin. She grabbed his arm and pushed him forward. "Add him."

Justin, the top disciple of Irvin School of Martial Arts, was just standing at the side and listening to them talk. At the moment, he was speechless.

"Can he do it?"

Quentin said in disdain.

When Justin, who had originally planned to reject them, heard this, he immediately sneered. Just as he was about to speak, Nora said, "He definitely can."

Men could not say no.

Quentin: "?"

He hesitated. "Have you tried it before?"

"Yes."



“Alright then, let’s team up.”

“ ... ”

Justin, who was standing beside them, seriously suspected that these two people were in cahoots!

However, the two of them were clearly fine and did not say anything. He could only retract his suspicions.

Nora leaned in and whispered, “Help me out, I have to meet Big Brother in the tournament as quickly as I can.”

Justin, who would rather not meet Nora in a match, looked at her almond-shaped eyes. “... Okay.”

Therefore, the three of them walked to the registration area and prepared to switch to the team competition.

However, halfway through, Nora suddenly saw Old Maddy again!

He secretly sneaked into the room beside him, making Nora narrow her eyes. She gave Justin a look and sneaked over.

She wanted to see what Old Maddy was up to!!

Nora glanced at Justin and quickly slipped to the side.

Quentin was stunned and planned to chase after her. “Hey, where are you going...”

However, Justin grabbed his arm and the man replied coldly, “She’s going to be busy.”

“What is she busy with? The registration deadline is coming up soon! Today is the last day!”

Justin did not let go of his hand at all. “The two of us can just register.”

Quentin frowned. “How is that possible? There have to be three people in the team competition. You...”

Before he could finish speaking, Justin pulled him toward the registration counter.

Quentin: “??”

He wanted to break free, but with his strength, he could not. This reminded him of how Nora had grabbed his arm when he was about to leave and refused to let him go.

This couple was really strange. They were both extremely strong.

With this doubt in mind, Quentin and Justin arrived at the registration counter.

The staff at the registration counter was lazily slouched with his legs crossed. When he saw the two of them enter and noticed Justin, he immediately stood up. “B-Bi-Br...”

Before he could call out “Big Brother,” Justin interrupted him. “We came to sign up for the team competition. One of us has something on, so can the two of us sign up?”

The staff member: “!!!”

Register for the team competition?

Big Brother, what kind of international joke was this?!

Who could match his speed!

However, the staff member did not dare to speak much, especially when he saw Justin’s bright eyes. He smiled. “Of course, of course! May I know your names?”

“Smithin, 028, and me.” Justin paused. “820.”

820?

Although there was already someone with this number, if Big Brother said he was 820, then he was 820. The staff member was very tactful and immediately nodded. “Alright, I’ll handle it for you right away!”

With that, he lowered his head and stamped his seal, settling the team competition registration. He did not even need to ask about ordinary matters.

“That’s enough. You guys can participate in the team competition starting tomorrow.”

“Okay.”

After receiving the bracelet from the representative team, Justin and Quentin left the registration area.

As soon as the two of them left, someone secretly went to the registration counter. “Can we sign up for the team competition? The other two didn’t rush over because they had something on. I’ll sign them up for them.”

The staff member said, “No! The three people attending the team competition must be here at the same time. Otherwise, you can’t sign up!”

“ ... ”

Quentin looked at this scene and revealed a thoughtful look.

After leaving the registration area with Justin, he suddenly said reservedly, “I understand.”

Justin: “?”

Quentin: “Sigh, I must have been exposed.”

Justin: “???”

Quentin looked at him. “Do you know why the staff was so respectful to us just now?”

Justin hesitated for a moment before replying, “Why?”

“Because I’m still careless enough to expose my identity. That’s right. Smithin is the same as Quentin.”

Quentin?

So he was Quentin, the Smiths’ dark power.

Everyone in New York knew that the current generation of Smiths had six sons. However, they did not know that the Smiths actually had seven sons.

It was said that Quentin was third.

As Justin thought this, he saw the young man in front of him pat his shoulder. "You definitely know who I am. My second uncle is Ryan Smith, the president of the pugilistic world. That's why the staff was so respectful to me. However, you don't have to feel pressured to team up with me. I'm very approachable."

Justin: "????"

"Tell your wife there's no need to feel any pressure. And once you know my true identity, don't be arrogant. After all, in the entire New York, after Big Sister and Big Brother, I'm the most powerful."

Justin: "..."

"Speaking of which, I'm a little worried about you."

Quentin looked at Justin. This person might have been hiding in the dark all day, so he was very talkative at this moment. "Your wife is so obsessed with Big Brother. I keep feeling that it's not simple. You must be jealous, right?"

Justin: "??"

"It's just like how I admire Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister. When I admire her, unknowingly, that kind of relationship has already changed. If Big Sister does not dislike me, I'm willing to be with her, even if she's..."

Before Quentin met Big Sister, he did not expect her to be such a muscular woman.

However, the admiration he felt for her was too strong. After the initial shock, he had already gotten used to her figure and even ignored it.

Yes, even if she was a fatty, he could do it!

Justin: "!!!"

The corners of his mouth twitched. "Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister is already married."

"What?" Quentin was stunned. "Why haven't I heard of it before?"

"Do you know who I am?"

Justin looked at him.

Quentin shook his head.

Justin smiled. "Yes, it's good that you don't know."

Previously, he had been worried that this fool would recognize him. Now, it seemed like this worry was completely unnecessary. He did not even know the most basic scam at the martial arts seminar! This person had really wasted his years!

Quentin: "..."

On the other side, Nora did not lose track of Old Maddy.

Old Maddy had been acting suspiciously. He looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to him, so he entered a room.

Nora slowed down and came to the door.. She gently pushed the door open and looked over. She saw Old Maddy sitting there...

Old Maddy sat there. No, to be more specific, he was squatting there and eating the food beside him. He ate the cake until his face was full, and he stuffed juice and meat into his mouth. He looked like he had not eaten anything good for a long time.

Nora: "!!"

So he had sneaked here to steal food?

While she was in a daze, a worker saw her and walked over with a frown. "What are you doing? This is Big Sister's resting place. You..."

Before he could finish speaking, he saw Old Maddy in the room. He immediately rushed in anxiously. "Beggar? Why are you here? Get lost! This is not a place for you to stay. This is the place for Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister!"

He grabbed Old Maddy's arm in disdain.

Old Maddy's clothes were rolled up, and his arm was covered in scars, as if they had been burned. He smiled at the staff and stuffed food into his mouth crazily.

Nora: “!”

The staff member was anxious. “Quickly call security. How can we let the beggar in? This is not a place he can come as he pleases!”

When he was about to leave, Nora stopped him. “Wait a minute. I know this person. I’ll take him away.”

The staff frowned and reprimanded, “You brought him in? Watch the person you brought in. Take him away quickly. This is Big Sister’s waiting room! This is Big Sister’s first time on stage this year. Her status is very noble! These desserts were all prepared for her, how dare he eat them! He’s going overboard!”

When Old Maddy heard this, he looked at her and grinned. “Delicious.”

One could not tell his looks from his face, but he looked really ugly when he was eating.

Nora took a deep breath. “Follow me.”

Old Maddy still seemed to remember her. Perhaps it was because, even if he was crazy, he knew that he had made a mistake and followed Nora obediently.

The two of them walked through the crowd and out of the basement, then went to the parking lot.

Old Maddy had been eating all along the way. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

When they arrived at the car park, there was no one around. Nora suddenly reached out and grabbed Old Maddy’s arm, pressing against his pulse.

His pulse was strong but chaotic.

He was indeed crazy.

Was Old Maddy really a lunatic?

But the Smith villa was so far away. How did he get here?

Nora simply asked, “Old Maddy, why are you here?”

Old Maddy raised his hand and ate half of the cake. He held it tightly in his hand and handed it to Nora. "It's delicious. Eat..."

The cake was rotten from his grip. It was disgusting.

Nora stared at it for a while. "You came here for food?"

Old Maddy nodded. Seeing that she was not eating, he stuffed the cake in his hand into his mouth.

Nora clenched her jaw.

She stared at him for a long time before sighing deeply. "I'll take you back."

It was unknown if Old Maddy understood what she meant. He followed behind Nora and the two of them got into the car. Nora drove him back to the Smiths villa.

On the way, she sent Justin a message and told him that she had left.

Justin replied, reminding her to participate in the competition tomorrow. Moreover, the person who was teaming up with them was called Smithin.

Nora expressed that she understood.

On the way, she observed Old Maddy through the rearview mirror.

He sat in the backseat obediently and quietly. His legs were relaxed and he subconsciously revealed the posture of a big boss. However, when she looked at his face, he was reserved and curiously touching everything.

When he met Nora's gaze, he jumped in shock and curled up obediently.

This person gave off a very contradictory feeling.

Nora thought of what Old Maddy had said when he found her last time. She asked tentatively, "Old Maddy, do you know Ryan?"

"Ryan..." Old Maddy muttered the name silently before shaking his head in confusion. "I don't know him..."

He had clearly mentioned Ryan previously.

Nora frowned and said, "Then do you know Ian?"

Old Maddy nodded immediately. "Ian is a good person!"

With that, he seemed excited. "He has a daughter! He has a daughter!"

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "Who's his daughter?"

Old Maddy pointed at her. "It's you, it's you, it's you!"

Nora followed his lead. "But everyone says I'm Ryan's daughter."

"You're not like him."

Old Maddy grinned. "You look like Ian. You're Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter! Ian's daughter has returned home!"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

These words made her feel that Old Maddy knew something. This person's identity was definitely not simple.

Furthermore... could he be Ryan?

Ryan...

Nora seemed to have suddenly thought of something. She sped up and the car dashed directly into the Smiths' residence. When they reached home, she grabbed Old Maddy.

Then, she took a few strands of his hair and rushed into the room, heading upstairs.

After entering her bedroom, she put the hair in a special bag and called Lily. She sent Lily the samples overnight for her to test Old Maddy's DNA.

Although the possibility of Old Maddy being Ryan was not high, she still had to confirm it.



She did not notice that after she left, Old Maddy was still standing at the same spot. After staring at Nora's back for a long time, his eyes suddenly became clear.

He seemed to not understand what was going on as he muttered, "Yvette..."

After shouting this name, Old Maddy's eyes gradually became confused.

He seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. He only repeated, "Ian has a daughter. Ian's daughter is looking for him..."

Then, he lowered his head and continued eating the cake in his hand. He walked familiarly to the small house in the front yard.

The next day, when Nora woke up, the test results from Lily had not arrived yet. After all, this time, it was an international express delivery. It would take two days to reach.

Nora yawned. When she got up and saw that Pete had already been taken to school by Joel, she went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she saw that the atmosphere in the living room was not right.

She yawned and looked over in confusion. She saw Maureen looking at Yvonne angrily and saying, "I told you, if it's not us, then it's not us! Why would we tell outsiders about you? What good is it to us if you don't enter the Hacker Alliance?"

Yvonne lowered her head, her eyes red.

She did not speak. Florence, who had always been standing beside her, said, "But Miss Yvonne did not enter the Hacker Alliance because someone said that there was a problem with her software and that she attacked her own family for no reason. This kind of software definitely doesn't qualify, so she was eliminated. Y and Q had agreed to let her join at first!"

Maureen sneered. "What does that have to do with us? We don't even know any hackers. If we knew any hackers, would we still need to beg you all these years?"

Warren frowned as well. “Yvonne, you even suspect me? When have I deceived you all these years?”

Yvonne sighed, “Warren, it’s not that I don’t believe you, but this matter has indeed been leaked. Do you really not know any hackers?”

“Of course...” Warren wanted to answer firmly, but his words suddenly stopped.

Of course, they knew a hacker.

He swallowed. “I... I know Solo, but I never told him about this. Even if he found out that someone had invaded us, he didn’t know who you were!”

Maureen said in disdain, “Yes, some people are just delusional. We’re the ones who leaked the news just because we know Solo? Nora introduced him to us! Are you going to malign Nora as well?”

She paused.

Maureen and Warren looked at each other.

Sure enough, Yvonne said in surprise, “You’re saying that Nora also knows Solo?”

She bit her lip and sighed heavily.

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne’s expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. “Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she’d written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn’t it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. “See, you’ve already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne’s plans!”

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. “Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I’m not bad to you either!”

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, “What did I do to you? Isn’t it because your skills aren’t good enough?”

Everyone: “!!!”

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good. Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."

Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"

Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. You can just stand behind me later. I'll take on two opponents."

Justin: "???"

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, "With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team's name?"

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, "How about Third In The World?"

Nora: "?"

Justin: "?"

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, “Don’t forget this—I’m the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!”

“...”

Nora couldn’t be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, “It’s up to you.”

As a result...

“Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!”

Together with the host’s announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn't even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

"One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I'm your fan!"

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: "???"

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. "Ahhhhh! She's so suave!"

Quentin: "???"

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn't easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. “Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don’t you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!”

Quentin: “!!!!”

Why hadn’t he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you’re wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I’ll take care of...”

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn’t give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn’t very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren’t hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn’t be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces



with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin fainted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: "??"

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, "What happened?"

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

"..."

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, "Team Third In The World wins!"

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

"Smithin!"

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He’d originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. “No, it’s not convenient,” he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

'Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?'

'Ahhhh! If I weren't already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I'd have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother's! They are both so tall and handsome!'

Someone even asked:

'Shouldn't there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?'

Someone kindly answered: 'No, the last member is Smithin, but he's not important. Your focus is off, bro.'

Quentin: "???"

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, "Why don't I carry the kid for the next match?"

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn't he thought of it just now?

Justin: "?"

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, "Sure."

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

"Why is Smithin holding the child this time?"

"Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!"

"You're right! Also, doesn't Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don't look like they're here to compete at all. They're clearly here for shopping!"

Quentin: "?"

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin's lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

"Why is their team named Third In The World?"

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora’s two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, “Big Sister is on! She’s going to compete!”

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, “You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister’s graceful form?”

“...”

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, “Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he’s automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn’t, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn’t lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she’ll advance to Class C once she finishes this match.”

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

“Also,” Quentin patted his chest and said, “When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before.”

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

“Big Sister! Big Sister!”

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she's Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren't that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I'm really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who's the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can't they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn't it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man's muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn't the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with 'Big Sister' stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, "It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister."

Big Sister nodded and said, "I look forward to your guidance."

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn't that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts' moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

"Big Sister has won!"

"Isn't that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!"

"Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?"

"It's because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength..."

"Don't tell anyone, but I think No. 028's match was more interesting than Big Sister's..."

"I think so, too..."

"Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?"

Amidst everyone's speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.



The door to the fake Big Sister's lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. "Who's there?"

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister's intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, "Linda pays her respects to her senior!"

'Senior'?

Nora was surprised. "Whose disciple are you?"

"My teacher is Sir Lucas."

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, “The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don’t have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you.”

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, “I’ve already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation.”

Nora: “...”

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, “Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?”

Linda smiled and replied, “Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity.”

“Okay, we’ll do just that, then,” said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother’s words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy’s arm and said, “Where do you live? I’ll take you back there.”

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. “Will you give me hamburgers?”

“Yes.”

“Okay!”

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn’t foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren’t many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one’s field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora’s eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy’s house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to

cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch



on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!”

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. “You’re really a man who says one thing but means another!”

Warren snorted. “How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you’re out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn’t go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy’s condition sound as serious as possible!”

“No problem!”

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy’s illness was in the brain, but it wasn’t so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. “Are you going to the backyard, Nora?” she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn’t bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, “Yeah.”

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy's illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, “How do you feel, Old Maddy?”

## **Chapter 304 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

When Justin, who had originally planned to reject them, heard this, he immediately sneered. Just as he was about to speak, Nora said, “He definitely can.”

Men could not say no.

Quentin: “?”

He hesitated. “Have you tried it before?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then, let’s team up.”

“ ... ”

Justin, who was standing beside them, seriously suspected that these two people were in cahoots!

However, the two of them were clearly fine and did not say anything. He could only retract his suspicions.

Nora leaned in and whispered, “Help me out, I have to meet Big Brother in the tournament as quickly as I can.”

Justin, who would rather not meet Nora in a match, looked at her almond-shaped eyes. “... Okay.”

Therefore, the three of them walked to the registration area and prepared to switch to the team competition.

However, halfway through, Nora suddenly saw Old Maddy again!

He secretly sneaked into the room beside him, making Nora narrow her eyes. She gave Justin a look and sneaked over.

She wanted to see what Old Maddy was up to!!

Nora glanced at Justin and quickly slipped to the side.

Quentin was stunned and planned to chase after her. “Hey, where are you going...”

However, Justin grabbed his arm and the man replied coldly, “She’s going to be busy.”

“What is she busy with? The registration deadline is coming up soon! Today is the last day!”

Justin did not let go of his hand at all. “The two of us can just register.”

Quentin frowned. “How is that possible? There have to be three people in the team competition. You...”

Before he could finish speaking, Justin pulled him toward the registration counter.

Quentin: “??”

He wanted to break free, but with his strength, he could not. This reminded him of how Nora had grabbed his arm when he was about to leave and refused to let him go.

This couple was really strange. They were both extremely strong.

With this doubt in mind, Quentin and Justin arrived at the registration counter.

The staff at the registration counter was lazily slouched with his legs crossed. When he saw the two of them enter and noticed Justin, he immediately stood up. “B-Bi-Br...”

Before he could call out “Big Brother,” Justin interrupted him. “We came to sign up for the team competition. One of us has something on, so can the two of us sign up?”

The staff member: “!!!”

Register for the team competition?

Big Brother, what kind of international joke was this?!

Who could match his speed!

However, the staff member did not dare to speak much, especially when he saw Justin's bright eyes. He smiled. "Of course, of course! May I know your names?"

"Smithin, 028, and me." Justin paused. "820."

820?

Although there was already someone with this number, if Big Brother said he was 820, then he was 820. The staff member was very tactful and immediately nodded. "Alright, I'll handle it for you right away!"

With that, he lowered his head and stamped his seal, settling the team competition registration. He did not even need to ask about ordinary matters. "That's enough. You guys can participate in the team competition starting tomorrow."

"Okay."

After receiving the bracelet from the representative team, Justin and Quentin left the registration area.

As soon as the two of them left, someone secretly went to the registration counter. "Can we sign up for the team competition? The other two didn't rush over because they had something on. I'll sign them up for them."

The staff member said, "No! The three people attending the team competition must be here at the same time. Otherwise, you can't sign up!"

"..."

Quentin looked at this scene and revealed a thoughtful look.

After leaving the registration area with Justin, he suddenly said reservedly, "I understand."

Justin: "?"

Quentin: "Sigh, I must have been exposed."

Justin: "???"

Quentin looked at him. “Do you know why the staff was so respectful to us just now?”

Justin hesitated for a moment before replying, “Why?”

“Because I’m still careless enough to expose my identity. That’s right. Smithin is the same as Quentin.”

Quentin?

So he was Quentin, the Smiths’ dark power.

Everyone in New York knew that the current generation of Smiths had six sons. However, they did not know that the Smiths actually had seven sons.

It was said that Quentin was third.

As Justin thought this, he saw the young man in front of him pat his shoulder. “You definitely know who I am. My second uncle is Ryan Smith, the president of the pugilistic world. That’s why the staff was so respectful to me. However, you don’t have to feel pressured to team up with me. I’m very approachable.”

Justin: “????”

“Tell your wife there’s no need to feel any pressure. And once you know my true identity, don’t be arrogant. After all, in the entire New York, after Big Sister and Big Brother, I’m the most powerful.”

Justin: “...”

“Speaking of which, I’m a little worried about you.”

Quentin looked at Justin. This person might have been hiding in the dark all day, so he was very talkative at this moment. “Your wife is so obsessed with Big Brother. I keep feeling that it’s not simple. You must be jealous, right?”

Justin: “??”

“It’s just like how I admire Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister. When I admire her, unknowingly, that kind of relationship has already changed. If Big Sister does not dislike me, I’m willing to be with her, even if she’s...”



Before Quentin met Big Sister, he did not expect her to be such a muscular woman.

However, the admiration he felt for her was too strong. After the initial shock, he had already gotten used to her figure and even ignored it.

Yes, even if she was a fatty, he could do it!

Justin: “!!!”

The corners of his mouth twitched. “Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister is already married.”

“What?” Quentin was stunned. “Why haven’t I heard of it before?”

“Do you know who I am?”

Justin looked at him.

Quentin shook his head.

Justin smiled. “Yes, it’s good that you don’t know.”

Previously, he had been worried that this fool would recognize him. Now, it seemed like this worry was completely unnecessary. He did not even know the most basic scam at the martial arts seminar! This person had really wasted his years!

Quentin: “...”

On the other side, Nora did not lose track of Old Maddy.

Old Maddy had been acting suspiciously. He looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to him, so he entered a room.

Nora slowed down and came to the door.. She gently pushed the door open and looked over. She saw Old Maddy sitting there...

Old Maddy sat there. No, to be more specific, he was squatting there and eating the food beside him. He ate the cake until his face was full, and he stuffed juice and meat into his mouth. He looked like he had not eaten anything good for a long time.

Nora: “!!”

So he had sneaked here to steal food?

While she was in a daze, a worker saw her and walked over with a frown. “What are you doing? This is Big Sister’s resting place. You...”

Before he could finish speaking, he saw Old Maddy in the room. He immediately rushed in anxiously. “Beggar? Why are you here? Get lost! This is not a place for you to stay. This is the place for Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister!”

He grabbed Old Maddy’s arm in disdain.

Old Maddy’s clothes were rolled up, and his arm was covered in scars, as if they had been burned. He smiled at the staff and stuffed food into his mouth crazily.

Nora: “!”

The staff member was anxious. “Quickly call security. How can we let the beggar in? This is not a place he can come as he pleases!”

When he was about to leave, Nora stopped him. “Wait a minute. I know this person. I’ll take him away.”

The staff frowned and reprimanded, “You brought him in? Watch the person you brought in. Take him away quickly. This is Big Sister’s waiting room! This is Big Sister’s first time on stage this year. Her status is very noble! These desserts were all prepared for her, how dare he eat them! He’s going overboard!”

When Old Maddy heard this, he looked at her and grinned. “Delicious.”

One could not tell his looks from his face, but he looked really ugly when he was eating.

Nora took a deep breath. “Follow me.”

Old Maddy still seemed to remember her. Perhaps it was because, even if he was crazy, he knew that he had made a mistake and followed Nora obediently.

The two of them walked through the crowd and out of the basement, then went to the parking lot.

Old Maddy had been eating all along the way. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

When they arrived at the car park, there was no one around. Nora suddenly reached out and grabbed Old Maddy's arm, pressing against his pulse.

His pulse was strong but chaotic.

He was indeed crazy.

Was Old Maddy really a lunatic?

But the Smith villa was so far away. How did he get here?

Nora simply asked, "Old Maddy, why are you here?"

Old Maddy raised his hand and ate half of the cake. He held it tightly in his hand and handed it to Nora. "It's delicious. Eat..."

The cake was rotten from his grip. It was disgusting.

Nora stared at it for a while. "You came here for food?"

Old Maddy nodded. Seeing that she was not eating, he stuffed the cake in his hand into his mouth.

Nora clenched her jaw.

She stared at him for a long time before sighing deeply. "I'll take you back."

It was unknown if Old Maddy understood what she meant. He followed behind Nora and the two of them got into the car. Nora drove him back to the Smiths villa.

On the way, she sent Justin a message and told him that she had left.

Justin replied, reminding her to participate in the competition tomorrow. Moreover, the person who was teaming up with them was called Smithin.

Nora expressed that she understood.

On the way, she observed Old Maddy through the rearview mirror.

He sat in the backseat obediently and quietly. His legs were relaxed and he subconsciously revealed the posture of a big boss. However, when she looked at his face, he was reserved and curiously touching everything.

When he met Nora's gaze, he jumped in shock and curled up obediently.

This person gave off a very contradictory feeling.

Nora thought of what Old Maddy had said when he found her last time. She asked tentatively, "Old Maddy, do you know Ryan?"

"Ryan..." Old Maddy muttered the name silently before shaking his head in confusion. "I don't know him..."

He had clearly mentioned Ryan previously.

Nora frowned and said, "Then do you know Ian?"

Old Maddy nodded immediately. "Ian is a good person!"

With that, he seemed excited. "He has a daughter! He has a daughter!"

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "Who's his daughter?"

Old Maddy pointed at her. "It's you, it's you, it's you!"

Nora followed his lead. "But everyone says I'm Ryan's daughter."

"You're not like him."

Old Maddy grinned. "You look like Ian. You're Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter! Ian's daughter has returned home!"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

These words made her feel that Old Maddy knew something. This person's identity was definitely not simple.

Furthermore... could he be Ryan?

Ryan...

Nora seemed to have suddenly thought of something. She sped up and the car dashed directly into the Smiths' residence. When they reached home, she grabbed Old Maddy.

Then, she took a few strands of his hair and rushed into the room, heading upstairs.

After entering her bedroom, she put the hair in a special bag and called Lily. She sent Lily the samples overnight for her to test Old Maddy's DNA.

Although the possibility of Old Maddy being Ryan was not high, she still had to confirm it.

She did not notice that after she left, Old Maddy was still standing at the same spot. After staring at Nora's back for a long time, his eyes suddenly became clear.

He seemed to not understand what was going on as he muttered, "Yvette..."

After shouting this name, Old Maddy's eyes gradually became confused.

He seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. He only repeated, "Ian has a daughter. Ian's daughter is looking for him..."

Then, he lowered his head and continued eating the cake in his hand. He walked familiarly to the small house in the front yard.

The next day, when Nora woke up, the test results from Lily had not arrived yet. After all, this time, it was an international express delivery. It would take two days to reach.

Nora yawned. When she got up and saw that Pete had already been taken to school by Joel, she went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she saw that the atmosphere in the living room was not right.

She yawned and looked over in confusion. She saw Maureen looking at Yvonne angrily and saying, "I told you, if it's not us, then it's not us! Why would we tell outsiders about you? What good is it to us if you don't enter the Hacker Alliance?"

Yvonne lowered her head, her eyes red.

She did not speak. Florence, who had always been standing beside her, said, "But Miss Yvonne did not enter the Hacker Alliance because someone said that there was a problem with her software and that she attacked her own family for no reason. This kind of software definitely doesn't qualify, so she was eliminated. Y and Q had agreed to let her join at first!"

Maureen sneered. "What does that have to do with us? We don't even know any hackers. If we knew any hackers, would we still need to beg you all these years?"

Warren frowned as well. "Yvonne, you even suspect me? When have I deceived you all these years?"

Yvonne sighed, "Warren, it's not that I don't believe you, but this matter has indeed been leaked. Do you really not know any hackers?"

"Of course..." Warren wanted to answer firmly, but his words suddenly stopped.

Of course, they knew a hacker.

He swallowed. "I... I know Solo, but I never told him about this. Even if he found out that someone had invaded us, he didn't know who you were!"

Maureen said in disdain, "Yes, some people are just delusional. We're the ones who leaked the news just because we know Solo? Nora introduced him to us! Are you going to malign Nora as well?"

She paused.

Maureen and Warren looked at each other.

Sure enough, Yvonne said in surprise, "You're saying that Nora also knows Solo?"

She bit her lip and sighed heavily.

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne's expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. "Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking

down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she’d written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn’t it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. “See, you’ve already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne’s plans!”

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. “Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I’m not bad to you either!”

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, "What did I do to you? Isn't it because your skills aren't good enough?"

Everyone: "!!!"

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good. Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."



Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"

Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. You can just stand behind me later. I'll take on two opponents."

Justin: "???"

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, "With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team's name?"

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, "How about Third In The World?"

Nora: "?"

Justin: "?"

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, "Don't forget this—I'm the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!"

"..."

Nora couldn't be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, "It's up to you."

As a result...

"Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!"

Together with the host's announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn't even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

"One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I'm your fan!"

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: "???"

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. “Ahhhhh! She’s so suave!”

Quentin: “???”

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn’t easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. “Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don’t you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!”

Quentin: “!!!!”

Why hadn’t he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you’re wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I’ll take care of...”

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn't give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn't very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren't hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn't be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin feinted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: "??"

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, "What happened?"

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

“ ... ”

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, “Team Third In The World wins!”

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

“Smithin!”

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He’d originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. “No, it’s not convenient,” he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

'Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?'

'Ahhhh! If I weren't already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I'd have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother's! They are both so tall and handsome!'

Someone even asked:

'Shouldn't there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?'

Someone kindly answered: 'No, the last member is Smithin, but he's not important. Your focus is off, bro.'

Quentin: "???"

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, "Why don't I carry the kid for the next match?"

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn't he thought of it just now?

Justin: "?"

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, "Sure."

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.



The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

“Why is Smithin holding the child this time?”

“Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!”

“You’re right! Also, doesn’t Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don’t look like they’re here to compete at all. They’re clearly here for shopping!”

Quentin: “?”

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin’s lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

“Why is their team named Third In The World?”

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora’s two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, "Big Sister is on! She's going to compete!"

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, "You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister's graceful form?"

"..."

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, "Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he's automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn't, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn't lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she'll advance to Class C once she finishes this match."

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, “Envious, aren’t you?”

Nora nodded. “Yes, I am.”

“It’s pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!”

“ ... ”

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. “Don’t let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we’ll start straight from Class E, so it’ll be very convenient.”

Nora: “ ... ”

“Also,” Quentin patted his chest and said, “When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before.”

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn’t help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man’s face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora’s lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

“Big Sister! Big Sister!”

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she’s Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren’t that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I’m really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who’s the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can’t they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn’t it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man’s muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn’t the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with ‘Big Sister’ stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, “It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister.”

Big Sister nodded and said, “I look forward to your guidance.”

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn’t that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

“Big Sister has won!”

“Isn’t that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!”

“Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?”

“It’s because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength...”

“Don’t tell anyone, but I think No. 028’s match was more interesting than Big Sister’s...”

“I think so, too...”

“Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?”

Amidst everyone’s speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister’s lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. “Who’s there?”

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister’s intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, “Linda pays her respects to her senior!”

‘Senior’?

Nora was surprised. “Whose disciple are you?”

“My teacher is Sir Lucas.”

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect’s affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, “Get up and talk.”

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, "The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don't have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you."

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. "Do you know my mother?" she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, "Yvette Anderson."

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, "Yvette!"

Nora: "!!"

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy's arm and said, "Where do you live? I'll take you back there."

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. "Will you give me hamburgers?"

"Yes."



“Okay!”

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn't foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren't many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one's field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora's eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy's house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, “Eat this, Yvette...”

‘Yvette’ again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, “Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!”

Nora: “...”

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, “Where are we?”

“At home, of course!”

‘At home’...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, “Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?”

Nora: “?”

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, “Ian has a daughter now!”

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, “Are you Ryan Smith?”

She’d had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, “Ryan is ugly. He’s not as good-looking as Ian. Don’t be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan’s IQ isn’t high, either. If you have a baby with him, it’ll affect your daughter’s IQ!”

Nora: “...”

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!"

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. "You're really a man who says one thing but means another!"

Warren snorted. "How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you're out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn't go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy's condition sound as serious as possible!"

"No problem!"

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy's illness was in the brain, but it wasn't so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. "Are you going to the backyard, Nora?" she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn't bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, "Yeah."

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

"Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy's illness!"

"Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy's illness back then, and even he couldn't do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn't look down on her, but isn't this a little too... you know?"

"Let's hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we'll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don't, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?"

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“ ... ”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy’s illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths’ residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn’t want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler’s pupils shrank from shock.

“Ms. Nora, those are...?” he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, “Acupuncture needles.”

The butler: “...”

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, “Aren’t you a surgeon?”

“Yeah,” Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler’s hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy’s head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, “Don’t move.”

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy’s head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn’t help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy’s head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, “Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don’t you harm someone else’s life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him



permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"

## **Chapter 305 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Nora: "!!"

So he had sneaked here to steal food?

While she was in a daze, a worker saw her and walked over with a frown. "What are you doing? This is Big Sister's resting place. You..."

Before he could finish speaking, he saw Old Maddy in the room. He immediately rushed in anxiously. "Beggar? Why are you here? Get lost! This is not a place for you to stay. This is the place for Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister!"

He grabbed Old Maddy's arm in disdain.

Old Maddy's clothes were rolled up, and his arm was covered in scars, as if they had been burned. He smiled at the staff and stuffed food into his mouth crazily.

Nora: "!"

The staff member was anxious. “Quickly call security. How can we let the beggar in? This is not a place he can come as he pleases!”

When he was about to leave, Nora stopped him. “Wait a minute. I know this person. I’ll take him away.”

The staff frowned and reprimanded, “You brought him in? Watch the person you brought in. Take him away quickly. This is Big Sister’s waiting room! This is Big Sister’s first time on stage this year. Her status is very noble! These desserts were all prepared for her, how dare he eat them! He’s going overboard!”

When Old Maddy heard this, he looked at her and grinned. “Delicious.”

One could not tell his looks from his face, but he looked really ugly when he was eating.

Nora took a deep breath. “Follow me.”

Old Maddy still seemed to remember her. Perhaps it was because, even if he was crazy, he knew that he had made a mistake and followed Nora obediently.

The two of them walked through the crowd and out of the basement, then went to the parking lot.

Old Maddy had been eating all along the way. It was hard to tell if he was doing it on purpose.

When they arrived at the car park, there was no one around. Nora suddenly reached out and grabbed Old Maddy’s arm, pressing against his pulse.

His pulse was strong but chaotic.

He was indeed crazy.

Was Old Maddy really a lunatic?

But the Smith villa was so far away. How did he get here?

Nora simply asked, “Old Maddy, why are you here?”

Old Maddy raised his hand and ate half of the cake. He held it tightly in his hand and handed it to Nora. "It's delicious. Eat..."

The cake was rotten from his grip. It was disgusting.

Nora stared at it for a while. "You came here for food?"

Old Maddy nodded. Seeing that she was not eating, he stuffed the cake in his hand into his mouth.

Nora clenched her jaw.

She stared at him for a long time before sighing deeply. "I'll take you back."

It was unknown if Old Maddy understood what she meant. He followed behind Nora and the two of them got into the car. Nora drove him back to the Smiths villa.

On the way, she sent Justin a message and told him that she had left.

Justin replied, reminding her to participate in the competition tomorrow. Moreover, the person who was teaming up with them was called Smithin.

Nora expressed that she understood.

On the way, she observed Old Maddy through the rearview mirror.

He sat in the backseat obediently and quietly. His legs were relaxed and he subconsciously revealed the posture of a big boss. However, when she looked at his face, he was reserved and curiously touching everything.

When he met Nora's gaze, he jumped in shock and curled up obediently.

This person gave off a very contradictory feeling.

Nora thought of what Old Maddy had said when he found her last time. She asked tentatively, "Old Maddy, do you know Ryan?"

"Ryan..." Old Maddy muttered the name silently before shaking his head in confusion. "I don't know him..."

He had clearly mentioned Ryan previously.

Nora frowned and said, "Then do you know Ian?"

Old Maddy nodded immediately. "Ian is a good person!"

With that, he seemed excited. "He has a daughter! He has a daughter!"

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "Who's his daughter?"

Old Maddy pointed at her. "It's you, it's you, it's you!"

Nora followed his lead. "But everyone says I'm Ryan's daughter."

"You're not like him."

Old Maddy grinned. "You look like Ian. You're Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter! Ian's daughter has returned home!"

Nora narrowed her eyes.

These words made her feel that Old Maddy knew something. This person's identity was definitely not simple.

Furthermore... could he be Ryan?

Ryan...

Nora seemed to have suddenly thought of something. She sped up and the car dashed directly into the Smiths' residence. When they reached home, she grabbed Old Maddy.

Then, she took a few strands of his hair and rushed into the room, heading upstairs.

After entering her bedroom, she put the hair in a special bag and called Lily. She sent Lily the samples overnight for her to test Old Maddy's DNA.

Although the possibility of Old Maddy being Ryan was not high, she still had to confirm it.

She did not notice that after she left, Old Maddy was still standing at the same spot. After staring at Nora's back for a long time, his eyes suddenly became clear.

He seemed to not understand what was going on as he muttered, "Yvette..."

After shouting this name, Old Maddy's eyes gradually became confused.

He seemed to have forgotten what he had just said. He only repeated, "Ian has a daughter. Ian's daughter is looking for him..."

Then, he lowered his head and continued eating the cake in his hand. He walked familiarly to the small house in the front yard.

The next day, when Nora woke up, the test results from Lily had not arrived yet. After all, this time, it was an international express delivery. It would take two days to reach.

Nora yawned. When she got up and saw that Pete had already been taken to school by Joel, she went downstairs.

As she went downstairs, she saw that the atmosphere in the living room was not right.

She yawned and looked over in confusion. She saw Maureen looking at Yvonne angrily and saying, "I told you, if it's not us, then it's not us! Why would we tell outsiders about you? What good is it to us if you don't enter the Hacker Alliance?"

Yvonne lowered her head, her eyes red.

She did not speak. Florence, who had always been standing beside her, said, "But Miss Yvonne did not enter the Hacker Alliance because someone said that there was a problem with her software and that she attacked her own family for no reason. This kind of software definitely doesn't qualify, so she was eliminated. Y and Q had agreed to let her join at first!"

Maureen sneered. "What does that have to do with us? We don't even know any hackers. If we knew any hackers, would we still need to beg you all these years?"

Warren frowned as well. “Yvonne, you even suspect me? When have I deceived you all these years?”

Yvonne sighed, “Warren, it’s not that I don’t believe you, but this matter has indeed been leaked. Do you really not know any hackers?”

“Of course...” Warren wanted to answer firmly, but his words suddenly stopped.

Of course, they knew a hacker.

He swallowed. “I... I know Solo, but I never told him about this. Even if he found out that someone had invaded us, he didn’t know who you were!”

Maureen said in disdain, “Yes, some people are just delusional. We’re the ones who leaked the news just because we know Solo? Nora introduced him to us! Are you going to malign Nora as well?”

She paused.

Maureen and Warren looked at each other.

Sure enough, Yvonne said in surprise, “You’re saying that Nora also knows Solo?”

She bit her lip and sighed heavily.

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne’s expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. “Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she’d written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn’t it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. “See, you’ve already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne’s plans!”

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. “Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I’m not bad to you either!”

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, “What did I do to you? Isn’t it because your skills aren’t good enough?”

Everyone: “!!!”

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good. Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."

Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"



Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. "You're right. You can just stand behind me later. I'll take on two opponents."

Justin: "???"

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, "With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team's name?"

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, "How about Third In The World?"

Nora: "?"

Justin: "?"

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, “Don’t forget this—I’m the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!”

“...”

Nora couldn’t be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, “It’s up to you.”

As a result...

“Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!”

Together with the host’s announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn't even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

"One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I'm your fan!"

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: "???"

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. "Ahhhhh! She's so suave!"

Quentin: "???"

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn't easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. “Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don’t you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!”

Quentin: “!!!!”

Why hadn’t he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you’re wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I’ll take care of...”

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn’t give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn’t very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren’t hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn’t be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces

with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin fainted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: "??"

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, "What happened?"

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

"..."

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, "Team Third In The World wins!"

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

"Smithin!"

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He’d originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. “No, it’s not convenient,” he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

'Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?'

'Ahhhh! If I weren't already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I'd have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother's! They are both so tall and handsome!'

Someone even asked:

'Shouldn't there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?'

Someone kindly answered: 'No, the last member is Smithin, but he's not important. Your focus is off, bro.'

Quentin: "???"

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, "Why don't I carry the kid for the next match?"

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn't he thought of it just now?

Justin: "?"

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, "Sure."

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

"Why is Smithin holding the child this time?"

"Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!"

"You're right! Also, doesn't Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don't look like they're here to compete at all. They're clearly here for shopping!"

Quentin: "?"

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin's lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

"Why is their team named Third In The World?"



“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora’s two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, “Big Sister is on! She’s going to compete!”

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, “You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister’s graceful form?”

“...”

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, “Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he’s automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn’t, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn’t lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she’ll advance to Class C once she finishes this match.”

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

“Also,” Quentin patted his chest and said, “When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before.”

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

“Big Sister! Big Sister!”

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she's Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren't that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I'm really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who's the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can't they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn't it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man's muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn't the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with 'Big Sister' stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, "It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister."

Big Sister nodded and said, "I look forward to your guidance."

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn't that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts' moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

"Big Sister has won!"

"Isn't that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!"

"Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?"

"It's because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength..."

"Don't tell anyone, but I think No. 028's match was more interesting than Big Sister's..."

"I think so, too..."

"Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?"

Amidst everyone's speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister's lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. "Who's there?"

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister's intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, "Linda pays her respects to her senior!"

'Senior'?

Nora was surprised. "Whose disciple are you?"

"My teacher is Sir Lucas."

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, "The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don't have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you."

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy’s arm and said, “Where do you live? I’ll take you back there.”

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. “Will you give me hamburgers?”

“Yes.”

“Okay!”

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn’t foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren’t many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one’s field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora’s eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy’s house.



Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. “You’re awake, Nora?”

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, “I heard that... um... you’re thinking of treating Old Maddy’s illness?”

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn’t thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn’t paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn’t remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy’s illness wasn’t going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people’s attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy’s illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn’t expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, “Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy’s illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn’t manage to

cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch

on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!”

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. “You’re really a man who says one thing but means another!”

Warren snorted. “How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you’re out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn’t go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy’s condition sound as serious as possible!”

“No problem!”

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy’s illness was in the brain, but it wasn’t so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. “Are you going to the backyard, Nora?” she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn’t bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, “Yeah.”

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy's illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.



The butler asked nervously, “How do you feel, Old Maddy?”

## **Chapter 306 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Florence originally did not understand this logic, but when she saw Yvonne’s expression and thought about what they had just said, she was instantly furious. “Alright, I got it! Nora must have been jealous because I kept looking down on her with the excuse that Miss Yvonne wanted to join the Hacker Alliance! She deliberately told Solo to send a message to Y and Q!”

“This woman is too despicable. How can she be so petty?”

Florence shouted angrily. “Even if she’s jealous of others, can’t she just improve herself? Why is she causing trouble for others?!”

Maureen hurriedly said, “Mdm. Florence, we haven’t confirmed who did this yet. Don’t push the blame on others here! Besides, Nora might not have done it on purpose!”

Warren nodded as well. “Yes, she doesn’t know what that software is for. Even if she really said it, she must have let it slip by mistake!”

Warren was sure that he and his wife had not told Solo about Yvonne. Therefore, it could only be Nora. He subconsciously found an excuse for her.

Florence sneered and was about to speak when a cold voice sounded. “Tsk.”

The few of them subconsciously froze. They turned their heads and saw Nora walking slowly into the kitchen. She took out a piece of bread and walked out while eating.

After swallowing the bread in her mouth, she looked at Yvonne. “Stop guessing. It was me.”

No matter what the reason was, Yvonne had attacked her family with the software she’d written. It was intentional, so she must have been up to no good.

If she did not do it on purpose, then it meant that her skills were not up to standard.

Wasn’t it normal for her not to pass?

Florence was instantly furious. "See, you've already admitted it! Indeed, you wrecked Miss Yvonne's plans!"

Yvonne looked at her with red eyes. "Nora, w-why are you treating me like this? I'm not bad to you either!"

Nora swallowed another mouthful of bread and took a sip of milk. Then, she slowly said, "What did I do to you? Isn't it because your skills aren't good enough?"

Everyone: "!!!"

Maureen and Warren were originally shocked because Nora had admitted it. However, when they heard this, they actually had an idea.

Nora was right!

It was clearly Yvonne who was not skilled enough. Who cared what others said about her?

While they were feeling surprised, Nora had already walked out of the door.

She had a team competition today and needed to participate.

When she woke up, she received a notice to be at the competition venue at 4 PM.

She drove to the martial arts competition and had just entered wearing a mask when she was recognized by Quentin. "028, why are you so late?"

Nora yawned. Before she could say anything, Quentin said, "But it's okay. We're about to go on stage."

He waved his hand. "I'm sure you already know who I am, right? Your husband should have told you. So, after the competition, you and your husband can just wait to win. I'll bring you to Class F!"

Nora: "..."

She wanted to say something, but Quentin said, "You don't have to say anything grateful. There's no need to feel embarrassed. I just find you more pleasing to the eye. Besides, the moves you used yesterday were pretty good."

Leading you to level up is my own idea. It has nothing to do with you. You don't have to feel like you owe me a favor."

After saying that, Quentin raised his chin slightly. "By the way, is your husband here? Just protect yourselves.. I'll help you after I'm done fighting one."

Seeing how confident the delusional Quentin was, Nora couldn't be bothered to say anything to crush his confidence.

A short while later, Justin arrived.

He was wearing a black mask that covered half of his face.

Quentin looked at him for a while before he confirmed that he was indeed the person from the day before. He said, "You sure kinda resemble Big Brother. If no one told me otherwise, I might have mistaken you for him! Big Brother doesn't have kids, though."

He glanced at Cherry and asked, "Why did you bring your kid here when you're competing in the tournament?"

Cherry curled her lips disdainfully. "Why can't he bring his child here?"

"With you around, how is he supposed to fight? Where is he going to put you when he fights later?"

As soon as he said that, Justin said, "I'm bringing her into the ring."

Quentin: "???"

He was stunned at first, but a moment later, he burst into laughter. "You're bringing your kid into the ring? Have you gone silly?"

He shook his head and said, "It's dangerous in the ring. What if she gets hurt? But it's true that there are a lot of people here, so it's also unsafe to leave her here."

Justin said leisurely, "I'm just here to make up the numbers."

Even if he didn't do anything, Nora would still be able to handle Class A and Class B opponents by herself.

Quentin unexpectedly misunderstood, though.

He thought for a moment and then nodded. “You’re right. You can just stand behind me later. I’ll take on two opponents.”

Justin: “???”

The more Quentin thought about it, the more he felt that it would be astounding.

Perhaps because he had kept himself hidden and suppressed himself for too long, he liked the idea of showing off and stealing the limelight very much. He stroked his chin and said, “With that, everyone will definitely notice our team. By the way, what is our team’s name?”

Justin was about to speak when Quentin snapped his fingers and suggested, “How about Third In The World?”

Nora: “?”

Justin: “?”

Seeing how confused both of them looked, Quentin sneered, lifted his chin, and said, “Don’t forget this—I’m the best fighter after Big Brother and Big Sister. Since the third most powerful fighter in the world is in our team, Third In The World is a very apt name!”

“ ... ”

Nora couldn’t be bothered to pay him any more attention. She said, “It’s up to you.”

As a result...

“Team Third In The World, please enter the ring. They shall be facing Team Contractor next. There are two Class C contestants in Team Contractor, so they will be a much trickier opponent than the Class A opponents yesterday. However, Smithin from Team Third In The World has given us an amazing performance yesterday. It is not known whose disciple he is. No. 028 also gave us a surprise and won every match of hers with just a punch each, so no one knows just how strong she is even now. Please welcome the two teams!”

Together with the host's announcement, Quentin puffed out his chest, held his head high, and led the way in front.

Nora was in the middle. She walked with a lazy gait and was still wearing a dress.

She usually wore trousers most of the time, so it was relatively unlikely for people to recognize her if she wore a dress in the tournament. One could consider it a little trick that she had prepared for the tournament.

Justin caused an even bigger sensation when he went into the ring—because he was carrying a child in his arms!

The child was about five to six years old and was wearing a princess dress. Even with a mask on, one could still see a pair of astonishingly dark eyes behind it.

The crowd went into a furor all at once.

Quentin was awfully satisfied when he sensed their astonishment.

It simply felt wonderful to bask in the center of attention!

Quentin had always lived in the darkness ever since he was a child. In fact, outsiders didn't even know that someone like him existed among the Smiths. This made Quentin sometimes long to stand where the light gathered.

As a result, he loved being in the limelight when he was doing things anonymously.

He gave a wave and the cheers around them became even louder. Quentin was very satisfied with the effect. It seemed that his performance the day before was passable.

He was still thinking about it when the crowd started to shout, "One Punch Beauty! One Punch Beauty! No. 028 'The Beauty' wins with one punch!"

'One punch'?

Quentin was taken aback for a moment. Only then did he realize that Nora had actually gained fans in the tournament the day before.

On top of that, most of her fans were female!

“One Punch Beauty! Ahhh! I’m your fan!”

Nora, who had been given a nickname for some strange reason: “???”

She raised her eyebrows and smiled at the female fan nearest to her. Her lazy and unorthodox appearance immediately made the fan scream. “Ahhhhh! She’s so suave!”

Quentin: “???”

He slowly looked behind at No. 028. He had approached her to form a team the day before because she was indeed skilled in martial arts. After all, it wasn’t easy for him to win Class A contestants with just a single punch, either.

Besides, there were ultimately only a few female contestants in the tournament. With her around, it would highlight his aura and strength in the team even further.

But why did it unexpectedly seem like she had attracted more fans than he did?

Fortunately, there was still her husband, who was pretty much invisible.

The thought had only just formed when the fans at the bottom of the ring started screaming madly again. “Ahhhh! The guy carrying the little girl is so handsome! Don’t you think that he has a sense of abstinence around him? The combination of his black clothes with the white princess dress makes them look like a little princess and her knight! He can actually bring his kid with him into the ring!”

Quentin: “!!!!”

Why hadn’t he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care

of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you're wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I'll take care of..."

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn't give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn't very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren't hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn't be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn't stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn't have picked him to take control of the Smiths' underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, "Hang in there, the two of you. I'll come over and help out as soon as I can!"

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn't paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin fainted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: “??”

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, “What happened?”

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

“...”

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, “Team Third In The World wins!”

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

“Smithin!”

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!



He'd originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. "No, it's not convenient," he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

‘Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?’

‘Ahhhh! If I weren’t already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I’d have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother’s! They are both so tall and handsome!’

Someone even asked:

‘Shouldn’t there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?’

Someone kindly answered: ‘No, the last member is Smithin, but he’s not important. Your focus is off, bro.’

Quentin: “???”

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, “Why don’t I carry the kid for the next match?”

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn’t he thought of it just now?

Justin: “?”

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, “Sure.”

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

“Why is Smithin holding the child this time?”

“Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!”

“You’re right! Also, doesn’t Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don’t look like they’re here to compete at all. They’re clearly here for shopping!”

Quentin: “?”

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin’s lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

“Why is their team named Third In The World?”

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!

The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora's two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, "Big Sister is on! She's going to compete!"

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, "You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister's graceful form?"

"..."

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, "Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he's automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn't, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn't lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she'll advance to Class C once she finishes this match."

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

"Also," Quentin patted his chest and said, "When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before."

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

"Big Sister! Big Sister!"

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she’s Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren’t that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I’m really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who’s the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can’t they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn’t it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man’s muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn’t the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with ‘Big Sister’ stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, “It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister.”

Big Sister nodded and said, “I look forward to your guidance.”

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn’t that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

“Big Sister has won!”

“Isn’t that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!”

“Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?”

“It’s because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength...”

“Don’t tell anyone, but I think No. 028’s match was more interesting than Big Sister’s...”

“I think so, too...”

“Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?”

Amidst everyone’s speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister’s lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. “Who’s there?”

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister’s intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, “Linda pays her respects to her senior!”

‘Senior’?

Nora was surprised. “Whose disciple are you?”

“My teacher is Sir Lucas.”

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, "The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don't have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you."

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."



The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

“I get it all, I understand it all. You don’t have to be embarrassed about it. Isn’t it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?”

“ ... ”

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, “Aren’t you going home?”

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, “Nah, I’m gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar.”

“ ... ”

Nora didn’t respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, “Yvette?”

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

‘Yvette’?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy's arm and said, "Where do you live? I'll take you back there."

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. "Will you give me hamburgers?"

"Yes."

"Okay!"

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn't foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren't many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one's field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora's eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy's house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!"

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. "You're really a man who says one thing but means another!"

Warren snorted. "How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you're out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn't go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy's condition sound as serious as possible!"

“No problem!”

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy’s illness was in the brain, but it wasn’t so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. “Are you going to the backyard, Nora?” she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn’t bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, “Yeah.”

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.



“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy’s illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"

## **Chapter 307 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Quentin: "!!!!"

Why hadn't he ever thought of bringing a child with him when he fought?

His way of stealing the limelight was simply too unique!!!

He rubbed his wrists, looked back at Nora and Justin, and decided that he had to end the match as soon as possible. That was the only way he could win back the glory that belonged to him.

As the referee announced the start of the match, Quentin said coldly, “Hold the other two back. Once I finish off one of them, I’ll come over and take care of the other... Never mind, you have a child in your arms while you’re wearing a dress. The two of you can just stand behind me. I’ll take care of...”

He had only just spoken when...!!

The trio opposite them didn’t give Quentin the time to speak at all. They rushed straight toward them.

Quentin frowned.

Although his love of showing off wasn’t very reliable, his instinct as a martial artist was. He stepped in front of Nora and Justin at once.

Unfortunately, the other party had numbers on their side.

They actually weren’t hard to beat; rather, it was because he had to defeat them one by one. Their opponents had sent their two Class C team members to go after Nora and Justin while a Class B member stuck to Quentin instead.

Justin was carrying a child, so he definitely wouldn’t be able to attack.

Nora, a woman, had also only managed to make every punch a killing blow the day before by taking advantage of her opponents underestimating her. Once the two Class C contestants got rid of the two of them and joined forces with the Class B martial contestant, with three of them against Quentin alone, they might not necessarily lose!

Although Quentin had delusions of grandeur, he wasn’t stupid. Otherwise, Ian wouldn’t have picked him to take control of the Smiths’ underground forces. After figuring it all out in an instant, with an awful look on his face, he said, “Hang in there, the two of you. I’ll come over and help out as soon as I can!”

After speaking, he used all of his strength and executed his most vicious moves, taking advantage of an opening where the Class B martial artist wasn’t paying attention to land a karate chop on his neck.

The Class B martial artist blacked out and fell onto the floor.

Quentin fainted and dealt another strike. After defeating his opponent in two moves, he turned around to provide reinforcements. He thought that it was finally time for him to show off his might, but he instead saw that...

The two Class C martial artists that had charged toward Nora and Justin had already collapsed outside of the ring.

Quentin: “??”

He stood there in a daze and asked in stupefaction, “What happened?”

What else could have happened? Nora and Justin had sent the two of them flying with a punch and a kick respectively, of course.

“...”

The whole place fell quiet for a moment. Then, the emcee announced, “Team Third In The World wins!”

The audience erupted into fervent cheers.

A dazed Quentin followed Nora and Justin out of the ring. As soon as they exited the ring, people swarmed toward them from every direction.

“Smithin!”

Someone called his name.

Quentin coughed, straightened his back, and looked behind him excitedly—a beautiful little girl was standing behind him and looking at him shyly.

Quentin thought that she must be a fan who wanted to confess her love to him, so he asked gently, “What’s the matter?”

The little girl raised her head and said, “Would it be convenient for you to move to the side a little? I’d like to take a picture of No. 028 and No. 820’s family of three, but you’re in the shot!”

Quentin: “???”

He turned back and looked at Nora and Justin, who were walking in front. The two of them had already been surrounded by fans and their popularity was in no way inferior to Big Brother and Big Sister’s...

How unlucky!

He'd originally wanted to form a team with two weaklings to highlight how tall and mighty he was, but how come they had stolen all the limelight instead?

Quentin took a deep breath and looked at the little girl coldly. "No, it's not convenient," he said.

After saying that, he joined Nora and Justin.

Hmph.

He, Quentin Smith, was the one that Team Third In The World relied on. Otherwise, would they even be in third place?

Did those ignorant fans know who the strongest one in the team was or not?

He, Quentin Smith, was not going to move aside today.

Seeing that he simply refused to move aside no matter what, the fans continued to frantically snap away with their cell phones. Only then did Quentin finally feel a little better.

The trio reached the resting area at the side. While waiting for their next match, Quentin secretly picked up his phone and accessed the martial arts tournament discussion forum.

The tournament had set up a private website that only those attending the tournament would know of. The website was very hard for outsiders to find.

The circle was too small, so one could say that this was a culture unique to them.

A post about Team Third In The World had gained thousands of views in the forum by then.

He opened up the post, intending to see how everyone was singing praises of him... But in the end, he instead saw a photo as soon as the page loaded.

In the photo, he had originally been standing between Nora and Justin, but he had been Photoshopped away.

Nora wore a silver mask and a red tight-fitting dress.

Justin wore a black mask and a full-black outfit. In his arms was a little girl in a white princess dress, who was also wearing a silver mask.

They felt very much like a family of three.

In the comments:

‘Team Third In The World is really strong! Even when faced with a Class C opponent, One Punch Beauty still won with just one punch. Does she only know that one move?’

‘Ahhhh! If I weren’t already sure that Big Brother is resting right next door, I’d have thought that the man carrying the child was Big Brother! His physique looks so much like Big Brother’s! They are both so tall and handsome!’

Someone even asked:

‘Shouldn’t there be three people in a team? Is Team Third In The World a family of three?’

Someone kindly answered: ‘No, the last member is Smithin, but he’s not important. Your focus is off, bro.’

Quentin: “???”

How was he not important?!

Quentin turned off the phone viciously!

He looked at Justin, who was next to him, and suddenly said, “Why don’t I carry the kid for the next match?”

Only by carrying a child would one be able to steal the limelight. Why hadn’t he thought of it just now?

Justin: “?”

He raised his eyebrows, handed Cherry to him, and said, “Sure.”

With someone carrying Cherry for him, he could take the opportunity to loosen his muscles a little.

Thus, when it was time for the next match, Quentin walked in the forefront with Cherry in his arms and entered the ring, while Nora and Justin followed behind him leisurely.

Seeing how there were indeed more people looking at him, Quentin felt that he had made the right strategic decision.

The corners of his lips curled upward. Just as it was about to form a smile, voices from either side of him traveled over.

“Why is Smithin holding the child this time?”

“Maybe carrying the child prevents No. 820 from doing his thing! If he lets Smithin hold her, he would be able to use his arms!”

“You’re right! Also, doesn’t Smithin look like a bodyguard holding the child for them? That couple sure is laid-back! They don’t look like they’re here to compete at all. They’re clearly here for shopping!”

Quentin: “?”

Was it too late for him to return the child?

The corners of Quentin’s lips spasmed.

Then, several people could be heard discussing something.

“Why is their team named Third In The World?”

“It’s probably to pay tribute to Big Brother and Big Sister! Looks like their goal this time is the third place!”

“I wonder who will be able to take third place, No. 820 or No. 028?”

Quentin: “!!!”

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!



The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora's two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, "Big Sister is on! She's going to compete!"

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, "You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister's graceful form?"

"..."

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, "Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he's automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn't, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn't lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she'll advance to Class C once she finishes this match."

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

"Also," Quentin patted his chest and said, "When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before."

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

"Big Sister! Big Sister!"

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she’s Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren’t that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I’m really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who’s the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can’t they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn’t it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man’s muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn’t the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with ‘Big Sister’ stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, “It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister.”

Big Sister nodded and said, “I look forward to your guidance.”

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn’t that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

“Big Sister has won!”

“Isn’t that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!”

“Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?”

“It’s because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength...”

“Don’t tell anyone, but I think No. 028’s match was more interesting than Big Sister’s...”

“I think so, too...”

“Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?”

Amidst everyone’s speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister’s lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. “Who’s there?”

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister’s intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, “Linda pays her respects to her senior!”

‘Senior’?

Nora was surprised. “Whose disciple are you?”

“My teacher is Sir Lucas.”

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, "The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don't have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you."

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

“I get it all, I understand it all. You don’t have to be embarrassed about it. Isn’t it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?”

“ ... ”

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, “Aren’t you going home?”

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, “Nah, I’m gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar.”

“ ... ”

Nora didn’t respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, “Yvette?”

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

‘Yvette’?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy's arm and said, "Where do you live? I'll take you back there."

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. "Will you give me hamburgers?"

"Yes."

"Okay!"

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn't foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren't many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one's field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora's eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy's house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.



While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

Warren was lying comfortably on the recliner and basking in the sun. When he heard the door open, he asked, "How did it go? Has she given up?"

Maureen shook her head.

Warren frowned. Then, he sneered, "She sure is stubborn, isn't she? Since she insists on doing it, then just let her do what she wants! Hmph! She doesn't understand how impressive Uncle Ian's medical team is, at all. There's no way she can cure the mental illness that even they can't do anything about!"

Maureen rolled her eyes at him.

Sure enough, Warren backpedaled and said, "But if she wants to treat his illness, then she can just go ahead. At the most, we'll just keep a closer watch on Old Maddy in the future, and tell outsiders that he showed signs of improvement!"

What could he do if that was what his little sister insisted on doing?

Maureen laughed. "You're really a man who says one thing but means another!"

Warren snorted. "How annoying. I already have enough things to do every day, yet I still have to clean up her mess for her! Sigh, if you meet anyone while you're out, and if they ask about it, just tell them that it feels like his condition has greatly improved and that he, at least, doesn't go berserk anymore. Make Old Maddy's condition sound as serious as possible!"

“No problem!”

Elsewhere.

After filling up her stomach a little, Nora got ready to go to the backyard to look for Old Maddy.

Old Maddy’s illness was in the brain, but it wasn’t so much as something bad had formed in his brain; rather, it was a neurological problem and surgery was useless. His condition required alternative medicine instead.

She had studied his condition carefully the previous evening and had decided to use acupuncture on him.

When she was going out, she happened to run into Yvonne, who was going in. Nora retracted her gaze when they ran into each other. She was about to pass her by when Yvonne greeted her with a smile. “Are you going to the backyard, Nora?” she asked.

Nora paused and looked at her carefully.

The two of them had only just gotten into an argument the day before, yet the woman was already looking as if she wasn’t bothered about it anymore. She really was a very scary person.

She curled her lips disdainfully and replied, “Yeah.”

Then, without any further delay, she headed to the backyard.

Yvonne cast her eyes down and curled her lips into a mocking smile.

So, she wanted to cure Old Maddy and make a name for herself? She sure thought really highly of herself.

Yvonne would just wait and see how she makes a fool out of herself.

When Nora was walking toward the secluded garden in the backyard, all the servants had already woken up.

Everyone looked at her, but before she even came near, they hastily went away.

Two of them were currently whispering to each other.

“Have you heard? Ms. Nora is planning to treat Old Maddy’s illness!”

“Does she think she can cure him when the old sir had already asked one of the most professional doctors to treat Old Maddy’s illness back then, and even he couldn’t do anything about it? I know she just came to the Smiths, and wants to accomplish something so that people wouldn’t look down on her, but isn’t this a little too... you know?”

“Let’s hurry up and leave, in case she sees something wrong with our health and ends up wanting to treat our illnesses, too. If that happens, we’ll end up offending her if we refuse. Yet if we don’t, are we really going to be her guinea pigs?”

“Sigh, Old Maddy is so pitiful. He has already gone mad, yet he has to suffer under her hands...”

Someone asked hesitantly, “But Ms. Nora looks very determined to me. What if she’s really trying to cure him?”

“Ms. Nora is just a surgeon, and she isn’t even well-known. How would she possibly know how to treat mental illnesses? Even professional psychiatrists couldn’t cure him...”

“...”

The group of people whispered among themselves, but Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She entered Old Maddy’s house.

Old Maddy was eating a hamburger.

The butler, who knew she was coming, was also standing next to him at the moment. He looked at Nora with a complicated look on his face.

When Nora had approached him the night before and told him that she wanted to treat Old Maddy’s illness, the butler had already been disapproving of her decision.

Old Maddy was also human. Although he had gone mad, he was a living human being. How could people be allowed to toy with his life so casually?

He had immediately spoken to Joel about it, but unexpectedly, Joel had actually agreed to it after a short moment of hesitation.

As such, the butler could only come over and keep an eye on things.

Although Old Maddy was crazy, out of everyone living at the Smiths' residence, it was the butler who had interacted with him the most all these years. Old Maddy also got along with him the best, so he didn't want Old Maddy to suffer.

In any case, Old Maddy was still a living human being.

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora open a box that she had brought with her. Inside the box were long thin needles.

The butler's pupils shrank from shock.

"Ms. Nora, those are...?" he asked.

While searching for a suitable needle in the box, Nora answered, "Acupuncture needles."

The butler: "..."

The corners of his lips spasmed as he asked, "Aren't you a surgeon?"

"Yeah," Nora answered casually.

She looked at Old Maddy and casually looked around for something. In the end, she pressed about on his head, found a suitable spot, and pierced his head with the long thin needle.

The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper. The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"

## **Chapter 308 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

He was the one who would!!

He was confident that apart from Big Brother and Big Sister, no one could beat him in a fight in New York! This was infuriating!

Quentin was seething. Once they reached Class F and the team automatically disbanded, he would definitely challenge No. 028 and No. 820 to a fight!



The huffy and frustrated Quentin fought ruthlessly and swiftly after that and defeated the opponents with Nora.

Their matches that day ended with them winning both. Together with Nora's two victories from the day before, once they won another match the next day, they would advance to Class B.

Nora stretched. She was about to leave when she heard someone exclaim, "Big Sister is on! She's going to compete!"

Big Sister?

Nora paused and exchanged a look with Justin. Then, the two of them went to the ring where Big Sister would be competing.

Quentin was already there. At the sight of the two of them, he whispered, "You guys have come, too? Are you also here to admire Big Sister's graceful form?"

"..."

Seeing that neither of them was speaking, Quentin coughed and said, "Big Brother participated in the previous tournament and emerged as champion, so he's automatically assigned to Class F. Big Sister didn't, so based on the regulations, she has to start from Class A. She didn't lose any of her matches the last few days, though, so she'll advance to Class C once she finishes this match."

Nora hesitated for a moment and asked, "How many days has the tournament been ongoing for?"

"Five days!"

Quentin understood what Nora meant after he answered, so he immediately said, "Big Sister is special, so they scheduled four matches a day for her. This way, she can advance as quickly as possible. Once she reaches Class F, she can just wait for the rest of the contestants to finish advancing before she competes again."

Nora: "..."

Why wasn't she given the same treatment? On top of that, she even had to form a team with other people.

She was clearly the real Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts here!

A touch of resentment welled up in Nora. Why hadn't Quinn used any special privileges when he signed her up for the tournament?

She didn't believe that Quinn wouldn't be able to do that, given his status in the circle.

She was still thinking about it when Quentin asked, "Envious, aren't you?"

Nora nodded. "Yes, I am."

"It's pointless even if you are. Only Big Brother and Big Sister can enjoy that sort of privilege. Back then, Big Brother was also able to take part in four matches a day, so he reached Class F earlier than the others!"

"..."

Quentin patted her on the shoulder. "Don't let that discourage you, though. We, Team Third In The World, have already made a name for ourselves with just one battle. Once we enter Class F, Class E will be the lowest we can be downgraded to. When we participate in the next tournament ten years later, we'll start straight from Class E, so it'll be very convenient."

Nora: "..."

"Also," Quentin patted his chest and said, "When I come in third place at the end, everyone will envy the two of you—for having teamed up with me before."

Even with a mask in between, Nora nevertheless couldn't help but feel like light was about to overflow and spill out from the delusional young man's face that he had raised up high!

Who gave a damn about his Team Third In The World?!

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. The match started at this point, and the big, fleshy woman entered the ring.

The whole place went into a furor right away.

"Big Sister! Big Sister!"

Everyone yelled excitedly.

“Big Sister is so burly and muscular! No wonder she’s Big Sister! All those muscles on her aren’t that easy to build!”

“Yeah! I’m really looking forward to Big Sister and Big Brother facing off now! Who’s the stronger of the two?”

“I reckon Big Sister can bulldoze her way into Class F. I wonder what the organizers are thinking. How can they make Big Sister fight? Can’t they just assign her to Class F straightaway? I wanna watch the ultimate showdown!”

“Tsk, isn’t it better to watch Big Sister advance step by step to Class F instead?”

The group of people spoke enthusiastically.

Nora stroked her chin and observed the fake Big Sister. The muscles all over her body really were very solid, and really were the product of a lot of hard work and training. It was already harder for women to build muscles than men. Her body was comparable to a man’s muscles, so it was indeed very amazing.

Even though she wasn’t the real Big Sister, she was admirable.

While Nora was thinking about it, the Class B martial artist facing off with ‘Big Sister’ stepped into the ring.

He saluted her and said, “It is an honor to be able to fight with Big Sister.”

Big Sister nodded and said, “I look forward to your guidance.”

Although she was prideful, she still spoke rather politely.

Or at least, she wasn’t that loathsome.

After exchanging some pleasantries, they began to fight.

The fake Big Sister did have a certain level of foundational skills. Based on her observation, she was actually using the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ moves!

Nora narrowed her eyes.

After exchanging about twenty moves, the fake Big Sister won.

Fervent applause broke out from the audience at the bottom of the ring.

“Big Sister has won!”

“Isn’t that very normal? It feels like there was no doubt about it from the start!”

“Is it just my illusion? Why does it feel like Big Sister is struggling a little?”

“It’s because Big Sister is too fat, right? She looks clumsy, but she actually has a lot of physical strength...”

“Don’t tell anyone, but I think No. 028’s match was more interesting than Big Sister’s...”

“I think so, too...”

“Shh, how can a newcomer like No. 028 compare with Big Sister?”

Amidst everyone’s speculations, the fake Big Sister exited the ring panting, and went backstage to prepare for her next three matches.

After thinking for a while, Nora went over, too.

The door to the fake Big Sister’s lounge was open, so she slipped in.

The fake Big Sister looked over. “Who’s there?”

Nora raised her brows.

The fake Big Sister’s intuition was rather sharp.

She was about to speak when the fake Big Sister saw the contestant number on her wristband. She received a shock and immediately executed the highest form of salute in martial arts etiquette—she knelt on one knee and said, “Linda pays her respects to her senior!”

‘Senior’?

Nora was surprised. “Whose disciple are you?”

“My teacher is Sir Lucas.”

Lucas was the second senior disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and had been taking charge of the sect's affairs all these years in her stead.

Nora pulled her up gently and said, "Get up and talk."

The sturdy woman named Linda got up. Her big and tall form was half a head taller than even Nora, and she possessed a lot of physical strength. She was indeed practicing the Quinn School of Martial Arts' style.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts was fastidious about slow and steady training. They trained their physical strength, form, and dexterity.

On the other hand, the Irvin School of Martial Arts focused on flexibility and dynamism.

That was why Quinn had always called Irvin a devious old scumbag.

Linda didn't wait for Nora to ask but immediately explained, "The organizers of the tournament contacted Lucas and said that they wanted to get someone to impersonate you so that they can earn some money to fund the tournament. They have also talked to the Irvin School of Martial Arts about this. Big Brother has already agreed to it, so Lucas also agreed to it."

Nora raised her brows.

Linda explained further, "The martial arts tournament is held once every ten years, but the organizers actually don't have any more money, so they are having a lot of difficulties hosting the tournament. The person impersonating Big Brother has an easier time; he just needs to wear a mask and take photos with people and so on. On the other hand, you have to take part in the tournament, which is why Lucas sent me! This way, it can at least bluff everyone for a while, and also divert attention from you."

Linda looked around cautiously after she spoke. Then, she looked at her and said, "I've already won twenty matches and advanced to Class C. Lucas praised me and said that I did pretty well, but he has also told me to slow down because I may give myself away once I advance further. Therefore, I intend to use a stomachache as an excuse to delay the matches for a few days. Alternatively, I may bow out of the tournament altogether, so as to avoid damaging your reputation."

Nora: "..."

The corners of her lips twitched. She nodded and said, "Alright, you guys can do as you deem fit. Did your teacher tell you what I should do when I reach Class F?"

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.

She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

“I get it all, I understand it all. You don’t have to be embarrassed about it. Isn’t it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?”

“ ... ”

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, “Aren’t you going home?”

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, “Nah, I’m gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar.”

“ ... ”

Nora didn’t respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, “Yvette?”

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

‘Yvette’?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. “Do you know my mother?” she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, “Yvette Anderson.”

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, “Yvette!”

Nora: “!!”

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy's arm and said, "Where do you live? I'll take you back there."

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. "Will you give me hamburgers?"

"Yes."

"Okay!"

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn't foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren't many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one's field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora's eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy's house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.



While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, "Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?"

Nora: "?"

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, "Ian has a daughter now!"

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, "Are you Ryan Smith?"

She'd had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, "Ryan is ugly. He's not as good-looking as Ian. Don't be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan's IQ isn't high, either. If you have a baby with him, it'll affect your daughter's IQ!"

Nora: "..."

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn't see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, "I'm going now."

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

Maureen: "..."

After hearing Nora's reply, she returned to the bedroom.

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Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"

## **Chapter 309 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Linda smiled and replied, "Of course he did. He says that you can just outright declare your identity once you progress to the final match. After you have a good fight with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother and win fame and merit for yourself, you can secretly leave immediately. Doing this will also avoid attracting too much attention to yourself in the early stages, and prevent people from finding out your true identity."

"Okay, we'll do just that, then," said Nora.



She had kept her identity a secret only because of the words her mother had left her. She had told her not to show off before she became capable of protecting herself, lest people targeted her.

Ever since the assassin who tugged off a few strands of her hair and tried to kill her in the hospital had appeared, she had become even more convinced by her mother's words.

There was indeed a mysterious force that had been watching her all this time.

Once she shone too brightly, she might become their target.

This was also why she had immediately moved to the Smiths after they acknowledged her. After all, the Andersons were indeed too weak and powerless and didn't have any security personnel there.

The Andersons would be safer once she was gone.

As for the Smiths...

Well, she was just staying there temporarily.

While thinking about it, she left the room. As soon as she went out, she bumped into Quentin. When Quentin saw her coming out of Big Sister's room, he immediately gave her an "I understand" look. He smiled and said, "Did a certain someone secretly go to Big Sister to ask for a photo together and an autograph?"

Nora: "?"

"I get it all, I understand it all. You don't have to be embarrassed about it. Isn't it very normal for one to admire Big Sister?"

"..."

As Nora walked toward the exit, she asked, "Aren't you going home?"

Their matches today were already over, so what was he still staying here for?

Quentin replied, "Nah, I'm gonna stay here and watch Big Sister from afar."

"..."

Nora didn't respond to his moronic behavior. After giving Justin a heads-up, she drove straight home.

The moment she got home, she saw Old Maddy sitting at the door in a daze. He was taken aback when he saw her, and he said, "Yvette?"

Nora, who was still in the car, rolled the car window down after she saw Old Maddy. Thus, even though his whisper was very soft, she had still heard it.

'Yvette'?

... Yvette Anderson?!

To think he knew her mother!

The thought made Nora slam on the brakes. She jumped off the car, went up to Old Maddy, and grabbed his hand. "Do you know my mother?" she asked.

The old man looked at her in bewilderment. There was a lost and confused look in his eyes.

Nora frowned and reminded him, "Yvette Anderson."

When Old Maddy heard the name, he immediately shouted excitedly, "Yvette!"

Nora: "!!"

As expected, he did know who Yvette was.

Nora asked the security guard at the door to park the car for her. Then, she held Old Maddy's arm and said, "Where do you live? I'll take you back there."

Old Maddy grinned and nodded. "Will you give me hamburgers?"

"Yes."

"Okay!"

Old Maddy followed behind Nora, and the two went to his place of residence.

It was already dark by then, and the whole manor looked as if the sky had been covered with a black veil. For once, it wasn't foggy, and a few stars twinkled in the sky.

In a big city where lights shone so brightly, it was very hard for stars to be seen.

However, there weren't many living nearby the large manor. The lights in the few simple houses around it were also switched off at the moment, so one's field of vision stretched even further than usual.

Old Maddy led the way. He walked to a house at the furthest corner, opened the door, and switched on the lights. Only then did Nora's eyes feel a little better.

She looked around Old Maddy's house.

Unlike Old Maddy himself, the place was neat and clean. From the looks of it, it seemed that the butler's claim that the Smiths weren't abusing him was true.

Old Maddy had burns all over him, so he disliked taking baths, which made him seem very dirty. However, the sheets were changed frequently, so they were very clean. Neither was there any smell in the house.

After Nora looked around, Old Maddy sneakily took out a hamburger from the fridge and gave it to her. He said, "Eat this, Yvette..."

'Yvette' again...

Nora frowned and looked down at the hamburger in her hand.

While she was lost in thought, Old Maddy looked at the door warily and said, "Don't be scared! You won't die of hunger!"

Nora: "..."

She frowned, looked at the hamburger in her hand, and asked, "Where are we?"

"At home, of course!"

'At home'...

Why would they go hungry if they were at home?!

Just what kind of relationship did Old Maddy and Yvette share? Judging from his behavior, he seemed very protective of Yvette...

While she was wondering about it, Old Maddy grinned and asked, “Did you bear Ian a child, Yvette?”

Nora: “?”

Old Maddy behaved erratically, and he spoke incoherently. He said, “Ian has a daughter now!”

Nora frowned.

She suddenly stood up and asked, “Are you Ryan Smith?”

She’d had that feeling since the day before.

The lunatic in front of her was likely Ryan!

He was the president of the pugilistic world, so he had gone to the arena. Otherwise, simply based on the fact that he was mentally ill, why would he possibly go all the way to the martial arts tournament?

Old Maddy was a little taken aback when he heard the name Ryan Smith, but right after that, he curled his lips disdainfully and said, “Ryan is ugly. He’s not as good-looking as Ian. Don’t be with Ryan, Yvette. Besides, Ryan’s IQ isn’t high, either. If you have a baby with him, it’ll affect your daughter’s IQ!”

Nora: “...”

She was confused again.

If Old Maddy was Ryan, why would he say that he was ugly?

Moreover, he went on and on about genes, IQ, and the like, and even knew that a daughter inherited part of her IQ from her father. Was he really someone from a small town in the mountains?

Nora frowned and looked around again. However, she didn’t see any substantial clues.

After all, according to the butler, when Old Maddy first came to the Smiths, he had nothing but the ragged clothes on his back.

Somewhat disappointed, she stood up and said, “I’m going now.”

Old Maddy nodded.

After Nora left, Old Maddy kept feeling as though he had forgotten something, but his mind moved too slowly, and he simply couldn't recall what it was. Thus, he merely grinned and continued to eat the hamburger he was holding.

While he was eating, someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Nora pushed the door open and stood at the door. As though she had made up her mind, she slowly said "Old Maddy, why don't I treat your illness for you?"

The next day.

When Nora went out of her bedroom with a yawn after she woke up, she saw Maureen seated in the small living room on the second floor. At the sight of her coming out of her bedroom, Maureen immediately walked over. "You're awake, Nora?"

Nora nodded.

Maureen was obviously waiting for her. She asked, "I heard that... um... you're thinking of treating Old Maddy's illness?"

Nora nodded again.

Before this, she hadn't thought that Old Maddy was very important, so she hadn't paid him any attention. Later, she found out that he might be Ryan, but he had indeed become ill and lost his mind. He also didn't remember much of his past anymore.

After thinking about it the previous evening, Nora decided to treat his illness.

If she cured his illness, he would be able to tell her what had happened to Ryan and her mother back then.

Of course, treating Old Maddy's illness wasn't going to be easy. First of all, he was a madman, so Nora would need the Smiths to constantly keep an eye on him and prevent him from running all over the place.

To be honest, if she were to keep visiting Old Maddy, she would definitely attract other people's attention.

Therefore, she decided to simply inform the butler that she intended to treat Old Maddy's illness. By being open with her actions, she would prevent a lot of unnecessary trouble and suspicions.

She didn't expect all the Smiths to know about it after just one night, though.

Maureen was in a fierce internal struggle. She said, "Actually, Uncle Ian had asked someone to take a look at Old Maddy's illness before. The person he had invited over was even a very professional doctor who is said to be the most well-known psychiatrist in the world, but even so, he didn't manage to cure Old Maddy. Nora, I know you're eager to prove your skills as a doctor, but I still feel that there's no need to use Old Maddy as a stepping stone..."

Maureen and Warren had immediately come together to secretly talk about it after they heard the news. Both of them were of the same opinion that Nora had possibly made the sudden decision because of her work.

She was a doctor, yet no one in New York dared to approach her for medical consultation.

That was why she had chosen someone with a disease that was hard to cure, so that she could make a name for herself, right?

Thus, Maureen had approached her straightaway. She wasn't someone who knew how to beat about the bush, so she had voiced her thoughts straightforwardly.

Nora liked her straightforward character quite a lot. This way, she didn't need to waste time guessing what exactly she was thinking. She also replied straightforwardly, "I'm not using him to make a name for myself. I really intend to cure him."

After saying that, she went down the stairs to the kitchen to look for food.

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Elsewhere.

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The sight made the butler's hair stand on end!

The sight of such a long needle fully entering Old Maddy's head was simply terrifying, especially when the needle was slowly going deeper and deeper.

The butler felt as if even his breathing had stopped. He looked at Old Maddy in disbelief but saw that he had stopped eating his hamburger and was about to lift his head hesitantly.

Nora said, "Don't move."

Old Maddy was very obedient, and he immediately became still.

After the needle fully entered Old Maddy's head, Nora gripped the top end of the needle and twisted it a little. Then, she pulled it out.

The whole process filled the butler with fear and apprehension. He couldn't help but feel like the needle was going to pierce right through Old Maddy's head.

Outside:

Busybodies were secretly observing what was going on in the room.

Florence had also come after she heard the rumor. When she saw what Nora was doing, she was so frightened that she patted her own chest and said, "Can you really do it or not, Ms. Nora?! Don't you harm someone else's life! Even though Old Maddy is mentally ill, the old sir has personally given him permission to live here! Don't you dare think that there's no one protecting him!"

Florence wasn't trying to make trouble this time. Rather, she was purely trying to protect Ian.

As long as it was about someone that Ian valued, Florence would uphold Ian's orders to the very end!

This was also one of the reasons why Joel hadn't taken away her position as the chief housekeeper after he took over the Smiths.

Sometimes, loyalty mattered more than ability.

Nora paid her no heed. Everyone else looked at Old Maddy, only to see him look at the needle in Nora's hand hesitantly.

The butler asked nervously, "How do you feel, Old Maddy?"