

Chapter 138 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Joel was using Happiness, a song by one of his and Tanya's favorite singers back then, as his cell phone ringtone.

However, when he was about to take out his phone, he instead saw Tanya taking out her own cell phone and picking up a call.

It was then that he realized that Tanya was also using Happiness as her ringtone.

If so, then did that mean that she, like him, also couldn't forget the other party even after so many years?

But as soon as he started indulging in his wishful thinking, in front, Tanya's eyes lit up and she said excitedly, "Darling! So it was you who helped me out!

"Of course, I'll reward you. Shall I give you a kiss? Or perhaps, I'll give myself to you and sleep with you for a few nights?"

"Oh, don't be shy! Here, I'll give you a big kiss! Mwah~!"

"... Dinner? No problem, of course! Text me the location!"

Tanya hung up after that. Then, she immediately got up, turned around, and walked away excitedly.

After she left, Joel walked out from behind the big pillar at the school gates. He stared at the direction in which she had driven away, his upturned eyes flickering dimly.

'Darling'... 'Give myself to you'... 'A big kiss'...

The phrases made him feel uncomfortable all over. It was as if there was a time bomb ticking away in his body, ready to explode.

He didn't even know what he was doing, but without even a second thought, the man, who had always been calm and self-disciplined, suddenly got into his car and followed behind her.

He was going to see... just where she was going!

—

Tanya drove the jeep leisurely to Club Prism.

After parking, she looked up and gazed at the familiar place.

This was a club that the wealthy and prestigious often visited to have some fun, and had been around for many years.

When she was still a child, she was the baggage that her mother had brought with her when she married into a wealthy family. What Hillary loved doing the most was bringing her here to have some fun—

Because she couldn't go in.

She wasn't of high social status and didn't own a VIP card. Thus, all she could do was stand at the door anxiously and wait for Hillary to remember that she was there.

Later, she stopped coming.

While she was staring at the place, inside Club Prism, Hillary was also coincidentally there for dinner. She had already parked her car and was about to enter the main hall.

When she turned her head and noticed Tanya, she bit her lip at once.

To think Tanya had actually followed her here! Was she haunting her or what?

She narrowed her eyes and beckoned the lobby manager over. Then, she pointed at Tanya outside and said, "Don't let that woman in!"

The lobby manager glanced at Hillary and retorted, "Ms. Jones, I have no right to refuse her entry if she's a legit customer."

Seeing that her words weren't working on the lobby manager, a look of displeasure came over her countenance and she said, "You may not care about my identity as Ms. Jones, but what about my identity as Mrs. Smith?"

The lobby manager was taken aback.

Hillary cast her eyes down and said, "Although Joel and I aren't married yet, I've already moved into the Smiths' residence. You should know that, right?"

The lobby manager frowned.

A smirking Hillary said, “Or perhaps you aren’t afraid of Mrs. Smith, either. In that case, what about Joel?”

The lobby manager was stunned.

Hillary pointed to the area outside and said, “That woman is a dance teacher at the kindergarten who injured Joel’s and my daughter. She followed me here because she wants to apologize. I don’t want to see her, and neither do I think Joel would want to, either. Understand?”

The lobby manager frowned.

Although Club Prism wasn’t afraid of anyone, they nevertheless still had to show Joel some respect. Thus, he nodded and said, “Alright, Ms. Jones.”

Resentment welled up in Hillary when she heard the words ‘Ms. Jones’.

This was all Mia’s fault. Had she been a boy instead, she would’ve been married to Joel a long time ago! Speaking of which, it was all because Tanya’s womb was so useless to actually give birth to a little wench instead!

She took a deep breath and entered a private room.

At the entrance.

Tanya was about to enter when someone stopped her.

“Excuse me, miss. Do you have an appointment?”

Club Prism’s customers were all either rich or prestigious. The diners here were either guests who owned their VIP cards like Hillary, or people with high social status like Justin or Joel. Even though they hadn’t applied for VIP cards, they were tacitly recognized as gold card VIPs. There was also one last type of customer—guests of the above-mentioned.

Tanya replied, “Yes, the room number is—”

But before she could finish, the lobby manager’s voice reached her.

“I’m sorry, miss, but I can’t let you in.”

Tanya, “?”

The polite lobby manager said apologetically, “Ms. Jones said just now that Mr. Smith has refused to let you in.”

Ms. Jones and Mr. Smith...

Tanya felt an ache in her heart at the mention of the names.

She narrowed her eyes and said, “I’m not here for them. I have an appointment with someone else here.”

The lobby manager sighed and said, “By right, we shouldn’t be denying you entry, miss, but Ms. Jones said that Mr. Smith has instructed that you’re not allowed to be anywhere that she is. If I let you in, I’ll end up offending Mr. Smith...”

The lobby manager wasn’t a social climber, but for the sake of his own livelihood, he could only say, “How about this? Is it alright if I get someone to bring a chair here for you and let you wait outside?”

Tanya narrowed her eyes as her chest tightened.

She could give Nora a call and ask her to come out and pick her up, of course, but if this was really an order from Joel, then wouldn’t that mean Nora would end up offending him because of her?

Although she had resolved the issue at the kindergarten for her, Tanya was unwilling to keep giving others trouble.

She clenched her fists, utterly humiliated.

Many years ago, she hadn’t been able to enter the club. Later, it was Joel who had taken her inside.

Many years later, she still couldn’t enter the club, but she didn’t have Joel with her anymore.

Sorrow filled her heart, but she could only lower her head and smile wryly as she said, “No, it’s fine. I’ll leave.”

She would have to leave the treat for another day instead.

When she turned to leave, she happened to see another car stopping at the entrance. Joel opened the door at the driver's seat and got out.

Tanya paused in her tracks.

Then, she immediately broke into a wry smile. No wonder they didn't let her in...

She lowered her head and looked straight in front of her as if she didn't see Joel. She walked straight past him to the side and said to the parking valet, "Please get my car, thanks."

"Yes, ma'am."

Although Joel didn't look at Tanya, he watched her out of the corner of his eye the whole time.

At the sight of her leaving, he was instead relieved.

However, since he was already here, he decided to enter the lobby. Just as he was wondering why she hadn't met her darling for dinner, the lobby manager came forward and said, "You're really here, Mr. Smith! As per your instructions, we've prevented that lady from coming in. Rest assured that we definitely won't allow her to bother you."

Joel stopped in his tracks and suddenly looked at the lobby manager. He repeated, "What do you mean you won't allow her to bother me?"

The lobby manager was very shrewd. At the sight of Joel's reaction, something immediately clicked and he replied, "Yes, that's right. Mrs. Smith told us just now not to allow the lady at the entrance to come in. She said that this was your instruction."

He lowered his head. What he said next sounded as if he was claiming credit, but in truth, he was actually lodging a complaint. He said, "We don't have a rule like that at Club Prism, but Mrs. Smith said that this was an instruction from you, so we had to do as requested, of course."

Instructions from him...

Joel's amicable expression faded and he said dispassionately, "She's not Mrs.. Smith yet."

The lobby manager put on a show of looking scared and said, “Apologies, Mr. Smith. I’ve always addressed her as Ms. Jones, but she demanded that we change the term of address today...”

Joel didn’t look angry. However, when he turned and saw Tanya, his eyes darkened a little.

Just as the lobby manager was about to say something, Joel looked away from Tanya and said detachedly, “We’ll leave it at that, then.”

For some reason, he didn’t feel like letting her come in and go for her dinner appointment.

The lobby manager was dumbfounded.

For over ten years, he had always been skilled at reading people’s body language and had never made any mistakes before. Had he guessed wrongly this time? Hillary was clearly acting like a donkey in a lion’s skin just now, yet Mr. Smith was actually giving her actions tacit approval now?

He withdrew his gaze and became a lot more respectful. “Alright, Mr. Smith.”

At the entrance.

Tanya waited idly for the parking valet to bring her car over.

Suddenly, a few people came toward her. “Hey, is that who I think it is? Isn’t she Tanya?”

Tanya turned and saw a few people who used to hang out with Hillary walking toward her.

They were her high school classmates. Hillary and the Joneses were considered a moderately wealthy family, so all of them had curried favor with her back then. Why were they here though?

Were Hillary and Joel... here for dinner with them?

Tanya clenched her jaw.

Joel had despised them when he and Tanya were dating back then. Hillary had brought them over to greet Joel, but he couldn’t even be bothered to pay them any attention at that time.

Yet he was actually willing to dine with them for Hillary's sake now?

Heh.

People did change, after all. Right?

While she was inwardly mocking Joel, her ex-classmates started to taunt her.

"Tanya? Are you thinking of going in for dinner? Why don't you ask Hillary, then?"

"That's right. What are you standing around here for? Didn't they say that you were the champion in an international dance competition? Why aren't you able to even enter a small club like this?"

"Man, what's the big deal about being a world champion? Did you win any prize money? Have you spent it all??"

Tanya's eyes narrowed at their mockery of her.

She sneered, "Tsk, I've finally witnessed today what it means to ride on someone's coattails!"

Her choice of words was too artful, so it took a while for them to understand what she was saying. They became angry right away, and a man from among them even stepped forward and pushed her while demanding, "Is that how you should be talking, Tanya?!"

"Exactly. Do you really think you're that great just because the wealthy are being polite and inviting you to teach them dancing after you won a championship? At the bottom of it all, you're still just a dance teacher! Oh, look at the situation you're in now. Why don't you give one of your students' parents a call and ask them to bring you in?"

"She probably can't get them to! At least we can still enter because of Hillary, but what about you?"

"..."

Tanya was highly sought after among the wealthy. Given her current status, it wasn't hard for her to enter the club if she wanted to—in fact, she could even easily get a VIP card. However, the problem was that Joel had forbidden her from going in.

In the whole of New York, the Hunts were the only ones who didn't fear offending Joel.

However, she didn't want to trouble the Hunts.

Tanya lowered her gaze. At this point, the parking valet brought her car over. She walked around the group of people to the car, but just as she was about to get in, they stopped her again.

"Oh hey, that's a pretty impressive car you're driving! Only the rich can afford to drive a jeep like this!"

"Is this car a present from one of your students' parents?"

"I heard that there are some dance teachers who use the excuse of giving dance lessons to fool around with the masters of the households instead... Hahaha!"

"..."

Their comments were becoming increasingly ridiculous, causing the look on Tanya's face to turn even colder. She couldn't tolerate it anymore. She was about to step forward and teach the foul-mouthed guy a lesson when a tall and slender figure suddenly rushed over.

He moved extremely quickly and grabbed the guy by his collar. Before anyone could even react, he socked him right in the face!

As a loud bam rang out, the guy stumbled a few steps backward and spat out a couple of teeth.

His head whipped up as he shouted, "Who the hell..."

However, when he saw Joel and the frosty look on his face, his words came to an abrupt stop!

The people around them were also dumbfounded. They hastily took a step back and stammered, "M-Mr. Smith..."

Joel's frigid gaze swept across the few of them. At last, he ordered coldly, "Get lost!"

Frightened out of their wits, the few of them immediately fled.

After all of them left, the people around them started to point at them as they speculated among themselves. Someone could be heard faintly commenting, "That woman's making a scene just because she can't enter the club... How terrible!"

Joel abruptly turned to Tanya. He grabbed her wrist and walked straight to the lobby entrance.

Then, to the lobby manager who was standing there respectfully, he said, "Remember what she looks like. From now on, no one is allowed to stop her any time she comes here!"

The manager nodded. "Yes, Mr. Smith!"

Tanya's expression changed a little when she heard what Joel said after being dragged into the club by him.

Was that man sick in the head?

He was the one who didn't let her in just now, yet he was acting like a hero saving a damsel in distress now?

Seemingly sensing her emotions, Joel left the club without looking back after leaving those instructions.

—

At the Smiths.

Hillary, upon hearing the news from her cronies, didn't have the leisure of having dinner anymore. She hurriedly went home.

As soon as she entered, she said, "I'm sorry, Joel... I didn't know that my friends would do that... I went to the kindergarten this morning to thank Tanya, but not only did she not appreciate my gesture, but she even hit me..."

Hillary held her cheek that was still red and lowered her head. She said pitifully, "When my friends heard what happened, they asked me out to Club Prism, so I headed over. I really didn't expect that they would try to seek revenge for me... and even use your name to stop Tanya from entering..."

She lifted her head with her eyes reddened and said, "It's fortunate that you were there. Otherwise, Tanya would have suffered injustice this time. I'm sorry, Joel..."

She had only just said that when Joel raised his head calmly, scoffed, and pointed to the things on the table.

Hillary was taken aback. However, her expression immediately changed when she picked up the things on the table.

It was actually evidence against her that Joel had found after conducting an investigation!

Hillary held the few pages of evidence.

The first page was about her conflict with Tanya in the kindergarten. The photo clearly showed that she had provoked Tanya first. The humiliated Tanya had then counterattacked.

The second page was photos of her speaking with the lobby manager in Club Prism's lobby. Her facial expression in the photo was exceptionally smug.

Hillary balled up her fists. She wanted to say something, but before she could, Joel said unhurriedly, "There are surveillance cameras in both the kindergarten and the club. If you continue to deny it, I can ask for the video footage for you. Ms. Jones, allow me to remind you that surveillance camera footage comes with audio nowadays."

Hillary's retort instantly got stuck in her throat.

She stared at Joel in shock. A moment later, she finally hung her head dejectedly and said, "It's my fault this time, Joel... I only did that because I panicked when I saw that Tanya was back. I was afraid that she would take you away from me... Joel, she told me that she's back this time so that she can take revenge on me and take everything from me."

Hillary, whose head was lowered, started to cry. She said, "As you know, Tanya has been fighting with me over everything ever since we were kids. I had no other choice. I just wanted her to leave. I just wanted to protect everything that's mine!"

She looked at Joel again and said, “There’s Mia, too. Of all the kindergartens around, why did she go to that one? It’s definitely because she knows that Mia is our daughter, so she especially went there for her. Joel, she must be planning to start her revenge with Mia. I don’t know how she did it, but she’s already bribed Mia. It’s only been a day, but Mia’s already asking for her...”

She stared at Joel and went on. “There’s no way someone like Tanya would be content. Back then, for the sake of dancing, she abandoned you. Even though she won the championship, her life abroad all these years must not have been that great either, right? That’s why she wanted to come back. She must be thinking of pestering you...”

‘For the sake of dancing, she abandoned you...’

The words stabbed brutally into Joel’s heart like a knife.

He lowered his eyes and let out a cold chuckle.

Perhaps that woman would give up glory and wealth for the sake of dancing, but there was no way he would ever believe that she would pester him for the sake of glory and wealth...

No matter how people might change, the pride embedded in one’s bones would never change.

Besides... She had gone to that kindergarten for her son. Now that she had Justin Hunt, there was no need for her to pester him anymore.

The icy smile at Joel’s lips became tinged with a bit of bitterness—he’d rather she pester him instead.

“Joel, I really am repentant. I won’t do anything anymore, no matter how Tanya provokes me again in the future. Don’t worry. Even though she betrayed you back then, the two of you are ultimately still friends, so...”

Before Hillary could continue sowing discord, Joel said detachedly, “What did I say back then, when you came to me with your child?”

What he had said?

Hillary bit her lip. Back then, she had wormed her way into the Smiths by relying on her daughter. However, Joel had refused to marry her no matter what, and only gave her the title of his fiancée.

She was the one who moved into the Smiths with the excuse that her daughter needed her mother. She cared for and fussed over Mia greatly ever since, thereby stopping Joel from driving her away.

However, on the night that she moved in, an icy-cold Joel had said, "If you stay content with your lot and behave, I don't mind turning a blind eye to most of your actions. However, you're not allowed to publicize that you're Mrs. Smith. I won't let you off if I ever find out."

Why would Hillary even care about that at that time? She had agreed to his terms right away.

In the years that followed, she waited on Mia carefully, in hopes that once enough time passed, Joel would officially register their marriage in order to give the girl a mother.

This way, even if they didn't hold a wedding ceremony, she would still become the veritable Mrs. Smith!

However, apart from when she was picking up and dropping off Mia, she actually didn't have any chance to meet Joel at all after she moved in. It was no exaggeration to say that they were strangers with the closest relationship with each other.

At this point of Hillary's inner thoughts, Joel said, "Since you've broken the rules... Get lost."

Get lost?

Hillary's head whipped up and she stared at him incredulously.

Even when he was telling her to get lost, Joel's upturned eyes still felt mild-mannered, despite him being expressionless.

Astonished, she asked, "What did you say?"

Joel stood up and said mercilessly, "You violated our agreement."

She had violated their agreement...

Hillary started to tremble all over.

To be honest, this wasn't the first time she had violated it during all these years.

The Joneses had already tacitly recognized them as husband and wife when she moved into the Smiths. It was also thanks to this that the Joneses' businesses started to do better and better.

Hillary was even on tenterhooks when the Joneses first used the Smiths' name in their business dealings. However, she had later discovered that Joel didn't care at all even when he did find out.

After that, she had let down her vigilance.

Yet he was bringing up their agreement now?

Hillary reached out and clutched Joel's sleeves. She said, "Joel, I was wrong. I've really seen the error of my ways..."

Joel pulled his sleeve out of her grip. There was no trace of emotion at all in those eyes on his expressionless countenance. He asked coldly, "Are you going to leave by yourself, or should I get someone to throw you out?"

Hillary's legs went limp and she almost fell onto the floor.

Five years!

She had lived here for a whole five years!

How cruel and unfeeling must a person be, in order for them to hold not even the slightest bit of feelings for her?

She regained sobriety at once.

Counting on Joel's sympathy or feelings for her would get her nowhere.

That little bastard was the only thing she could count on now!

Hillary's eyes reddened. She gazed at Joel earnestly and said, "I was wrong, Joel. I'll leave, but can you let me see Mia before I go?"

Joel stared hard at her.

“Okay. But when you see her... Surely you don't need me to tell you what you can say in front of her and what you can't, right?”

Hillary's gaze flickered. She lowered her head and replied, “No, I'm aware.”

Only then did Joel instruct the nanny, “Bring Mia over.”

Mia was resting at home today and hadn't gone to school after suffering an allergic reaction the day before.

She was currently playing by herself in her bedroom. When the nanny brought her over, she asked timidly, “Mommy, Daddy... What's the matter?”

Hillary immediately put on an affectionate and devoted act. She hugged Mia and said, “Mia, Mommy will be away for a while. You must behave at home, okay?”

She had already thought about it. Joel had a thousand and one ways he could drive her away if she kicked up a fuss in front of her daughter.

Her only option at the moment was to make Mia reluctant to leave her, and make her cry her eyes out in her arms... That was the only way Joel would let her stay.

She was confident that she had treated Mia well enough all these years. Besides, she was her mother; Mia definitely wouldn't bear to leave her side.

She stared at Mia and asked, “Will you miss Mommy, Mia?”

However, an anticipative Hillary never expected that Mia would instead nod and reply timidly, “Go ahead, Mommy. I'll be a good girl.”