

Chapter 143 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Joel stopped abruptly in his tracks, a touch of surprise forming in his upturned eyes.

Justin Hunt was with Nora Smith?

What was the relationship between the two of them?

Suddenly, the people inside seemingly noticed the movement outside, and Justin's razor-sharp gaze penetrated through the window.

Joel quickly stepped backward and hid to the side. He didn't look inside anymore. However, he could hear violent thuds and thumps coming from within. There were sounds of their bodies hitting the wall, as well as muffled grunts from colliding against each other. He could also hear gasps in between...

The intense activity made even Joel blush.

He took another step back and slipped away quietly as if he was afraid that they would discover him. Now, that would be awkward.

The last time he could remember hearing such children-inappropriate sounds was back when he was still with Tanya five years ago. As for Hillary, it was because he had been drunk one night. He clearly remembered that the person he was with in bed was Tanya, yet when he woke up, it became Hillary instead...

In his memories, he had never slept with Hillary before.

Not in the past, let alone during the last five years.

Joel didn't continue going to the ward in front but returned to Ian's ward instead.

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In the stairwell.

With her leg blocked, Nora's fist came into play. Spying an opening, she threw a punch at his left shoulder.

After succeeding, she finally ended the fight and took a step back, pulling away from him. She said coldly, "Mr. Hunt, please keep an appropriate distance from me."

Justin held his shoulder. From the look of it, his injury seemed pretty serious. He gave her a wry smile and said, "You seem to be the one who approached me first, Ms. Smith..."

Nora was still pulling a long face. Her gaze was sharp and her eyes misty from anger. The tips of her ears were also a little red.

She was only planning to teach Justin a small lesson just now, but the moment they finished talking and she let go of him, he immediately reached out and held her by her waist, bringing her toward him. Then, he leaned down and kissed her... Kissed her...

Damn it!

Nora had thrown a punch at him the very next moment. Unfortunately, the man had the audacity to actually duck. The two of them had fought for a full ten minutes before she finally found an opening and hit him, thereby taking her revenge on him.

Nora looked at him coldly and clenched her fists. "If this ever happens again, Mr. Hunt, I'll kill you!"

Then, she pushed the door to the stairwell open and left at once, leaving Justin there as he touched his nose in embarrassment.

He thought back to the scene just now.

The stairwell was dimly lit. The girl's head was raised as she stared at him with her cold, sharp eyes. On her small, palm-sized face were a pair of delicate eyebrows and eyes, a sharp and pert nose, and moist, rosy lips...

Unable to hold back, he had acted on impulse and kissed her.

Although the kiss had lasted only a brief moment, the girl's soft and tender lips lingered in his memory even now.

As he touched his dislocated left shoulder again, a smile suddenly appeared at the corners of his lips.

She was wild enough for his tastes indeed.

Ten minutes later.

The family doctor came over to pop his shoulder back into place. When he saw how Justin couldn't exert much force, he couldn't help but find himself a little dumbfounded.

"Who beat you up, Mr. Hunt?"

After all, there were only a few people in New York—in fact, in the whole of the United States—who could beat Justin in a fight!

The family doctor had always just been treating Pete and Justin's mother whenever they were unwell. This was the very first time he was treating Justin in all these years!

However, the moment the question left his mouth, he secretly regretted his actions. He shouldn't be asking that much about his employer's affairs, especially when it was about Justin. On the surface, the man seemed like the head of the Hunts. However, he knew his identity was by no means simple. He had never said anything more than what he should during all these years.

Now that he had suddenly asked such a question, would Mr. Hunt get mad at him?

The family doctor observed Justin carefully while he kneaded his shoulder. However, not only was the man not annoyed, but the corners of his lips were even slightly lifted.

The beauty mark at his eye that usually exuded a chilly and ruthless aura actually even seemed to be shimmering a little at the moment.

Justin, who was obviously in a fantastic mood, even replied to his question from just now, "It was worth the fight."

The family doctor, "..."

Why were there people who actually liked being beaten up?

Surely his boss wasn't a closet masochist, right?

Should he prescribe him some medicine for his mental health?

After having his joint popped back into place, Justin started walking back to Cherry's ward while moving his shoulder. As expected, he saw that the woman was still there. She had fallen asleep on the sofa at the side.

Her eyes were closed, and her long silky and glossy hair was spread out behind her. Her small pert nose made her look quiet and docile.

Coupled with how thin she was, it made one want to protect and take care of her because they couldn't help but feel that she looked so weak and frail. Yet, once she opened her eyes, she would change into a completely different person.

Justin softened his steps. He checked on Cherry first—she was sleeping soundly with her little mouth open and was even talking in her sleep. She mumbled, "Stinky Daddy! How dare you delete me from your Facebook account. I'm never talking to you ever again!"

Justin, "..."

He let out a soft chuckle and pulled up the covers for her. Then, he heaved a sigh.

Had he known that Cherry was his daughter, he would have been delirious with joy a long time ago. He would never have done all those things that were no different from slapping himself in the face.

After pulling up the covers for Cherry, he looked at the woman on the sofa again. Then, he took off his jacket, walked over, and gently covered her with it.

—

The next day.

It was already bright and sunny by the time Nora woke up.

Cherry was eating her cereal obediently on the bed in silence.

Nora got ready to get up. However, when she shifted, the jacket on her shoulders immediately slipped off. Her gaze swept toward it—when she saw the black custom-made suit jacket, she raised her eyebrows.

She yawned and stood up.

Cherry said, “Daddy has a meeting in the morning, so he went off for it. Where are you going now, Mommy?”

Nora stretched and shuffled toward the door as she replied, “I’m going home.”

Cherry gave her a pitiful look. “... Mommy, can you bear to leave me all alone in the hospital?”

Nora glanced at her and said coolly, “Don’t be so fake.”

“...”

Then, Cherry giggled and said, “Take care, Mommy~”

Now that Mommy was gone, she could play all the games she wanted!

As she hadn’t live-streamed the previous evening, she couldn’t help but wonder how Sponsor Grandpa was. She had sent him a text message on Messenger in the morning, but he hadn’t replied to her. Sigh!

A troubled Cherry rested her chin on her hand. What was the matter with Sponsor Grandpa?

She picked up her cell phone again and sent him another message on Messenger: ‘Sponsor Grandpa, I was hospitalized because of stomach flu last night. Have you had your lunch today?’

It was just a pity that the text message still went unanswered even after she sent it out.

—

Nora left the ward, dragging her feet loudly as she shuffled out. She had just turned the corner when she saw a figure there looking at her.

“Are you free for a quick chat, Ms. Smith?”

Nora raised her eyebrows. She thought that Joel was approaching her because of Ian—after all, the Andersons were the only ones with Carefree Pills—so she nodded.

Unexpectedly, the next moment, Joel instead asked, “What’s your relationship with Mr. Hunt, Ms. Smith?”

Nora, “??”

The man in front of her was gentle and mild-mannered. His eyes were slightly upturned and he looked rather polite. However, the way he was speaking sounded a little strange.

Nora found his question rather ridiculous.

This was only the second time they were meeting, yet he was already starting to take note of her private life?

Even though she found him rather likable, she nevertheless couldn’t be bothered to talk to him about such things. She raised her brows slightly and said coldly, “It seems like you’re minding more than just your own business, Mr. Smith?”

She’d had a pretty good impression of him when she first met him back then.

However, when she realized that his wife was the one who was bullying Tanya, Nora couldn’t be bothered to be civil with him anymore.

She left straightaway.

Joel broke into a frown as he stared at her from the back. He couldn’t help but go after her and say, “Ms. Smith, allow me to remind you that Mr. Hunt already has a child!”

Nora, “?”

She looked back and raised an eyebrow. “So?”

After a long silence, Joel finally smiled bitterly and said, “As far as I understand, Mr. Hunt intends to marry the child’s mother. It doesn’t seem like a good idea for you to get in between them like that.”

“The child’s mother?”

“Yes, that’s right. The child ultimately still needs a mother…” said Joel with some difficulty.

Back then, it was exactly because he felt that Mia needed a mother—as well as the fact that he didn’t intend to remarry—that he had allowed Hillary to move in.

Now that he thought about it again though, that wasn’t true at all.

At the sight of Joel in such an internal struggle, something seemed to click in Nora’s mind. The corners of her lips curled upward as she raised her eyebrows and asked, “Is the child’s mother whom you’re referring to, Tanya?”

From the look of it, Nora also knew of Tanya’s existence.

Joel nodded. “Yes, that’s right.”

If Nora became close to Justin, going by Tanya’s character, she would definitely be sad, right? Or perhaps she would compromise for the child’s sake?

Therefore, the best solution was to have Nora take the initiative to withdraw from the relationship.

This way, he would also be fulfilling Tanya’s wishes somewhat, right?

A wave of irritability surged up within Joel. Going by his character, he’d rather drag Tanya back with him and keep her by his side.

Just like what he had done back then…

But he knew Tanya too well. That woman would never allow herself to be controlled by him.

He looked at Nora and said, “As long as you’re willing to leave Justin Hunt, I can fulfill one of your wishes for you.”

Nora, “?”

She suddenly smiled and said, “You’re going to make me misunderstand something if you do that, Mr. Smith.”

Joel’s heart sank.

If she found out that Tanya used to be involved with him and told Justin about it, Tanya would probably have a hard time in the future.

Joel's expression turned a little cold. Just as he was deep in thought, he heard the girl's cool and crisp voice.

"Are you interested in Mr. Hunt, Mr. Smith?"

Joel, "???"

"If so, I'm willing to pull out from the relationship and fulfill the two of you."

"..."

Nora's bright and clear eyes were full of mirth as she took in Joel's facial expression, which looked as if it was about to crack. Then, she walked around him and headed to the car park.

That guy must have misunderstood Tanya, right?

Yet, in spite of that, he was still willing to go to that extent for her. Not bad.

After Nora took a few steps forward, the man at the back came after her again. After seemingly letting out a sigh, he said in resignation, "Even though you didn't agree to my request, I can still fulfill one of your wishes for you, Ms. Smith."

Nora was a little taken aback. "Why?"

Since he hadn't allowed her to treat Ian's illness, then that meant they must still harbor resentment toward the Andersons. What was Joel suddenly approaching her for?

Joel, however, stared at her for a while before he slowly replied, "It's because you've done me a favor."

Nora was puzzled. "What favor did I do for you?"

However, Joel didn't explain any further. He took a step back and said, "I'm a man of my word. Goodbye."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Joel went upstairs after that. As he hadn't slept a wink the previous night, he rested sleepily on the sofa in Ian's ward and closed his eyes.

His executive assistant-cum-bodyguard, who had been with Joel the whole time, couldn't stop himself from asking, "Has Ms. Smith helped you out in some way, Mr. Smith?"

Joel opened his eyes. The deep look in his eyes made people unable to guess what he was thinking.

He glanced at Ian on the bed and slowly replied, "Of course. She saved Uncle Ian's life."

The executive assistant, "??"

He was confused by Joel's reply. Wasn't Tina York the one who saved Mr. Ian? Why did it suddenly become Ms. Smith instead? However, Joel clearly didn't have any intentions of explaining any further, so he simply shut up.

After resting for a while, Joel finally instructed, "Find Anti."

The assistant nodded. "We've already started investigating Anti's whereabouts last night, but we couldn't find anything so far. We've also put up a reward for his whereabouts in international forums. So far, what we've found out is that Anti once treated the elderly Mrs. Hunt in the past. It seemed like Justin Hunt was the one who found him that time."

At the mention of Justin, a competitive look appeared in Joel's eyes and he said coldly, "Do you think I can't find someone that Justin Hunt could?"

All the warmth and mildness around Joel disappeared in this instant, and his entire self seemed to be dyed with a layer of black, making him look like a demon from hell itself.

At this point, they heard slight movement at the bed.

Joel, who had sensed it right away, hurried over. Sure enough, he saw Ian slowly opening his eyes.

An anxious Joel said, "Uncle Ian."

Ian glanced at him. When he saw the shadows under his eyes—obviously, he hadn't slept all night—he said, "It must have been tough on you."

Joel shook his head. “Don’t worry, Uncle Ian, I will definitely find Anti. I’ll drag him here and make him treat your illness even if he’s unwilling to!”

Ian sighed and said, “If I’m gone, then so be it. What’s the use of doing all this?”

Determination filled Joel’s eyes as he held Ian’s shoulders. He said, “No, Uncle Ian, you have to live on...”

He paused for a moment before he went on and said, “You’re my only kin now.”

His only kin...

Should outsiders hear what he said, they would definitely find his words very strange because there were still so many members of the Smiths. By right, based on blood relations, he still had a lot of relatives.

However, Ian seemed to understand what he meant. His jaw tensed up as though he wanted to say something, but in the end, he didn’t. He merely heaved a deep sigh instead.

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On the way back to the Andersons, Nora gave Tanya a call after thinking about it a little.

Tanya answered very quickly. She sounded very anxious as she asked, “How is Cherry? Why did they ask you to go over in the middle of the night? Is it serious?”

Nora looked ahead and replied concisely, “It’s not gonna kill her.”

‘Not gonna kill her’...

Tanya panicked. “That means it’s very serious, right? Is she at Hospital Finest? Which ward is she in? I’m going over now!”

Nora lazily told her the ward number and hung up.

Joel had obviously misunderstood. In that case, she would let Tanya resolve the misunderstanding herself.

Nora hated misunderstandings the most.

After resolving the misunderstanding, if it was still possible between the two of them, then they could just get together. If not, then they could break up properly...

Upon receiving the news, Tanya hailed a cab and rushed to the hospital. As soon as she went upstairs, she immediately saw Joel walking out of Ian's ward...

The premium VIP wards were on the top floor of the inpatient department. The lift was full, but Tanya was simply too anxious, so she had taken the stairs instead. Therefore, she didn't expect to run into Joel.

Joel, who had something urgent to attend to, had to go downstairs, so he also took the stairs.

Joel was currently standing on higher ground and looking down at Tanya, while Tanya was standing on lower ground and looking up at him.

The two looked at each other. For a while, neither of them spoke.

Tanya had rushed all the way here, for fear that Cherry was seriously ill. At the sight of Joel's familiar face, she subconsciously felt even sadder and her eyes instantly reddened.

Five years ago, she could have made that man her pillar of support.

But five years later, he had already become another woman's pillar of support.

The thought made Tanya hold back the tears about to gush out of her eyes. She cast her eyes down and walked around Joel so that she could go up.

Joel was watching her.

When the woman first saw him, there had been some lingering affection in her expression. It reminded him of how she had always come to him immediately whenever she was lectured by a professor or whenever she encountered some kind of difficulty.

She would hug him and cry, or hug him and laugh.

She always shared all her feelings with him. Just now, she had looked as if she wanted to rush forward and hug him.

Yet it had taken only an instant for the woman to change her mind. The look in her eyes became distant, and she even wanted to walk past him.

The rose-scented shower gel on her wafted over to him. The scent was so familiar and so long-lost that it made a lump form in his throat.

Tanya wanted to walk past the man quickly and hurry to the ward.

There was no one else in the stairwell, and the door had shut out all the noise in the hallway outside.

She felt like she could even hear the man's heartbeat in the small, closed-off environment. The stairs were relatively narrow, so Tanya turned sideways when she passed him by.

It was at this point that the man suddenly grabbed her arm. He asked, "Tanya, do you know that there's something going on between Justin Hunt and Nora Smith?"

Tanya didn't immediately understand what he meant, so she frowned and said, "Their relationship can't be made public yet. What's the matter?"

'Can't be made public yet'... In other words, she knew?

Since she knew that man was two-timing her, then why was she still staying with him?

Five years ago, when she realized what had happened between him and Hillary, hadn't she immediately left him so firmly and resolutely? Was it because she loved that man more than she loved him?

Joel felt terribly frustrated. He asked, "Therefore, you're willing to turn a blind eye to their relationship? Or are you actually the mistress instead?"

Although he hadn't interacted much with Nora before, he could tell that she was a very prideful woman.

Joel would never believe that she would become someone's mistress.

But if it wasn't Nora, then the real mistress was... Tanya?

Anger surged up in Tanya when she heard what he said, and she let out a sarcastic laugh.

So, was she actually someone like that in his eyes?

She looked down and pushed Joel away at once. Then, she said distantly, "There's nothing between the two of us anymore, Mr. Smith. It's none of your business whether I'm someone's mistress or not, right?"

Tanya wanted to leave after saying that, but Joel held on to her arm, pulled her toward him again, and slammed her against the wall at the back!

Tanya's words just now were tantamount to a tacit admission to Joel.

The look in his eyes turned dark and the aura around him also turned oppressive. He said coldly, "Since you're willing to be someone's mistress, then... why don't you be mine?"

An angry Tanya snapped, "Joel Smith, can you get any more shameless?!"

Joel gripped her chin and forced her to look up at him. He said, "How much is Mr. Hunt giving you? How about I double the amount? Or is it because of the child? In that case, if you bear me a child, I'll give you the position of Mrs. Smith. Isn't that better?"

'Child'...

Tanya was so furious that she was shaking all over.

She sneered, "Your behavior is going to make me think you still have feelings for me, Mr. Smith."

Taunts had been the most effective on him in the past.

Her words indeed made Joel's expression change, but right after that, he leaned in close. She could feel his breath on her neck as he spoke.

"I wouldn't call it feelings, but I do miss your body very much. I wonder if it's become even more alluring after five years of separation?"

His words were as if a hard slap across Tanya's cheek.

She shouted angrily, "What, is Hillary not satisfying your needs?"

Joel's voice also became a little harsher. He said, "She was never as curvy as you right from the start. After all, a dancer's body is softer and more flexible, so you can better match me and get into all kinds of positions with me!"

"... Joel Smith, you're so shameless!"

"Shameless? I can be even more shameless, Ms. Turner. Do you want a taste of it?"

Joel started to kiss Tanya right after he said that!

A furious Tanya struggled to get away from him, only to find that the more she struggled, the more fiercely the man kissed her. It was as if he wanted to swallow her whole... She simply couldn't push him away, no matter what she did. Tanya slowly gave up struggling.

Joel felt like he had gone crazy.

Originally, he had said all those things and provoked her just for a momentary thrill, but when he saw her admitting to it without denying anything, he found his heart hurting even more, and felt even sadder.

He allowed himself to vent all the yearning he had toward her during the last five years, but suddenly, something warm dripped onto the back of his hand.

The warm current felt as though it was scalding hot, causing his movements to suddenly stop.

Joel looked at Tanya and saw that she was really crying.

For a moment, he actually felt somewhat at a loss.

Smack!

Tanya slapped him across the cheek. Then, she pushed him away and rushed upstairs.

In the ward upstairs.

When Tanya entered, she found an alive and kicking Cherry playing games. It was then that she realized that she had been tricked. After comforting Cherry a little, she left with flustered emotions...

Joel was the only one left in the empty stairwell.

Joel clenched his fists. When he thought of Tanya's tears just now, he suddenly gave himself a slap.

He had been a real scumbag just now.

But he really couldn't bear to see her disrespect herself like that.

Joel leaned against the wall and closed his eyes. After a long period of silent contemplation, he suddenly heaved a huge sigh.

He stood up suddenly. However, instead of going down, he went back up.

He stood at the door and hesitated for a long time before he finally turned and walked toward the young Mr. Hunt's VIP ward.

When he reached, he stood at the door for a long time again... At last, he pushed the door open.

However, he only saw two bodyguards and two nurses there. Tanya wasn't there.

His brows drew together. Then, Cherry raised her head and looked at him in puzzlement. She asked, "Handsome mister, why are you here?"

Joel was about to speak when Cherry pursed her lips and said, "I don't like you! It must've been you who bullied God-mom Tanya and made her cry!"

Joel was utterly stunned when he heard what she said. He asked, "What did you say?"

God-mom... Tanya?

Cherry had been part of Operation Complain To Daddy, so she naturally knew that it was Mia's father who had bullied God-mom Tanya. However, she was still young, so she didn't understand the complicated relationship between the two.

With her hands on her hips, she looked at Joel and said, "Handsome mister, how can you bully a girl when you're so good-looking? God-mom Tanya was crying!"

Crying...

He thought of her tears that had fallen onto the back of his hand...

Joel suddenly stepped forward. "She's your godmother? And not your mother? So, she's not related to Justin Hunt at all?"

Cherry straightened her back at once. "Why wouldn't she be related to him?!"

Joel's heart sank, but the next moment, he heard Cherry continue:

"My godmother is Mommy's good friend. Since Mommy and Daddy have given birth to me, then my godmother will definitely be related to Daddy, yeah! Don't you dare bully God-mom anymore. Otherwise, I'll get Daddy to beat you up, yeah!"

After saying that, the little fellow even got off the bed, came up to Joel, and kicked him in the calf..

Although she had kicked him with all her strength, to Joel, it was nevertheless still just a very light kick. He lowered his head and looked at the tiny fellow in front of him who was about the same age as Mia. He suddenly rubbed her head and said, "You're right. I'm a bad person. I shouldn't have bullied your godmother... How do you think I should apologize to her?"

Cherry, "?"

Eh?

The young mister surprisingly owned up to his mistakes very quickly.

Cherry thought for a moment and replied, "A fault confessed is one half-redressed, mister. You're a pretty good man!"

Joel tried to sound her out and asked, "Do you know what your godmother likes the most?"

Cherry tilted her head and thought for a while. Suddenly, her eyes lit up and she replied, "I know! There's nothing that God-mom has lacked during all these years—except for one thing!"

"What is it?"

—
“Nora! Smith! What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Nora was driving when she heard Tanya’s roar over the phone. She looked ahead lazily and asked casually, “How does it feel to meet your old flame, Ms. Turner?”

The other woman’s voice instantly became dejected and she replied, “Not so good.”

Nora chuckled softly and asked, “Did you guys manage to resolve the misunderstanding?”

Tanya didn’t reply.

Nora raised her eyebrows. “You can’t be serious, right? Are you going to let the misunderstanding continue when I’ve already created an opportunity for you?”

Tanya let out a wry laugh and said, “It’s not about that. It’s mainly because... Even if we resolve the misunderstanding, so what? The two of us can’t go back to what we used to be anymore.”

“Why?”

Tanya sighed. “He’s already in a relationship with Hillary. What would that make me, if I involve myself with them? Besides, they already have a child...”

The conversation suddenly became a little depressing.

Nora fell silent for a moment. Then, she suggested, “How about... we make him a widower?”

Tanya, “?”

She received a huge shock and quickly said, “There’s no need for that at all! Even if he becomes a widower, I still don’t like it that he was once in a relationship with Hillary. He clearly knows that she is the one person I hate the most...”

Nora was rather disappointed. “... Okay, then.”

Tanya, "..."

Then, she said, "How about a drink tonight, Nora? We'll drink till we dro—"

Beep... beep... beep...

Tanya, "???"

As Tanya listened to the disconnected tone on the phone, she couldn't help but feel that she and Nora must be fair-weather friends for sure!

Nora tossed her cell phone aside casually after she hung up, and drove to the New York University School of Medicine. The guards had already been notified beforehand, so they let her in immediately when she reached the gates.

She drove one round around the campus. Then, she followed the GPS navigator and arrived in front of the office building. After she parked the car, she entered the building.

As soon as she entered, she saw Director Shaw, who was nearly fifty years old, standing at the entrance. He looked at her respectfully and said, "You're here!"

Nora nodded slightly.

The few people behind Director Shaw were shocked.

One must know that Director Shaw was hailed as a master neurosurgeon in the school! Not only was he the head of the Department of Neurosurgery, but he was also a director in the New York Hospital, and held an important position in the field of medicine.

Why would someone like him be so respectful and deferential toward a girl who looked like she was only about twenty years old?

While everyone was hesitating, Director Shaw held his hand out and guided her toward the front. He said, "This way, please."

Nora followed Director Shaw to his office.

Director Shaw said to his assistants, "Hurry and make some coffee. Use the premium beans in my collection. Remember to make it stronger, so that it's more refreshing!"

The assistants were dumbfounded.

Director Shaw usually treated those premium beans like they were his baby, yet he was actually taking them out today and serving them to a girl who looked like she was much younger than he was?

Director Shaw ignored his assistants' questioning gazes, entered the room, and closed the door.

When he looked behind him, he saw that the big boss had already taken a seat on the sofa and was leaning back against it.

The girl wore a pair of black skinny jeans that made her legs look long and slender. She leaned against the sofa lazily with her cat-like eyes raised, but there was no warmth within them. She asked, "Why did you ask me over so urgently, Mr. Shaw?"

Director Shaw immediately waved and said, "How am I worthy of having you use honorifics for me? Anti, I asked you over because there's an operation that requires your expertise."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What kind of operation is it?"

Director Shaw sighed and replied, "It's a five-year-old child with a tumor in his brain. The tumor's location is very tricky, and there's a high likelihood that it's in contact with neural nerves. If one isn't careful, it'll affect the child's future intelligence development, so I'm thinking of asking you to do it."

Director Shaw looked at her and said, "I know you only take on two operations a month and this month is already fully booked. But that child is really very pitiful, so I decided to ask you for help. Anti, I—"

Director Shaw was about to appeal to her through emotions and reason when Nora raised her eyebrows and asked, "Is that all?"

Director Shaw, "?"

Nora stood up, yawned, and said, "Couldn't you have just called? Instead, you made me come down here specially... You can just send me the time and location of the operation."

Then, she waved dismissively and walked out. "I'm going."

Director Shaw, "??"

It was notoriously difficult to make surgery appointments with Anti. There were countless wealthy and powerful people begging for her help, yet they couldn't even find her. The Hunts and the Smiths had gone to a lot of effort to search for her, and even promised to pay astronomical consultation fees, but even so, she hadn't agreed!

He'd thought that it would take a lot of convincing before she would agree!

He hesitated for a moment and said, "Anti, that child doesn't come from a notable background... But don't worry. If you take on the operation, you can take it that I owe you a favor."

Nora responded with an 'Okay' and left the room.

The assistants outside didn't dare to stop her when they saw her and even gave way to her.

Nora went to the car park. When she was about to leave, she suddenly heard someone saying in surprise, "Nora? Why are you here?"

She looked behind her to see Angela Smith and Lisa Black, whom she hadn't seen for a long time, walking toward her.

Angela looked at her car, and then at the office building. Her brows drew together and she asked in surprise, "Surely you can't be here to apply for postgraduate studies, right?"

Nora was a little taken aback.

Ever since she came to New York, she hadn't paid any attention to the ongoings in California anymore.

Although Angela was her half-sister, there was tension between them, so she didn't want to bother with her at all.

Lisa did mention that they were coming to New York for their postgraduate studies' entrance exams, though.

She didn't expect to bump into them here.

She ignored Angela. Instead, she looked at Lisa and asked, "Which professor are you intending to apply for?"

Lisa glanced at Angela timidly and replied, "I'm still thinking about it. I'm planning to apply for someone who's easier..."

"Heh." Angela scoffed and said, "How ambitious of you. Well, I'm a completely different story. I came here with a clear goal, and that is Director Shaw!"

She looked at Nora and said, "Do you know who Director Shaw is? He only accepts four to five students every year. A tiny little unorthodox doctor like you probably won't be able to pass the exams at all though."

To Angela, Nora had never attended college before. The reason why she had some medical skills was that she had picked up some unorthodox skills abroad.

How would a woman who had never properly attended university before possibly be qualified to apply for postgraduate studies?

Nora, however, ignored her completely. In fact, she didn't even exist in her eyes. She looked at Lisa instead and asked, "Where are you currently staying?"

"At the hotel next to the school. The lodging there is very cheap... You don't have to worry about me, Nora."

Lisa glanced at Angela after she answered. She quickly said, "You can just go, Nora. We have to go in and ask around to find out what the professors' preferences are like anyway..."

"Go? What nonsense. Tell me what exactly you're here for, Nora." Angela demanded persistently, her voice as noisy as a frog's croaking.

Nora, however, continued to ignore her. She said, "Okay. Give me a call if anything comes up, or if you run out of money."

She got in the car.

Angela went in front of the car and blocked her path. She said, "Get out here, Nora. Didn't you hear me? You—"

Nora stepped on the gas pedal and raced toward her!

The car suddenly sped up, causing Angela to shudder all over in fright, and she screamed.

Screeeeech!

The car stopped barely one centimeter away from her. Angela could even feel the car's momentum!

She turned pale with fright. The woman rested an arm on the car window, poked her head out, and said coolly, "Get out of my way."

A badly frightened Angela stepped aside in a daze.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when the car started again and sped past her with a whoosh.

Its speed was as if Nora was driving a sports car!

Angela swallowed hard. It was only when the car disappeared into the distance that she finally regained her senses. She cursed angrily, "She wanted to run me over! That little bitch! Fatty! Ugly woman! How dare she think of running me over! She must be jealous that I got engaged to Anthony!"

After Nora left California, the Grays and the Smiths were embroiled with each other for some time. In the end, Anthony had still become engaged with Angela.

Lisa couldn't bring herself to listen anymore. She said, "Nora doesn't even know that you're engaged, Angela. None of us even told her about it..."

"Shut up!"

Angela glared at her viciously. "From what I see, all you care about is Nora, right? Why don't you stay with her instead of sticking to me, then?"

Lisa bit her lip. "In that case, give me back the money that Uncle Henry lent me."

Their family had used up all of their savings on her mother's illness.

Her mother had borrowed money from Angela's father, Henry Smith, for all her travel and accommodation expenses during her trip to New York for her postgraduate studies application. However, Henry had transferred all the money to Angela, causing Lisa to be bullied by her the whole way here.

Angela pursed her lips and said, "You're borrowing money from Dad, which makes you borrowing money from me, Lisa. Considering that you're indebted to me, I hope you know what you should be saying!"

She frowned again after saying that. "Nora was driving a jeep just now, right? I didn't expect the Andersons to treat her so well... Do you think that she was here because the Andersons are intending to let her pursue postgraduate studies?"

Angela's eyes lit up at the thought, and she picked up her cell phone and called Henry, who was in California. She said, "Dad, I think Nora definitely has a way to get Director Shaw to do what she wants! Can you ask her to help me?"

Henry replied, "Okay!"

—

When Nora was about to reach home, her cell phone suddenly rang.

It was an unregistered number.

She wasn't planning to answer, but because she was driving, she pressed the wrong button and accidentally picked up the call. Henry's voice immediately reached her from the other end of the call.

"Nora, I'm your father. I was the one who raised you, so you're obligated to support me during old age! We'll put aside the issue about your mother's company's profits for now, so get the Andersons to use their connections to get your younger sister acquainted with Director Shaw at once!"

Nora, "?"

How had she set that mad dog free?

She was about to hang up when her stepmother Wendy's voice also reached her. She said, "Nora, I know you don't want to come back anymore because you're now living in the lap of luxury after you went to the Andersons. You've also taken away your mother's company and are not intending to give it to us, but we're still family, at any rate. Blood is thicker than water; Angela is your sister after all. Help her out; if she becomes a famous surgeon and makes money in the future, we won't have to pester you when we're old, either, right? Don't you agree?"

Nora suddenly smiled. "Blood is thicker than water?"

Wendy replied, "Yes, that's right. You and your younger sister share the same father, so the same blood flows through your veins. You mustn't forget your roots after you've climbed up the social ladder!"

The same father...

If they hadn't reminded her, she would have almost slept herself into a daze and forgotten that she had a father.

That father of hers was a really weird one though. One couldn't say that he didn't treat his daughter well, because he took care of all of Angela's needs properly. Yet at the same time, he was cold and frosty toward Nora.

It was as if it would do as long as she didn't starve to death.

Nora cast her eyes down and suddenly raised her eyebrows. "I see."

"Huh? What do you mean by 'I see'? Nora, you—"

Before Wendy could finish, Nora had already hung up.

She called Lisa. "Where are you?"

A surprised Lisa replied, "I'm still at the school."

"Okay. I'm coming to you now."

Lisa was dumbfounded. "Why are you looking for me, Nora?"

Nora's eyes narrowed and the corners of her lips curled upward a little. She replied, "Oh. I want to see if blood is indeed thicker than water between Angela and me."

Lisa, “?”

She hung up on an utterly confused Lisa.

The car turned around at the intersection and went straight to the New York University School of Medicine.

Ten minutes later, the jeep stopped in front of the office building.

Nora hopped off the car slickly and walked straight over to Angela and Lisa.

Angela smiled triumphantly and said, “Hah, did Dad call you? Nora, I’ll tell you this…”

Before she could finish, however, Nora suddenly grabbed her hair. She felt a jolt of pain at once. The next moment, she saw that Nora had plucked out a few strands of her hair. Her voice was lazy as she said:

“Let me borrow this for a sec.”

Angela immediately held her hand over her head in pain and took a step back. “What are you doing, Nora?!”

While Angela was still in shock, Nora quickly put the strands of hair into a plastic bag. After putting it in her pocket, she raised her eyebrows and replied, “I didn’t do anything.”

Angela said angrily, “You obviously hurt me just now! You’re bullying me!”

Impatience flashed across Nora’s eyes. “Yes, I’m bullying you. So?”

So? So, what?

Angela had never been able to beat her sister in fights. When they were children, she was fat and strong. However, after they grew up, she had beaten her up whenever she saw her because she really wanted to.

She took a step back with her eyes all red. “I’m going to tell Dad! Don’t be so smug just yet, Nora!”

Nora waved nonchalantly and turned to leave.

“Where are you going?” Angela panicked again when she saw her leaving. “Dad told you to take me to Director Shaw so that we can talk about my postgraduate studies application! Didn’t you hear what he said?”

Nora, however, got into her car and drove off as if she really hadn’t heard about it.

This time, Angela didn’t dare to stand in her path.

Forced to helplessly watch as she left, Angela stamped her foot in anger.

She looked at the office building again. She wanted to go in but was stopped again. She was so mad that she immediately blamed it on Lisa. She snapped, “Why didn’t you stop her just now?”

Lisa kept her head down and said nothing. However, her delicate brows knitted together.

Angela became angrier at the sight of her reaction. “You’re such bad luck. Whom are you trying to show that long face you’re pulling every day? C’mon, let’s go. Are you just going to continue standing there and embarrass yourself?”

Lisa sighed and followed behind Angela. When the two were about to leave, they suddenly heard a voice coming from behind them.

“The two of you, please wait a moment! Director Shaw is asking you to go upstairs.”

Upstairs.

Director Shaw was astonished when he saw through the windows that the big boss had returned in her very wild-looking jeep.

Then, he saw her saying a few words to the two girls downstairs before she left again. At once, Director Shaw couldn’t sit still anymore.

Anti was an internationally-renowned master surgeon. She had done him a huge favor when she agreed to perform the operation, so he was currently troubling over how he could return the favor.

That was why he had hurriedly told his assistant to invite the two of them upstairs.

The usually stern and serious man was currently looking at Lisa and Angela with a big smile. He asked, "How are the two of you related to An... I mean, Ms. Smith?"

How they were related?

Angela's eyes lit up.

In Angela's opinion, Nora must have met Director Shaw through the Andersons. She immediately smiled and replied, "I'm her younger sister!"

Sure enough, Director Shaw became more kindly. "Her younger sister? Are you a medical university student?"

Angela quickly shook her head. "No, I'm not, Director Shaw. I finished my undergraduate studies at the California University of Medicine. These are my exam results. I came to New York because I'm planning to apply as a postgraduate student under your tutelage this year."

She was planning to apply as a postgraduate student under him?

Director Shaw became even happier. He picked up Angela's results and took a couple of glances.

Angela's grades were very solid, and she was always among the top scorers every year. Otherwise, Henry and Wendy wouldn't have treated her like a precious treasure. Neither would the Grays have agreed to her becoming Anthony's fiancée instead of Nora, either.

Director Shaw praised, "Your grades are very good! How are your written exam results in the postgraduate entrance exams?"

Angela became even more excited at once. She replied, "I've passed the exam, so I'm waiting for the interview notice now!"

"Okay, I'll keep you in mind!"

Director Shaw then looked at Lisa. "You're..."

Before he could finish, Angela stepped in front of her and said, "She's my classmate who accompanied me here. Director Shaw, if you can give me a chance, my sister and the Andersons will definitely repay you for your kindness."

Repay him for his kindness?

A horrified Director Shaw replied, "Not at all, not at all."

Anti needed only to say the word and he would take in as many postgraduate students as she wanted him to!

Angela's eyes flickered when she heard what he said. She couldn't help feeling like the Andersons' social status was even higher than she had imagined... She smiled and said, "Director Shaw, if there's nothing else, we'll leave for now?"

Director Shaw nodded. "Sure. You can go home and wait for the interview notice!"

After that, Angela led Lisa out after glaring at her.

As soon as they exited, Angela, at the sight of Lisa dilly-dallying, sneered, "What are you moving so slowly for? Are you planning to ask me to introduce you to Director Shaw? Hah, weren't you behaving pretty loftily just now? Didn't you say that people shouldn't use such connections for their benefit?"

When she was calling Henry just now, Lisa had tried to persuade her against it. She had said, "Let's work hard on our own instead, Angela. Let's not give Nora any trouble... Besides, one should apply for postgraduate studies based on their own merit, after all..."

Lisa lowered her head upon hearing what Angela said. She said, "Y-you said that you're Nora's younger sister just now. It's not very nice to use the Andersons' name without their permission, is it?"

Angela immediately looked at her. "I'm Nora's biological younger sister. What's the big deal even if I make use of her? However, you're just a cousin, so of course, you can't do the same!"

She picked up her cell phone excitedly at this point. When she did, she happened to see someone on Facebook at-mentioning her and asking her how the exam went, how her interview was going, and whether she was confident or not.

Angela hadn't mentioned anything at all prior to this. After all, when Anti had exposed her lie in front of everyone back in California the other time, the

school had punished her and left a blemish on her record. They had also canceled her eligibility to receive recommendations during postgraduate studies applications.

However, she could finally hold her head up high and brag on her social media now. She wrote: 'Director Shaw said that my grades are very good when we met just now. He wants me as his postgraduate student very much.'

A furor went through her social circle at once.

'Director Shaw? Is it the same Director Shaw I'm thinking of? F*ck!'

'Angela is just so impressive! She was already a hotshot when she was in school. Now that she's in New York, she's become a hotshot again! Dear Ms. Smith, please don't forget your old classmates when you make it big in the future!'

Everyone showered Angela with compliments, making her feel as if she was on cloud nine.

Lisa was the only one standing there and looking at her hesitantly as she thought, 'I think Director Shaw told her to wait for an interview notice just now rather than an enrollment notice, right...? But if I remind her about it, she'll definitely scold me again. In that case, I'd better just not say anything.'

After the two girls left, the nearly fifty-year-old professor took off his glasses and massaged his temples.

For some reason, he didn't quite like that girl just now.

After teaching so many postgraduate students, one could say that he could already see through these children's thoughts at a glance.

There was too much going on in that girl's eyes, and her attitude toward medicine was impure.

Director Shaw picked up his cell phone and sent Nora a text message detailing the time and location of the young patient's operation.

The big boss replied very quickly this time: 'Got it.'

Director Shaw stared at her message. Then, he suddenly sent another message: 'Do you have a younger sister named Angela? She says that she's planning to apply to become my postgraduate student.'

One mustn't stay quiet after doing a good deed.

He mustn't let Anti think that he was useless.

However, the next moment, he received a reply from her...

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

Director Shaw, "?"

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

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

But she had returned to the States this year!

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

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

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

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

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

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

A puzzled Lily asked, "Why don't you do it in the States instead, Anti?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Because it's easy for others to falsify results here."

"..."

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

Nora chuckled and replied, "Yeah, maybe you're right. Just get it done for me, though."

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

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

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

She had two children now.

One would never go wrong being a little more careful.

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

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

She let out a yawn while thinking about it.

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

After all!

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

While he was waiting in boredom, Nora finally arrived.

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

Nora turned the car around and asked, "Why?"

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

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

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

Nora chuckled and asked, "And then?"

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

"..."

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

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

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

“ ... ”

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

Nora, “ ... ”

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

Pete, “?”

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

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

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

Pete tilted his head and answered seriously, “Yes!”

Tsk.

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

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

“ ... ”

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

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

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

He asked, “Mommy, what will happen if someone who’s allergic to mangoes eats it?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nora, "?"

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

Weren't they going to go home?

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

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

—

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

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

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

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

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

Lisa ignored her.

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

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

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

Both of them had received interview notices.

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

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

Therefore, Angela wasn't nervous at all.

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

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

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

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

Lisa, "?"

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

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

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

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

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

At nine o'clock in the evening.

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

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

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

She laid down on the bed after that.

Lisa, "!!"

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

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

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

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

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

Her words made Angela's eyes light up.

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

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

She had never expected that little bitch to outshine her.

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

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

Didn't that make her a competitor, then?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Angela raised her eyebrows and handed her the key card.

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

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

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

Soon, it was her turn for the interview.

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

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

Everyone present could tell what she was implying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her words made the staff member harden his heart again.

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

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