

Chapter 167 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The gentle and mellow voice was mixed with some light panting as if the owner of the voice had run all the way here.

Everyone looked at the gates and saw Caleb Gray walking in. Dressed in a gray suit, he gave off a comfortable feeling that felt just like a spring breeze.

His chest rose up and down slightly as he panted. His deep, melancholic eyes shifted to Nora after he spoke. He nodded politely and gently at her and said, "I rushed over immediately when I saw the live-stream. I almost messed things up for you."

Nora, "?"

Wasn't he her ex-fiancé Anthony Gray's uncle?

He had approached her to fulfill the marriage agreement between the Grays and her the other time. What was he doing here?

While she was wondering about it, Caleb turned to Henry. The attitude he took with him was completely different from the one he adopted toward Nora. He even sounded a little disgusted as he said, "Do you really think that no one knows the truth about what happened back then, Mr. Smith?"

Henry, who had been punched, was holding his nose. Blood seeped from in between his fingers. When he heard what Caleb said, he frowned. "What truth are you talking about?"

Caleb replied, "The truth about your marriage to Ms. Anderson!"

Henry's eyes flickered. "What I said just now is the truth itself. What nonsense are you spouting? Are you guys planning to twist the truth? Also, who are you? How dare you come over to help that unfilial girl!"

Caleb sighed. "I'm from the Grays."

The Grays?

An astounded Henry looked at him. "What?"

Nora could clearly sense that there was something going on in here. She thought of the marriage agreement, and how the Smiths were just a small family, whereas the Grays were a large and famous wealthy family in California. She thought of how the Grays had never demanded to break off the engagement even when she became pregnant before marriage...

“What exactly happened back then, Mr. Gray?” asked Nora.

Caleb replied with a sigh, “I was only three years old back then, so I didn’t know the truth. It was my father who told me everything, but everything he said is completely different from what Mr. Smith said!”

Completely different...

Henry became terribly anxious. “You—”

He only managed to utter a word when Caleb looked at him, frightening him so badly that he suppressed the rest of what he had wanted to say. He was relatively unfamiliar with the wealthy families in New York, but the Grays were influential locals of California!

Besides, his daughter was currently engaged to the Grays!

He stepped forward and said, “We’re in-laws, Mr. Gray. You—”

Caleb lowered his gaze, causing his long eyelashes to cast silhouettes on his cheeks. He looked at Nora and slowly said, “It is true that your mother was pregnant before she was married, but this is something that everyone knew—because her belly was already showing when she got married.”

Her belly was already showing...

Then that meant that the wedding scam didn’t exist at all!

Nora narrowed her eyes. “And then?”

“Your father was just a clerk at that time. For some reason, your mother took an interest in him, so she had a frank and sincere talk with him.”

Henry was still disputing his claim. He said, “That didn’t happen at all!”

However, Caleb took out a very old voice recorder pen and pressed the play button. A conversation between the two started to play clearly from the recorder pen.

The voice that Nora found so familiar, yet also felt foreign at the same time, was speaking calmly without any emotion. She asked, "Do you have a girlfriend, Henry?"

Henry's voice sounded a little younger than how it currently sounded. His voice shook in trepidation as he answered, "... N-no, I don't."

Yvette asked, "Are you willing to marry me, then?"

"What?"

Yvette let out a low chuckle and said, "This is a transaction. I'm pregnant and my child needs a father, whereas your mother is sick and you need money for her medical expenses."

The sound of Henry swallowing hard was very obvious. He said, "Then... Then your assets..."

Yvette said, "I'm sick and in very serious condition. I can probably only live for a year after I give birth. After I die, the company will be left to my child. I've already found a dedicated manager for the company. As for you, you are to act as my child's guardian. The dividends you'll receive before she reaches adulthood will definitely be more than enough for you. I won't hold you back from marrying and having children, either. I want you to take good care of my child. In return, as thanks, I can transfer the villa, where I'm currently living, to you."

Henry seemed to be in disbelief. He asked, "W-why did you pick me?"

However, Yvette merely chuckled and said nothing.

Henry spoke again. He asked, "A-aren't you afraid that I'll mistreat your child?"

Yvette's answer this time was very casual. She said, "It's fine as long as you make sure that she stays alive. As for the rest, you can do whatever you want."

"..."

“Oh, by the way, if she accidentally dies, then the villa will be taken back and the company’s dividends cut off. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“... Y-yes, I understand.”

“Okay. If you’re agreeable to it, then just sign this contract here. I’ll give you three days to consider—”

Henry’s voice was tinged with excitement as he interrupted her and said, “No, it’s fine! I agree!”

...

...

The whole place was quiet.

No one had ever thought that the plot twist would come so quickly, or that Henry would have to eat his words so quickly.

One by one, the people lambasting Nora in the comments changed their target.

‘What the f*ck! Isn’t this too sensational? This is a story of a man, who was sponging off a woman, coming over to make trouble because he can’t freeload anymore, right?’

‘That’s a villa, y’know! It must be worth at least five million dollars in California, right? Moreover, there are also five million dollars worth of dividends every year. Her only demand is that her child stays alive...’

‘The mother is a little cold toward her child, but she feels so cool for some reason!’

‘Oh my god! Aren’t they too shameless?! Not only are they living off her and literally living in her house, but they even mistreated her child. And now, they are even pestering her child to provide for them! There’s no justice in this world anymore!’

...

No one paid any attention to the comments in the live-stream.

Nora's eyes were downcast at the moment. As she listened to the conversation that her mother had left behind while she was still alive—and one from more than twenty years ago at that—she actually felt as if she had traveled through time and space.

As it turned out, being a mother was also hereditary.

She had inherited her irresponsibility from her mother.

It was fine as long as she was alive.

Although her words sounded cold, it was actually her mother's greatest wish for her, right?

Her mother had been sure that as long as she was alive, she would never be ordinary, and would become strong and confident. That was why she had left her a voice recording telling her to stay low-key...

While Nora was in a daze, Melissa had already recovered from her shock. She rebuked, "Henry, you're worse than an animal! How did you even have the cheek to bring people to our place and make a scene here?!"

Simon looked even more furious. He said, "The Andersons were originally planning to let you off, Henry Smith. But judging from how things are now, this feud between us is irreconcilable!"

Henry and Wendy were just like hunted rats being persecuted by everyone now.

The two of them supported each other.

Henry, who knew that he was finished, yelled furiously, "What are all of you so triumphant for, Nora? Someone like you who has inherited your mother's cold-heartedness doesn't understand what kinship is at all! Even if you become rich and powerful, you'll still be all alone unlike us! We're at least still a family of three!"

A family of three?

The corners of Nora's lips suddenly curled upward. She took a step forward and said, "Henry, after calling you my father for nineteen years, why don't I give you a parting gift too?"

A gift?

Henry narrowed his eyes. "What kind of gift is it?"

Could Nora have been stung by her conscience, so she was planning to give him some money? She had ultimately grown up with them, right? When she was still a child, she even used to look at him eagerly, hoping that he would hug her.

Henry's eyes were shining as if they were full of greed.

Nora, who didn't know what he had imagined on his own, handed him the other DNA test report that she had printed with the bank statements. She said, "I hope the gift is to your liking."

It was a document...

Could it be a company ownership transfer agreement? Had that daughter of his finally been stung by her conscience, and decided to transfer ownership of the tiny Idealian Pharmaceuticals in California to him?

With that in mind, Henry flipped open the document.

Wendy, who was standing next to Henry, also breathed a sigh of relief. They didn't have any savings, so they fully depended on the dividends to survive. After all these years, they had also become accustomed to spending extravagantly and couldn't get out of the habit right away. The lack of income during the last couple of months had suffocated them badly.

She said with a smile, "Nora, even though we aren't related by blood, it's still true that we've kept each other company for more than twenty years. On account of how you've called Henry your father all these years, thank you very much for your help this time~"

After speaking, she turned back to Henry and asked, "What's that, Henry?"

Henry was already frozen in place. He raised his head in disbelief and looked at Wendy.

When an excited Wendy asked him that question, at last, he couldn't hold himself back anymore. He suddenly reached out and grabbed her throat. He looked savage as he demanded, "Tell me, whose daughter is Angela?!"

Upon being suddenly questioned like that, Wendy was stunned. Then, as though she had just realized something, she hastily grabbed Henry's arms and said, "Let go of me first, Henry. Let go... Angela is your daughter, of course. Don't be fooled by that woman!"

Henry loosened his grip a little when he heard what she said.

Wendy pushed Henry away and took several steps back. Then, she looked at Nora menacingly and dropped all of her usual pretenses. "What did you say to Henry, Nora?"

Nora lowered her gaze and replied, "Nothing much. I just had an extra DNA test done, that's all. Of course, if the two of you doubt its authenticity, feel free to get another lab to redo it."

Then, her lips curled into a smile and she added, "Oh, I forgot that you guys are broke. I can pay for it at no cost to you."

She spoke casually and naturally, but also with certainty.

The test was done by Lily herself, so there was no way there would be any mistakes!

Henry looked at Wendy again. "Tell me, is Angela my daughter or not?! Wendy, you'd best not lie to me!"

Wendy swallowed hard. Now that things had come to this point, she knew that Henry would never believe her anymore. Besides, the result would still be the same anyway, even if they had the DNA test redone.

She ran a couple of steps toward the police and hid behind them. Then, she poked her head out and said, "That's right, Angela isn't your daughter! But this is all because you forced me into it!"

Henry was taken aback.

A sobbing Wendy said, "You abandoned me for money and prestige back then! After you married that little bitch, you said you would marry me once she died! But what happened after she died? What did you do? You started to fool around with a young and pretty woman! And never once brought up the topic of marrying me!"

A fierce look came over Wendy's eyes as she said, "You said that woman, Yvette Anderson, refused to let you touch her, so you were with me during the marriage, but what happened in the end? After using me to vent your sexual desires, you decided to deny responsibility? What makes you think you can do that, Henry? Did those few years of my youth all go to waste?"

Wendy started to cry as she spoke. She said, "I had no other choice. Since you refused to marry me, I couldn't just waste my youth like that. Besides, I just couldn't seem to ever get pregnant when I was with you, so I simply decided to go to another man instead... It was only after I became pregnant and drove you into a corner with the baby that you finally gave in!"

Henry flew into a rage and rushed forward to hit her. He shouted, "You bitch! How dare you lie to me and trick me into bringing up someone else's daughter for more than twenty years!"

Wendy clutched one of the policemen's arm and cried out, "Sir, someone's trying to kill me! You have to help me!"

Ford didn't move. However, the rest of the policemen held Henry back and said, "Talk it out if you have a problem with each other. Assaulting someone is against the law!"

Henry's chest heaved up and down in fury. "You! It's because of Angela that I didn't ask for any more children! I didn't think that you'd actually kept me from having any daughter of my own for the rest of my life!"

Wendy sneered, "I'm the cause of it? Given that body of yours, how can you possibly have any children? We've been together for so many years, but I've never been pregnant with your child. In contrast, I merely spent the night with another man once and I immediately became pregnant. Why don't you say it's because you're impotent instead?"

Impotent...

Henry, who had been accused of being impotent in front of a nationwide broadcast, had thoroughly embarrassed himself inside out!

He roared furiously, "Shut the hell up!"

Wendy, however, wasn't afraid. In fact, she even said arrogantly, "You're too old to ever have any children in the future, so I'd advise you to calm down."

This way, I can still get Angela to continue providing for you as her father. If you continue to verbally abuse me, both my daughter and I won't acknowledge you as father and husband anymore!"

They would stop acknowledging him as father and husband...

Henry felt a sharp pain in his heart.

There weren't any fathers who didn't love their children in this world.

He had honestly really given all of his love to Angela, but in the end, the moment he thought of how she wasn't his daughter, he couldn't help but feel conflicted and agonized...

Wendy stepped forward and grabbed his arm. She said, "You'd better stop making a scene, Henry. Otherwise, everyone is going to see you as a joke! Just take it that this has never happened. Our family of three can still live like how we did in the past!"

Wendy's eyes flickered when she said that.

The villa in California was still under Henry's name!

Henry looked at her. A moment later, he closed his mouth.

The elderly were the most afraid of having no one to rely on in old age. He had given all his love to Angela. In that sense, Angela wouldn't treat him that badly in the future, either.

Even if she wasn't his biological daughter, he could only live with it now!

Henry felt tightness in his chest as if something was stuck there. Suddenly, he tasted something sweet in his throat, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood and fainted.

Wendy hurriedly called an ambulance and sent him to the hospital.

The fiasco finally ended.

Roxanne and the cameraman tried to slip away during the chaos but were caught by Ford. He said, "For trespassing into private property without the owner's consent, damaging someone else's reputation through means of a

live-stream, and infringing someone else's portrait rights, you are hereby arrested for multiple offenses. Please come with us to the police station!"

While the police were arresting them, Nora was thanking Caleb. She took the recorder pen and said, "It seems like my mother trusted your family very much."

Caleb smiled gently when he heard what she said. His melancholic eyes were deep and bottomless as he said, "I thought you would ask me who your biological father is."

Nora looked up at him and asked, "You know who he is?"

Caleb smiled and shook his head. "I don't."

Nora uttered an 'oh'. She wasn't particularly bothered.

A puzzled Caleb asked, "Don't you want to know?"

Nora replied detachedly, "It doesn't matter to me."

It really didn't matter to her.

Having grown up in a family like that ever since she was a child, kinship wasn't something indispensable for her.

To her, the greatest value her mother had was that she had given birth to her, and also left her with so much material she could study and learn from.

Her father...

That word had been associated with Henry since she was a child. Even though he wasn't her father anymore, she didn't feel much affection for the word.

Nora put the recorder pen away safely into her pocket. Then, she looked at Caleb and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Caleb sighed and said, "Back then, your mother asked us to take care of you. You can say that all this was because the Grays were negligent."

Caleb also had a look of approval and appreciation on his countenance when he talked about Yvette.

While they were talking, Ford suddenly walked over. His expression was as stern as ever as if he never smiled or laughed. He interrupted their conversation and said, "Ms. Smith, Mr. Gray. We need the two of you to give your statements for investigative purposes."

Statements?

Nora was taken aback.

Caleb also couldn't help but ask, "It's just trespassing on private property. Why do we have to give statements for it?"

Ford looked firm and determined, and his facial features were chiseled and defined. He spoke politely but with a commandeering air as if he was someone who had held a high position for a long time. He said, "Please go through the motions with us."

Nora felt that he wasn't someone to be messed with.

She nodded.

Caleb didn't refuse, either. Thus, the two of them were asked to go down to the police station together. They were also assigned to different rooms.

Nora sat casually in the dark room. Her big boss-like demeanor made the few policemen stare at one another.

Most people would shiver in fear in the police station, but why was that woman looking as if she was at a tourist attraction?

Also, was it really necessary to bring them back to take their statements for something as trivial as trespassing into private property? They didn't dare to voice that out loud, though, and could only sneak glances at Ford.

That man's identity wasn't simple. The whole police station had to obey his orders!

Nora looked around curiously.

"What are you looking at, Ms. Smith?" asked Ford.

“At your dark little room here. It really does shut out all the light. I can probably sleep really well here.”

“ ... ”

Although Nora slept a lot, the quality of her sleep had always been rather poor. Therefore, Cherry never dared to disturb her when she was sleeping.

There wasn't any light in the interrogation room at all, which surprisingly made it a great place for sleeping.

Ford kept quiet for a while before he asked, “Do you know anything about your mother, Ms. Smith?”

Nora's eyebrows raised slightly at the question.

She suddenly asked, “Are you a special ops officer?”

Ford was taken aback, but he didn't speak.

Nora's fingers tapped lightly against the chair. She said, “All the other policemen act in accordance to your will, so you're likely very highly ranked. However, it's not quite appropriate for such a high-ranking officer to handle disputes over trespassing of private property. So, you came to my home because of this?”

Ford's jaw tightened. A short while later, he stood up.

He subconsciously straightened his back when he got up. His posture was tall and straight, and his entire self seemed as sharp as a razor. It was as though there was nothing that could stand in his way.

His voice was deep and steady. He said, “My name is Morris Ford.”

“... Hello, Captain Ford.”

Morris said, “We're investigating a case from more than twenty years ago. The case is related to your mother, so I'd like to know more about her through you. Please cooperate with us, Ms. Smith.”

Nora's eyes flickered a little.

It was just like what she had thought!

Her mother had suddenly left the Andersons back then. She broke up with Ian Smith, went to California all by herself, and never contacted her family ever since. There must be a reason for all that!

She asked, "Can I ask what kind of case it is?"

Morris shook his head. "I'm sorry, but this is a Class S case, you're not authorized to know anything about it."

"..."

Nora kept quiet for a while. At last, she said, "I don't know anything at all."

Her mother had left her a lot of things, but there was nothing among them that challenged the boundaries of the law except for the Imperial League...

Morris scrutinized her, seemingly trying to judge whether what she had just said was true or false.

The man had an extremely sharp gaze. No one could lie while he was staring straight at them. However, the young woman in front of him was calm, and her almond-shaped eyes were so clear that one could see right to the bottom of them. It instead made one unable to read her thoughts.

For the first time, Morris couldn't see through the truth of something and someone.

After thinking for a while, he said, "In that case, please sign the statement, Ms. Smith. You can leave after that."

After saying that, he went next door.

Caleb was in the room next door.

After signing the statement, Nora walked out of the police station. After waiting outside for a while, Caleb finally came out. There was some hesitancy on his countenance as he said, "That man is so strange. He keeps asking about Aunt Yvette, but I was unfortunately only three or four years old at that time. How would I know anything about her..."

Nora's eyes flickered a little when she heard what he said.

At this point, Caleb's cell phone suddenly rang. He smiled at Nora and picked up the call. At once, his expression darkened and a chilly glint flashed in his dark eyes. He said, "I'll come over right away."

After hanging up, he looked at Nora and said, "I have something on, so I'll leave first, Ms. Smith."

Nora nodded.

At the same time.

In the hospital.

Joel Smith hurried over when he heard from the nurse. He was panting rather hard. When he entered the ward, he saw that his uncle, who was usually in low spirits and looked half-dead all the time, was actually seated there looking somewhat anxious at the moment.

Joel asked, "What's the matter, Uncle Ian?"

After a long silence, Ian finally said, "Joel, she must be my daughter."

Joel was taken aback. "Who?"

Ian's hand was trembling somewhat as he answered, "Nora Smith."

He had watched the entire live-stream.

Therefore, he knew that Yvette's company in California back then was named Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Ideals... Dreams... And Ian...

Ian...

Was it because Yvette had also missed him that she also dreamed of him?!

An agitated Ian grabbed Joel's hand and said, "Go and investigate her! Investigate all of Nora's past. If possible, have a DNA test done for us!"

Joel held his hand and said, "Calm down, Uncle Ian. I'll have her investigated right away."

Ian nodded.

Then, Joel suddenly said, “I can investigate her background, Uncle Ian, but you must promise me that you’ll live on properly. It’s only if you’re alive that you’ll get to know the answers to your questions.”

The light came back into Ian’s originally muted eyes when he heard him.

—

At the Woods.

Miranda and Rachel had watched the entire live-stream and seen the plot twist at the end.

Miranda smacked the table angrily. “Henry Smith is so useless!”

Rachel also curled her lip in distaste and said, “We spent all that money and got them Roxanne in vain... Fortunately, though, we’ve already paid her to keep quiet, so she won’t sell us out.”

However, as soon as she said that, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Farrell entered the room, looking livid.

Miranda hastily exchanged a look with Rachel when she saw him, and both of them shut up. Miranda got up and took a step forward with a smile. “Why are you back so early today?” She asked.

She subconsciously wanted to take Farrell’s bag from him, but when she held it, she found that Farrell hadn’t let go.

Surprised, a puzzled Miranda called out, “Farrell?”

As soon as she said that, Farrell suddenly reached out. A loud smack rang out as he gave her a tight slap across the cheek, causing Miranda to see stars as her head turned to the side.

She was absolutely stunned.

The Woods had always been a scholarly family who preferred to talk things out rather than resorting to violence. Farrell was also a gentleman among

gentlemen. During all these years, he had never even raised his voice against her before, let alone hit her!

After a stunned moment, Miranda finally reacted. She shouted shrewishly, “What are you doing, Farrell? How dare you hit me! Are you looking down on me because my family is down and out right now? I just knew it would be like this! The Woods are kicking me while I’m down! That’s it, I’m leaving! I’m going back to my parents’ place!”

Farrell gazed at his wife in front of him with a sharp glint in his eyes. The somewhat disappointed man let out a contemptuous laugh and said, “You’re right, I’m not blessed enough to have a daughter of the Sonnets with me. I’ll have someone pack your things and send you home right away!”

A dumbfounded Miranda was in shock.

Rachel hastily rushed over and shouted, “Dad, what are you doing? If you’re sending Mom away, then you can send both my younger brother and me away, too!”

Farrell glared at her. He suddenly raised his hand at her, frightening Rachel into squeezing her eyes shut in a hurry.

However, when the smack rang out, Rachel didn’t feel any pain on her cheek. She opened her eyes in shock and saw that Farrell’s cheek was red—he had slapped himself instead...

Farrell stared at Rachel with great grief and said, “Spare the rod, spoil the child! It’s my fault for thinking that you should be raised by your mother because you’re a girl! That’s why you became mad with jealousy, narrow-minded, and petty at such a young age!”

Rachel, who found his scoldings ridiculous, said, “Did my aunt say something to you again, Dad? How can she do that? She forgave us and called you on the surface, and then immediately complained to you the next moment? She’s too much!”

Miranda also nodded. “Yes, it must be her!”

Farrell stared at the mother-daughter pair in front of him and shut his eyes in pain.

He had still thought that it was impossible that they would ever do something like that when he received the call from Mr. Hunt earlier that day. His wife and his younger sister didn't get along, but there were just verbal disagreements. His wife was always trying to get the upper hand over his younger sister.

He didn't believe that his wife would do something like that. Had it been someone else who had called him, he would definitely have trusted his wife without any hesitation.

However, the person who had called him was Justin Hunt.

Mr. Hunt would never make trouble for a woman without any reason!

Moreover, he had also outright given him the evidence of them bribing Roxanne, as well as of them paying to have the live-stream trend on social media!

No matter how incredulous Farrell was, he had no choice but to believe it after that.

He waved somewhat tiredly and said, "I'll give you two options."

Miranda was stunned.

Farrell lowered his head and said, "The first one—someone will monitor all your actions in the future, but I will continue to give you the title of Mrs. Wood. The second—we divorce."

Miranda was stunned.

"No, I don't agree to that. Dad, are you planning to put Mom under house arrest? You—"

However, before Rachel could finish, Farrell looked back at her and said, "And you, too. I'll give you three options. The first one—you can stay at home, but you're not allowed to contact your mother anymore. Also, you have to attend college properly! The second—go abroad, but you are not allowed to return during the next three years. Neither are you allowed to have any contact with your mother during this time! The third—leave with your mother."

Rachel was dumbfounded.

So was Miranda.

Henry and Wendy returned to the hotel where they were temporarily staying, after they left the Andersons' villa.

Henry looked livid. When he saw Angela waiting for them after they reached the hotel, his expression instantly darkened even further.

Angela had watched the live-stream from start to finish, so she naturally also knew the truth.

She rushed up to Henry with her eyes red and said, "Dad, I know Mom has let you down, but in my heart, you're still my father!"

Henry, who was being hugged by his daughter, thought of how he had carried her and played with her when she was a child, and the bit of displeasure he had, disappeared along with the wind.

Ah, well.

No matter what, he had brought her up, after all. He still had feelings for her.

Henry took a deep breath and entered the bathroom to take a bath.

He was all tuckered out after kicking up such a fuss at the Andersons today.

When the sound of running water started to ring out, Angela sat beside Wendy restlessly, lowered her voice, and asked, "Mom, so I'm not Dad's daughter? What do we do now?"

Angela curled her lip in distaste. "I've never liked him ever since I was a kid. He doesn't work and isn't motivated at all. All he knows is to fool around at home every day. I couldn't even answer when my classmates asked me what my dad did for a living. It was so embarrassing! No wonder I don't look like him at all. As it turns out, it's because I'm not his daughter! Mom, I really don't understand. Since the truth is out, and he doesn't have any money left anyway, does that mean we can abandon him? Let's just leave by ourselves!"

Wendy whispered, "Shh, keep it down. Don't let him hear you. We have to keep him happy for now. At the very least, he still has that villa in California under his name. It's worth more than five million dollars! We can fall out with him after he gives you the villa instead!"

The villa...

Angela thought of the five million dollars and heaved a sigh. "Alright," she said.

While the two of them were whispering to each other, Henry had already finished his bath and exited the bathroom in a bathrobe. After he came out, he saw that there were a few missed calls on his cell phone.

They were all from friends showing him concern after watching the live-stream. He called them back, one by one.

He spat angrily, "Nora has no conscience whatsoever! She's not like our filial Angela at all! Even if she isn't my biological daughter, how is she any different from one?"

"Hah, Nora is very strange. She has always wanted to be close to me ever since she was a child, but I've never wanted to pay her any attention at all. Now, Angela is different though. We have emotional ties with each other..."

A stubborn Henry replied several calls in a row. Angela poured him a glass of water and asked, "Does your throat hurt, Dad?"

Henry took the glass of water from her. He couldn't help but sigh—no matter what, at least this daughter of his treated him sincerely. Although he didn't get any money from Nora, at least he still had kinship.

At least they would still stay as a family of three, as long as he didn't hold it against Wendy and forgave her...

Ding-dong! The doorbell suddenly rang.

Henry got up and went to open the door. A few lawyers were outside the door. They said, "Mr. Smith, as you've displayed abusive behavior while raising Ms. Smith, according to the signed agreement between you and Ms. Anderson, we shall now take back ownership of the villa you're living in!"