

Chapter 219 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Mrs. Hoffman's intentions were very simple—if they were really going to transfer the car racing club's ownership rights, then she would minimize the profits! So that Paul wouldn't make any money!

However, before she could dial Nora's number, Jordan stopped her.

Mrs. Hoffman looked up to see Jordan with a serious look on his face. With a frown, he said, "Don't call Ms. Smith yet."

Mrs. Hoffman was taken aback. "Have you thought of a solution, Jordan?"

Jordan took a deep breath and said, "I'll head over to the Quinn School of Martial Arts first, and see if we can work with them instead!"

Mrs. Hoffman frowned. "Are we going to let the Quinn School of Martial Arts take part of the dividends without any contributions from them?"

Jordan heaved a sigh. "We don't have any other choice. What kind of status do you think the Quinn School of Martial Arts holds? In front of the powerful, we can only back down and yield the profits. Besides, they may not even give us that opportunity. Don't forget, Paul is their unofficial disciple, whereas we're nothing to them!"

Mrs. Hoffman clenched her jaw, but sighed and nodded in the end.

A decisive Jordan promptly found someone to go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to find out who he should talk to about such matters.

There were also Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples among the Hoffmans; it was just that they weren't well-known within the sect. However, they did still have connections in the sect, so they quickly found the information they wanted through said connections.

"Lucas is the one in charge of all of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' miscellaneous affairs now, but he has made it clear before that the sect will not take part in any sectarian disputes."

The disciple frowned and went on. "However, the Quinn School of Martial Arts does indeed receive a sum of money in their accounts every month, and it's

not a small sum. Everyone secretly guesses that it's Paul Quinlan who's providing them with the money."

Jordan understood what he was implying.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts had strict rules, and it was imperative that they comply with the rules that they had publicly stated. Therefore, they definitely would not accept his peace offering, because it would be too obvious otherwise.

This was different in Paul's case, however. Not only was he on close ties with the Quinn School of Martial Arts, but he also made frequent contact with Lucas. As long as neither party admitted to it, no one would know about the matter!

Jordan was in such a panic that he was pacing around the room. He asked, "Is there no way of getting through to Lucas?"

His subordinate replied, "Lucas and Paul Quinlan are on very good terms. Moreover, Lucas does things fairly and by the book, so there's no way we can convince him. But..."

Jordan prompted him anxiously. "But what?"

His subordinate replied, "I heard that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister has returned to the city. Big Sister holds a very high position in the sect. If we can get in touch with her, it won't be impossible for us to replace Paul Quinlan."

"Big Sister..."

Jordan muttered the two words over and over. Then, he sighed. "But where are we going to find the so-called Big Sister? Has any particularly powerful and impressive woman made an appearance in New York recently?"

A particularly powerful and impressive woman?

Mrs. Hoffman subconsciously thought of Nora, but she immediately shook her head. If Nora was the car racer whom Jordan had talked about, then she couldn't possibly be Big Sister or whatever her name was, anymore, right?

Besides, it seemed like her profession was of a doctor!

She sighed. “I don’t have any impression of anyone like that.”

Jordan gave a wave of his hand and instructed, “Alright, that’s enough. Have all of our men search for Big Sister! I simply don’t believe that we can’t find her if we really search high and low for her!”

“Yes, sir!”

—

At the Andersons’, when Nora woke up after sleeping for another day, she saw a text message on the phone. It was from Pete. He wrote: ‘Mommy, I’m at the Quinn School of Martial Arts.’

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the time—it was only four o’clock in the afternoon.

Classes were about to end for Cherry. It seemed like she would be just in time to have the two children switch places if Pete wanted to come over.

She was too lazy to type, so she sent a voice message instead: “Shall I pick you up?”

Pete was likely training at the moment, so he didn’t reply to her message in time. It was only ten minutes later when Nora came out of the bathroom after rinsing her face that she saw his reply: ‘I’m alright with anything. Ask Cherry about it.’

Nora raised her brows.

Unexpectedly, her son actually had a sister complex.

She had subtly used a self-concocted calming fragrance to calm and soothe her son’s mind when he was with her. In the kindergarten, he was also gradually opening up to the world, and his autism was taking a turn for the better.

When she thought of that, she felt that it was better for him to be by her side for the time being.

Besides...

Cherry had always been by her side ever since she was born. She also wanted Pete to come over so that she could make it up to him for everything she owed him during the last five years.

Yep, it definitely wasn't because Cherry was too noisy, whereas Pete was just right.

With that in mind, Nora sent another voice message: "I'll come pick you up."

She went downstairs and drove out in the jeep. She went to the kindergarten to pick up Cherry after school first. The little fellow skipped and bounced as she walked, making her look adorable and vivacious. After waving goodbye to all her friends, she finally got into the car.

Tanya also put on a look of astonishment. "Has hell frozen over today? You actually came to pick us up?"

Nora's lips curled into a smile. She replied, "I'm not here to pick you up. Go home by yourself."

Tanya, "???"

Nora nodded at Cherry and asked, "Shall we go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Cherry nodded at once.

It was great being at the Hunts. Not only did she not have to go to school, but she could even play after just three hours of classes every day! In addition, her handsome Daddy never forced her to do anything she didn't want to!

She would let Pete go to school instead.

When the two of them arrived at the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Lucas hurriedly came out to receive them. When he spotted Nora, he immediately greeted her respectfully. "You're here, Miss Smith!"

Nora uttered a sound of acknowledgment and took the initiative to walk in front leisurely.

Cherry followed her at the back obediently.

Lucas said, “Everyone wants to meet you after they heard that you’ve come to New York.”

“Reject them,” replied a direct and decisive Nora. There were so many people in the Quinn School of Martial Arts; how troublesome would it be if she had to meet them all? She mustn’t let anyone find out about her identity!

The corners of Lucas’s lips spasmed a little. He had already gained a good understanding of what Nora was like a long time ago, so he instead said, “By the way, this month’s funds have been credited into the accounts. Is the sum larger than last month’s?”

Nora let out an ‘oh’ and replied casually, “Don’t let children come over to disturb the sect. I’m not strapped for cash.”

Lucas, “!!!”

The corners of his lips spasmed. He nodded and said, “Okay, I’ll cancel the classes for the unofficial disciple’s children, then.”

Then, he explained, “The sect isn’t holding a class for them for the money, Miss Smith. We’re doing it free of charge. It’s because the unofficial disciple begged the sect to help out, so I gave special permission this once.”

“Oh.”

Nora didn’t hold much of an opinion on these matters. It was fine as long as they didn’t bother the old man about it, and in turn, cause him to insist on her coming back to take care of such miscellaneous affairs.

After she entered, she left Cherry to Quinn, picked up Pete, and turned to leave.

Meanwhile, Justin had also arrived.

Even as the car came to a stop, he was still wondering about who he would meet after he entered the sect—was it going to be his sweet-smelling and tender daughter, or the stinky little brat?

It wasn’t that he disliked Pete or anything like that, though. It was just that he still hadn’t had enough of spending time with his daughter after realizing that he had a cute and adorable one. Besides... Nora was a doctor, so she could

treat Pete's illness if he stayed by her side. Pete's depression symptoms had evidently become better when he came back recently. Moreover, his grades hadn't fallen behind, either.

While thinking about it, he entered the sect. As soon as he did, he saw Nora and Pete walking toward him...

Justin paused in his tracks.

Nora and Pete also stopped.

All three of them simultaneously thought—'It's lucky that we left Cherry in the training gym.' Otherwise, our family of four would have run into one another. I really won't know what to do if that happens!

They stared at one another while facing one another. Due to their guilty consciences, all of them were rather awkward.

Justin was the first to come back to his senses. He asked, "Why are you here, Ms. Smith? Are you here to visit Pete?"

Nora breathed a sigh of relief. "Yeah."

Pete's lip corners spasmed. From the looks of it, he wouldn't be able to leave with Mommy anymore today.

Justin fell silent for a while. Then, he finally suggested, "In that case, how about having Pete go with you to the Andersons' to play?"

Pete, "?"

The tyrant had always kept a very strict eye on him. No matter where he went, he would always be accompanied by a group of bodyguards. Why was he suddenly allowing him to go back with Mommy now?

Pete looked at the tyrant hesitantly, thinking that perhaps he had already sensed something. However, the man remained expressionless and no one could see through his thoughts.

Nora didn't expect the problem to be resolved so easily. The two children could also bond with each other if they went to the Andersons, so she nodded and replied, "Okay!"

She stroked her chin.

This was a rare opportunity. Should she just get a private jet and straight-up run away with the two babies?

Just as she was thinking about it, Justin chuckled and said, "It's my fault."

Nora, "?"

What mistake was he admitting to when everything was fine?

The next moment, Justin straightened his back, adjusted his tie, and said, "I was too busy lately, so I didn't spend any time with you, causing you to have designs on Pete again."

Nora, "!!!"

The corners of her lips spasmed. She was about to speak when the scumbag went on. He said, "It doesn't look like Ms. Smith is very busy every day, either. Why don't we have a date once every two days?"

"... You're a very busy man, Mr. Hunt. We don't have to go to such trouble."

"Not at all."

Justin leaned against the wall and overlooked the adult-child pair from the top. Nora's almond-shaped eyes raised slightly and the corners of her lips spasmed a little.

Pete's lip corners also spasmed and he looked at Justin with disdain.

Justin ignored the look in his son's eyes and calmly said, "You and I have already reached this stage in our relationship. Wouldn't I have lived the past twenty-odd years of my life in vain if I still allow work to chain down my freedom? I can just handle my work affairs every other day instead, just like how you only do two operations a month, right, Dr. Anti?"

Nora, "!!!"

The corners of her lips spasmed. Left with no other reason to refute him with, she could only say resignedly, "If you say so."

Then, she took Pete's hand and got ready to leave.

She had only just taken a couple of steps when her cell phone suddenly rang.

It was an unfamiliar phone number. When she answered the call, a sinister voice said, "Long time no see, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

"Never would I have expected Ms. Smith to be Yanci, the famous international car racer. The last time we met, we were in opposing circumstances, which ended up in us separating on a sour note. I wonder if we can meet and talk about partnering with each other for the car racing club?"

Nora raised her brows. "Who are you?"

"..." The other party was clearly gnashing his teeth in fury. "I'm Winston!"

"Who's that?" asked Nora.

Clearly, she had already forgotten who Winston was.

Winston, "..."

His voice became even stiffer. "I proposed to you before. Have you forgotten? My father is Jon Myers of the traditional medicine industry!"

At last, Nora recalled his insignificant existence and uttered a detached 'oh'. Then, she yawned and asked, "Is something up?"

"..."

Winston felt as if he was about to crack. He could only force out word after word and say, "Stop pretending, Ms. Smith. I know you understand what I'm saying! Your fiancé is in my hands right now. You'd best come over and meet me for a talk right away. Otherwise, I won't be able to guarantee his safety."

Her fiancé?

Nora clicked her tongue and said, "I don't have a fiancé."

She hung up immediately after saying that, utterly nonplussed about how furious the man on the other side would be.

She had already broken off her engagement a long time ago, so how would she possibly have a fiancé?

She was just thinking about that when her cell phone beeped. She looked down to see that the unfamiliar number had sent her a short video.

In the video was a man who had been tied up. He was in a dimly lit room. Light streamed in through a small window and illuminated his face. The man was bespectacled and looked very polite and refined. He was actually... Caleb Gray?

Beep.

Winston sent another text message, as well as an address. He wrote: 'I'll give you half an hour. Come over right away. For every minute that you're late, I'll sever one of his fingers!'

Nora, "..."

She massaged her temples. She knew that Caleb had likely been implicated by her.

Moreover, when Henry Smith went to the Andersons' to kick up a huge fuss the other time, Caleb had produced an audio recording that her mother had left behind back then as evidence, and helped her to reverse public opinion. When one thought about it like that, the Andersons actually owed the Grays a favor.

She looked at Pete and ruffled his hair. Her voice was low and hoarse as she said, "Be good and wait for me here."

Pete nodded.

Nora walked ahead right after that. After taking a couple of steps, she suddenly heard footsteps behind her. She turned around to see Justin following her. He said, "It's not quite right of you to go and meet your ex-fiancé right in front of me, is it, Ms. Smith?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Oh. Then I'll save him behind your back?"

"..." Justin fell silent but continued to follow beside her.

When the two of them exited the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Nora went straight to her car. When she opened the door and got into the driver's seat, Justin also got into the passenger seat in a practiced manner.

The jeep was very big and spacious. Even at Nora's height, she still looked petite in the driver's seat. However, when Justin sat in the passenger seat, it made the car ultimately still seem a little small.

Nora was a little surprised. "Are you also coming?"

"Of course."

Justin replied confidently, "How can I let you go on a date with your ex-fiancé?"

The corners of Nora's lips quirked upward and she said unhurriedly, "Sit tight."

At practically the moment she said that, she stepped on the gas pedal, causing the car to zoom forward with a whoosh. She drove to the address that Winston had given her at the speed of light.

Inertia threw Justin right against the seat, and he grabbed the handlebar at the top of the car door with his right hand. He looked at Nora—the woman seemed to be a completely different person when she drove. There was none of her usual laziness and carelessness, and her serious demeanor looked exceptionally charming.

Half an hour later...

Screeeeech!

The car tires emitted a harsh screech as they rubbed against the road. Together with the sound, the car stopped inside a dilapidated abandoned factory.

When Nora jumped out of the car, there was already someone waiting for her. Without even looking at Justin, the person said, "Come with me!"

Nora followed behind the person, took a couple of steps, and entered a room.

Caleb was seated on a chair, all tied up. His shirt was a little dirty and messy, and there was dust on his usually clean face. His hair was in a mess, which actually gave off a disheveled kind of beauty.

Winston jumped out at this point.. He said, "As long as you sign this contract to provide your services to the Quinlan Sect, Ms. Smith, I will let you guys go!"