

Chapter 231 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

It wasn't easy for her to have a best friend whom she could trust with her life.

The moment the thought formed, Joel leaned back against the backseat again, suddenly losing the desire to get out of the car.

Indeed, she had always been withdrawn since she was a child. Her world consisted only of herself, so why would she even care about him? Hadn't she also mercilessly left him back then?

Joel lowered his gaze and suddenly said, "Let's go home."

The chauffeur was taken aback. "Mr. Smith?"

Joel closed his eyes. "It suddenly occurred to me, I have a meeting. Come back and pick up the two children after you send me back."

"Yes, sir."

Tanya was in the driver's seat when the Smiths' car passed by the jeep. Perhaps because she had been dancing since she was a child, she subconsciously kept her posture straight and upright even when she was slumped into the seat.

As though she had suddenly sensed something, she turned her head, but all she saw was just the rear of the Smiths' car.

She didn't say anything but only lowered her head instead.

—

Paul was thrown out of the Quinn School of Martial Arts by Lucas and a few other disciples of the sect in the end.

As Nora had fed him a pill, he felt sore and weak all over and was unable to exert any strength.

No one knew what the pill was. All Nora said was that it wouldn't kill him, but would make sure that he would never be able to use any of the martial arts he had learned from the Quinn School ever again.

To be honest, this alone was already more than enough to kill him.

Because of his connections to the Quinn School of Martial Arts, he had acted without restraint and long since offended a great number of people in the underworld forces of New York. Now that he had landed himself in such a predicament, there were a lot of people who would kick him while he was down.

Moreover, there was also Jordan and his wife, who would never give the Quinlan Sect an easy time.

In just a month, Jordan and his wife took over the Quinlan Sect and expanded their influence, whereas the Quinlan Sect disappeared into the course of history. As for Paul, the man never appeared ever again in New York.

Many said that he had died after someone dealt with him.

However, some also said that he had escaped with all of the Quinlan Sect's money.

Opinions varied, and no one could really say for sure. However, it was destined that small fry like him would never be able to avenge himself his entire life. After all, he was up against the two biggest families and two martial arts sects in New York.

Of course, all of this came later.

Mrs. Hoffman was currently holding Nora's hand. She said, "As it turns out, you're the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. This sure is... No wonder you said that it wasn't Big Sister's instructions. We're starting to owe you more and more favors, Ms. Smith! How can we repay you?"

Nora yawned. "It wasn't really a favor this time. After all, he was the one making use of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' influence."

Mrs. Hoffman was still very grateful to her, regardless. She said, "Just say the word if you ever need our help in the future, Ms. Smith! You're the Hoffmans' most honored guest!"

Nora waved her hand. Then, she said to Pete, "Go home early after you're done with practice, okay? I'll leave first."

Pete, "..."

Everyone else, "..."

Quinn was so angry that the veins on his forehead were practically bulging. "Nora! Smith! Not only is he your so— I mean, your child, but he's also your disciple! Can you be a little more responsible?!"

It was just a shame that Nora had already quickened her footsteps the moment she said she was leaving. Before he could even finish, Nora was already out of sight.

Her voice was the only thing left ringing in the air: "No one is allowed to reveal my identity to outsiders. Those that do will be subjected to the sect's punishment!"

All the disciples present thought back to Paul's tragic state just now and shuddered.

Quinn: "..."

—

In a bright and clean villa with well-rounded security in the suburbs.

Justin's car was parked outside the gates. He pushed the door open and entered the villa.

In the yard, the greenhouse that was at a constant temperature all year round was filled with chrysanthemums. Yellow, white, pink... There were all sorts of colors. There were bush lilies, and even rarely-seen orchid species like A Glimpse of Blood, White Gulls Chasing Waves, and so on...

Every pot of flower could fetch tens of thousands—or even hundreds of thousands—of dollars and was extremely valuable.

However, Justin didn't cast even a glance at the flowers. He cleared the fingerprint verification and went straight into the living room.

"Justin is here!" said Mrs. Landis, the caregiver, as she handed him a pair of slippers.

Justin lowered his head and changed into the slippers.

He was about to head further in when he suddenly spied a familiar figure—Tina York.

His pupils shrank. His voice was harsh as he demanded, “Why are you here?”

Tina smiled gracefully when she saw him. She replied, “I’m here to spend some time with Mrs. Hunt. Besides, she has a pot of A Glimpse of Blood that’s not doing well and has wilted. I happen to have the formula for a remedy that can help her revitalize the flower.”

Justin’s pupils shrank.

He knew very well that she was definitely up to no good, but his mother had always treated those flowers like her very life itself. To think she could actually win over his mother, who had always been a cold and distant person...

Before Justin could say anything, a beautiful and glamorous middle-aged woman walked over to them. She said, “You can go now, Tina. Come over again tomorrow to take a look at how my flowers are doing. Sigh, the roots have become infested with worms. What a headache.”

Tina smiled gently and said, “Sure, Mrs. Hunt.”

However, her countenance instantly turned dark and sinister after she left the villa.

It was only after Winston’s death that she realized that the love she had found in college was the purest. Pain and grief filled her heart, she wanted to avenge Winston!

So, Nora wanted to marry into the Hunts, right?

Heh. Apart from Pete, the person that mattered the most to Justin was his mother.

Tina took a deep breath, took out her cell phone, and sent a message to Orchidance: ‘Can you help me save a pot of orchid? I’m willing to pay \$500,000!’

Orchidance was a mysterious figure in the field of botany.

It was said that years ago, there was a pot of orchid species named Cinnabar Red Frost that, for some reason, was withering day by day. Its owner could only post about it on the Internet and ask for help.

A netizen named Orchidance told the owner that the pot of orchid was sick, and prescribed two doses of herbal medicine. The owner was so desperate that she could only make a Hail Mary effort and use the prescription on the pot of orchid, but in the end, the pot of orchid actually came back to life!

Orchidance became famous in the world of orchids as a result.

As long as Tina managed to please Mrs. Hunt, she would definitely be able to sow discord between her and Justin with regard to his marriage plans!! Besides, there were moral issues with Nora herself, too! She was saddled with a child, yet she wanted to marry into the Hunts? She must be dreaming!!

—

At the Andersons’.

Nora, who had just reached home, tossed her cell phone aside and went to take a shower.. When she came back, she noticed that she had received a private message on a website where she had registered an account in the past. The private message read: ‘Can you help me save a pot of orchid? I’m willing to pay \$500,000!’

Nora raised her brows.

This identity of hers had actually come very out of the blue.

Cherry had stumbled upon a botany website when they were living abroad. There, she had pointed at a pot of orchid covered in spots and asked her to treat its illness. That was why she had registered an account there.

At that time, Cherry was only three years old, so she thought that the spots on the flower were there because it was sick, just like when a person developed spots on their skin.

When she glanced at the flower, she found that it was indeed sick, and needed some traditional medicine remedies for it to recover.

Bored and itching to test her skills, she left a message on the forum post. She gave the owner a formula for a traditional medicine remedy and told her to spray the flowers with the remedy once a day, and said that the plant would get better after a week.

Responding to forum posts required account registration, so she had casually registered with the alias Orchidance. After all, she was making orchids glow with youth and radiance once more!

She didn't pay any more attention to the matter after she sent the message.

Unexpectedly, the original poster reappeared a week later and said that Orchidance really was a master at plant cultivation because she had solved the problem!

Afterward, the group of orchid lovers started to ask her for help.

She would help them out once in a while if she noticed their requests for help when she was in a good mood.

And indeed, her remedies were effective every time. Gradually, she became famous in the circle of orchid enthusiasts.

However, this was the first time someone had so blatantly asked to buy her prescription.

She opened up the private message on the website and looked at the pot of flowers that the other party had sent. The pot of orchid had become infested with tiny worms. However, this particular orchid species was very delicate, and even just a bit of careless touching could result in damage. Thus, insecticide was definitely a no-go as it would cause the flower to die together with the worms.

Nora raised her eyebrows.

That pot of flower probably wasn't even worth \$500,000. Besides, it wasn't as if its cosmetic condition was particularly rare and hard to find. Yet that person was offering her \$500,000 to buy the treatment prescription for it? They must be out of their mind because they might as well just buy a new pot of flowers instead.

She closed the private message, went to bed, and lay down to rest instead.

In the villa in the suburbs.

Justin looked at the beautiful middle-aged woman in front of him, only to see her smile immediately disappear after Tina left. She looked at him coldly. "Did she offend you?"

Justin didn't say anything but only made a calm sound of acknowledgment.

The glamorous woman immediately said, "Hmph, I knew it. Otherwise, why would you come to my place for no rhyme or reason? After all, I'm an abandoned lady of the wealthy. Who would even think of me?"

Justin cast his eyes down. "Don't say that."

The glamorous woman had a very weird temperament. She replied, "It remains a fact, no matter whether I say it or not."

She looked at the flora and fauna at the side after she spoke. In stark contrast to her icy-cold attitude toward Justin, she treated the plants with tenderness and great care. She said, "You can go if there's nothing important. I'm already so old and I don't have much money, either. What can she possibly gain from me? I just like caring for these flowers, that's all. Are you saying that I can't even associate with an outsider because of you?"

Justin looked at her from the back and let out a soft sigh. "That's not what I meant."

However, the beautiful woman ignored him and started to hum a melody instead.

She was wearing a long-sleeved dress. Looking at her from the back as she busied herself in the greenhouse, there was some retro charm to her. Justin watched her for a very long time before he finally sighed and said, "I came because I wanted to tell you that Ch... I mean, Pete has started doing game live-streams. You can have a look if you're free."

The glamorous woman curled her lip disdainfully. "Why would I want to look at him? I hate children the most!"

"..."

Justin fell silent for a moment. Seeing that she wasn't intending to turn back at all, he said, "Then I'm leaving. If you need anything, you can let me... let Sean know."

The woman had never taken the initiative to approach him before. Busying herself in the greenhouse, she ignored him, acting as if she didn't hear him at all.

Justin could only get up and leave the greenhouse.

It was only after he left that the beautiful woman slowly stood up straight at last. She took a deep breath and put down the pot of orchid in her hands.

Mrs. Landis came over and helped her. "Ma'am, why are you even doing this?"

The woman didn't say anything.

Mrs. Landis, however, picked up her cell phone and said, "Did Mr. Hunt say that the little mister has started live-streaming? Oh my, I'm going to have to check it out! Mr. Hunt even told me which live-streaming platform he's on. Huh? He only starts his live-stream at five or six in the evening. I'll watch the old streams first."

The glamorous woman continued to ignore her. Instead, she got up and went into the room.

Mrs. Landis also went into the room with her cell phone. Cherry's voice rang out as the videos played: "Do you have something against the wild monsters? Have you decided to take up permanent residence in the wild?"

The beautiful woman got angry. "Your phone is so noisy, Mrs. Landis!"

However, Mrs. Landis acted as if she didn't hear anything. She suddenly stood up and said, "Oh my, look at me and my memory! I'm making stew in the kitchen. I'll go and make some small bruschetta for you, Ma'am. They will definitely taste great with the stew later!"

She tossed the phone on the coffee table and went to the kitchen.

The sound of vegetables being chopped came from the kitchen. Only then did the beautiful woman open her eyes and peek at the phone.

She turned and looked at the kitchen, upon which Mrs. Landis said, "I'll need some time to prepare the dishes, Ma'am, so let's have dinner a little later!"

The beautiful woman's eyes lit up, though she said disdainfully, "I'm going to starve to death if it's too late! Why am I so unlucky? Even my caregiver can't make me dinner on time every day! To think she's even planning to patronize me with just some bread and soup!"

Mrs. Landis couldn't help but laugh. "What am I to do when we're the only ones here? Would you be able to finish it if I cook a feast? Well, neither can I! That would be a waste of food!"

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The sound of vegetables being diced continued. The glamorous woman shifted over to where Mrs. Landis' phone was, craned her neck, and looked over.

There actually wasn't a profile photo on the live-stream page! Here, have a negative review!

But... When had Pete actually become this witty and sharp-tongued?

Even his voice as he dissed people sounded so pleasant to the ears!

Before she knew it, Mrs. Landis suddenly came out of the kitchen with a bowl of stew. The glamorous woman got such a huge shock that she immediately retracted her head and pretended to look like she was looking for something. She asked, "Where did I put my ring, Mrs. Landis? Huh? You're done with the stew so soon?"

"... It's been an hour, Ma'am," replied Mrs. Landis.

The glamorous woman froze.

How did time suddenly pass so quickly while she was listening to Pete dissing others?

—

Early next morning, after the glamorous woman got out of bed and had breakfast, she suddenly stood up and instructed Mrs. Landis, "Take that pot of A Glimpse of Blood with you, Mrs. Landis. Let's go out and have a stroll."

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Okay!"

The two left the house and walked about in the quiet residential area. The place was next to mountains and lakes, and the temperature and humidity levels there were just right. It was a very suitable place for one to stay at in their old age.

The two of them walked to a pond in the garden. The glamorous woman suddenly said, "Toss that pot of A Glimpse of Blood into the water."

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. However, the next moment, she exclaimed in shock, "But Ma'am! This is your favorite pot of flowers!"

The glamorous woman stared ahead of her. "Throw it away."

Mrs. Landis bit her lip. "Ma'am, I know you're soft-hearted despite the things you say, so you don't want to associate with Ms. York anymore, for fear that she would bring trouble to Mr. Justin.. But we can still try and think of other solutions. There's no need to give up!"

The glamorous woman sighed. "The sight of the flower makes me want to do my absolute best to save it. How am I supposed to refuse entry to Ms. York and leave the flower to die when she comes again? I might as well just throw the pot of flowers away, then. Out of sight, out of mind!"

Mrs. Landis' heart ached as she looked at her. Even her eyes had reddened.

The glamorous woman's name was Iris Hunt, and she was originally the eldest daughter-in-law of direct lineage in the Hunts, the most influential family in New York. By right, she should have been the most dazzling and enviable person.

But unexpectedly, after the marriage...

For Justin's sake, she was adamant about not having excessive contact with him. She had been living here ever since she moved out of the Hunts' residence, and had put all of her sentiments for Justin and Pete into the flowers and plants here.

The pot of A Glimpse of Blood was the first pot of orchid that she had taken care of back then.

Perhaps even Justin himself didn't remember it anymore, but it was one of the first few potted flowers and plants that he had given her.

Iris had treated it very delicately all this time and even personally taken care of it. Therefore, the potted orchid wasn't just Iris' treasure, but it also contained all of her sentiments for her son and grandson.

But perhaps the potted orchid had gotten old and reached the end of its lifespan, it started to wilt this year and even became infested with worms at the roots.

Iris had tried many ways, but she simply couldn't cure it. To make matters worse, this pot of orchid was very hard to take care of. Just as she was feeling troubled over it, Tina had visited, claiming that she was there to give Iris a routine health checkup.

Doctors went to the Hunts regularly to conduct physical examinations for them every month.

The attending physician had suddenly changed to Tina this month. No one suspected anything initially, but when Tina saw the flowers, she suddenly started talking about orchids. This made Iris sit up in attention. After it caught her interest, the two of them started chatting.

Mrs. Landis had never heard Iris talk that much all these years.

Many of Tina's opinions with regard to orchid care gained Iris' approval, making her nod frequently. Mrs. Landis had thought that Iris had finally found someone whom she could talk to.

But who would have thought that Justin would come over?

The sight of Justin had immediately made Tina timid and fainthearted. When she thought of the sudden change of doctors this month, Mrs. Landis understood everything right away.

Given how clever Iris was, how could she possibly not understand when even Mrs. Landis had figured it out?

That was how it had led to the conversation the day before.

To be honest, it didn't actually really matter even if they allowed Tina to stay. What could she possibly make use of Iris for? Besides, she could also keep her company and chat with her.

However, despite saying all those selfish things, Iris had thrown the pot of flowers away the very next moment.

Her love as a mother made Mrs. Landis feel like crying.

"Tsk, it's just a worldly possession. What's the big deal?"

Seeing that Mrs. Landis' eyes were all red, Iris pretended to be alright and waved at her. She got up and said, "Throw it away. I'll go to the front and look around the place there."

She was clearly reluctant to part with the flowers, yet she still said that.

It was exactly this behavior of hers that made Mrs. Landis' heart break.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head. Suddenly, she hid the potted orchid behind some tall rocks.

Iris might have made a temporary misjudgment, but she mustn't make the wrong decision too. She would find an opportunity to tell Justin about it instead. Given how influential he was, wasn't curing a pot of orchid something as easy as pie for him?

Iris didn't want to tell Justin about it, lest it displeased that woman and caused trouble for Justin as a result.

But the pot of orchid mustn't be thrown away!

Mrs. Landis made up her mind. She wiped the corners of her eyes and went after Iris.

When the two got home, Iris immediately said listlessly, "I'm going upstairs to rest. Don't disturb me if there's nothing important."

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris ultimately still couldn't bear to part with the potted orchid, so she had become sad.

Mrs. Landis sighed. The doorbell rang at this point.

Mrs. Landis walked over to the door and opened it. Tina was standing outside. She said with a big smile, "Hello, Mrs. Landis. Mrs. Hunt must be waiting for me, right? I racked my brains after I went home last night and thought of something that we can try! To be honest, orchids are just like human beings. We—"

Before she could finish, though, Mrs. Landis interrupted her. "I'm sorry, Ms. York, but Ma'am is tired today, so she's resting at the moment. She won't be seeing any guests today. As for the pot of flowers you mentioned... Sigh, it unfortunately withered this morning, it's already dead."

Tina's pupils shrank. "What? That... That's impossible..."

Mrs. Landis sighed and said, "Yes, Ma'am is very sad because of it. I think you'd better come back another day instead."

Tina asked, "How about I go in and comfort Mrs. Hunt a little?"

"No, it's alright. She needs rest."

Mrs. Landis didn't give Tina another chance to speak. She closed the door right after saying that.

Outside, Tina clenched her fists in anger as she stared at the door.

She had already asked around—Mrs. Hunt loved orchids the most, and was someone that regarded her flowers as her very life itself!

So, why was she adopting such an attitude instead? What a letdown!

But...

If Mrs. Hunt refused to meet her today, then she would just come again the next day.

With that in mind, Tina turned and left.

Upstairs.

On the balcony, Iris watched Tina leave with an awful look on her countenance. She said, "Did you see that? That woman is not as harmless as she looks."

Mrs. Landis scoffed, "That bit of skill is nothing in front of a sly old fox like you. To be honest, though, it doesn't really matter even if you let her spend some time with you and chat with you, Ma'am."

Iris stretched. "Forget it. I only had a good time chatting with her yesterday because some of her opinions are the same as Orchidance's. You can say I'm half a fan of Orchidance. That's why I enjoyed the chat."

"Orchidance? The master orchid breeder?"

"Yes." Iris sighed. "If only I could talk to her about taking care of orchids."

Mrs. Landis said, "If we can ask her for advice, maybe there'll be hope for that pot of orchid!"

Iris was a little taken aback to hear that.

She had already become accustomed to dealing with everything herself and had never thought of asking others for help. Even Tina's offer to help was something that the woman had delivered to her doorstep on her own.

She suddenly regretted her actions a little. "Why didn't you tell me that earlier? If we hadn't thrown that pot of flowers out, I could've asked Orchidance for advice on the Internet!"

Mrs. Landis laughed. "I knew you would regret it! I didn't throw it away! I'll bring it back for you right away!"

"Go, go!"

—

"Look over there, Nora! There's a stream there! And even a rockery!"

Tanya tugged the sleepy Nora's arm excitedly. Nora yawned and said, "Oh, the place is passable, I guess."

She yawned again after she spoke.

She had rarely woken up this early in her entire life!

Tanya, however, didn't seem to have any idea what sleepiness was. She broke into a smile and said, "Right? I intend to buy a villa here! You and Cherry can also move in in the future!"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Hm? You're moving out of the Andersons'?"

Tanya smiled and replied, "You're part of the Andersons, but I'm not. It doesn't make sense for me to keep on staying at the Andersons'. Besides, I'm not planning to leave anymore. If I stay, I'll have to find someplace to live and settle down eventually."

Nora was surprised. "You aren't leaving anymore?"

"Yeah, I'm not leaving anymore." Tanya walked ahead of her and said, "I'll look for my child in the States! I have a feeling I will find the child someday!"

At the mention of searching for her child, Nora dropped her perfunctory act for once and said with certainty, "You'll definitely find the child."

She and Tanya had met when they were searching for their children abroad.

Therefore, she and Tanya understood each other especially well.

In the midst of her thoughts, Tanya suddenly pointed at a pot of orchid behind the tall rocks in front.. She said, "Hey, look at that. What's that?"

Nora looked over and saw that a pot of worm-infested orchid had been discarded in the corner. The orchid was in a pot, so it was obvious that someone had abandoned it.

That pot of flowers...

Nora frowned. It was the same pot of orchid that the person had sent her a private message about, asking her for help with it!

The two went over. Tanya bent over, picked up the pot of orchid, and examined it carefully. "This pot of flowers looks quite pretty."

Of course, it was pretty.

It was obvious at a glance that the pot of flower had been meticulously taken care of for many years as someone's priceless treasure.

It was just a shame that it had become infested with worms.

But wasn't its owner a little too heartless? They had discarded the flowers just because she hadn't replied to them?

However, Nora understood the next moment.

The worms on the flowers were contagious. Should they remain in the greenhouse with other flowers, they would probably spoil the other flowers too.

What a shame.

Tanya held the pot and said, "It just so happens that I don't have any flowers in my new home. Let's use this as decoration. How do we get rid of the worms on it?"

Tanya had already bought the villa. They were here to take a look around today.

Nora thought for a moment. Since Tanya liked the flowers, then this meant that they were fated to be. Thus, she said, "Let me do it."

Tanya nodded.

The two of them continued to walk ahead. After strolling around half of the residential complex, even though Tanya's long and slender legs were still moving, she was already complaining, "The residential complex is too big. I shouldn't have suggested bringing you around and should've driven instead."

Nora ignored her.

The two walked and walked until Tanya worked up a sweat. Only then did they arrive at the door of Villa No. 10. Tanya unlocked the door with her fingerprint and said, "The people that used to live in the villa were mostly artists. When I bought the house, the former landlord warned me not to mess with the residents of Villa No. 9."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

Tanya explained, “He said that she was a middle-aged woman with an especially strange temperament. Also, she likely comes from quite the background, because she has a lot of hidden bodyguards protecting her in the surroundings!”

Nora, “...”

The villas were in the suburbs. Although it looked pretty good, it actually wasn't that expensive due to its location.

While the environment was passable as a retirement home, the medical conditions weren't.

As an ordinary residence, it was too far from the city. Tanya had only chosen this place because this was all she could afford with her years of savings. So, just which influential person was it who would choose to live here?

She shook her head and didn't pay any more attention to the matter. Instead, she followed Tanya into the room.

However, Nora raised her eyebrows a little after she did.

The villa was decorated exquisitely in a country style, Tanya's favorite. But as far as Nora knew, such decor cost at least \$300,000 to \$500,000!

Together with the villa itself...

How did Tanya buy it at a million dollars?

She had checked the prices of the villas nearby—they all cost about 1.2 million dollars each. Tanya said that because the landlord was in a hurry to sell the house, he had set a low asking price. She only had about a million dollars, so it was just right for her.

Added to this the interior decor and furnishings, there was no way anyone could buy the house for less than two million dollars!

Moreover, it wasn't hard to sell the houses in the area. After all, they were high-end properties, and the villas were indeed pretty good. She couldn't help but think that there was definitely something going on here.

Tanya, who was unaware of the ongoings involved, was walking around excitedly. There were three floors in the villa. The first floor consisted of a living room and a room for domestic helpers.

The second floor consisted of three bedrooms, while the third floor could be used as a study or storage room.

Tanya went upstairs excitedly. She said to Nora, “Do you know what I like the most about this place? This! Take a look, Nora!”

Nora looked over to see that the two rooms on the third floor had been merged into a practice room. Mirrors covered the walls on all four sides, which made it very suitable for...

“This is my dance practice room!”

Tanya slipped into the practice room on her toes. She looked around with a smile and said, “The previous owner’s girlfriend was a dancer, so he specially bought this house. And here too...”

She went out, pointed to the third room, and said, “This is the bathroom and dressing room. After dancing, I can just go in to shower and wash off all the stinky sweat. There’s also a huge jacuzzi inside! Haha, the property agent said that the previous owner originally planned to use it as a shared bathtub for him and his girlfriend, so they left it unused in the end after the renovation. Well, I’m the one who gets to use it now!”

Nora, “...”

Tanya’s favorite dance practice room, Tanya’s favorite country-style interior decor, and a two-person bathtub... All of this made her absolutely convinced that something was up with the house.

There weren’t that many coincidences in this world.

However, upon seeing how excited Tanya was, she didn’t want to be a wet blanket, either. Thus, she merely raised her brows, took out her cell phone, and hacked into the property agency’s system. She found the previous owner in the house’s transactional details. The man had a very ordinary name—Gary Long.

Nora, “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she couldn't help feeling that she must have been thinking too much. When she was about to exit the page, something suddenly occurred to her and she scrolled up. Sure enough, she found a familiar name—Joel Smith.

Nora, “?”

Joel had transferred the ownership rights to Gary. Then, in under half a month, Gary sold it to Tanya. As expected, how could there possibly be this many coincidences in the world?

She lifted her head again and looked at Tanya—only to see that she was already spinning around excitedly in the dance practice room.

Nora hesitated for a moment. After a short internal struggle, she decided not to do anything about it in the end. If she were to tell Tanya about it, given how stubbornly competitive she was, she would definitely return the house.

Returning the house was equivalent to a breach of contract, which would require her to pay a great amount as damages. On top of that, there were also various fees involved.

Most importantly, through the house, as well as how meticulously and thoughtfully Joel had handled the matter, Nora could tell with her keen senses that there might still exist possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, she'd better just not say anything unnecessary!

In the midst of her thoughts, Tanya walked out of the dance practice room and said, “Never mind, I'm not dancing anymore. It's not like you're doing it with me anyway, so it's really boring. Nora, didn't you say just now that you can cure that pot of flowers? Hurry up and do it! I'll take it as a housewarming gift from you!”

Nora, “...”

That pot of flowers was worth \$300,000. One had to hand it to her for being able to bring herself to ask for a housewarming gift worth \$300,000.

She said, “I'll need 100 grams of rice vinegar, 100 grams of baking soda, wormwood...”

She went downstairs after listing a few items. After looking around the house, she actually found them all in the kitchen.

Tanya laughed and said, “The previous owner said that his girlfriend was supposed to return from abroad half a month ago. They were planning to get married, so he bought a lot of everyday necessities for the house. But in the end, the girlfriend didn’t come back, and the two of them broke up, so these everyday necessities all come to me now! Let me see, there are two cartons of milk in the fridge. They are about to expire, so let’s have one each later.”

Nora, “...”

Wasn’t Joel Smith a little too virtuous?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. Then, she started to get busy.

Outside, Mrs. Landis walked past their villa. She ran over to the rocks but didn’t see the pot of orchid. She was terribly alarmed and frightened, but there weren’t any surveillance cameras there, so she didn’t know who had taken it away, either.

Iris was surely going to be really heartbroken now.

While she was thinking about it, she suddenly smelled something pungent and piercing. She turned and saw two girls coming out of Villa No.. 10 with a pot of flowers in their hands.

“Damn, it smells so pungent!”

Tanya spoke brashly and without reservations. “My favorite perfume scent has been totally overwhelmed!”

Nora glanced at her. “That’s why I said we should do it outdoors. You’re the one who insisted on doing it indoors...”

“That was because I thought we could sit in the room, wasn’t it? Come on, let’s move to the yard. Where should we put it?”

Nora looked around and found a small marble table in the yard. She walked over, put the orchid down, and started to spray the potion, that she had concocted, on it again.

While she was carefully spraying the potion all around the flower, she suddenly heard an angry shout. "Stop!"

Nora was taken aback. Both she and Tanya looked at the door to see Mrs. Landis with her hands on her hips. As though an old mother hen guarding her chick, she rushed over and stood in front of them. "What are you trying to do to the pot of flowers?"

Nora, "?"

Tanya, "?"

The two looked at Mrs. Landis. They hadn't shut the gates when they came in just now, so the woman had come in just like that. Who was she, though?

They were wondering about it when Mrs. Landis said, "That pot of flowers belongs to me!"

Realization dawned upon Tanya. "Oh, I see. I found the pot of flowers in the garden and thought that the person who discarded it didn't want it anymore, so I brought it back!"

At the sight of how lifeless the pot of flowers was, Mrs. Landis panicked at once. "Why wouldn't we want it? Do you know what this is or not? Also, how can you bring this pot of orchid back with you so carelessly when it's so expensive?"

Tanya replied sheepishly, "How expensive can it be? I thought it was a bonsai tree!"

Mrs. Landis, "..."

She stepped forward. She was about to take the flowerpot when Nora suddenly stopped her. She said, "You claim that this pot of flowers belongs to you, but do you have any proof?"

This particular pot of flowers was worth a lot of money, so she was guarding against strangers who might be trying to scam them out of it. Besides, going by how old Mrs. Landis looked, she didn't seem like someone that would go online to approach her for help on treating the plant.

After all, the elderly didn't go online very much. Additionally, only a minority of people would visit that forum.

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. "Do I have to prove it?"

"Of course."

Nora said unhurriedly, "Otherwise, how would I know whether or not you're really the owner of this pot of flowers?"

Mrs. Landis, "..."

That was true. She could understand why she would have such concerns.

But how was she going to prove it?

Nora said, "This pot of flowers' buds are not quite the same color as other flowers. You just need to tell me what color they are."

Mrs. Landis, "!!"

Now, that put her in a spot. She hurriedly said, "Wait a minute. I'll go and ask Ma'am."

"Okay."

Mrs. Landis walked toward the exit, but after taking a couple of steps, she turned back and added, "Don't spray anything on it anymore, though. These flowers are very delicate. Got it?"

Nora nodded again.

After Mrs. Landis left and went out of sight, she picked up the spray bottle again and continued to spray the potion she had just concocted onto the flowers.

"... Didn't she say that this pot of flowers is very expensive?" asked Tanya.

Nora nodded. "Uh-huh. That's why I have to help them save it. Otherwise, they'll throw it away again."

Tanya, "..."

A short while later, they heard hasty footsteps at the gates. Mrs. Landis's voice rang out the next moment. "This is the house, Ma'am! Watch your step!"

A beautiful and dazzling figure slowly walked in along with those words.

The sight of her took Nora and Tanya, both big beauties, by surprise. They felt as if they had suddenly been dazzled.

The woman walking in had an oval-shaped face, fair skin, and large eyes. She wore a long-sleeved dress that wrapped around her graceful curves, one couldn't tell any signs of age on her face at all. She wore her hair in big, loose curls draped gracefully behind her shoulders. She looked just like an elf that had stepped out of a European painting and accidentally entered the human world.

Tanya couldn't resist poking Nora and remarking, "She's so beautiful!"

Nora nodded.

The two wanted to continue, but Mrs. Landis had spotted the spray bottle in Nora's hand. She then looked at the pot of flowers and found that all the flowers had been sprayed with some kind of dark mixture. She panicked at once and said, "Didn't I already tell you not to spray anything on it anymore? Why did you continue to spray the mixture on it?! You... What you're doing is going to kill our flowers! Or is it because you don't want to return it to us? Do you have any idea who the leader of our family is?"

Tanya hurriedly waved and said, "No, we're definitely giving it back. I didn't know it was so expensive when I picked it up."

Iris frowned, but she said, "Stop that, Mrs. Landis."

Mrs. Landis, however, wasn't convinced. "Ma'am, they are obviously the ones who mistreated your flowers..."

Iris shook her head. "It no longer belonged to us the moment you discarded it and someone else picked it up. We should already count ourselves lucky that they are willing to return it!"

Mrs. Landis was awfully indignant.

Tanya breathed a sigh of relief. “We didn’t mean it, Madam. We were treating the flowers’ illness.”

Iris let out a sigh. “The treatment method is too extreme.”

The smell of vinegar was simply too strong. How could orchids possibly withstand it?

Tanya wasn’t versed in medical theory, so she didn’t say anything. Nora, on the other hand, said, “I reckon the worms will be gone with another couple of sprays.”

Mrs. Landis reprimanded her. “You’re pretty confident, aren’t you! Ma’am has already been trying to treat that pot of flowers for half a month, but the flowers have never looked so lifeless before. Just look at it—the petals are already drooping! It looks completely listless. You shouldn’t have messed around with it if you aren’t professionals!”

“Mrs. Landis!”

Iris reprimanded her again. “Never mind, let’s just bring the flowers back.”

Mrs. Landis went forward indignantly and picked up the pot of flowers. As she did, she nagged, “Just how much effort have you put into this pot of flowers? You couldn’t even bear to watch when we threw it away, nor did I dare to really throw it away. Who knew that it would end up being destroyed in their hands instead? Seriously!”

Iris shook her head and told her not to say any more.

The two then left with the flowers. When they reached the gates, Mrs. Landis could still be heard saying, “If the flowers die tomorrow, I’m going to come and look for them!”

“Never mind. As they say, what is yours will be yours, and what isn’t will never be.”

The middle-aged woman’s voice sounded very pleasant, and the way she spoke sounded as if she was reciting a poem. It was just that her demeanor was cold and indifferent, making her look like someone who wasn’t a part of the mundane world.

It was only when the two left that Tanya finally swallowed hard and said, “No wonder people say that beauty isn’t just skin-deep. That lady’s physique is too beautiful! I wonder how old she is, though. Since she’s being addressed as ‘Ma’am’, then she must be at least thirty, right? But she doesn’t really look like it, either...”

Nora couldn’t tell how old the woman was, either, mainly because she was a perfect combination of innocence and femininity, which made people overlook her age.

Tanya said, “I’m going to ask around and see which family she’s from...”

After they brought the pot of flowers back home, Mrs. Landis took a piece of wet tissue, and carefully and gently wiped off the residual medicinal potion on the leaves and petals.

It was just a shame that even though the potion was too pungent, the flowers were so delicate that she couldn’t wash them. Thus, even though she had already wiped the potion off, it still smelled of vinegar.

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris even put down the tissue, got up, and went upstairs. “Forget it,” she said.

She couldn’t sleep well that night because the pot of flowers kept haunting her in her sleep. As a result, she felt like she had only just fallen asleep when she heard Mrs. Landis’ shout of surprise.

“Ma’am! Q-quick! Get up and look at the flowers!!”

Iris sat up abruptly.

What had happened to the flowers?

Could they have... withered? And died?

She had only discarded the flowers away the day before in a moment of impulse. Later, when Mrs. Landis told her that she hadn’t really thrown it away, Iris had been overjoyed.

It was the things that one recovered after losing that they cared about the most.

She grabbed the pajamas next to her, put them on, and walked out of the room barefooted, making a beeline for the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis was standing next to the pot of flowers. At the sight of her, she panicked at once. “Oh dear, look at you, ma’am...”

She took a pair of slippers and gave them to Iris, who rushed over to the pot of flowers eagerly.

The pungent smell was still there, but the worms on the plant were gone.

Although the flowers still looked lifeless, they weren’t dead.

Mrs. Landis pointed to it. “The worms are really gone. Has the pot of flowers recovered?”

Iris shook her head. She stared at the pot of flowers with a frown and said, “No, not exactly. The worms have indeed been driven away, but the flowers have also been contaminated by the mixture, so they may also wither.”

This was the reason why she had refrained from using pesticides even after such a long time.

All pesticides had harmful effects on the flowers. Orchids were simply too delicate!

That was why she had been so hesitant and hadn’t dared to use it all this time. But in the end, a young missy living next door had used it on the flowers instead, sigh!

Mrs. Landis turned the pot of flowers around and examined it. She said, “Ma’am, the flowers look like they are in better condition than before to me, though? Think about it—it also looked terribly lifeless when it was still infested with worms, but it seems alright today? This pot of flowers isn’t as delicate as we imagined after all!”

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis marveled at the sight. “That young missy’s remedy from yesterday surprisingly saved the flowers! Haha, maybe the pot of flowers

would have already recovered by now if you had used pesticides on it five days ago! You were just too scared and too distressed about it. That's why you didn't dare to do it!"

Iris hesitated for a moment. "Really? But I remember that it was exactly because I used pesticides that a pot of flowers I once had, had died. The flowers became rotten, and even the roots were damaged and couldn't grow anymore."

Mrs. Landis was in a very good mood. She said, "But that was a different species of flowers. Maybe that pot of flowers just didn't have enough vitality and life force. This pot of flowers here is chock full of vitality, though!"

Iris also nodded. "Yes, let's watch over it today!"

"Okay!"

The pot of flowers remained half-dead the whole day. Iris watered it regularly and let it bask in the sun. This continued until the third day when the pot of flowers actually survived!

"Ma'am, this pot of orchid is no way near as delicate as you say it is! Look at how hardy it is! It's still doing fine even though that young missy was spraying vinegar on it that day!"

Mrs. Landis walked around happily in the greenhouse with a spray bottle filled with water. She said, "Actually, maybe these flowers are just like people. It's easier to keep them alive by letting them grow in the wild instead of cultivating them so carefully!"

Iris felt that her words had some truth to them.

She went one round in the greenhouse but suddenly stopped in front of a pot of dark purple chrysanthemums. She pushed the soil aside and inspected it carefully, upon which she was shocked. "Mrs. Landis! This pot of flowers has been infected!"

Mrs. Landis walked over at once when she heard her. Sure enough, she spotted a few small black worms crawling around on the chrysanthemum buds. However, it seemed like it had only just been infected, so they weren't many.

However, the worms must have already laid eggs on the flowers, so it was impossible to remove them all without the use of pesticides.

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis suggested, “Why don’t we also give it a go, Ma’am?”

Iris wondered out loud. “But I clearly remember that the flowers I used pesticides on in the past had died!”

Mrs. Landis pointed at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood and said, “I remember you said that this pot of flowers is an exceptionally delicate type. Since even it can recover, this pot of chrysanthemums will definitely recover, too!”

Iris looked at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood that had returned to standing straight and glowing with vigor. At last, she sighed and said, “Alright.”

She took out the pesticide she had bought, diluted it, and sprayed it gently on the chrysanthemum buds. The little worms fled all about as if they had just met with their natural enemy.

Unfortunately, they fell onto the leaves after inching away just a couple of steps, unable to move anymore.

Mrs. Landis exclaimed in approval, “Isn’t the insecticide much better than the vinegar she used? And there isn’t much of a smell, either. Vinegar simply smells too strong! And it’s sour, too. Take a look at this instead—the pesticide has already killed off the worms so soundlessly...”

Iris was rather worried, though. “Surely nothing will go wrong, right?”

She felt rather uneasy.

Mrs. Landis laughed and said, “Even the young missy next door can cure a pot of flowers so easily, let alone you, Ma’am. Have a little confidence in yourself!”

“... Alright, then.”

She looked at the dark purple chrysanthemums. When she saw how they didn’t seem like they were affected, she breathed a sigh of relief. She placed the infected pot of chrysanthemums outside and kept it away from the other flowers. It should be fine after doing that.

With that in mind, Iris went back into the house.

However, when Iris woke up the next day and went to check on the pot of chrysanthemums, she was stunned!

The pot of chrysanthemums had actually wilted!

Additionally, the flower that she had specifically sprayed with pesticide the day before was already half-rotten! Not only was it drooping, but its petals had also fallen off, and it looked half-dead.

Iris, “!!”

Mrs. Landis was also stunned at the sight. “H-how can this be?”

Iris panicked. “What should I do?”

Mrs. Landis was perplexed. “This shouldn’t be, though. Ma’am, that young missy easily saved your pot of A Glimpse of Blood just by messing around a little. Why did this pot of flowers turn out like this instead?”

As soon as she said that, Iris’s head whipped up abruptly. “Perhaps... that young missy wasn’t just messing around?”

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “What do you mean by that, Ma’am?”

Iris stood up straight. Her big beautiful eyes were full of shock and astoundment. She replied, “It means that young missy is actually a master orchid breeder! Come on, Mrs. Landis! Let’s go next door and ask for advice!”

Mrs. Landis nodded.

The two went next door, but even after knocking on the door for a long time, no one opened the door.

Mrs. Landis panicked. “Why isn’t she opening the door? Surely she lives here, right?”

Iris took a deep breath. “Call the property management office and ask for her number.”

“Okay.”

—
Meanwhile, Tanya was on a stroll with Nora and Pete outside.

Tanya was very smug as she looked at the scenery in the villa complex. “Isn’t the place big, Pete?”

Pete replied, “... It’s okay, I guess. It’s about the same size as my garden.”

“... Do you also have a stream in your garden?” asked Tanya.

Pete nodded. “Yeah. There’s also a pond that draws water from the hot springs, so it’s possible to grow lotus flowers in there even in winter!”

Tanya, “!!”

Pete let out a sigh. “Even though I’m already five and I jog in the manor every day, I still haven’t gone a full round around the manor.”

Tanya was rendered speechless with envy. “Stop. Don’t humblebrag anymore.”

She waved and said, “Let’s go. We’ll drive straight to the villa. God-mom has her own home now, Pete! I’ll be living here in the future!”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

The group arrived at Tanya’s villa.. As soon as the car stopped, Mrs. Landis ran over, grabbed Nora’s hand, and said, “Miss, help!”

Help?

Tanya panicked. She urged, “Quick, Nora, go and have a look!”

Might something have happened to that beautiful middle-aged lady?

Nora had heard what Mrs. Landis said as soon as she got out of the car, so she was also a little taken aback. For some reason, she quite liked that lady, so she nodded and said, “Lead the way.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car, looked at Mrs. Landis in confusion. Wasn’t she Mrs. Landis, his grandmother’s caregiver?

He got out of the car as well. He was about to walk over when something suddenly occurred to him—if his grandmother saw him, then wouldn't everything be exposed?!

He wasn't worried about his grandmother's health, though, because she underwent a health checkup every year!

Moreover, the tyrant had assigned his grandmother bodyguards, who were all around the place. If something had really happened, there was no way the bodyguards would be this quiet.

Therefore, while Mrs. Landis was preoccupied and hadn't noticed him yet, he grabbed Tanya's hand and said, "Open the door first, God-mom. That kind of environment isn't suitable for kids. I'll wait for you and Mommy here."

Tanya, "..."

To think she didn't even think as far ahead as a child. Nevertheless, she quickly came back to her senses, hurriedly opened the door, and let Pete in. Only then did she go after Nora.

Two minutes later.

Inside the greenhouse, Tanya stared at the beautiful lady in front of her and the pot of flowers in her hand. She was stunned. "When you asked for help, you were talking about the pot of flowers?"

The beautiful woman nodded. "Yes, of course. What else could I have been talking about?"

Both Tanya and Nora fell silent.

When the two of them heard Mrs. Landis' call for help, all they could think of was that something had happened to her.

Now that they thought about it again, wasn't it obvious? It wasn't like Mrs. Landis knew Nora was a doctor after all!

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed a little. "Then you should have been clearer about it. We ended up running all the way here."

Mrs. Landis was terribly nervous. "These flowers are Ma'am's life itself. I wasn't exaggerating when I asked for help!"

“ ... ”

Tanya didn't say any more. As for Nora, she looked at the pot of flowers in Iris's hand. It was likely infested with worms, but because they had used pesticides on it, the worms were gone. However, the flowers had also become damaged as a result.

She frowned. “The pesticide has already penetrated deep into the flower. This flower can't be saved anymore.”

Mrs. Landis burst into tears. “It's all my fault, ma'am. It's all my fault! I saw that the young missy managed to save the flowers by spraying them with vinegar, so I thought that pesticide would also be okay. Sob... The vinegar clearly smelled even stronger and more pungent than the pesticide...”

Tanya couldn't stop herself from saying dryly, “Look at what you're saying. Vinegar is edible, but is pesticide edible?”

Her words made Mrs. Landis choke, but she kept her head lowered and wiped her tears.

Iris had only made up her mind to use the pesticide because she had convinced her to. Even though she wouldn't make her compensate for the flowers, it upset her to see Landis sad!

She looked at Nora and asked, “Can you save this pot of flowers, Ms. Smith?”

Iris's brows were also knitted together, and she looked miserable.

“... I didn't say that this pot of flowers is going to die,” replied Nora.

Both Mrs. Landis and Iris were taken aback at her words, and they looked at her.

Only then did Nora slowly say, “You can't keep this particular flower anymore, but the pot of flowers itself is still salvageable as long as you...”

She listed a few herbs and said, “Brew them until they fill up only three bowls of water. Dilute the solution and water the flowers with it after that, and this pot of flowers will be fine. Flowers will grow again after that.”

Iris was stunned when she heard her verbally listing the prescription so casually.

Why did her method of using traditional medicine to treat flowers resemble Orchidiance's style so much?

But Orchidiance wasn't based in the States!

While Iris was wondering about it, she saw Nora yawn after she finished. Then, she slowly started to walk toward the door. "Just do as I say and everything will be fine. We're heading back."

Iris panicked. She rushed over to Nora, grabbed her, and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Let's add each other on Messenger?"

Nora, "?"

Iris smiled and said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't disturb you! At the most, I'll only approach you when something goes wrong with my orchids."

Nora, "..."

She wanted to refuse. After all, the owner of Villa No. 9 didn't seem like anyone simple. She didn't want to get into any trouble.

But when she saw the anxious and eager look in Iris' eyes, as well as her beautiful, practically blemish-free, face, she suddenly couldn't quite bring herself to.

Cough.

She would never admit that Cherry had actually inherited her love for pretty faces from her!

She took out her cell phone and they added each other on Messenger. Only then did she go next door with Tanya.

Mrs. Landis went out to buy the herbs that Nora had listed, so Iris was the only one in the villa for a while. She sat on the wooden chair in the yard and opened up Nora's Facebook page.

A master orchid breeder like her would definitely share a lot of tips about cultivating orchids, right? Unfortunately... her page was actually empty?

Iris suspected that the young woman had filtered her out, so she scrolled up the page, upon which she found that the other party's friend list was visible to her.

In which case...

So, Ms. Smith had never posted anything before? Just how lazy of a person was she?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. In the midst of her surprise, there was another knock on the door. She subconsciously got up and walked over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Tina outside.

Iris's expression instantly turned cold. "What are you here for, Ms. York?"

Tina replied, "I'm here to check up on your orchid for you, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris couldn't help but smile upon hearing her reply. "No, it's fine. Someone has already cured my orchid."

Someone had already cured it?

Tina was surprised. "How can that be?"

She had asked for help on various websites and also approached several people who were experts on treating orchids' illnesses, but all of them had said that it was hopeless. How could it possibly have already recovered?

She was still thinking about it when Iris smiled and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Tina bit her lip.

She assumed that Justin must have gotten an expert to look at the orchid, just so he could stop her from getting close to Iris. In any case, her original intention in pleasing Iris was just so she could...

The look in Tina's eyes darkened. Suddenly, she smiled and said, "Actually, I'm just here to inform you about something, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris was a little surprised. "What?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. “Do you know that your son has started dating a woman from a nobody family and made her his girlfriend?”

Iris replied coldly, “I’m not interested to hear about that.”

Tina, however, smiled again and said, “You may not be interested to know about his girlfriend, but what about your grandson, the little Mr. Hunt? Are you not interested in knowing about him, either? Aren’t you afraid that that foresight-less woman will abuse your grandson after she marries into the family?”

When Tina chatted with Iris in the past, she discovered that the woman was always trying to draw the topic to Pete and make her talk about him.

Although she didn’t visit her grandson, she still liked him very much.

Therefore, Tina used her trump card right away. “He’s after all not her real son, so she can only be his stepmother. Once she marries Mr. Hunt and bears him a son, do you think he would still keep his position as the heir to the family?”

Iris’s jaw tensed up.

She didn’t intend to interfere with her son’s relationships, nor would she be easily incited by someone’s mere words. However, this didn’t stand in the way of her investigating the other party’s background.

“Who is she?” asked Iris.

Tina answered excitedly, “Her name is Nora Smith.”

Iris: “?”

Smith?

Coincidentally, the girl next door who knew how to plant orchids also had the surname Smith, which made her have a good impression of the surname Smith.

She lowered her eyes. “I understand. Is there anything else?”

Tina was stunned by her light tone. “You don’t care?”

Iris sneered. "I already said that I'm not interested in Justin's matter. Ms. York, if you want to affect him by using me, you've made a wrong move. Goodbye."

She did not give Tina a chance to speak again and closed the door.

Tina, who was blocked outside, gritted her teeth in hatred as she looked at the door. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath before walking out.

When Mrs. Landis came back from grocery shopping, she happened to see Iris sitting on the swing in the courtyard in a daze.

She was stunned and asked, "Ma'am, what's wrong?"

Iris sighed. "Justin is in love."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Then, she could not help but scold him. "This young master is too insensible! Since he's in a relationship, he should have brought that girl here to meet you! Really..."

Iris lowered her eyes. "As long as he likes her, everything else is fine. I just feel that Pete is a little pitiful."

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris had thought of herself.

After hesitating for a while, she walked to her side and squatted down, holding her hand. "Ma'am, Young Master is not like that."

Iris sneered. "He's not. But in a family, the role of a mother is too important. Haven't you heard of a saying? With a stepmother, you have a stepfather."

Mrs. Landis was silent for a while.

Ma'am was not like this in the past. When she trusted someone, she would trust them unconditionally. However, after what had happened to Sir, her heart had completely broken.

So now, she didn't trust any woman too much?

However, Mrs. Landis also knew that the status of the person in charge of the wealthy families was important. It was like the throne of a country.

If a young master got married and the wife gives birth to a new son, which mother would not be biased toward her own son?

Not to mention, they still had to inherit the Hunts' business!

Mrs. Landis sighed. "Ma'am, Pete is actually autistic. It's too demanding for him to take on the burden of a family. Didn't Young Master say so? He never planned to let Little Young Master take over the Hunts."

Iris was stunned.

Yeah.

Pete had autism.

Iris had seen Pete before. Half a year ago, she had secretly gone to see him and had seen that the child was alone and not very social.

She had gone up to talk to him, but he had ignored her.

She sighed. "Although that's the case, if he's willing to be close to me and grow up with me, it might be the best way for everyone. But..."

However, he was unwilling to follow her.

She sighed again. After a while, she looked up and said, "Give Justin a call. Ask him to bring Pete to see me."

Mrs. Landis nodded, wild with joy. This was the first time Ma'am had taken the initiative to look for Justin since she moved out of the Hunts. She hurriedly nodded. "Okay."

She ran into her room to make a call, but Iris was still staring at the sky.

She thought of when she was young...

When she had found out that her husband had cheated on her, she was determined to get a divorce.

Even if they were to get a divorce, she would definitely not be able to take her son away. After all, Justin's grandfather was still around at that time and was the head of the Hunts. He had raised Justin himself and was wild with joy at his intelligence. He had carefully nurtured him.

At that time, she felt that people should live for themselves. Therefore, even so, she was determined to get a divorce.

At that time, Mrs. Hunt of the Hunts had let her go on a vacation for half a month. She would decide if she wanted a divorce after she returned.

She had agreed, and thus, she left.

However, she had not expected that after the biological mother left her son's side, the mistress would visit her.

When she was overseas and heard some news, she was once worried about Justin's safety. However, she also knew that Justin was Mr. Hunt's flesh and blood and that nothing would happen to him.

With this thought in mind, she returned after playing overseas for a full 14 days.

She was still determined to get a divorce.

Her husband claimed that he and his mistress were truly in love. Even if they did not get a divorce, the two of them would only have a marriage of convenience. She did not want such a marriage.

She would rather withdraw and pursue her own happiness.

The pride in her bones made her think of everything too simply.

When she returned to the house, one she had not seen for half a month, she saw her family looking at her strangely.

They whispered, "So pitiful. Ma'am's nickname is gone, and so is her son."

At that time, she thought that the servants were saying that she would give her son to the Hunts as well. She did not think much of it and went straight to the study after entering.

In the study, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Hunt were both there.

Her husband and his mistress were also there.

The mistress held her big belly and knelt on the ground.

Her husband was holding her hand and pleading with Mr. Hunt. “Dad! She didn’t do it on purpose. Let her get up!”

Mr. Hunt smashed his teacup on the ground angrily. “If anything happens to Justin, I’ll kill both of you!”

Bam!

The bag in his hand fell to the ground. Iris looked at Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt in confusion. Her voice trembled as she asked, “What happened to Justin? What happened to him?”

When Mr. Hunt saw her, he did not dare to say anything.

Mrs. Hunt walked over and held her hand. “Justin is gone! He was swindled by human traffickers!”

Her eyes were red and her hands were trembling.

Iris looked at her husband in disbelief. At this moment, he was still defending his mistress. “Iris, help me put in a few good words. She didn’t do it on purpose. Her stomach suddenly felt uncomfortable, so she was too careless and didn’t watch over Justin...”

Iris was stunned. “She lost the child?”

Justin had only been five years old at that time!!

Her husband frowned. Seeing that she was silent, he could only look at Mr. Hunt. “Dad, Justin is already gone. It’s highly probable that he might not return, but do you not even want the child in her stomach?”

Mr. Hunt was stunned.

Her husband continued shouting, “This child is also a son! I’ve already lost one, nothing can happen to this one!”

With that, he held the mistress’ arm. “Get up.”

The mistress stood up trembling.

This time, Mr. Hunt remained silent.

At that moment, Iris suddenly understood. Justin was just a successor to the Hunts. Without this successor, there would always be another one.

However, in this world, there was only one person who could not live without Justin. That person was his mother.

A child could not live without a mother.

Iris suddenly said, "Mrs. Landis, how good would it be if Justin's girlfriend was Pete's mother?"

Mrs. Landis was speechless.

Back then, when Justin suddenly had a son, it caused an intense reaction from everyone.

When he came over, Iris asked, "Who's the child's mother?"

At that time, Justin's attitude was very cold. "Does it matter if the child has a mother or not?"

Iris was speechless.

She knew that at that time, Justin was complaining that as his mother, she was always hiding outside and never came home. However, he did not understand her painstaking efforts.

She was protecting him by not going back.

His attitude toward her had always been very cold. Whenever he came over while he was young, he always followed a strict schedule, having already agreed with the Hunts.

It was also because of this that things had changed a little over the years. He would occasionally come over to see her, but they had nothing to say to each other, so he only stayed for a while before leaving.

Perhaps it was because she knew how hard it was to raise her son after she had him.

At the Hunts'.

When Justin received Mrs. Landis's call, he was a little surprised, especially when he heard that special request to bring Cherry along...

He hung up and looked at Cherry, who was playing. He asked, "Cherry, are you willing to come with me to see Grandmother?"

Cherry, "?"

Her big eyes were filled with confusion. "Do I still have a grandmother?"

With that, she immediately covered her mouth.

It was over!

She had let it slip. Her brother definitely knew that there was still a grandmother.

As she was thinking about this, she saw her father bend down and say to her face, "Yes, it's normal that you don't know her. After all, you've only seen your grandmother a few times."

Phew... So that was how it was.

Cherry heaved a sigh of relief and was delighted. "Okay!"

She liked Grandmother!

Like her great-grandmother, she would be a very gentle old lady. She would give her lots of gifts. Recently, Cherry had become the favorite of the Hunt Corporation.

At the thought of this, she said excitedly, "Daddy, I'll go change my clothes!"

Justin nodded.

He still had some work matters to settle, so he went to the study.

Cherry returned to her room and changed her clothes. The moment she went out, she saw Roger standing at the door. He was smiling at her with his eyes narrowed. "Pete, are you going out?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes, I'm going to see Grandmother!"

Roger suddenly smiled. "Pete, I remember that you didn't like to talk much in the past. Why are you talking so much now?"

Cherry tilted her head and said calmly, "Because I've recovered!"

Roger, "?"

Cherry took the opportunity to praise her mommy. "My daddy's girlfriend, who is also my mommy, cured my illness!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Your mommy?"

"Yes, it's Nora~ She's a great doctor!" Cherry started flattering her mother without hesitation. "Not only is she beautiful and kind, but she's also cool and brave. She's also very good-looking! Most importantly, my father wants to marry her!"

Roger, "..."

He did not take such a woman seriously. After all, no matter how powerful she was, how powerful could she be when she grew up in a small place like California?

He only said calmly, "You're so young. Have you ever thought that a stepmother would be very bad?"

Cherry, "?"

Roger continued to bewitch her. "You've heard of Snow White's story, right? The stepmother in that story is a witch. With a stepmother, you'll also become Snow White. Then, you'll be in trouble!"

Cherry pursed her lips.

Roger: "If your stepmother gives birth to a younger brother with your father, your position as the leader will no longer be needed. Have you thought about the consequences?"

If Justin was not married, his status on the board would be lighter.

After all, when measuring a person, one would look at their career and family. When Roger heard that he had a girlfriend, his first reaction was to stop him.

Even if he could not stop him, the seed of hatred that had been planted in Pete's heart would still slowly germinate in the future.

If there was a conflict between Justin's wife and Pete, he would definitely be unable to take care of himself. Perhaps there would be a loophole in his control of the company and he could take advantage of it!

His imagination was running wild. He even felt that any five-year-old would be on guard when they heard this. Indeed, the child in front of him was already deep in thought.

Cherry frowned slightly, her smile turning into a little bun. "Little brother? It should be fun, right? But Mommy definitely won't want to have another child!"

Roger was stunned. He sensed something. "Another?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes. My mommy has two... one child!"

Roger was even more stunned. "What? Your mommy had a child? Who did she have it with? How old is that child? A boy or a girl?"

Cherry said, "She's a beautiful, cute, quick-witted, and adorable little princess. She's like a flower in everyone's eyes~"

Roger, "!!"

It seemed like that woman had bewitched Pete a lot. Otherwise, why would he praise that little girl like this?

No, he had to tell the Old Madam!

When he thought of this, it was as if he had found a pillar of support. He walked straight to the Old Madam.

Cherry skipped over to Justin. The two of them then took a car to the villa and saw Iris.

As soon as they entered, Iris's eyes landed on Cherry. Her eyes lit up. "Pete, you're here?"

Cherry looked at her curiously. Her big grape-like eyes were filled with curiosity. When she realized that this grandmother was different from her great-grandmother, with no wrinkles on her face, she was instantly as excited

as a little butterfly. She jumped into Iris's arms and called out sweetly, "Grandmother!"

Iris froze.

After being cold for so many years, she suddenly hugged the small and soft Cherry. It reminded her of how she had hugged Justin back then, and her heart suddenly softened.

The cold expression that had always been on Justin's face subconsciously disappeared, and his lips curled into a smile. "Yes."

Justin looked at her.

Her smile was just like when he was young. Every time he returned home after school, she would always wait for him gently at home...

But later, she had chased her father away and moved out.

Justin lowered his eyes.

At this moment, Iris said, "Tina said that you have an unreliable girlfriend and are planning to get married?"

Justin, "?"

He paused and frowned. He was about to speak when Iris suddenly said, "I won't care if you have a girlfriend, but if you get married, can you wait another five years?"

Justin's words suddenly paused as anger suddenly rose in his heart. He asked, "Why?"

Of course, it was to give Pete more room to grow.

When Pete turned 10 years old, learned about good and evil, and had his own thoughts, he would at least be able to protect himself before pursuing his own happiness.

However, Iris would not say those words.

She only said coldly, "If you get married, there will be a lot of trouble. I don't want to bother about it. Besides, you're only 25 years old this year. It's the

time to be impulsive. You might have been bewitched by a vixen outside. When you're 30 years old, if you still like her, it won't be too late to get married!"

Justin suddenly clenched his fists.

Vixen?

Was this how she saw the woman he liked?

He sneered. "You make it sound like you've managed me all these years. Since you haven't, then don't bother."

He lowered his eyes to hide the coldness in them. The mole at the corner of his eye exuded the same coldness and distance as Iris. "Besides, I'm already old. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

With that, he extended his hand to Cherry. "Pete, let's go."

Cherry looked at her beautiful grandmother and then at her father.

Thinking of the beautiful grandmother's words, she looked at Justin hesitantly. In the end, she broke free from Iris's embrace and walked to Justin.

Justin bent down and picked her up before saying respectfully, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

Iris didn't say anything.

Justin added, "Also, if I get married in the future, I'll bring her to see you. You'll like her. Of course, you can also dislike her because you've never liked anyone, right?"

After saying this, he turned around and left.

After the sound of the car disappeared at the door, Mrs. Landis walked toward Iris. Her voice couldn't help but tremble. "Ma'am, why... why are you doing this? After so many years, your relationship with Young Master has finally eased a little. Why are you arguing again..."

Iris sighed deeply. "That's good."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris looked at the sky. “The worse our relationship is, the less trouble we’ll cause him.”

Mrs. Landis sighed again and asked, “Then should we investigate that Nora?”

Iris shook his head. “No need.”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris said hesitantly, “The woman he likes could not be a bad person. Besides, even if we investigate, it’s useless. His personality is still the same as when he was young. He won’t turn back once he has decided on something.”

Seeing her pitiful state, Mrs. Landis couldn’t help but sigh deeply. She took a step forward and held her shoulder. “Ma’am, it has been hard on you all these years.”

“What’s there to be bitter about? It’s all the role of a mother. It’s worth it for the child.”

Iris stood up and walked to the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis stood outside the door and looked at the greenhouse quietly.

Ma’am was like this. The more upset she was, the calmer she looked. Every time she was troubled, she liked to water the flowers.

She had already watered the Inkland pot twice, but she did not notice it at all.

—

On the way back to the Hunts, the more Justin thought about it, the angrier he became.

Many years ago, Iris and his father had a marriage change.

At that time, his grandfather was so angry that he kicked his father out of the house, leaving behind Iris and him.

He did not know who was right and who was wrong. At that time, he was young, but when he grew up, all traces of his childhood had been wiped away. He could not find anything at all.

Moreover, both Iris and his father said that Iris didn't love his father anymore.

She had used him to threaten his father and grandfather. If his grandfather kept her, he would have to chase his father away. If he kept his father, she would leave the Hunts with him.

At that time, his grandfather had high hopes for him. He was only five years old but his grandfather had already determined his IQ. Therefore, he had chosen him and Iris without hesitation.

When he grew up, he realized that there was no absolute right or wrong in a marriage. Moreover, his father had spent the rest of his life with another woman while his mother was growing old alone in this small villa.

Whether his mother was right or wrong, he did not care.

However, he could not understand why his mother had to leave even after his father had left.

Didn't she say she would stay?

When he went to look for Iris when he was young, she was always cold and even hated him. Not long after he came, she would chase him away.

He could not feel any motherly love from her.

When Justin thought of this, he lowered his eyes and sighed.

Even if his mother was not good, she was still his mother.

Therefore, all of this could not be blamed on her. Only the real culprit could be blamed.

At this thought, he picked up his phone and called Sean. "I don't want to see that Dr. York again in New York."

Sean was stunned for a moment, but then he realized something and answered, "Yes!"

After hanging up, Justin's mood finally relaxed a little.

Then, he remembered that Miss Smith was a celibate when it came to marriage. It was very troublesome.

How could he lie to that woman and register their marriage?

While he was deep in thought, the car had already arrived at the Hunts.

As they entered, the butler walked over. "Sir, Old Madam wants you to go over."

Justin, "??"

What was going on today?

They were all looking for him?

He asked, "What happened?"

The butler lowered his head. "Young Master Roger is with the Old Madam."

He must have said something bad again.

Since that was the case, he should not let Cherry go in case she harbors a bad impression of the child.

Justin got someone to take Cherry back before going to the Old Madam's room.

As soon as he entered, he called out, "Grandmother."

The Old Madam frowned, her voice trembling. "Justin, I heard that you found a woman who has already given birth? You, why are you so muddled?! How can such a person be worthy of you?!"

Justin lowered his eyes and glanced at Roger. "You heard?"

Roger instantly put on an obedient look. "Big Brother, I'm doing this for your own good. There are so many women outside. Every socialite in New York wants to marry you. Why are you being charmed by such a woman? She had a child before. Do you want such a secondhand woman?"

A fierce look flashed across Justin's eyes. "Coincidentally, I also have a child. Then am I also a second-hand man?"

Roger instantly smiled. "Big Brother, don't joke around. How can a man and a woman be the same... Moreover, if you marry her, won't the Hunts be

laughed at by others? They'll say that you picked up someone else's broken shoes. Moreover, you'll even help her raise another man's daughter..."

Justin sneered. "Who said we're helping her raise another man's daughter?"

Roger was taken aback. "What?"

Justin glanced at him.

He hadn't brought Pete and Nora back home yet, so he mustn't let Roger know that the two children look just like each other. Otherwise, given how intelligent he was, he would quickly realize that Cherry was a fake.

He would make trouble for Nora when that happened. It would be terrible if he accidentally hurt the two of them.

The moment he thought of that, though, Justin suddenly recalled that Nora was the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Should Roger really send someone to take Pete's life, he reckoned that he would probably be the one to end up injured instead.

Regardless, this was ultimately still a lot of trouble, and that woman hated trouble the most.

He coughed and refrained from answering.

As for Roger, he seemed to understand something after he processed Justin's words. "Are you saying that she's not going to bring her child with her when she marries you? So, the child will stay with the Andersons instead? This isn't a question of a single child or of money; after all, how much money can a little girl spend? Justin, the fundamental problem here is that woman... C'mon, Grandma, talk to him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt frowned. She disapproved of this marriage an awful lot, but even so, she couldn't just embarrass Justin in front of Roger. Thus, she said, "These are Justin's household affairs. Why don't you leave for now?"

Roger nodded and left the room.

After he left, the old lady stretched out her finger and jabbed Justin. "You... Are you really going to marry that woman?"

Justin heaved a sigh. His tone became more intimate and he said, "Grandma, it's still too early to talk about marriage!"

Mrs. Hunt was surprised. "Huh? What do you mean? I knew you're just fooling around and aren't serious about her... Are you just dating her out of novelty..."

Justin's face twitched a little. He hurriedly interrupted her and said, "No, it's because I'm still trying to court her."

The elderly Mrs. Hunt, "..."

Justin sighed. "She isn't interested in me."

"..."

Mrs. Hunt felt like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world. Utterly stunned, she rebutted, "There's actually a woman in New York who isn't interested in you?"

Her grandson was well-known for having a high IQ and was very outstanding in every aspect. Added to this his good looks, the daughters of all the wealthy families flocked to him, despite the fact that he already had a child.

Over the years, there was no lack of people who came to her to secretly or overtly ask about his marriage matters, recommend potential candidates, or even recommend themselves!

Even that girl from the Smiths... was interested in him.

The Hunts and the Smiths were actually originally a good match for each other.

It was just a shame that the girl from the Smiths was an adopted daughter... Otherwise, they would have matched each other pretty well, since both youngsters were outstanding. Of course, these were all just her own opinions. She had also asked her grandson for his opinion back then, but unfortunately, he wasn't interested in her.

But now, there was actually someone who wasn't interested in her grandson?

Was she just playing hard to get, or was she really not interested in him?

Mrs. Hunt immediately dispelled one of the two possibilities the moment she thought of them. There was no way her grandson would fail to realize if she were just playing hard to get.

He was even better at reading people than her these days!

This piqued the old lady's curiosity. "That makes me so curious about that young missy. Bring her home and let me have a look someday!"

Justin nodded. "No problem."

After Justin left, the old lady suddenly got someone over and instructed, "Get someone to look into Nora Smith."

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady frowned.

Although her grandson's happiness was important, the Hunts' honor was also very important!

Even if that woman was great, the fact that she had given birth to another man's child would still be her dark past and would cause her to be mocked and laughed at for a lifetime.

She wasn't optimistic about the two of them.

Therefore, she intended to look for an opportunity to meet Ms. Smith and her daughter.

—

Meanwhile, at the villa in the suburbs.

Nora was leaning on the sofa and nodding off. Next to her, Tanya had already taken Pete upstairs.

She had already tidied up the three bedrooms upstairs during the last few days. Apart from the master bedroom meant for herself, for the other two rooms, she turned one into a room for boys, and the other into one for girls.

She took Pete into the room for boys and asked, "Do you like it?"

Pete looked at the room, which was decorated fully in blue. The bed was even a Captain America-themed one. The boy, who was rendered a little speechless, replied, "How childish."

Tanya curled her lip disdainfully. "You're too precocious for your age, boy! What is your room decor like at the Hunts'?"

Pete replied, "It's decorated in black, white, and gray tones, which are classier. I'll take you there someday..."

He suddenly paused at this point.

... Because it suddenly occurred to him that the tyrant had already changed his room decor to Cherry's tastes instead!

The whole room was pink!!

The corners of Pete's lips spasmed a little. Then, he asked, "Who is this room for?"

Tanya's eyes looked a little lost but were also determined. She answered, "It's for my son!"

Pete, "?"

He was taken aback. "Do you have a son?"

Tanya hesitated for a moment before she replied, "It may also be a daughter, so I've also set up a girl's room. When Cherry is back, I will ask her if she likes it or not."

She would definitely find her child!

And once she did, the child would immediately have their own room!

She wanted to give her child all the maternal love that she owed all these years.

The thought had only just formed when her cell phone rang. When she answered the call, Joel's voice came from the other side.

"It's me."

Tanya's attitude turned cold. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Joel kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "My daughter wants to learn to dance. I wonder if it's convenient for Ms. Turner to—"

"No, it's not."

Tanya hung up without any hesitation.

Next to her, Pete was speechless.

Knock, knock!

The sound of someone knocking suddenly came from the door.

Nora, who was sleeping on the sofa, was awakened by the noise. She rubbed her eyes and got onto her feet. When she opened the door, Mrs. Landis immediately grabbed her hand and said, "Ma'am is in a bad mood today, Ms. Smith. She looked like she got along well with you when she was chatting with you earlier today. Can you spend some time with her and talk to her?"

Nora, "?"

She was about to reply when Mrs. Landis heaved a sigh. She said, "Ma'am got into an argument with her son. She's really having a hard time. She is obviously afraid that the young master's son will suffer if he remarries, yet she couldn't tell him anything, which causes him to misunderstand her all the time. After the two quarreled again today, Ma'am has been spacing out in the greenhouse for a whole day now, and she refuses to eat or drink. What should I do?"

Nora, "..."

Just like that, Mrs. Landis dragged and pulled her next door. Sure enough, she spotted Iris sitting in a daze in the greenhouse.

Since I'm already here, I'll just talk to her a little, Nora thought.

But what should she talk about?

What a headache...

She stepped into the greenhouse. She was about to speak when Iris spotted her. A smile blossomed on her sorrowful countenance at once. "You're here, Ms. Smith. I have no idea why, either, but I just feel so happy and find you so likable the moment I see you. Maybe it's because you're good-looking."

Nora, "..."

Iris went on. "We're already meeting for the third time, so that makes us friends, right? But I don't even know your name. Can you tell me what your name is?"

Nora was about to answer when Iris went on.

"Do you know how my pot of A Glimpse of Blood came about? It was actually my son who gave it to me on my birthday... I know he did it so that I could pour all my sentiments into the flowers, but what he doesn't know is that I actually didn't have any love for orchids in the past. I found gardening really annoying, but in order to take care of that pot of flowers, I bought a lot of orchids to learn and gain some experience. Over the years, I've killed a lot of orchids while trying to take care of them. I still remember that the first pot of flowers I killed was..."

Nora: "..."

She shut up and listened quietly.

She knew that what Iris needed at the moment was a listener—she needed to vent some of her emotions.

She talked about a lot of things, and Nora gazed at her seriously.

She didn't find her annoying. After all, she simply couldn't bring herself to be annoyed when faced with such a lovely visage. She could look at her all day without any issues.

Iris spoke mostly about bits and pieces of her life with her son. Through her words, Nora more or less got to know what kind of situation she was in.

For some reason, she and her son were living separately.

In addition, they weren't on very good terms with each other, and her son seldom visited her. She realized this because she only spoke about how her son grew up, but never about how they spent time together.

Iris talked for a whole two hours. At last, her throat became parched, and Mrs. Landis brought them some fruit tea. She took a sip and said hoarsely, "Would you dislike me for being so long-winded, Ms. Smith? It's been a really long time since I've spoken this much."

"... No, I won't. Feel free to go on," replied Nora.

Iris, "..."

She had never seen such a quiet and beautiful girl with such a casual attitude before. In particular, whenever she mentioned how she had accidentally killed an orchid, Nora would always chime in with a sentence or two, and teach her methods that she could've used to save the flowers at that time...

She also learned a lot about taking care of orchids during the chat.

The more they chatted, the better they got along with each other. At last, Iris suggested, "I find that we simply hit it off very well, Ms. Smith. Why don't we become a sworn family?"

Iris was about to suggest taking her as her goddaughter when Nora replied, "Sure, God-sis."

Iris, "?"

She was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter and said, "I'm almost fifty. How can you call me God-sis?"

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the charming and pretty visage in front of her—the years didn't seem to have left any marks on her face. She couldn't help but say, "You look too young."

Needless to say, Iris was delighted at the compliment. She touched her cheek and said, "You're also very young, aren't you? Are you twenty yet?"

Nora laughed. "My son is already five this year."

... Son?

Iris was dumbfounded. “But you’re so young! Yet you already have a son?!”

Nora nodded.

Iris asked, “Where is he?”

Nora nodded at Villa No. 10 with her chin and answered, “He’s at my friend’s.”

Iris got up at once. “Really? Why don’t you take me to him? As his god... aunt, I should visit him, too!”

Nora, “...”

She thought of how Pete kept trying to hide, and knew right away that he might know the lady in front of her, and didn’t wish to meet with her just yet. Thus, she said, “Forget it. He’s shy.”

Iris didn’t force it, either. “Alright. I’ll let you meet my son the next time you’re here, God-sis!”

Nora smiled and got up. “Sure. It’s getting late, I have to go back.”

Iris sent her off.

When the two reached the door, Nora suddenly stood still and looked back at her. She said, “Sis, sometimes, what matters the most between two people is actually trust. You may be protecting your son in your way, but what if your son doesn’t need you to protect him anymore?”

Iris froze in place, stunned.

The girl in front of her was simply so perceptive. She hadn’t mentioned even a word about what had led to the current situation at all, but only talked briefly about how she interacted with her son, yet she had actually guessed it!

She stared at Nora blankly.

Nora lowered her gaze, nodded at her, and left.

Iris balled up her fists tightly as she stared at the girl’s thin and frail form.

At some point, Mrs. Landis came up behind her and said, “Ms. Smith is right, Ma’am... You have already made such sacrifices for so many years. It’s time

to tell Mr. Justin the truth! He now oversees the Hunts, and is no longer the boy who needed your protection back then...”

A dazed Iris turned around and looked at Mrs. Landis. In the end, she heaved a sigh. “Even if I tell him now, would he be willing to believe me?”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

In order to keep her distance from Justin, Iris had always treated him very coldly and distantly for the past two decades.

How could two decades of estrangement possibly be easily explained with just a few words?

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris turned and went back to the room. “I’ve already spent more than twenty years like this. Why bother creating trouble for him now?”

Mrs. Landis stayed silent for a long time as she stared at Iris from the back.

To be honest, Ma’am also yearned for Justin’s forgiveness, didn’t she?

It was just that she wasn’t willing to tell him about it, nor did she know how to. In fact, she had already become accustomed to speaking coldly over the years and didn’t know how to speak warmly to anyone anymore.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head.

—

Nora brought Pete into the car after she returned to Tanya’s.

Tanya saw the two of them off reluctantly. “Don’t go, guys. This place is so big, but I’m the only one here... I’m scared.”

Nora raised her brows. “How about coming to the Andersons’ with us, then?”

Tanya, “?”

She had officially moved in today, why would she move out again and follow them back?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she finally let go of the car door. She looked at Nora and said, "Damn, you're so heartless! Besides, what's so good about the Andersons' that you simply have to go back?"

Nora yawned. "The bed there is pretty good."

"..."

After seeing the two of them off, a very resentful Tanya went back to her villa.

After watching Tanya enter the villa in the rearview mirror, Pete finally asked, "Mommy, how was your chat with Gr... with the lady living next door?"

Grandma was really weird. Surely she didn't bully Mommy, right?

As soon as he thought so, Nora replied, "Well, we hit it off really well. We are now god-sisters, so she's your god-aunt from now on."

Pete was full of question marks when he heard her: ????

How did Grandma become his aunt?!

What had happened between Mommy and Grandma?!

While Pete was filled with self-doubt, the car returned to the Andersons'.

After parking, Nora got out of the car with her cell phone. She completely ignored Pete at the back, who was hopping off the tall car and then tiptoeing to close the door.

She was replying to her newly-gained god-sister's text message: 'I am home.'

Iris: 'Good to know you got home safely. I'm very happy to meet you.'

Nora paused.. Then, she suddenly smiled and wrote: 'By the way, my name is Nora Smith.'

In the villa in the suburbs.

Mrs. Landis was in the midst of dinner preparations when she suddenly heard a scream from the upper floor, which made her hands tremble and she almost cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

She rushed upstairs with the kitchen knife and asked nervously, “What’s the matter, Ma’am? What’s the matter?”

Iris, who was resting on the recliner, sat upright as she stared at her cell phone incredulously. When she saw Mrs. Landis come in, the dazed woman asked, “Earlier today, what did Tina York say Justin’s girlfriend’s name was?”

“You know, Nora Smith!” Mrs. Landis replied.

Iris swallowed hard as she looked back down at the text message—the five words ‘my name is Nora Smith’ were displayed there clearly.

She rubbed her eyes. When she saw the five words again, she couldn’t help but let out another scream. “Ahhh!”

Mrs. Landis received another huge shock. She shivered and said, “Oh my goodness, my precious Ma’am, please don’t scare me anymore! I’m already old, so I can’t take shocks anymore! What’s the matter?”

Iris lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Landis weakly. “Mrs. Landis, I... I... I think I’m in trouble!”

Mrs. Landis, “?”

Iris asked, “If I tell you that the girl whom Justin has fallen in love with—the one that Tina York says has been pestering him—is the same Ms. Smith whom we were talking to today, would you believe me?”

Mrs. Landis, “???”

Mrs. Landis thought of Nora’s indifferent attitude and the aura around her, and she shook her head.

After being Iris’s follower for so many years, she had long since learned to read people and identify them.

Ms. Smith was no ordinary person. There was no doubt that she was a very impressive person!

It was clear that she and Iris were no ordinary people, and everyone else was dying to be of help to them. However, when she had gone over to ask Ms. Smith to talk to Iris, she had been reluctant to!

Mrs. Landis shook her head. "I don't believe it."

Iris nodded. "I don't believe it, either."

Mrs. Landis asked, "By the way, ma'am, didn't Ms. Smith say today that she has a son?"

"Yes, that's right." Iris said, "The Nora Smith that Tina York mentioned only has a daughter. She doesn't have a son. So..."

Mrs. Landis said cautiously, "What if the name Nora Smith has become very popular? After all, it's neither a particularly uncommon name nor an obscure last name."

Iris hesitated. "Is that so?"

Not many people named their daughters Nora these days, right? No, wait. Perhaps Tina had meant Norah? Or Noreen?

Iris comforted herself. At last, she said, "If we want to know whether she's really the one or not, the next time we invite Ms. Smith over, we can also ask Justin to come over. This way, we'll know for sure, right?"

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Yes, that's right. She's your god-sister anyway, so it doesn't matter!"

Iris breathed a sigh of relief.

Nora, who had absolutely no idea that Iris was in an internal struggle the whole night, went upstairs with Pete after she returned to the Andersons'.

After washing up, the two of them happily fell asleep on the bed.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Nora again slept until the sun was up before she finally woke up. She had only just stretched and gone downstairs leisurely when she spotted the elderly Mrs. Anderson and Melissa sitting solemnly on the sofa in the living room. They looked up when they heard the door open. When they saw her, they got onto their feet at once. Melissa exclaimed, "You're finally up, Nora!"

Nora's voice still sounded a little nasal as she asked, "What's up?"

Mrs. Anderson and Melissa exchanged a look. At last, Melissa said solemnly, "Mrs. Hunt has invited you to the Hunts' manor! She has also requested that you bring Cherry along!"

Nora, "?"

She frowned and asked perplexedly, "Mrs. Hunt?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes, Justin's grandmother."

Nora knew who she was, of course.

After all, she was the one who had cured that old lady's illness!

Nora was just very puzzled. "What is she asking me to go over for?"

As soon as she said that, Melissa gazed at her gravely and asked, "Come over here, Nora. I have something I want to ask you. Please answer me seriously."

Nora went downstairs, shuffled over, and sat opposite Melissa and Mrs. Anderson. "What is it?"

Melissa took a deep breath and asked cautiously, "You and Justin... Are the two of you..."

She held up two fingers, drew them together a couple of times, and went on. "... dating?"

"... No, we're not!"

However, her cell phone rang at this point.

She looked down to see that 'Mr. Narcissist' was calling. She picked up the call and subconsciously said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Hunt?"

The man on the other end of the call spoke in a low and deep voice. "Nothing much. I just wanted to ask you out on a date, that's all, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

She was a little surprised. "A date?"

“That’s right. Didn’t I make a promise to you the other day? We have to go on dates more frequently, so that I don’t keep on making you take the initiative to approach me under the guise of visiting Pete. In this regard, men should take the initiative, shouldn’t they?”

“ ... ”

Nora asked reluctantly, “Where? And when?”

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The woman didn’t say anything.

Mrs. Landis, however, picked up her cell phone and said, “Did Mr. Hunt say that the little mister has started live-streaming? Oh my, I’m going to have to check it out! Mr. Hunt even told me which live-streaming platform he’s on. Huh? He only starts his live-stream at five or six in the evening. I’ll watch the old streams first.”

The glamorous woman continued to ignore her. Instead, she got up and went into the room.

Mrs. Landis also went into the room with her cell phone. Cherry’s voice rang out as the videos played: “Do you have something against the wild monsters? Have you decided to take up permanent residence in the wild?”

The beautiful woman got angry. “Your phone is so noisy, Mrs. Landis!”

However, Mrs. Landis acted as if she didn’t hear anything. She suddenly stood up and said, “Oh my, look at me and my memory! I’m making stew in the kitchen. I’ll go and make some small bruschetta for you, Ma’am. They will definitely taste great with the stew later!”

She tossed the phone on the coffee table and went to the kitchen.

The sound of vegetables being chopped came from the kitchen. Only then did the beautiful woman open her eyes and peek at the phone.

She turned and looked at the kitchen, upon which Mrs. Landis said, “I’ll need some time to prepare the dishes, Ma’am, so let’s have dinner a little later!”

The beautiful woman's eyes lit up, though she said disdainfully, "I'm going to starve to death if it's too late! Why am I so unlucky? Even my caregiver can't make me dinner on time every day! To think she's even planning to patronize me with just some bread and soup!"

Mrs. Landis couldn't help but laugh. "What am I to do when we're the only ones here? Would you be able to finish it if I cook a feast? Well, neither can I! That would be a waste of food!"

Thud! Thud! Thud!

The sound of vegetables being diced continued. The glamorous woman shifted over to where Mrs. Landis' phone was, craned her neck, and looked over.

There actually wasn't a profile photo on the live-stream page! Here, have a negative review!

But... When had Pete actually become this witty and sharp-tongued?

Even his voice as he dissed people sounded so pleasant to the ears!

Before she knew it, Mrs. Landis suddenly came out of the kitchen with a bowl of stew. The glamorous woman got such a huge shock that she immediately retracted her head and pretended to look like she was looking for something. She asked, "Where did I put my ring, Mrs. Landis? Huh? You're done with the stew so soon?"

"... It's been an hour, Ma'am," replied Mrs. Landis.

The glamorous woman froze.

How did time suddenly pass so quickly while she was listening to Pete dissing others?

—

Early next morning, after the glamorous woman got out of bed and had breakfast, she suddenly stood up and instructed Mrs. Landis, "Take that pot of A Glimpse of Blood with you, Mrs. Landis. Let's go out and have a stroll."

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Okay!"

The two left the house and walked about in the quiet residential area. The place was next to mountains and lakes, and the temperature and humidity levels there were just right. It was a very suitable place for one to stay at in their old age.

The two of them walked to a pond in the garden. The glamorous woman suddenly said, "Toss that pot of A Glimpse of Blood into the water."

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. However, the next moment, she exclaimed in shock, "But Ma'am! This is your favorite pot of flowers!"

The glamorous woman stared ahead of her. "Throw it away."

Mrs. Landis bit her lip. "Ma'am, I know you're soft-hearted despite the things you say, so you don't want to associate with Ms. York anymore, for fear that she would bring trouble to Mr. Justin.. But we can still try and think of other solutions. There's no need to give up!"

The glamorous woman sighed. "The sight of the flower makes me want to do my absolute best to save it. How am I supposed to refuse entry to Ms. York and leave the flower to die when she comes again? I might as well just throw the pot of flowers away, then. Out of sight, out of mind!"

Mrs. Landis' heart ached as she looked at her. Even her eyes had reddened.

The glamorous woman's name was Iris Hunt, and she was originally the eldest daughter-in-law of direct lineage in the Hunts, the most influential family in New York. By right, she should have been the most dazzling and enviable person.

But unexpectedly, after the marriage...

For Justin's sake, she was adamant about not having excessive contact with him. She had been living here ever since she moved out of the Hunts' residence, and had put all of her sentiments for Justin and Pete into the flowers and plants here.

The pot of A Glimpse of Blood was the first pot of orchid that she had taken care of back then.

Perhaps even Justin himself didn't remember it anymore, but it was one of the first few potted flowers and plants that he had given her.

Iris had treated it very delicately all this time and even personally taken care of it. Therefore, the potted orchid wasn't just Iris' treasure, but it also contained all of her sentiments for her son and grandson.

But perhaps the potted orchid had gotten old and reached the end of its lifespan, it started to wilt this year and even became infested with worms at the roots.

Iris had tried many ways, but she simply couldn't cure it. To make matters worse, this pot of orchid was very hard to take care of. Just as she was feeling troubled over it, Tina had visited, claiming that she was there to give Iris a routine health checkup.

Doctors went to the Hunts regularly to conduct physical examinations for them every month.

The attending physician had suddenly changed to Tina this month. No one suspected anything initially, but when Tina saw the flowers, she suddenly started talking about orchids. This made Iris sit up in attention. After it caught her interest, the two of them started chatting.

Mrs. Landis had never heard Iris talk that much all these years.

Many of Tina's opinions with regard to orchid care gained Iris' approval, making her nod frequently. Mrs. Landis had thought that Iris had finally found someone whom she could talk to.

But who would have thought that Justin would come over?

The sight of Justin had immediately made Tina timid and fainthearted. When she thought of the sudden change of doctors this month, Mrs. Landis understood everything right away.

Given how clever Iris was, how could she possibly not understand when even Mrs. Landis had figured it out?

That was how it had led to the conversation the day before.

To be honest, it didn't actually really matter even if they allowed Tina to stay. What could she possibly make use of Iris for? Besides, she could also keep her company and chat with her.

However, despite saying all those selfish things, Iris had thrown the pot of flowers away the very next moment.

Her love as a mother made Mrs. Landis feel like crying.

“Tsk, it’s just a worldly possession. What’s the big deal?”

Seeing that Mrs. Landis’ eyes were all red, Iris pretended to be alright and waved at her. She got up and said, “Throw it away. I’ll go to the front and look around the place there.”

She was clearly reluctant to part with the flowers, yet she still said that.

It was exactly this behavior of hers that made Mrs. Landis’ heart break.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head. Suddenly, she hid the potted orchid behind some tall rocks.

Iris might have made a temporary misjudgment, but she mustn’t make the wrong decision too. She would find an opportunity to tell Justin about it instead. Given how influential he was, wasn’t curing a pot of orchid something as easy as pie for him?

Iris didn’t want to tell Justin about it, lest it displeased that woman and caused trouble for Justin as a result.

But the pot of orchid mustn’t be thrown away!

Mrs. Landis made up her mind. She wiped the corners of her eyes and went after Iris.

When the two got home, Iris immediately said listlessly, “I’m going upstairs to rest. Don’t disturb me if there’s nothing important.”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris ultimately still couldn’t bear to part with the potted orchid, so she had become sad.

Mrs. Landis sighed. The doorbell rang at this point.

Mrs. Landis walked over to the door and opened it. Tina was standing outside. She said with a big smile, “Hello, Mrs. Landis. Mrs. Hunt must be waiting for

me, right? I racked my brains after I went home last night and thought of something that we can try! To be honest, orchids are just like human beings. We—”

Before she could finish, though, Mrs. Landis interrupted her. “I’m sorry, Ms. York, but Ma’am is tired today, so she’s resting at the moment. She won’t be seeing any guests today. As for the pot of flowers you mentioned... Sigh, it unfortunately withered this morning, it’s already dead.”

Tina’s pupils shrank. “What? That... That’s impossible...”

Mrs. Landis sighed and said, “Yes, Ma’am is very sad because of it. I think you’d better come back another day instead.”

Tina asked, “How about I go in and comfort Mrs. Hunt a little?”

“No, it’s alright. She needs rest.”

Mrs. Landis didn’t give Tina another chance to speak. She closed the door right after saying that.

Outside, Tina clenched her fists in anger as she stared at the door.

She had already asked around—Mrs. Hunt loved orchids the most, and was someone that regarded her flowers as her very life itself!

So, why was she adopting such an attitude instead? What a letdown!

But...

If Mrs. Hunt refused to meet her today, then she would just come again the next day.

With that in mind, Tina turned and left.

Upstairs.

On the balcony, Iris watched Tina leave with an awful look on her countenance. She said, “Did you see that? That woman is not as harmless as she looks.”

Mrs. Landis scoffed, “That bit of skill is nothing in front of a sly old fox like you. To be honest, though, it doesn’t really matter even if you let her spend some time with you and chat with you, Ma’am.”

Iris stretched. “Forget it. I only had a good time chatting with her yesterday because some of her opinions are the same as Orchidance’s. You can say I’m half a fan of Orchidance. That’s why I enjoyed the chat.”

“Orchidance? The master orchid breeder?”

“Yes.” Iris sighed. “If only I could talk to her about taking care of orchids.”

Mrs. Landis said, “If we can ask her for advice, maybe there’ll be hope for that pot of orchid!”

Iris was a little taken aback to hear that.

She had already become accustomed to dealing with everything herself and had never thought of asking others for help. Even Tina’s offer to help was something that the woman had delivered to her doorstep on her own.

She suddenly regretted her actions a little. “Why didn’t you tell me that earlier? If we hadn’t thrown that pot of flowers out, I could’ve asked Orchidance for advice on the Internet!”

Mrs. Landis laughed. “I knew you would regret it! I didn’t throw it away! I’ll bring it back for you right away!”

“Go, go!”

—

“Look over there, Nora! There’s a stream there! And even a rockery!”

Tanya tugged the sleepy Nora’s arm excitedly. Nora yawned and said, “Oh, the place is passable, I guess.”

She yawned again after she spoke.

She had rarely woken up this early in her entire life!

Tanya, however, didn't seem to have any idea what sleepiness was. She broke into a smile and said, "Right? I intend to buy a villa here! You and Cherry can also move in in the future!"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Hm? You're moving out of the Andersons'?"

Tanya smiled and replied, "You're part of the Andersons, but I'm not. It doesn't make sense for me to keep on staying at the Andersons'. Besides, I'm not planning to leave anymore. If I stay, I'll have to find someplace to live and settle down eventually."

Nora was surprised. "You aren't leaving anymore?"

"Yeah, I'm not leaving anymore." Tanya walked ahead of her and said, "I'll look for my child in the States! I have a feeling I will find the child someday!"

At the mention of searching for her child, Nora dropped her perfunctory act for once and said with certainty, "You'll definitely find the child."

She and Tanya had met when they were searching for their children abroad.

Therefore, she and Tanya understood each other especially well.

In the midst of her thoughts, Tanya suddenly pointed at a pot of orchid behind the tall rocks in front.. She said, "Hey, look at that. What's that?"

Nora looked over and saw that a pot of worm-infested orchid had been discarded in the corner. The orchid was in a pot, so it was obvious that someone had abandoned it.

That pot of flowers...

Nora frowned. It was the same pot of orchid that the person had sent her a private message about, asking her for help with it!

The two went over. Tanya bent over, picked up the pot of orchid, and examined it carefully. "This pot of flowers looks quite pretty."

Of course, it was pretty.

It was obvious at a glance that the pot of flower had been meticulously taken care of for many years as someone's priceless treasure.

It was just a shame that it had become infested with worms.

But wasn't its owner a little too heartless? They had discarded the flowers just because she hadn't replied to them?

However, Nora understood the next moment.

The worms on the flowers were contagious. Should they remain in the greenhouse with other flowers, they would probably spoil the other flowers too.

What a shame.

Tanya held the pot and said, "It just so happens that I don't have any flowers in my new home. Let's use this as decoration. How do we get rid of the worms on it?"

Tanya had already bought the villa. They were here to take a look around today.

Nora thought for a moment. Since Tanya liked the flowers, then this meant that they were fated to be. Thus, she said, "Let me do it."

Tanya nodded.

The two of them continued to walk ahead. After strolling around half of the residential complex, even though Tanya's long and slender legs were still moving, she was already complaining, "The residential complex is too big. I shouldn't have suggested bringing you around and should've driven instead."

Nora ignored her.

The two walked and walked until Tanya worked up a sweat. Only then did they arrive at the door of Villa No. 10. Tanya unlocked the door with her fingerprint and said, "The people that used to live in the villa were mostly artists. When I bought the house, the former landlord warned me not to mess with the residents of Villa No. 9."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

Tanya explained, "He said that she was a middle-aged woman with an especially strange temperament. Also, she likely comes from quite the

background, because she has a lot of hidden bodyguards protecting her in the surroundings!”

Nora, “...”

The villas were in the suburbs. Although it looked pretty good, it actually wasn't that expensive due to its location.

While the environment was passable as a retirement home, the medical conditions weren't.

As an ordinary residence, it was too far from the city. Tanya had only chosen this place because this was all she could afford with her years of savings. So, just which influential person was it who would choose to live here?

She shook her head and didn't pay any more attention to the matter. Instead, she followed Tanya into the room.

However, Nora raised her eyebrows a little after she did.

The villa was decorated exquisitely in a country style, Tanya's favorite. But as far as Nora knew, such decor cost at least \$300,000 to \$500,000!

Together with the villa itself...

How did Tanya buy it at a million dollars?

She had checked the prices of the villas nearby—they all cost about 1.2 million dollars each. Tanya said that because the landlord was in a hurry to sell the house, he had set a low asking price. She only had about a million dollars, so it was just right for her.

Added to this the interior decor and furnishings, there was no way anyone could buy the house for less than two million dollars!

Moreover, it wasn't hard to sell the houses in the area. After all, they were high-end properties, and the villas were indeed pretty good. She couldn't help but think that there was definitely something going on here.

Tanya, who was unaware of the ongoings involved, was walking around excitedly. There were three floors in the villa. The first floor consisted of a living room and a room for domestic helpers.

The second floor consisted of three bedrooms, while the third floor could be used as a study or storage room.

Tanya went upstairs excitedly. She said to Nora, “Do you know what I like the most about this place? This! Take a look, Nora!”

Nora looked over to see that the two rooms on the third floor had been merged into a practice room. Mirrors covered the walls on all four sides, which made it very suitable for...

“This is my dance practice room!”

Tanya slipped into the practice room on her toes. She looked around with a smile and said, “The previous owner’s girlfriend was a dancer, so he specially bought this house. And here too...”

She went out, pointed to the third room, and said, “This is the bathroom and dressing room. After dancing, I can just go in to shower and wash off all the stinky sweat. There’s also a huge jacuzzi inside! Haha, the property agent said that the previous owner originally planned to use it as a shared bathtub for him and his girlfriend, so they left it unused in the end after the renovation. Well, I’m the one who gets to use it now!”

Nora, “...”

Tanya’s favorite dance practice room, Tanya’s favorite country-style interior decor, and a two-person bathtub... All of this made her absolutely convinced that something was up with the house.

There weren’t that many coincidences in this world.

However, upon seeing how excited Tanya was, she didn’t want to be a wet blanket, either. Thus, she merely raised her brows, took out her cell phone, and hacked into the property agency’s system. She found the previous owner in the house’s transactional details. The man had a very ordinary name—Gary Long.

Nora, “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she couldn’t help feeling that she must have been thinking too much. When she was about to exit the page,

something suddenly occurred to her and she scrolled up. Sure enough, she found a familiar name—Joel Smith.

Nora, “?”

Joel had transferred the ownership rights to Gary. Then, in under half a month, Gary sold it to Tanya. As expected, how could there possibly be this many coincidences in the world?

She lifted her head again and looked at Tanya—only to see that she was already spinning around excitedly in the dance practice room.

Nora hesitated for a moment. After a short internal struggle, she decided not to do anything about it in the end. If she were to tell Tanya about it, given how stubbornly competitive she was, she would definitely return the house.

Returning the house was equivalent to a breach of contract, which would require her to pay a great amount as damages. On top of that, there were also various fees involved.

Most importantly, through the house, as well as how meticulously and thoughtfully Joel had handled the matter, Nora could tell with her keen senses that there might still exist possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, she'd better just not say anything unnecessary!

In the midst of her thoughts, Tanya walked out of the dance practice room and said, “Never mind, I’m not dancing anymore. It’s not like you’re doing it with me anyway, so it’s really boring. Nora, didn’t you say just now that you can cure that pot of flowers? Hurry up and do it! I’ll take it as a housewarming gift from you!”

Nora, “...”

That pot of flowers was worth \$300,000. One had to hand it to her for being able to bring herself to ask for a housewarming gift worth \$300,000.

She said, “I’ll need 100 grams of rice vinegar, 100 grams of baking soda, wormwood...”

She went downstairs after listing a few items. After looking around the house, she actually found them all in the kitchen.

Tanya laughed and said, “The previous owner said that his girlfriend was supposed to return from abroad half a month ago. They were planning to get married, so he bought a lot of everyday necessities for the house. But in the end, the girlfriend didn’t come back, and the two of them broke up, so these everyday necessities all come to me now! Let me see, there are two cartons of milk in the fridge. They are about to expire, so let’s have one each later.”

Nora, “...”

Wasn’t Joel Smith a little too virtuous?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. Then, she started to get busy.

Outside, Mrs. Landis walked past their villa. She ran over to the rocks but didn’t see the pot of orchid. She was terribly alarmed and frightened, but there weren’t any surveillance cameras there, so she didn’t know who had taken it away, either.

Iris was surely going to be really heartbroken now.

While she was thinking about it, she suddenly smelled something pungent and piercing. She turned and saw two girls coming out of Villa No.. 10 with a pot of flowers in their hands.

“Damn, it smells so pungent!”

Tanya spoke brashly and without reservations. “My favorite perfume scent has been totally overwhelmed!”

Nora glanced at her. “That’s why I said we should do it outdoors. You’re the one who insisted on doing it indoors...”

“That was because I thought we could sit in the room, wasn’t it? Come on, let’s move to the yard. Where should we put it?”

Nora looked around and found a small marble table in the yard. She walked over, put the orchid down, and started to spray the potion, that she had concocted, on it again.

While she was carefully spraying the potion all around the flower, she suddenly heard an angry shout. “Stop!”

Nora was taken aback. Both she and Tanya looked at the door to see Mrs. Landis with her hands on her hips. As though an old mother hen guarding her chick, she rushed over and stood in front of them. “What are you trying to do to the pot of flowers?”

Nora, “?”

Tanya, “?”

The two looked at Mrs. Landis. They hadn’t shut the gates when they came in just now, so the woman had come in just like that. Who was she, though?

They were wondering about it when Mrs. Landis said, “That pot of flowers belongs to me!”

Realization dawned upon Tanya. “Oh, I see. I found the pot of flowers in the garden and thought that the person who discarded it didn’t want it anymore, so I brought it back!”

At the sight of how lifeless the pot of flowers was, Mrs. Landis panicked at once. “Why wouldn’t we want it? Do you know what this is or not? Also, how can you bring this pot of orchid back with you so carelessly when it’s so expensive?”

Tanya replied sheepishly, “How expensive can it be? I thought it was a bonsai tree!”

Mrs. Landis, “...”

She stepped forward. She was about to take the flowerpot when Nora suddenly stopped her. She said, “You claim that this pot of flowers belongs to you, but do you have any proof?”

This particular pot of flowers was worth a lot of money, so she was guarding against strangers who might be trying to scam them out of it. Besides, going by how old Mrs. Landis looked, she didn’t seem like someone that would go online to approach her for help on treating the plant.

After all, the elderly didn’t go online very much. Additionally, only a minority of people would visit that forum.

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “Do I have to prove it?”

“Of course.”

Nora said unhurriedly, “Otherwise, how would I know whether or not you’re really the owner of this pot of flowers?”

Mrs. Landis, “...”

That was true. She could understand why she would have such concerns.

But how was she going to prove it?

Nora said, “This pot of flowers’ buds are not quite the same color as other flowers. You just need to tell me what color they are.”

Mrs. Landis, “!!”

Now, that put her in a spot. She hurriedly said, “Wait a minute. I’ll go and ask Ma’am.”

“Okay.”

Mrs. Landis walked toward the exit, but after taking a couple of steps, she turned back and added, “Don’t spray anything on it anymore, though. These flowers are very delicate. Got it?”

Nora nodded again.

After Mrs. Landis left and went out of sight, she picked up the spray bottle again and continued to spray the potion she had just concocted onto the flowers.

“... Didn’t she say that this pot of flowers is very expensive?” asked Tanya.

Nora nodded. “Uh-huh. That’s why I have to help them save it. Otherwise, they’ll throw it away again.”

Tanya, “...”

A short while later, they heard hasty footsteps at the gates. Mrs. Landis’s voice rang out the next moment. “This is the house, Ma’am! Watch your step!”

A beautiful and dazzling figure slowly walked in along with those words.

The sight of her took Nora and Tanya, both big beauties, by surprise. They felt as if they had suddenly been dazzled.

The woman walking in had an oval-shaped face, fair skin, and large eyes. She wore a long-sleeved dress that wrapped around her graceful curves, one couldn't tell any signs of age on her face at all. She wore her hair in big, loose curls draped gracefully behind her shoulders. She looked just like an elf that had stepped out of a European painting and accidentally entered the human world.

Tanya couldn't resist poking Nora and remarking, "She's so beautiful!"

Nora nodded.

The two wanted to continue, but Mrs. Landis had spotted the spray bottle in Nora's hand. She then looked at the pot of flowers and found that all the flowers had been sprayed with some kind of dark mixture. She panicked at once and said, "Didn't I already tell you not to spray anything on it anymore? Why did you continue to spray the mixture on it?! You... What you're doing is going to kill our flowers! Or is it because you don't want to return it to us? Do you have any idea who the leader of our family is?"

Tanya hurriedly waved and said, "No, we're definitely giving it back. I didn't know it was so expensive when I picked it up."

Iris frowned, but she said, "Stop that, Mrs. Landis."

Mrs. Landis, however, wasn't convinced. "Ma'am, they are obviously the ones who mistreated your flowers..."

Iris shook her head. "It no longer belonged to us the moment you discarded it and someone else picked it up. We should already count ourselves lucky that they are willing to return it!"

Mrs. Landis was awfully indignant.

Tanya breathed a sigh of relief. "We didn't mean it, Madam. We were treating the flowers' illness."

Iris let out a sigh. "The treatment method is too extreme."

The smell of vinegar was simply too strong. How could orchids possibly withstand it?

Tanya wasn't versed in medical theory, so she didn't say anything. Nora, on the other hand, said, "I reckon the worms will be gone with another couple of sprays."

Mrs. Landis reprimanded her. "You're pretty confident, aren't you! Ma'am has already been trying to treat that pot of flowers for half a month, but the flowers have never looked so lifeless before. Just look at it—the petals are already drooping! It looks completely listless. You shouldn't have messed around with it if you aren't professionals!"

"Mrs. Landis!"

Iris reprimanded her again. "Never mind, let's just bring the flowers back."

Mrs. Landis went forward indignantly and picked up the pot of flowers. As she did, she nagged, "Just how much effort have you put into this pot of flowers? You couldn't even bear to watch when we threw it away, nor did I dare to really throw it away. Who knew that it would end up being destroyed in their hands instead? Seriously!"

Iris shook her head and told her not to say any more.

The two then left with the flowers. When they reached the gates, Mrs. Landis could still be heard saying, "If the flowers die tomorrow, I'm going to come and look for them!"

"Never mind. As they say, what is yours will be yours, and what isn't will never be."

The middle-aged woman's voice sounded very pleasant, and the way she spoke sounded as if she was reciting a poem. It was just that her demeanor was cold and indifferent, making her look like someone who wasn't a part of the mundane world.

It was only when the two left that Tanya finally swallowed hard and said, "No wonder people say that beauty isn't just skin-deep. That lady's physique is too beautiful! I wonder how old she is, though. Since she's being addressed as 'Ma'am', then she must be at least thirty, right? But she doesn't really look like it, either..."

Nora couldn't tell how old the woman was, either, mainly because she was a perfect combination of innocence and femininity, which made people overlook her age.

Tanya said, "I'm going to ask around and see which family she's from..."

—

After they brought the pot of flowers back home, Mrs. Landis took a piece of wet tissue, and carefully and gently wiped off the residual medicinal potion on the leaves and petals.

It was just a shame that even though the potion was too pungent, the flowers were so delicate that she couldn't wash them. Thus, even though she had already wiped the potion off, it still smelled of vinegar.

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris even put down the tissue, got up, and went upstairs. "Forget it," she said.

She couldn't sleep well that night because the pot of flowers kept haunting her in her sleep. As a result, she felt like she had only just fallen asleep when she heard Mrs. Landis' shout of surprise.

"Ma'am! Q-quick! Get up and look at the flowers!!"

Iris sat up abruptly.

What had happened to the flowers?

Could they have... withered? And died?

She had only discarded the flowers away the day before in a moment of impulse. Later, when Mrs. Landis told her that she hadn't really thrown it away, Iris had been overjoyed.

It was the things that one recovered after losing that they cared about the most.

She grabbed the pajamas next to her, put them on, and walked out of the room barefooted, making a beeline for the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis was standing next to the pot of flowers. At the sight of her, she panicked at once. “Oh dear, look at you, ma’am...”

She took a pair of slippers and gave them to Iris, who rushed over to the pot of flowers eagerly.

The pungent smell was still there, but the worms on the plant were gone.

Although the flowers still looked lifeless, they weren’t dead.

Mrs. Landis pointed to it. “The worms are really gone. Has the pot of flowers recovered?”

Iris shook her head. She stared at the pot of flowers with a frown and said, “No, not exactly. The worms have indeed been driven away, but the flowers have also been contaminated by the mixture, so they may also wither.”

This was the reason why she had refrained from using pesticides even after such a long time.

All pesticides had harmful effects on the flowers. Orchids were simply too delicate!

That was why she had been so hesitant and hadn’t dared to use it all this time. But in the end, a young missy living next door had used it on the flowers instead, sigh!

Mrs. Landis turned the pot of flowers around and examined it. She said, “Ma’am, the flowers look like they are in better condition than before to me, though? Think about it—it also looked terribly lifeless when it was still infested with worms, but it seems alright today? This pot of flowers isn’t as delicate as we imagined after all!”

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis marveled at the sight. “That young missy’s remedy from yesterday surprisingly saved the flowers! Haha, maybe the pot of flowers would have already recovered by now if you had used pesticides on it five days ago! You were just too scared and too distressed about it. That’s why you didn’t dare to do it!”

Iris hesitated for a moment. “Really? But I remember that it was exactly because I used pesticides that a pot of flowers I once had, had died. The flowers became rotten, and even the roots were damaged and couldn’t grow anymore.”

Mrs. Landis was in a very good mood. She said, “But that was a different species of flowers. Maybe that pot of flowers just didn’t have enough vitality and life force. This pot of flowers here is chock full of vitality, though!”

Iris also nodded. “Yes, let’s watch over it today!”

“Okay!”

The pot of flowers remained half-dead the whole day. Iris watered it regularly and let it bask in the sun. This continued until the third day when the pot of flowers actually survived!

“Ma’am, this pot of orchid is no way near as delicate as you say it is! Look at how hardy it is! It’s still doing fine even though that young missy was spraying vinegar on it that day!”

Mrs. Landis walked around happily in the greenhouse with a spray bottle filled with water. She said, “Actually, maybe these flowers are just like people. It’s easier to keep them alive by letting them grow in the wild instead of cultivating them so carefully!”

Iris felt that her words had some truth to them.

She went one round in the greenhouse but suddenly stopped in front of a pot of dark purple chrysanthemums. She pushed the soil aside and inspected it carefully, upon which she was shocked. “Mrs. Landis! This pot of flowers has been infected!”

Mrs. Landis walked over at once when she heard her. Sure enough, she spotted a few small black worms crawling around on the chrysanthemum buds. However, it seemed like it had only just been infected, so they weren’t many.

However, the worms must have already laid eggs on the flowers, so it was impossible to remove them all without the use of pesticides.

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis suggested, “Why don’t we also give it a go, Ma’am?”

Iris wondered out loud. “But I clearly remember that the flowers I used pesticides on in the past had died!”

Mrs. Landis pointed at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood and said, “I remember you said that this pot of flowers is an exceptionally delicate type. Since even it can recover, this pot of chrysanthemums will definitely recover, too!”

Iris looked at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood that had returned to standing straight and glowing with vigor. At last, she sighed and said, “Alright.”

She took out the pesticide she had bought, diluted it, and sprayed it gently on the chrysanthemum buds. The little worms fled all about as if they had just met with their natural enemy.

Unfortunately, they fell onto the leaves after inching away just a couple of steps, unable to move anymore.

Mrs. Landis exclaimed in approval, “Isn’t the insecticide much better than the vinegar she used? And there isn’t much of a smell, either. Vinegar simply smells too strong! And it’s sour, too. Take a look at this instead—the pesticide has already killed off the worms so soundlessly...”

Iris was rather worried, though. “Surely nothing will go wrong, right?”

She felt rather uneasy.

Mrs. Landis laughed and said, “Even the young missy next door can cure a pot of flowers so easily, let alone you, Ma’am. Have a little confidence in yourself!”

“... Alright, then.”

She looked at the dark purple chrysanthemums. When she saw how they didn’t seem like they were affected, she breathed a sigh of relief. She placed the infected pot of chrysanthemums outside and kept it away from the other flowers. It should be fine after doing that.

With that in mind, Iris went back into the house.

However, when Iris woke up the next day and went to check on the pot of chrysanthemums, she was stunned!

The pot of chrysanthemums had actually wilted!

Additionally, the flower that she had specifically sprayed with pesticide the day before was already half-rotten! Not only was it drooping, but its petals had also fallen off, and it looked half-dead.

Iris, “!!”

Mrs. Landis was also stunned at the sight. “H-how can this be?”

Iris panicked. “What should I do?”

Mrs. Landis was perplexed. “This shouldn’t be, though. Ma’am, that young missy easily saved your pot of A Glimpse of Blood just by messing around a little. Why did this pot of flowers turn out like this instead?”

As soon as she said that, Iris’s head whipped up abruptly. “Perhaps... that young missy wasn’t just messing around?”

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “What do you mean by that, Ma’am?”

Iris stood up straight. Her big beautiful eyes were full of shock and astoundment. She replied, “It means that young missy is actually a master orchid breeder! Come on, Mrs. Landis! Let’s go next door and ask for advice!”

Mrs. Landis nodded.

The two went next door, but even after knocking on the door for a long time, no one opened the door.

Mrs. Landis panicked. “Why isn’t she opening the door? Surely she lives here, right?”

Iris took a deep breath. “Call the property management office and ask for her number.”

“Okay.”

—

Meanwhile, Tanya was on a stroll with Nora and Pete outside.

Tanya was very smug as she looked at the scenery in the villa complex. “Isn’t the place big, Pete?”

Pete replied, “... It’s okay, I guess. It’s about the same size as my garden.”

“... Do you also have a stream in your garden?” asked Tanya.

Pete nodded. “Yeah. There’s also a pond that draws water from the hot springs, so it’s possible to grow lotus flowers in there even in winter!”

Tanya, “!!”

Pete let out a sigh. “Even though I’m already five and I jog in the manor every day, I still haven’t gone a full round around the manor.”

Tanya was rendered speechless with envy. “Stop. Don’t humblebrag anymore.”

She waved and said, “Let’s go. We’ll drive straight to the villa. God-mom has her own home now, Pete! I’ll be living here in the future!”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

The group arrived at Tanya’s villa.. As soon as the car stopped, Mrs. Landis ran over, grabbed Nora’s hand, and said, “Miss, help!”

Help?

Tanya panicked. She urged, “Quick, Nora, go and have a look!”

Might something have happened to that beautiful middle-aged lady?

Nora had heard what Mrs. Landis said as soon as she got out of the car, so she was also a little taken aback. For some reason, she quite liked that lady, so she nodded and said, “Lead the way.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car, looked at Mrs. Landis in confusion. Wasn’t she Mrs. Landis, his grandmother’s caregiver?

He got out of the car as well. He was about to walk over when something suddenly occurred to him—if his grandmother saw him, then wouldn’t everything be exposed?!

He wasn't worried about his grandmother's health, though, because she underwent a health checkup every year!

Moreover, the tyrant had assigned his grandmother bodyguards, who were all around the place. If something had really happened, there was no way the bodyguards would be this quiet.

Therefore, while Mrs. Landis was preoccupied and hadn't noticed him yet, he grabbed Tanya's hand and said, "Open the door first, God-mom. That kind of environment isn't suitable for kids. I'll wait for you and Mommy here."

Tanya, "..."

To think she didn't even think as far ahead as a child. Nevertheless, she quickly came back to her senses, hurriedly opened the door, and let Pete in. Only then did she go after Nora.

Two minutes later.

Inside the greenhouse, Tanya stared at the beautiful lady in front of her and the pot of flowers in her hand. She was stunned. "When you asked for help, you were talking about the pot of flowers?"

The beautiful woman nodded. "Yes, of course. What else could I have been talking about?"

Both Tanya and Nora fell silent.

When the two of them heard Mrs. Landis' call for help, all they could think of was that something had happened to her.

Now that they thought about it again, wasn't it obvious? It wasn't like Mrs. Landis knew Nora was a doctor after all!

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed a little. "Then you should have been clearer about it. We ended up running all the way here."

Mrs. Landis was terribly nervous. "These flowers are Ma'am's life itself. I wasn't exaggerating when I asked for help!"

"..."

Tanya didn't say any more. As for Nora, she looked at the pot of flowers in Iris's hand. It was likely infested with worms, but because they had used pesticides on it, the worms were gone. However, the flowers had also become damaged as a result.

She frowned. "The pesticide has already penetrated deep into the flower. This flower can't be saved anymore."

Mrs. Landis burst into tears. "It's all my fault, ma'am. It's all my fault! I saw that the young missy managed to save the flowers by spraying them with vinegar, so I thought that pesticide would also be okay. Sob... The vinegar clearly smelled even stronger and more pungent than the pesticide..."

Tanya couldn't stop herself from saying dryly, "Look at what you're saying. Vinegar is edible, but is pesticide edible?"

Her words made Mrs. Landis choke, but she kept her head lowered and wiped her tears.

Iris had only made up her mind to use the pesticide because she had convinced her to. Even though she wouldn't make her compensate for the flowers, it upset her to see Landis sad!

She looked at Nora and asked, "Can you save this pot of flowers, Ms. Smith?"

Iris's brows were also knitted together, and she looked miserable.

"... I didn't say that this pot of flowers is going to die," replied Nora.

Both Mrs. Landis and Iris were taken aback at her words, and they looked at her.

Only then did Nora slowly say, "You can't keep this particular flower anymore, but the pot of flowers itself is still salvageable as long as you..."

She listed a few herbs and said, "Brew them until they fill up only three bowls of water. Dilute the solution and water the flowers with it after that, and this pot of flowers will be fine. Flowers will grow again after that."

Iris was stunned when she heard her verbally listing the prescription so casually.

Why did her method of using traditional medicine to treat flowers resemble Orchidiance's style so much?

But Orchidiance wasn't based in the States!

While Iris was wondering about it, she saw Nora yawn after she finished. Then, she slowly started to walk toward the door. "Just do as I say and everything will be fine. We're heading back."

Iris panicked. She rushed over to Nora, grabbed her, and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Let's add each other on Messenger?"

Nora, "?"

Iris smiled and said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't disturb you! At the most, I'll only approach you when something goes wrong with my orchids."

Nora, "..."

She wanted to refuse. After all, the owner of Villa No. 9 didn't seem like anyone simple. She didn't want to get into any trouble.

But when she saw the anxious and eager look in Iris' eyes, as well as her beautiful, practically blemish-free, face, she suddenly couldn't quite bring herself to.

Cough.

She would never admit that Cherry had actually inherited her love for pretty faces from her!

She took out her cell phone and they added each other on Messenger. Only then did she go next door with Tanya.

Mrs. Landis went out to buy the herbs that Nora had listed, so Iris was the only one in the villa for a while. She sat on the wooden chair in the yard and opened up Nora's Facebook page.

A master orchid breeder like her would definitely share a lot of tips about cultivating orchids, right? Unfortunately... her page was actually empty?

Iris suspected that the young woman had filtered her out, so she scrolled up the page, upon which she found that the other party's friend list was visible to her.

In which case...

So, Ms. Smith had never posted anything before? Just how lazy of a person was she?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. In the midst of her surprise, there was another knock on the door. She subconsciously got up and walked over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Tina outside.

Iris's expression instantly turned cold. "What are you here for, Ms. York?"

Tina replied, "I'm here to check up on your orchid for you, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris couldn't help but smile upon hearing her reply. "No, it's fine. Someone has already cured my orchid."

Someone had already cured it?

Tina was surprised. "How can that be?"

She had asked for help on various websites and also approached several people who were experts on treating orchids' illnesses, but all of them had said that it was hopeless. How could it possibly have already recovered?

She was still thinking about it when Iris smiled and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Tina bit her lip.

She assumed that Justin must have gotten an expert to look at the orchid, just so he could stop her from getting close to Iris. In any case, her original intention in pleasing Iris was just so she could...

The look in Tina's eyes darkened. Suddenly, she smiled and said, "Actually, I'm just here to inform you about something, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris was a little surprised. "What?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. “Do you know that your son has started dating a woman from a nobody family and made her his girlfriend?”

Iris replied coldly, “I’m not interested to hear about that.”

Tina, however, smiled again and said, “You may not be interested to know about his girlfriend, but what about your grandson, the little Mr. Hunt? Are you not interested in knowing about him, either? Aren’t you afraid that that foresight-less woman will abuse your grandson after she marries into the family?”

When Tina chatted with Iris in the past, she discovered that the woman was always trying to draw the topic to Pete and make her talk about him.

Although she didn’t visit her grandson, she still liked him very much.

Therefore, Tina used her trump card right away. “He’s after all not her real son, so she can only be his stepmother. Once she marries Mr. Hunt and bears him a son, do you think he would still keep his position as the heir to the family?”

Iris’s jaw tensed up.

She didn’t intend to interfere with her son’s relationships, nor would she be easily incited by someone’s mere words. However, this didn’t stand in the way of her investigating the other party’s background.

“Who is she?” asked Iris.

Tina answered excitedly, “Her name is Nora Smith.”

Iris: “?”

Smith?

Coincidentally, the girl next door who knew how to plant orchids also had the surname Smith, which made her have a good impression of the surname Smith.

She lowered her eyes. “I understand. Is there anything else?”

Tina was stunned by her light tone. “You don’t care?”

Iris sneered. "I already said that I'm not interested in Justin's matter. Ms. York, if you want to affect him by using me, you've made a wrong move. Goodbye."

She did not give Tina a chance to speak again and closed the door.

Tina, who was blocked outside, gritted her teeth in hatred as she looked at the door. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath before walking out.

When Mrs. Landis came back from grocery shopping, she happened to see Iris sitting on the swing in the courtyard in a daze.

She was stunned and asked, "Ma'am, what's wrong?"

Iris sighed. "Justin is in love."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Then, she could not help but scold him. "This young master is too insensible! Since he's in a relationship, he should have brought that girl here to meet you! Really..."

Iris lowered her eyes. "As long as he likes her, everything else is fine. I just feel that Pete is a little pitiful."

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris had thought of herself.

After hesitating for a while, she walked to her side and squatted down, holding her hand. "Ma'am, Young Master is not like that."

Iris sneered. "He's not. But in a family, the role of a mother is too important. Haven't you heard of a saying? With a stepmother, you have a stepfather."

Mrs. Landis was silent for a while.

Ma'am was not like this in the past. When she trusted someone, she would trust them unconditionally. However, after what had happened to Sir, her heart had completely broken.

So now, she didn't trust any woman too much?

However, Mrs. Landis also knew that the status of the person in charge of the wealthy families was important. It was like the throne of a country.

If a young master got married and the wife gives birth to a new son, which mother would not be biased toward her own son?

Not to mention, they still had to inherit the Hunts' business!

Mrs. Landis sighed. "Ma'am, Pete is actually autistic. It's too demanding for him to take on the burden of a family. Didn't Young Master say so? He never planned to let Little Young Master take over the Hunts."

Iris was stunned.

Yeah.

Pete had autism.

Iris had seen Pete before. Half a year ago, she had secretly gone to see him and had seen that the child was alone and not very social.

She had gone up to talk to him, but he had ignored her.

She sighed. "Although that's the case, if he's willing to be close to me and grow up with me, it might be the best way for everyone. But..."

However, he was unwilling to follow her.

She sighed again. After a while, she looked up and said, "Give Justin a call. Ask him to bring Pete to see me."

Mrs. Landis nodded, wild with joy. This was the first time Ma'am had taken the initiative to look for Justin since she moved out of the Hunts. She hurriedly nodded. "Okay."

She ran into her room to make a call, but Iris was still staring at the sky.

She thought of when she was young...

When she had found out that her husband had cheated on her, she was determined to get a divorce.

Even if they were to get a divorce, she would definitely not be able to take her son away. After all, Justin's grandfather was still around at that time and was the head of the Hunts. He had raised Justin himself and was wild with joy at his intelligence. He had carefully nurtured him.

At that time, she felt that people should live for themselves. Therefore, even so, she was determined to get a divorce.

At that time, Mrs. Hunt of the Hunts had let her go on a vacation for half a month. She would decide if she wanted a divorce after she returned.

She had agreed, and thus, she left.

However, she had not expected that after the biological mother left her son's side, the mistress would visit her.

When she was overseas and heard some news, she was once worried about Justin's safety. However, she also knew that Justin was Mr. Hunt's flesh and blood and that nothing would happen to him.

With this thought in mind, she returned after playing overseas for a full 14 days.

She was still determined to get a divorce.

Her husband claimed that he and his mistress were truly in love. Even if they did not get a divorce, the two of them would only have a marriage of convenience. She did not want such a marriage.

She would rather withdraw and pursue her own happiness.

The pride in her bones made her think of everything too simply.

When she returned to the house, one she had not seen for half a month, she saw her family looking at her strangely.

They whispered, "So pitiful. Ma'am's nickname is gone, and so is her son."

At that time, she thought that the servants were saying that she would give her son to the Hunts as well. She did not think much of it and went straight to the study after entering.

In the study, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Hunt were both there.

Her husband and his mistress were also there.

The mistress held her big belly and knelt on the ground.

Her husband was holding her hand and pleading with Mr. Hunt. “Dad! She didn’t do it on purpose. Let her get up!”

Mr. Hunt smashed his teacup on the ground angrily. “If anything happens to Justin, I’ll kill both of you!”

Bam!

The bag in his hand fell to the ground. Iris looked at Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt in confusion. Her voice trembled as she asked, “What happened to Justin? What happened to him?”

When Mr. Hunt saw her, he did not dare to say anything.

Mrs. Hunt walked over and held her hand. “Justin is gone! He was swindled by human traffickers!”

Her eyes were red and her hands were trembling.

Iris looked at her husband in disbelief. At this moment, he was still defending his mistress. “Iris, help me put in a few good words. She didn’t do it on purpose. Her stomach suddenly felt uncomfortable, so she was too careless and didn’t watch over Justin...”

Iris was stunned. “She lost the child?”

Justin had only been five years old at that time!!

Her husband frowned. Seeing that she was silent, he could only look at Mr. Hunt. “Dad, Justin is already gone. It’s highly probable that he might not return, but do you not even want the child in her stomach?”

Mr. Hunt was stunned.

Her husband continued shouting, “This child is also a son! I’ve already lost one, nothing can happen to this one!”

With that, he held the mistress’ arm. “Get up.”

The mistress stood up trembling.

This time, Mr. Hunt remained silent.

At that moment, Iris suddenly understood. Justin was just a successor to the Hunts. Without this successor, there would always be another one.

However, in this world, there was only one person who could not live without Justin. That person was his mother.

A child could not live without a mother.

Iris suddenly said, "Mrs. Landis, how good would it be if Justin's girlfriend was Pete's mother?"

Mrs. Landis was speechless.

Back then, when Justin suddenly had a son, it caused an intense reaction from everyone.

When he came over, Iris asked, "Who's the child's mother?"

At that time, Justin's attitude was very cold. "Does it matter if the child has a mother or not?"

Iris was speechless.

She knew that at that time, Justin was complaining that as his mother, she was always hiding outside and never came home. However, he did not understand her painstaking efforts.

She was protecting him by not going back.

His attitude toward her had always been very cold. Whenever he came over while he was young, he always followed a strict schedule, having already agreed with the Hunts.

It was also because of this that things had changed a little over the years. He would occasionally come over to see her, but they had nothing to say to each other, so he only stayed for a while before leaving.

Perhaps it was because she knew how hard it was to raise her son after she had him.

At the Hunts'.

When Justin received Mrs. Landis's call, he was a little surprised, especially when he heard that special request to bring Cherry along...

He hung up and looked at Cherry, who was playing. He asked, "Cherry, are you willing to come with me to see Grandmother?"

Cherry, "?"

Her big eyes were filled with confusion. "Do I still have a grandmother?"

With that, she immediately covered her mouth.

It was over!

She had let it slip. Her brother definitely knew that there was still a grandmother.

As she was thinking about this, she saw her father bend down and say to her face, "Yes, it's normal that you don't know her. After all, you've only seen your grandmother a few times."

Phew... So that was how it was.

Cherry heaved a sigh of relief and was delighted. "Okay!"

She liked Grandmother!

Like her great-grandmother, she would be a very gentle old lady. She would give her lots of gifts. Recently, Cherry had become the favorite of the Hunt Corporation.

At the thought of this, she said excitedly, "Daddy, I'll go change my clothes!"

Justin nodded.

He still had some work matters to settle, so he went to the study.

Cherry returned to her room and changed her clothes. The moment she went out, she saw Roger standing at the door. He was smiling at her with his eyes narrowed. "Pete, are you going out?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes, I'm going to see Grandmother!"

Roger suddenly smiled. "Pete, I remember that you didn't like to talk much in the past. Why are you talking so much now?"

Cherry tilted her head and said calmly, "Because I've recovered!"

Roger, "?"

Cherry took the opportunity to praise her mommy. "My daddy's girlfriend, who is also my mommy, cured my illness!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Your mommy?"

"Yes, it's Nora~ She's a great doctor!" Cherry started flattering her mother without hesitation. "Not only is she beautiful and kind, but she's also cool and brave. She's also very good-looking! Most importantly, my father wants to marry her!"

Roger, "..."

He did not take such a woman seriously. After all, no matter how powerful she was, how powerful could she be when she grew up in a small place like California?

He only said calmly, "You're so young. Have you ever thought that a stepmother would be very bad?"

Cherry, "?"

Roger continued to bewitch her. "You've heard of Snow White's story, right? The stepmother in that story is a witch. With a stepmother, you'll also become Snow White. Then, you'll be in trouble!"

Cherry pursed her lips.

Roger: "If your stepmother gives birth to a younger brother with your father, your position as the leader will no longer be needed. Have you thought about the consequences?"

If Justin was not married, his status on the board would be lighter.

After all, when measuring a person, one would look at their career and family. When Roger heard that he had a girlfriend, his first reaction was to stop him.

Even if he could not stop him, the seed of hatred that had been planted in Pete's heart would still slowly germinate in the future.

If there was a conflict between Justin's wife and Pete, he would definitely be unable to take care of himself. Perhaps there would be a loophole in his control of the company and he could take advantage of it!

His imagination was running wild. He even felt that any five-year-old would be on guard when they heard this. Indeed, the child in front of him was already deep in thought.

Cherry frowned slightly, her smile turning into a little frown. "Little brother? It should be fun, right? But Mommy definitely won't want to have another child!"

Roger was stunned. He sensed something. "Another?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes. My mommy has two... one child!"

Roger was even more stunned. "What? Your mommy had a child? Who did she have it with? How old is that child? A boy or a girl?"

Cherry said, "She's a beautiful, cute, quick-witted, and adorable little princess. She's like a flower in everyone's eyes~"

Roger, "!!"

It seemed like that woman had bewitched Pete a lot. Otherwise, why would he praise that little girl like this?

No, he had to tell the Old Madam!

When he thought of this, it was as if he had found a pillar of support. He walked straight to the Old Madam.

Cherry skipped over to Justin. The two of them then took a car to the villa and saw Iris.

As soon as they entered, Iris's eyes landed on Cherry. Her eyes lit up. "Pete, you're here?"

Cherry looked at her curiously. Her big grape-like eyes were filled with curiosity. When she realized that this grandmother was different from her great-grandmother, with no wrinkles on her face, she was instantly as excited

as a little butterfly. She jumped into Iris's arms and called out sweetly, "Grandmother!"

Iris froze.

After being cold for so many years, she suddenly hugged the small and soft Cherry. It reminded her of how she had hugged Justin back then, and her heart suddenly softened.

The cold expression that had always been on Justin's face subconsciously disappeared, and his lips curled into a smile. "Yes."

Justin looked at her.

Her smile was just like when he was young. Every time he returned home after school, she would always wait for him gently at home...

But later, she had chased her father away and moved out.

Justin lowered his eyes.

At this moment, Iris said, "Tina said that you have an unreliable girlfriend and are planning to get married?"

Justin, "?"

He paused and frowned. He was about to speak when Iris suddenly said, "I won't care if you have a girlfriend, but if you get married, can you wait another five years?"

Justin's words suddenly paused as anger suddenly rose in his heart. He asked, "Why?"

Of course, it was to give Pete more room to grow.

When Pete turned 10 years old, learned about good and evil, and had his own thoughts, he would at least be able to protect himself before pursuing his own happiness.

However, Iris would not say those words.

She only said coldly, "If you get married, there will be a lot of trouble. I don't want to bother about it. Besides, you're only 25 years old this year. It's the

time to be impulsive. You might have been bewitched by a vixen outside. When you're 30 years old, if you still like her, it won't be too late to get married!"

Justin suddenly clenched his fists.

Vixen?

Was this how she saw the woman he liked?

He sneered. "You make it sound like you've managed me all these years. Since you haven't, then don't bother."

He lowered his eyes to hide the coldness in them. The mole at the corner of his eye exuded the same coldness and distance as Iris. "Besides, I'm already old. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

With that, he extended his hand to Cherry. "Pete, let's go."

Cherry looked at her beautiful grandmother and then at her father.

Thinking of the beautiful grandmother's words, she looked at Justin hesitantly. In the end, she broke free from Iris's embrace and walked to Justin.

Justin bent down and picked her up before saying respectfully, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

Iris didn't say anything.

Justin added, "Also, if I get married in the future, I'll bring her to see you. You'll like her. Of course, you can also dislike her because you've never liked anyone, right?"

After saying this, he turned around and left.

After the sound of the car disappeared at the door, Mrs. Landis walked toward Iris. Her voice couldn't help but tremble. "Ma'am, why... why are you doing this? After so many years, your relationship with Young Master has finally eased a little. Why are you arguing again..."

Iris sighed deeply. "That's good."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris looked at the sky. “The worse our relationship is, the less trouble we’ll cause him.”

Mrs. Landis sighed again and asked, “Then should we investigate that Nora?”

Iris shook his head. “No need.”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris said hesitantly, “The woman he likes could not be a bad person. Besides, even if we investigate, it’s useless. His personality is still the same as when he was young. He won’t turn back once he has decided on something.”

Seeing her pitiful state, Mrs. Landis couldn’t help but sigh deeply. She took a step forward and held her shoulder. “Ma’am, it has been hard on you all these years.”

“What’s there to be bitter about? It’s all the role of a mother. It’s worth it for the child.”

Iris stood up and walked to the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis stood outside the door and looked at the greenhouse quietly.

Ma’am was like this. The more upset she was, the calmer she looked. Every time she was troubled, she liked to water the flowers.

She had already watered the Inkland pot twice, but she did not notice it at all.

—

On the way back to the Hunts, the more Justin thought about it, the angrier he became.

Many years ago, Iris and his father had a marriage change.

At that time, his grandfather was so angry that he kicked his father out of the house, leaving behind Iris and him.

He did not know who was right and who was wrong. At that time, he was young, but when he grew up, all traces of his childhood had been wiped away. He could not find anything at all.

Moreover, both Iris and his father said that Iris didn't love his father anymore.

She had used him to threaten his father and grandfather. If his grandfather kept her, he would have to chase his father away. If he kept his father, she would leave the Hunts with him.

At that time, his grandfather had high hopes for him. He was only five years old but his grandfather had already determined his IQ. Therefore, he had chosen him and Iris without hesitation.

When he grew up, he realized that there was no absolute right or wrong in a marriage. Moreover, his father had spent the rest of his life with another woman while his mother was growing old alone in this small villa.

Whether his mother was right or wrong, he did not care.

However, he could not understand why his mother had to leave even after his father had left.

Didn't she say she would stay?

When he went to look for Iris when he was young, she was always cold and even hated him. Not long after he came, she would chase him away.

He could not feel any motherly love from her.

When Justin thought of this, he lowered his eyes and sighed.

Even if his mother was not good, she was still his mother.

Therefore, all of this could not be blamed on her. Only the real culprit could be blamed.

At this thought, he picked up his phone and called Sean. "I don't want to see that Dr. York again in New York."

Sean was stunned for a moment, but then he realized something and answered, "Yes!"

After hanging up, Justin's mood finally relaxed a little.

Then, he remembered that Miss Smith was a celibate when it came to marriage. It was very troublesome.

How could he lie to that woman and register their marriage?

While he was deep in thought, the car had already arrived at the Hunts.

As they entered, the butler walked over. "Sir, Old Madam wants you to go over."

Justin, "??"

What was going on today?

They were all looking for him?

He asked, "What happened?"

The butler lowered his head. "Young Master Roger is with the Old Madam."

He must have said something bad again.

Since that was the case, he should not let Cherry go in case she harbors a bad impression of the child.

Justin got someone to take Cherry back before going to the Old Madam's room.

As soon as he entered, he called out, "Grandmother."

The Old Madam frowned, her voice trembling. "Justin, I heard that you found a woman who has already given birth? You, why are you so muddled?! How can such a person be worthy of you?!"

Justin lowered his eyes and glanced at Roger. "You heard?"

Roger instantly put on an obedient look. "Big Brother, I'm doing this for your own good. There are so many women outside. Every socialite in New York wants to marry you. Why are you being charmed by such a woman? She had a child before. Do you want such a secondhand woman?"

A fierce look flashed across Justin's eyes. "Coincidentally, I also have a child. Then am I also a second-hand man?"

Roger instantly smiled. "Big Brother, don't joke around. How can a man and a woman be the same... Moreover, if you marry her, won't the Hunts be

laughed at by others? They'll say that you picked up someone else's broken shoes. Moreover, you'll even help her raise another man's daughter..."

Justin sneered. "Who said we're helping her raise another man's daughter?"

Roger was taken aback. "What?"

Justin glanced at him.

He hadn't brought Pete and Nora back home yet, so he mustn't let Roger know that the two children look just like each other. Otherwise, given how intelligent he was, he would quickly realize that Cherry was a fake.

He would make trouble for Nora when that happened. It would be terrible if he accidentally hurt the two of them.

The moment he thought of that, though, Justin suddenly recalled that Nora was the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Should Roger really send someone to take Pete's life, he reckoned that he would probably be the one to end up injured instead.

Regardless, this was ultimately still a lot of trouble, and that woman hated trouble the most.

He coughed and refrained from answering.

As for Roger, he seemed to understand something after he processed Justin's words. "Are you saying that she's not going to bring her child with her when she marries you? So, the child will stay with the Andersons instead? This isn't a question of a single child or of money; after all, how much money can a little girl spend? Justin, the fundamental problem here is that woman... C'mon, Grandma, talk to him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt frowned. She disapproved of this marriage an awful lot, but even so, she couldn't just embarrass Justin in front of Roger. Thus, she said, "These are Justin's household affairs. Why don't you leave for now?"

Roger nodded and left the room.

After he left, the old lady stretched out her finger and jabbed Justin. "You... Are you really going to marry that woman?"

Justin heaved a sigh. His tone became more intimate and he said, "Grandma, it's still too early to talk about marriage!"

Mrs. Hunt was surprised. "Huh? What do you mean? I knew you're just fooling around and aren't serious about her... Are you just dating her out of novelty..."

Justin's face twitched a little. He hurriedly interrupted her and said, "No, it's because I'm still trying to court her."

The elderly Mrs. Hunt, "..."

Justin sighed. "She isn't interested in me."

"..."

Mrs. Hunt felt like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world. Utterly stunned, she rebutted, "There's actually a woman in New York who isn't interested in you?"

Her grandson was well-known for having a high IQ and was very outstanding in every aspect. Added to this his good looks, the daughters of all the wealthy families flocked to him, despite the fact that he already had a child.

Over the years, there was no lack of people who came to her to secretly or overtly ask about his marriage matters, recommend potential candidates, or even recommend themselves!

Even that girl from the Smiths... was interested in him.

The Hunts and the Smiths were actually originally a good match for each other.

It was just a shame that the girl from the Smiths was an adopted daughter... Otherwise, they would have matched each other pretty well, since both youngsters were outstanding. Of course, these were all just her own opinions. She had also asked her grandson for his opinion back then, but unfortunately, he wasn't interested in her.

But now, there was actually someone who wasn't interested in her grandson?

Was she just playing hard to get, or was she really not interested in him?

Mrs. Hunt immediately dispelled one of the two possibilities the moment she thought of them. There was no way her grandson would fail to realize if she were just playing hard to get.

He was even better at reading people than her these days!

This piqued the old lady's curiosity. "That makes me so curious about that young missy. Bring her home and let me have a look someday!"

Justin nodded. "No problem."

After Justin left, the old lady suddenly got someone over and instructed, "Get someone to look into Nora Smith."

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady frowned.

Although her grandson's happiness was important, the Hunts' honor was also very important!

Even if that woman was great, the fact that she had given birth to another man's child would still be her dark past and would cause her to be mocked and laughed at for a lifetime.

She wasn't optimistic about the two of them.

Therefore, she intended to look for an opportunity to meet Ms. Smith and her daughter.

—

Meanwhile, at the villa in the suburbs.

Nora was leaning on the sofa and nodding off. Next to her, Tanya had already taken Pete upstairs.

She had already tidied up the three bedrooms upstairs during the last few days. Apart from the master bedroom meant for herself, for the other two rooms, she turned one into a room for boys, and the other into one for girls.

She took Pete into the room for boys and asked, "Do you like it?"

Pete looked at the room, which was decorated fully in blue. The bed was even a Captain America-themed one. The boy, who was rendered a little speechless, replied, "How childish."

Tanya curled her lip disdainfully. "You're too precocious for your age, boy! What is your room decor like at the Hunts'?"

Pete replied, "It's decorated in black, white, and gray tones, which are classier. I'll take you there someday..."

He suddenly paused at this point.

... Because it suddenly occurred to him that the tyrant had already changed his room decor to Cherry's tastes instead!

The whole room was pink!!

The corners of Pete's lips spasmed a little. Then, he asked, "Who is this room for?"

Tanya's eyes looked a little lost but were also determined. She answered, "It's for my son!"

Pete, "?"

He was taken aback. "Do you have a son?"

Tanya hesitated for a moment before she replied, "It may also be a daughter, so I've also set up a girl's room. When Cherry is back, I will ask her if she likes it or not."

She would definitely find her child!

And once she did, the child would immediately have their own room!

She wanted to give her child all the maternal love that she owed all these years.

The thought had only just formed when her cell phone rang. When she answered the call, Joel's voice came from the other side.

"It's me."

Tanya's attitude turned cold. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Joel kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "My daughter wants to learn to dance. I wonder if it's convenient for Ms. Turner to—"

"No, it's not."

Tanya hung up without any hesitation.

Next to her, Pete was speechless.

Knock, knock!

The sound of someone knocking suddenly came from the door.

Nora, who was sleeping on the sofa, was awakened by the noise. She rubbed her eyes and got onto her feet. When she opened the door, Mrs. Landis immediately grabbed her hand and said, "Ma'am is in a bad mood today, Ms. Smith. She looked like she got along well with you when she was chatting with you earlier today. Can you spend some time with her and talk to her?"

Nora, "?"

She was about to reply when Mrs. Landis heaved a sigh. She said, "Ma'am got into an argument with her son. She's really having a hard time. She is obviously afraid that the young master's son will suffer if he remarries, yet she couldn't tell him anything, which causes him to misunderstand her all the time. After the two quarreled again today, Ma'am has been spacing out in the greenhouse for a whole day now, and she refuses to eat or drink. What should I do?"

Nora, "..."

Just like that, Mrs. Landis dragged and pulled her next door. Sure enough, she spotted Iris sitting in a daze in the greenhouse.

Since I'm already here, I'll just talk to her a little, Nora thought.

But what should she talk about?

What a headache...

She stepped into the greenhouse. She was about to speak when Iris spotted her. A smile blossomed on her sorrowful countenance at once. "You're here, Ms. Smith. I have no idea why, either, but I just feel so happy and find you so likable the moment I see you. Maybe it's because you're good-looking."

Nora, "..."

Iris went on. "We're already meeting for the third time, so that makes us friends, right? But I don't even know your name. Can you tell me what your name is?"

Nora was about to answer when Iris went on.

"Do you know how my pot of A Glimpse of Blood came about? It was actually my son who gave it to me on my birthday... I know he did it so that I could pour all my sentiments into the flowers, but what he doesn't know is that I actually didn't have any love for orchids in the past. I found gardening really annoying, but in order to take care of that pot of flowers, I bought a lot of orchids to learn and gain some experience. Over the years, I've killed a lot of orchids while trying to take care of them. I still remember that the first pot of flowers I killed was..."

Nora: "..."

She shut up and listened quietly.

She knew that what Iris needed at the moment was a listener—she needed to vent some of her emotions.

She talked about a lot of things, and Nora gazed at her seriously.

She didn't find her annoying. After all, she simply couldn't bring herself to be annoyed when faced with such a lovely visage. She could look at her all day without any issues.

Iris spoke mostly about bits and pieces of her life with her son. Through her words, Nora more or less got to know what kind of situation she was in.

For some reason, she and her son were living separately.

In addition, they weren't on very good terms with each other, and her son seldom visited her. She realized this because she only spoke about how her son grew up, but never about how they spent time together.

Iris talked for a whole two hours. At last, her throat became parched, and Mrs. Landis brought them some fruit tea. She took a sip and said hoarsely, "Would you dislike me for being so long-winded, Ms. Smith? It's been a really long time since I've spoken this much."

"... No, I won't. Feel free to go on," replied Nora.

Iris, "..."

She had never seen such a quiet and beautiful girl with such a casual attitude before. In particular, whenever she mentioned how she had accidentally killed an orchid, Nora would always chime in with a sentence or two, and teach her methods that she could've used to save the flowers at that time...

She also learned a lot about taking care of orchids during the chat.

The more they chatted, the better they got along with each other. At last, Iris suggested, "I find that we simply hit it off very well, Ms. Smith. Why don't we become a sworn family?"

Iris was about to suggest taking her as her goddaughter when Nora replied, "Sure, God-sis."

Iris, "?"

She was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter and said, "I'm almost fifty. How can you call me God-sis?"

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the charming and pretty visage in front of her—the years didn't seem to have left any marks on her face. She couldn't help but say, "You look too young."

Needless to say, Iris was delighted at the compliment. She touched her cheek and said, "You're also very young, aren't you? Are you twenty yet?"

Nora laughed. "My son is already five this year."

... Son?

Iris was dumbfounded. “But you’re so young! Yet you already have a son?!”

Nora nodded.

Iris asked, “Where is he?”

Nora nodded at Villa No. 10 with her chin and answered, “He’s at my friend’s.”

Iris got up at once. “Really? Why don’t you take me to him? As his god... aunt, I should visit him, too!”

Nora, “...”

She thought of how Pete kept trying to hide, and knew right away that he might know the lady in front of her, and didn’t wish to meet with her just yet. Thus, she said, “Forget it. He’s shy.”

Iris didn’t force it, either. “Alright. I’ll let you meet my son the next time you’re here, God-sis!”

Nora smiled and got up. “Sure. It’s getting late, I have to go back.”

Iris sent her off.

When the two reached the door, Nora suddenly stood still and looked back at her. She said, “Sis, sometimes, what matters the most between two people is actually trust. You may be protecting your son in your way, but what if your son doesn’t need you to protect him anymore?”

Iris froze in place, stunned.

The girl in front of her was simply so perceptive. She hadn’t mentioned even a word about what had led to the current situation at all, but only talked briefly about how she interacted with her son, yet she had actually guessed it!

She stared at Nora blankly.

Nora lowered her gaze, nodded at her, and left.

Iris balled up her fists tightly as she stared at the girl’s thin and frail form.

At some point, Mrs. Landis came up behind her and said, “Ms. Smith is right, Ma’am... You have already made such sacrifices for so many years. It’s time

to tell Mr. Justin the truth! He now oversees the Hunts, and is no longer the boy who needed your protection back then...”

A dazed Iris turned around and looked at Mrs. Landis. In the end, she heaved a sigh. “Even if I tell him now, would he be willing to believe me?”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

In order to keep her distance from Justin, Iris had always treated him very coldly and distantly for the past two decades.

How could two decades of estrangement possibly be easily explained with just a few words?

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris turned and went back to the room. “I’ve already spent more than twenty years like this. Why bother creating trouble for him now?”

Mrs. Landis stayed silent for a long time as she stared at Iris from the back.

To be honest, Ma’am also yearned for Justin’s forgiveness, didn’t she?

It was just that she wasn’t willing to tell him about it, nor did she know how to. In fact, she had already become accustomed to speaking coldly over the years and didn’t know how to speak warmly to anyone anymore.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head.

—

Nora brought Pete into the car after she returned to Tanya’s.

Tanya saw the two of them off reluctantly. “Don’t go, guys. This place is so big, but I’m the only one here... I’m scared.”

Nora raised her brows. “How about coming to the Andersons’ with us, then?”

Tanya, “?”

She had officially moved in today, why would she move out again and follow them back?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she finally let go of the car door. She looked at Nora and said, "Damn, you're so heartless! Besides, what's so good about the Andersons' that you simply have to go back?"

Nora yawned. "The bed there is pretty good."

"..."

After seeing the two of them off, a very resentful Tanya went back to her villa.

After watching Tanya enter the villa in the rearview mirror, Pete finally asked, "Mommy, how was your chat with Gr... with the lady living next door?"

Grandma was really weird. Surely she didn't bully Mommy, right?

As soon as he thought so, Nora replied, "Well, we hit it off really well. We are now god-sisters, so she's your god-aunt from now on."

Pete was full of question marks when he heard her: ????

How did Grandma become his aunt?!

What had happened between Mommy and Grandma?!

While Pete was filled with self-doubt, the car returned to the Andersons'.

After parking, Nora got out of the car with her cell phone. She completely ignored Pete at the back, who was hopping off the tall car and then tiptoeing to close the door.

She was replying to her newly-gained god-sister's text message: 'I am home.'

Iris: 'Good to know you got home safely. I'm very happy to meet you.'

Nora paused.. Then, she suddenly smiled and wrote: 'By the way, my name is Nora Smith.'

In the villa in the suburbs.

Mrs. Landis was in the midst of dinner preparations when she suddenly heard a scream from the upper floor, which made her hands tremble and she almost cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

She rushed upstairs with the kitchen knife and asked nervously, “What’s the matter, Ma’am? What’s the matter?”

Iris, who was resting on the recliner, sat upright as she stared at her cell phone incredulously. When she saw Mrs. Landis come in, the dazed woman asked, “Earlier today, what did Tina York say Justin’s girlfriend’s name was?”

“You know, Nora Smith!” Mrs. Landis replied.

Iris swallowed hard as she looked back down at the text message—the five words ‘my name is Nora Smith’ were displayed there clearly.

She rubbed her eyes. When she saw the five words again, she couldn’t help but let out another scream. “Ahhh!”

Mrs. Landis received another huge shock. She shivered and said, “Oh my goodness, my precious Ma’am, please don’t scare me anymore! I’m already old, so I can’t take shocks anymore! What’s the matter?”

Iris lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Landis weakly. “Mrs. Landis, I... I... I think I’m in trouble!”

Mrs. Landis, “?”

Iris asked, “If I tell you that the girl whom Justin has fallen in love with—the one that Tina York says has been pestering him—is the same Ms. Smith whom we were talking to today, would you believe me?”

Mrs. Landis, “???”

Mrs. Landis thought of Nora’s indifferent attitude and the aura around her, and she shook her head.

After being Iris’s follower for so many years, she had long since learned to read people and identify them.

Ms. Smith was no ordinary person. There was no doubt that she was a very impressive person!

It was clear that she and Iris were no ordinary people, and everyone else was dying to be of help to them. However, when she had gone over to ask Ms. Smith to talk to Iris, she had been reluctant to!

Mrs. Landis shook her head. "I don't believe it."

Iris nodded. "I don't believe it, either."

Mrs. Landis asked, "By the way, ma'am, didn't Ms. Smith say today that she has a son?"

"Yes, that's right." Iris said, "The Nora Smith that Tina York mentioned only has a daughter. She doesn't have a son. So..."

Mrs. Landis said cautiously, "What if the name Nora Smith has become very popular? After all, it's neither a particularly uncommon name nor an obscure last name."

Iris hesitated. "Is that so?"

Not many people named their daughters Nora these days, right? No, wait. Perhaps Tina had meant Norah? Or Noreen?

Iris comforted herself. At last, she said, "If we want to know whether she's really the one or not, the next time we invite Ms. Smith over, we can also ask Justin to come over. This way, we'll know for sure, right?"

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Yes, that's right. She's your god-sister anyway, so it doesn't matter!"

Iris breathed a sigh of relief.

Nora, who had absolutely no idea that Iris was in an internal struggle the whole night, went upstairs with Pete after she returned to the Andersons'.

After washing up, the two of them happily fell asleep on the bed.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Nora again slept until the sun was up before she finally woke up. She had only just stretched and gone downstairs leisurely when she spotted the elderly Mrs. Anderson and Melissa sitting solemnly on the sofa in the living room. They looked up when they heard the door open. When they saw her, they got onto their feet at once. Melissa exclaimed, "You're finally up, Nora!"

Nora's voice still sounded a little nasal as she asked, "What's up?"

Mrs. Anderson and Melissa exchanged a look. At last, Melissa said solemnly, "Mrs. Hunt has invited you to the Hunts' manor! She has also requested that you bring Cherry along!"

Nora, "?"

She frowned and asked perplexedly, "Mrs. Hunt?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes, Justin's grandmother."

Nora knew who she was, of course.

After all, she was the one who had cured that old lady's illness!

Nora was just very puzzled. "What is she asking me to go over for?"

As soon as she said that, Melissa gazed at her gravely and asked, "Come over here, Nora. I have something I want to ask you. Please answer me seriously."

Nora went downstairs, shuffled over, and sat opposite Melissa and Mrs. Anderson. "What is it?"

Melissa took a deep breath and asked cautiously, "You and Justin... Are the two of you..."

She held up two fingers, drew them together a couple of times, and went on. "... dating?"

"... No, we're not!"

However, her cell phone rang at this point.

She looked down to see that 'Mr. Narcissist' was calling. She picked up the call and subconsciously said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Hunt?"

The man on the other end of the call spoke in a low and deep voice. "Nothing much. I just wanted to ask you out on a date, that's all, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

She was a little surprised. "A date?"

“That’s right. Didn’t I make a promise to you the other day? We have to go on dates more frequently, so that I don’t keep on making you take the initiative to approach me under the guise of visiting Pete. In this regard, men should take the initiative, shouldn’t they?”

“ ... ”

Nora asked reluctantly, “Where? And when?”

Chapter 233 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Nora looked over and saw that a pot of worm-infested orchid had been discarded in the corner. The orchid was in a pot, so it was obvious that someone had abandoned it.

That pot of flowers...

Nora frowned. It was the same pot of orchid that the person had sent her a private message about, asking her for help with it!

The two went over. Tanya bent over, picked up the pot of orchid, and examined it carefully. “This pot of flowers looks quite pretty.”

Of course, it was pretty.

It was obvious at a glance that the pot of flower had been meticulously taken care of for many years as someone’s priceless treasure.

It was just a shame that it had become infested with worms.

But wasn’t its owner a little too heartless? They had discarded the flowers just because she hadn’t replied to them?

However, Nora understood the next moment.

The worms on the flowers were contagious. Should they remain in the greenhouse with other flowers, they would probably spoil the other flowers too.

What a shame.

Tanya held the pot and said, "It just so happens that I don't have any flowers in my new home. Let's use this as decoration. How do we get rid of the worms on it?"

Tanya had already bought the villa. They were here to take a look around today.

Nora thought for a moment. Since Tanya liked the flowers, then this meant that they were fated to be. Thus, she said, "Let me do it."

Tanya nodded.

The two of them continued to walk ahead. After strolling around half of the residential complex, even though Tanya's long and slender legs were still moving, she was already complaining, "The residential complex is too big. I shouldn't have suggested bringing you around and should've driven instead."

Nora ignored her.

The two walked and walked until Tanya worked up a sweat. Only then did they arrive at the door of Villa No. 10. Tanya unlocked the door with her fingerprint and said, "The people that used to live in the villa were mostly artists. When I bought the house, the former landlord warned me not to mess with the residents of Villa No. 9."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Why?"

Tanya explained, "He said that she was a middle-aged woman with an especially strange temperament. Also, she likely comes from quite the background, because she has a lot of hidden bodyguards protecting her in the surroundings!"

Nora, "..."

The villas were in the suburbs. Although it looked pretty good, it actually wasn't that expensive due to its location.

While the environment was passable as a retirement home, the medical conditions weren't.

As an ordinary residence, it was too far from the city. Tanya had only chosen this place because this was all she could afford with her years of savings. So, just which influential person was it who would choose to live here?

She shook her head and didn't pay any more attention to the matter. Instead, she followed Tanya into the room.

However, Nora raised her eyebrows a little after she did.

The villa was decorated exquisitely in a country style, Tanya's favorite. But as far as Nora knew, such decor cost at least \$300,000 to \$500,000!

Together with the villa itself...

How did Tanya buy it at a million dollars?

She had checked the prices of the villas nearby—they all cost about 1.2 million dollars each. Tanya said that because the landlord was in a hurry to sell the house, he had set a low asking price. She only had about a million dollars, so it was just right for her.

Added to this the interior decor and furnishings, there was no way anyone could buy the house for less than two million dollars!

Moreover, it wasn't hard to sell the houses in the area. After all, they were high-end properties, and the villas were indeed pretty good. She couldn't help but think that there was definitely something going on here.

Tanya, who was unaware of the ongoings involved, was walking around excitedly. There were three floors in the villa. The first floor consisted of a living room and a room for domestic helpers.

The second floor consisted of three bedrooms, while the third floor could be used as a study or storage room.

Tanya went upstairs excitedly. She said to Nora, "Do you know what I like the most about this place? This! Take a look, Nora!"

Nora looked over to see that the two rooms on the third floor had been merged into a practice room. Mirrors covered the walls on all four sides, which made it very suitable for...

"This is my dance practice room!"

Tanya slipped into the practice room on her toes. She looked around with a smile and said, “The previous owner’s girlfriend was a dancer, so he specially bought this house. And here too...”

She went out, pointed to the third room, and said, “This is the bathroom and dressing room. After dancing, I can just go in to shower and wash off all the stinky sweat. There’s also a huge jacuzzi inside! Haha, the property agent said that the previous owner originally planned to use it as a shared bathtub for him and his girlfriend, so they left it unused in the end after the renovation. Well, I’m the one who gets to use it now!”

Nora, “...”

Tanya’s favorite dance practice room, Tanya’s favorite country-style interior decor, and a two-person bathtub... All of this made her absolutely convinced that something was up with the house.

There weren’t that many coincidences in this world.

However, upon seeing how excited Tanya was, she didn’t want to be a wet blanket, either. Thus, she merely raised her brows, took out her cell phone, and hacked into the property agency’s system. She found the previous owner in the house’s transactional details. The man had a very ordinary name—Gary Long.

Nora, “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she couldn’t help feeling that she must have been thinking too much. When she was about to exit the page, something suddenly occurred to her and she scrolled up. Sure enough, she found a familiar name—Joel Smith.

Nora, “?”

Joel had transferred the ownership rights to Gary. Then, in under half a month, Gary sold it to Tanya. As expected, how could there possibly be this many coincidences in the world?

She lifted her head again and looked at Tanya—only to see that she was already spinning around excitedly in the dance practice room.

Nora hesitated for a moment. After a short internal struggle, she decided not to do anything about it in the end. If she were to tell Tanya about it, given how stubbornly competitive she was, she would definitely return the house.

Returning the house was equivalent to a breach of contract, which would require her to pay a great amount as damages. On top of that, there were also various fees involved.

Most importantly, through the house, as well as how meticulously and thoughtfully Joel had handled the matter, Nora could tell with her keen senses that there might still exist possibilities between the two of them.

Therefore, she'd better just not say anything unnecessary!

In the midst of her thoughts, Tanya walked out of the dance practice room and said, "Never mind, I'm not dancing anymore. It's not like you're doing it with me anyway, so it's really boring. Nora, didn't you say just now that you can cure that pot of flowers? Hurry up and do it! I'll take it as a housewarming gift from you!"

Nora, "..."

That pot of flowers was worth \$300,000. One had to hand it to her for being able to bring herself to ask for a housewarming gift worth \$300,000.

She said, "I'll need 100 grams of rice vinegar, 100 grams of baking soda, wormwood..."

She went downstairs after listing a few items. After looking around the house, she actually found them all in the kitchen.

Tanya laughed and said, "The previous owner said that his girlfriend was supposed to return from abroad half a month ago. They were planning to get married, so he bought a lot of everyday necessities for the house. But in the end, the girlfriend didn't come back, and the two of them broke up, so these everyday necessities all come to me now! Let me see, there are two cartons of milk in the fridge. They are about to expire, so let's have one each later."

Nora, "..."

Wasn't Joel Smith a little too virtuous?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. Then, she started to get busy.

Outside, Mrs. Landis walked past their villa. She ran over to the rocks but didn't see the pot of orchid. She was terribly alarmed and frightened, but there weren't any surveillance cameras there, so she didn't know who had taken it away, either.

Iris was surely going to be really heartbroken now.

While she was thinking about it, she suddenly smelled something pungent and piercing. She turned and saw two girls coming out of Villa No. 10 with a pot of flowers in their hands.

"Damn, it smells so pungent!"

Tanya spoke brashly and without reservations. "My favorite perfume scent has been totally overwhelmed!"

Nora glanced at her. "That's why I said we should do it outdoors. You're the one who insisted on doing it indoors..."

"That was because I thought we could sit in the room, wasn't it? Come on, let's move to the yard. Where should we put it?"

Nora looked around and found a small marble table in the yard. She walked over, put the orchid down, and started to spray the potion, that she had concocted, on it again.

While she was carefully spraying the potion all around the flower, she suddenly heard an angry shout. "Stop!"

Nora was taken aback. Both she and Tanya looked at the door to see Mrs. Landis with her hands on her hips. As though an old mother hen guarding her chick, she rushed over and stood in front of them. "What are you trying to do to the pot of flowers?"

Nora, "?"

Tanya, "?"

The two looked at Mrs. Landis. They hadn't shut the gates when they came in just now, so the woman had come in just like that. Who was she, though?

They were wondering about it when Mrs. Landis said, “That pot of flowers belongs to me!”

Realization dawned upon Tanya. “Oh, I see. I found the pot of flowers in the garden and thought that the person who discarded it didn’t want it anymore, so I brought it back!”

At the sight of how lifeless the pot of flowers was, Mrs. Landis panicked at once. “Why wouldn’t we want it? Do you know what this is or not? Also, how can you bring this pot of orchid back with you so carelessly when it’s so expensive?”

Tanya replied sheepishly, “How expensive can it be? I thought it was a bonsai tree!”

Mrs. Landis, “...”

She stepped forward. She was about to take the flowerpot when Nora suddenly stopped her. She said, “You claim that this pot of flowers belongs to you, but do you have any proof?”

This particular pot of flowers was worth a lot of money, so she was guarding against strangers who might be trying to scam them out of it. Besides, going by how old Mrs. Landis looked, she didn’t seem like someone that would go online to approach her for help on treating the plant.

After all, the elderly didn’t go online very much. Additionally, only a minority of people would visit that forum.

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “Do I have to prove it?”

“Of course.”

Nora said unhurriedly, “Otherwise, how would I know whether or not you’re really the owner of this pot of flowers?”

Mrs. Landis, “...”

That was true. She could understand why she would have such concerns.

But how was she going to prove it?

Nora said, "This pot of flowers' buds are not quite the same color as other flowers. You just need to tell me what color they are."

Mrs. Landis, "!!"

Now, that put her in a spot. She hurriedly said, "Wait a minute. I'll go and ask Ma'am."

"Okay."

Mrs. Landis walked toward the exit, but after taking a couple of steps, she turned back and added, "Don't spray anything on it anymore, though. These flowers are very delicate. Got it?"

Nora nodded again.

After Mrs. Landis left and went out of sight, she picked up the spray bottle again and continued to spray the potion she had just concocted onto the flowers.

"... Didn't she say that this pot of flowers is very expensive?" asked Tanya.

Nora nodded. "Uh-huh. That's why I have to help them save it. Otherwise, they'll throw it away again."

Tanya, "..."

A short while later, they heard hasty footsteps at the gates. Mrs. Landis's voice rang out the next moment. "This is the house, Ma'am! Watch your step!"

A beautiful and dazzling figure slowly walked in along with those words.

The sight of her took Nora and Tanya, both big beauties, by surprise. They felt as if they had suddenly been dazzled.

The woman walking in had an oval-shaped face, fair skin, and large eyes. She wore a long-sleeved dress that wrapped around her graceful curves, one couldn't tell any signs of age on her face at all. She wore her hair in big, loose curls draped gracefully behind her shoulders. She looked just like an elf that had stepped out of a European painting and accidentally entered the human world.

Tanya couldn't resist poking Nora and remarking, "She's so beautiful!"

Nora nodded.

The two wanted to continue, but Mrs. Landis had spotted the spray bottle in Nora's hand. She then looked at the pot of flowers and found that all the flowers had been sprayed with some kind of dark mixture. She panicked at once and said, "Didn't I already tell you not to spray anything on it anymore? Why did you continue to spray the mixture on it?! You... What you're doing is going to kill our flowers! Or is it because you don't want to return it to us? Do you have any idea who the leader of our family is?"

Tanya hurriedly waved and said, "No, we're definitely giving it back. I didn't know it was so expensive when I picked it up."

Iris frowned, but she said, "Stop that, Mrs. Landis."

Mrs. Landis, however, wasn't convinced. "Ma'am, they are obviously the ones who mistreated your flowers..."

Iris shook her head. "It no longer belonged to us the moment you discarded it and someone else picked it up. We should already count ourselves lucky that they are willing to return it!"

Mrs. Landis was awfully indignant.

Tanya breathed a sigh of relief. "We didn't mean it, Madam. We were treating the flowers' illness."

Iris let out a sigh. "The treatment method is too extreme."

The smell of vinegar was simply too strong. How could orchids possibly withstand it?

Tanya wasn't versed in medical theory, so she didn't say anything. Nora, on the other hand, said, "I reckon the worms will be gone with another couple of sprays."

Mrs. Landis reprimanded her. "You're pretty confident, aren't you! Ma'am has already been trying to treat that pot of flowers for half a month, but the flowers have never looked so lifeless before. Just look at it—the petals are already drooping! It looks completely listless. You shouldn't have messed around with it if you aren't professionals!"

“Mrs. Landis!”

Iris reprimanded her again. “Never mind, let’s just bring the flowers back.”

Mrs. Landis went forward indignantly and picked up the pot of flowers. As she did, she nagged, “Just how much effort have you put into this pot of flowers? You couldn’t even bear to watch when we threw it away, nor did I dare to really throw it away. Who knew that it would end up being destroyed in their hands instead? Seriously!”

Iris shook her head and told her not to say any more.

The two then left with the flowers. When they reached the gates, Mrs. Landis could still be heard saying, “If the flowers die tomorrow, I’m going to come and look for them!”

“Never mind. As they say, what is yours will be yours, and what isn’t will never be.”

The middle-aged woman’s voice sounded very pleasant, and the way she spoke sounded as if she was reciting a poem. It was just that her demeanor was cold and indifferent, making her look like someone who wasn’t a part of the mundane world.

It was only when the two left that Tanya finally swallowed hard and said, “No wonder people say that beauty isn’t just skin-deep. That lady’s physique is too beautiful! I wonder how old she is, though. Since she’s being addressed as ‘Ma’am’, then she must be at least thirty, right? But she doesn’t really look like it, either...”

Nora couldn’t tell how old the woman was, either, mainly because she was a perfect combination of innocence and femininity, which made people overlook her age.

Tanya said, “I’m going to ask around and see which family she’s from...”

—

After they brought the pot of flowers back home, Mrs. Landis took a piece of wet tissue, and carefully and gently wiped off the residual medicinal potion on the leaves and petals.

It was just a shame that even though the potion was too pungent, the flowers were so delicate that she couldn't wash them. Thus, even though she had already wiped the potion off, it still smelled of vinegar.

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris even put down the tissue, got up, and went upstairs. "Forget it," she said.

She couldn't sleep well that night because the pot of flowers kept haunting her in her sleep. As a result, she felt like she had only just fallen asleep when she heard Mrs. Landis' shout of surprise.

"Ma'am! Q-quick! Get up and look at the flowers!!"

Iris sat up abruptly.

What had happened to the flowers?

Could they have... withered? And died?

She had only discarded the flowers away the day before in a moment of impulse. Later, when Mrs. Landis told her that she hadn't really thrown it away, Iris had been overjoyed.

It was the things that one recovered after losing that they cared about the most.

She grabbed the pajamas next to her, put them on, and walked out of the room barefooted, making a beeline for the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis was standing next to the pot of flowers. At the sight of her, she panicked at once. "Oh dear, look at you, ma'am..."

She took a pair of slippers and gave them to Iris, who rushed over to the pot of flowers eagerly.

The pungent smell was still there, but the worms on the plant were gone.

Although the flowers still looked lifeless, they weren't dead.

Mrs. Landis pointed to it. "The worms are really gone. Has the pot of flowers recovered?"

Iris shook her head. She stared at the pot of flowers with a frown and said, “No, not exactly. The worms have indeed been driven away, but the flowers have also been contaminated by the mixture, so they may also wither.”

This was the reason why she had refrained from using pesticides even after such a long time.

All pesticides had harmful effects on the flowers. Orchids were simply too delicate!

That was why she had been so hesitant and hadn't dared to use it all this time. But in the end, a young missy living next door had used it on the flowers instead, sigh!

Mrs. Landis turned the pot of flowers around and examined it. She said, “Ma'am, the flowers look like they are in better condition than before to me, though? Think about it—it also looked terribly lifeless when it was still infested with worms, but it seems alright today? This pot of flowers isn't as delicate as we imagined after all!”

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis marveled at the sight. “That young missy's remedy from yesterday surprisingly saved the flowers! Haha, maybe the pot of flowers would have already recovered by now if you had used pesticides on it five days ago! You were just too scared and too distressed about it. That's why you didn't dare to do it!”

Iris hesitated for a moment. “Really? But I remember that it was exactly because I used pesticides that a pot of flowers I once had, had died. The flowers became rotten, and even the roots were damaged and couldn't grow anymore.”

Mrs. Landis was in a very good mood. She said, “But that was a different species of flowers. Maybe that pot of flowers just didn't have enough vitality and life force. This pot of flowers here is chock full of vitality, though!”

Iris also nodded. “Yes, let's watch over it today!”

“Okay!”

The pot of flowers remained half-dead the whole day. Iris watered it regularly and let it bask in the sun. This continued until the third day when the pot of flowers actually survived!

“Ma’am, this pot of orchid is no way near as delicate as you say it is! Look at how hardy it is! It’s still doing fine even though that young missy was spraying vinegar on it that day!”

Mrs. Landis walked around happily in the greenhouse with a spray bottle filled with water. She said, “Actually, maybe these flowers are just like people. It’s easier to keep them alive by letting them grow in the wild instead of cultivating them so carefully!”

Iris felt that her words had some truth to them.

She went one round in the greenhouse but suddenly stopped in front of a pot of dark purple chrysanthemums. She pushed the soil aside and inspected it carefully, upon which she was shocked. “Mrs. Landis! This pot of flowers has been infected!”

Mrs. Landis walked over at once when she heard her. Sure enough, she spotted a few small black worms crawling around on the chrysanthemum buds. However, it seemed like it had only just been infected, so they weren’t many.

However, the worms must have already laid eggs on the flowers, so it was impossible to remove them all without the use of pesticides.

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis suggested, “Why don’t we also give it a go, Ma’am?”

Iris wondered out loud. “But I clearly remember that the flowers I used pesticides on in the past had died!”

Mrs. Landis pointed at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood and said, “I remember you said that this pot of flowers is an exceptionally delicate type. Since even it can recover, this pot of chrysanthemums will definitely recover, too!”

Iris looked at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood that had returned to standing straight and glowing with vigor. At last, she sighed and said, “Alright.”

She took out the pesticide she had bought, diluted it, and sprayed it gently on the chrysanthemum buds. The little worms fled all about as if they had just met with their natural enemy.

Unfortunately, they fell onto the leaves after inching away just a couple of steps, unable to move anymore.

Mrs. Landis exclaimed in approval, "Isn't the insecticide much better than the vinegar she used? And there isn't much of a smell, either. Vinegar simply smells too strong! And it's sour, too. Take a look at this instead—the pesticide has already killed off the worms so soundlessly..."

Iris was rather worried, though. "Surely nothing will go wrong, right?"

She felt rather uneasy.

Mrs. Landis laughed and said, "Even the young missy next door can cure a pot of flowers so easily, let alone you, Ma'am. Have a little confidence in yourself!"

"... Alright, then."

She looked at the dark purple chrysanthemums. When she saw how they didn't seem like they were affected, she breathed a sigh of relief. She placed the infected pot of chrysanthemums outside and kept it away from the other flowers. It should be fine after doing that.

With that in mind, Iris went back into the house.

However, when Iris woke up the next day and went to check on the pot of chrysanthemums, she was stunned!

The pot of chrysanthemums had actually wilted!

Additionally, the flower that she had specifically sprayed with pesticide the day before was already half-rotten! Not only was it drooping, but its petals had also fallen off, and it looked half-dead.

Iris, "!!"

Mrs. Landis was also stunned at the sight. "H-how can this be?"

Iris panicked. "What should I do?"

Mrs. Landis was perplexed. “This shouldn’t be, though. Ma’am, that young missy easily saved your pot of A Glimpse of Blood just by messing around a little. Why did this pot of flowers turn out like this instead?”

As soon as she said that, Iris’s head whipped up abruptly. “Perhaps... that young missy wasn’t just messing around?”

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “What do you mean by that, Ma’am?”

Iris stood up straight. Her big beautiful eyes were full of shock and astoundment. She replied, “It means that young missy is actually a master orchid breeder! Come on, Mrs. Landis! Let’s go next door and ask for advice!”

Mrs. Landis nodded.

The two went next door, but even after knocking on the door for a long time, no one opened the door.

Mrs. Landis panicked. “Why isn’t she opening the door? Surely she lives here, right?”

Iris took a deep breath. “Call the property management office and ask for her number.”

“Okay.”

—

Meanwhile, Tanya was on a stroll with Nora and Pete outside.

Tanya was very smug as she looked at the scenery in the villa complex. “Isn’t the place big, Pete?”

Pete replied, “... It’s okay, I guess. It’s about the same size as my garden.”

“... Do you also have a stream in your garden?” asked Tanya.

Pete nodded. “Yeah. There’s also a pond that draws water from the hot springs, so it’s possible to grow lotus flowers in there even in winter!”

Tanya, “!!”

Pete let out a sigh. “Even though I’m already five and I jog in the manor every day, I still haven’t gone a full round around the manor.”

Tanya was rendered speechless with envy. “Stop. Don’t humblebrag anymore.”

She waved and said, “Let’s go. We’ll drive straight to the villa. God-mom has her own home now, Pete! I’ll be living here in the future!”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

The group arrived at Tanya’s villa.. As soon as the car stopped, Mrs. Landis ran over, grabbed Nora’s hand, and said, “Miss, help!”

Help?

Tanya panicked. She urged, “Quick, Nora, go and have a look!”

Might something have happened to that beautiful middle-aged lady?

Nora had heard what Mrs. Landis said as soon as she got out of the car, so she was also a little taken aback. For some reason, she quite liked that lady, so she nodded and said, “Lead the way.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car, looked at Mrs. Landis in confusion. Wasn’t she Mrs. Landis, his grandmother’s caregiver?

He got out of the car as well. He was about to walk over when something suddenly occurred to him—if his grandmother saw him, then wouldn’t everything be exposed?!

He wasn’t worried about his grandmother’s health, though, because she underwent a health checkup every year!

Moreover, the tyrant had assigned his grandmother bodyguards, who were all around the place. If something had really happened, there was no way the bodyguards would be this quiet.

Therefore, while Mrs. Landis was preoccupied and hadn’t noticed him yet, he grabbed Tanya’s hand and said, “Open the door first, God-mom. That kind of environment isn’t suitable for kids. I’ll wait for you and Mommy here.”

Tanya, “...”

To think she didn't even think as far ahead as a child. Nevertheless, she quickly came back to her senses, hurriedly opened the door, and let Pete in. Only then did she go after Nora.

Two minutes later.

Inside the greenhouse, Tanya stared at the beautiful lady in front of her and the pot of flowers in her hand. She was stunned. "When you asked for help, you were talking about the pot of flowers?"

The beautiful woman nodded. "Yes, of course. What else could I have been talking about?"

Both Tanya and Nora fell silent.

When the two of them heard Mrs. Landis' call for help, all they could think of was that something had happened to her.

Now that they thought about it again, wasn't it obvious? It wasn't like Mrs. Landis knew Nora was a doctor after all!

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed a little. "Then you should have been clearer about it. We ended up running all the way here."

Mrs. Landis was terribly nervous. "These flowers are Ma'am's life itself. I wasn't exaggerating when I asked for help!"

"..."

Tanya didn't say any more. As for Nora, she looked at the pot of flowers in Iris's hand. It was likely infested with worms, but because they had used pesticides on it, the worms were gone. However, the flowers had also become damaged as a result.

She frowned. "The pesticide has already penetrated deep into the flower. This flower can't be saved anymore."

Mrs. Landis burst into tears. "It's all my fault, ma'am. It's all my fault! I saw that the young missy managed to save the flowers by spraying them with vinegar, so I thought that pesticide would also be okay. Sob... The vinegar clearly smelled even stronger and more pungent than the pesticide..."

Tanya couldn't stop herself from saying dryly, "Look at what you're saying. Vinegar is edible, but is pesticide edible?"

Her words made Mrs. Landis choke, but she kept her head lowered and wiped her tears.

Iris had only made up her mind to use the pesticide because she had convinced her to. Even though she wouldn't make her compensate for the flowers, it upset her to see Landis sad!

She looked at Nora and asked, "Can you save this pot of flowers, Ms. Smith?"

Iris's brows were also knitted together, and she looked miserable.

"... I didn't say that this pot of flowers is going to die," replied Nora.

Both Mrs. Landis and Iris were taken aback at her words, and they looked at her.

Only then did Nora slowly say, "You can't keep this particular flower anymore, but the pot of flowers itself is still salvageable as long as you..."

She listed a few herbs and said, "Brew them until they fill up only three bowls of water. Dilute the solution and water the flowers with it after that, and this pot of flowers will be fine. Flowers will grow again after that."

Iris was stunned when she heard her verbally listing the prescription so casually.

Why did her method of using traditional medicine to treat flowers resemble Orchidance's style so much?

But Orchidance wasn't based in the States!

While Iris was wondering about it, she saw Nora yawn after she finished. Then, she slowly started to walk toward the door. "Just do as I say and everything will be fine. We're heading back."

Iris panicked. She rushed over to Nora, grabbed her, and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Let's add each other on Messenger?"

Nora, "?"

Iris smiled and said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't disturb you! At the most, I'll only approach you when something goes wrong with my orchids."

Nora, "..."

She wanted to refuse. After all, the owner of Villa No. 9 didn't seem like anyone simple. She didn't want to get into any trouble.

But when she saw the anxious and eager look in Iris' eyes, as well as her beautiful, practically blemish-free, face, she suddenly couldn't quite bring herself to.

Cough.

She would never admit that Cherry had actually inherited her love for pretty faces from her!

She took out her cell phone and they added each other on Messenger. Only then did she go next door with Tanya.

Mrs. Landis went out to buy the herbs that Nora had listed, so Iris was the only one in the villa for a while. She sat on the wooden chair in the yard and opened up Nora's Facebook page.

A master orchid breeder like her would definitely share a lot of tips about cultivating orchids, right? Unfortunately... her page was actually empty?

Iris suspected that the young woman had filtered her out, so she scrolled up the page, upon which she found that the other party's friend list was visible to her.

In which case...

So, Ms. Smith had never posted anything before? Just how lazy of a person was she?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. In the midst of her surprise, there was another knock on the door. She subconsciously got up and walked over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Tina outside.

Iris's expression instantly turned cold. "What are you here for, Ms. York?"

Tina replied, "I'm here to check up on your orchid for you, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris couldn't help but smile upon hearing her reply. "No, it's fine. Someone has already cured my orchid."

Someone had already cured it?

Tina was surprised. "How can that be?"

She had asked for help on various websites and also approached several people who were experts on treating orchids' illnesses, but all of them had said that it was hopeless. How could it possibly have already recovered?

She was still thinking about it when Iris smiled and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Tina bit her lip.

She assumed that Justin must have gotten an expert to look at the orchid, just so he could stop her from getting close to Iris. In any case, her original intention in pleasing Iris was just so she could...

The look in Tina's eyes darkened. Suddenly, she smiled and said, "Actually, I'm just here to inform you about something, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris was a little surprised. "What?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. "Do you know that your son has started dating a woman from a nobody family and made her his girlfriend?"

Iris replied coldly, "I'm not interested to hear about that."

Tina, however, smiled again and said, "You may not be interested to know about his girlfriend, but what about your grandson, the little Mr. Hunt? Are you not interested in knowing about him, either? Aren't you afraid that that foresight-less woman will abuse your grandson after she marries into the family?"

When Tina chatted with Iris in the past, she discovered that the woman was always trying to draw the topic to Pete and make her talk about him.

Although she didn't visit her grandson, she still liked him very much.

Therefore, Tina used her trump card right away. “He’s after all not her real son, so she can only be his stepmother. Once she marries Mr. Hunt and bears him a son, do you think he would still keep his position as the heir to the family?”

Iris’s jaw tensed up.

She didn’t intend to interfere with her son’s relationships, nor would she be easily incited by someone’s mere words. However, this didn’t stand in the way of her investigating the other party’s background.

“Who is she?” asked Iris.

Tina answered excitedly, “Her name is Nora Smith.”

Iris: “?”

Smith?

Coincidentally, the girl next door who knew how to plant orchids also had the surname Smith, which made her have a good impression of the surname Smith.

She lowered her eyes. “I understand. Is there anything else?”

Tina was stunned by her light tone. “You don’t care?”

Iris sneered. “I already said that I’m not interested in Justin’s matter. Ms. York, if you want to affect him by using me, you’ve made a wrong move. Goodbye.”

She did not give Tina a chance to speak again and closed the door.

Tina, who was blocked outside, gritted her teeth in hatred as she looked at the door. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath before walking out.

When Mrs. Landis came back from grocery shopping, she happened to see Iris sitting on the swing in the courtyard in a daze.

She was stunned and asked, “Ma’am, what’s wrong?”

Iris sighed. “Justin is in love.”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Then, she could not help but scold him. “This young master is too insensible! Since he’s in a relationship, he should have brought that girl here to meet you! Really...”

Iris lowered her eyes. “As long as he likes her, everything else is fine. I just feel that Pete is a little pitiful.”

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris had thought of herself.

After hesitating for a while, she walked to her side and squatted down, holding her hand. “Ma’am, Young Master is not like that.”

Iris sneered. “He’s not. But in a family, the role of a mother is too important. Haven’t you heard of a saying? With a stepmother, you have a stepfather.”

Mrs. Landis was silent for a while.

Ma’am was not like this in the past. When she trusted someone, she would trust them unconditionally. However, after what had happened to Sir, her heart had completely broken.

So now, she didn’t trust any woman too much?

However, Mrs. Landis also knew that the status of the person in charge of the wealthy families was important. It was like the throne of a country.

If a young master got married and the wife gives birth to a new son, which mother would not be biased toward her own son?

Not to mention, they still had to inherit the Hunts’ business!

Mrs. Landis sighed. “Ma’am, Pete is actually autistic. It’s too demanding for him to take on the burden of a family. Didn’t Young Master say so? He never planned to let Little Young Master take over the Hunts.”

Iris was stunned.

Yeah.

Pete had autism.

Iris had seen Pete before. Half a year ago, she had secretly gone to see him and had seen that the child was alone and not very social.

She had gone up to talk to him, but he had ignored her.

She sighed. “Although that’s the case, if he’s willing to be close to me and grow up with me, it might be the best way for everyone. But...”

However, he was unwilling to follow her.

She sighed again. After a while, she looked up and said, “Give Justin a call. Ask him to bring Pete to see me.”

Mrs. Landis nodded, wild with joy. This was the first time Ma’am had taken the initiative to look for Justin since she moved out of the Hunts. She hurriedly nodded. “Okay.”

She ran into her room to make a call, but Iris was still staring at the sky.

She thought of when she was young...

When she had found out that her husband had cheated on her, she was determined to get a divorce.

Even if they were to get a divorce, she would definitely not be able to take her son away. After all, Justin’s grandfather was still around at that time and was the head of the Hunts. He had raised Justin himself and was wild with joy at his intelligence. He had carefully nurtured him.

At that time, she felt that people should live for themselves. Therefore, even so, she was determined to get a divorce.

At that time, Mrs. Hunt of the Hunts had let her go on a vacation for half a month. She would decide if she wanted a divorce after she returned.

She had agreed, and thus, she left.

However, she had not expected that after the biological mother left her son’s side, the mistress would visit her.

When she was overseas and heard some news, she was once worried about Justin’s safety. However, she also knew that Justin was Mr. Hunt’s flesh and blood and that nothing would happen to him.

With this thought in mind, she returned after playing overseas for a full 14 days.

She was still determined to get a divorce.

Her husband claimed that he and his mistress were truly in love. Even if they did not get a divorce, the two of them would only have a marriage of convenience. She did not want such a marriage.

She would rather withdraw and pursue her own happiness.

The pride in her bones made her think of everything too simply.

When she returned to the house, one she had not seen for half a month, she saw her family looking at her strangely.

They whispered, "So pitiful. Ma'am's nickname is gone, and so is her son."

At that time, she thought that the servants were saying that she would give her son to the Hunts as well. She did not think much of it and went straight to the study after entering.

In the study, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Hunt were both there.

Her husband and his mistress were also there.

The mistress held her big belly and knelt on the ground.

Her husband was holding her hand and pleading with Mr. Hunt. "Dad! She didn't do it on purpose. Let her get up!"

Mr. Hunt smashed his teacup on the ground angrily. "If anything happens to Justin, I'll kill both of you!"

Bam!

The bag in his hand fell to the ground. Iris looked at Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt in confusion. Her voice trembled as she asked, "What happened to Justin? What happened to him?"

When Mr. Hunt saw her, he did not dare to say anything.

Mrs. Hunt walked over and held her hand. "Justin is gone! He was swindled by human traffickers!"

Her eyes were red and her hands were trembling.

Iris looked at her husband in disbelief. At this moment, he was still defending his mistress. “Iris, help me put in a few good words. She didn’t do it on purpose. Her stomach suddenly felt uncomfortable, so she was too careless and didn’t watch over Justin...”

Iris was stunned. “She lost the child?”

Justin had only been five years old at that time!!

Her husband frowned. Seeing that she was silent, he could only look at Mr. Hunt. “Dad, Justin is already gone. It’s highly probable that he might not return, but do you not even want the child in her stomach?”

Mr. Hunt was stunned.

Her husband continued shouting, “This child is also a son! I’ve already lost one, nothing can happen to this one!”

With that, he held the mistress’ arm. “Get up.”

The mistress stood up trembling.

This time, Mr. Hunt remained silent.

At that moment, Iris suddenly understood. Justin was just a successor to the Hunts. Without this successor, there would always be another one.

However, in this world, there was only one person who could not live without Justin. That person was his mother.

A child could not live without a mother.

Iris suddenly said, “Mrs. Landis, how good would it be if Justin’s girlfriend was Pete’s mother?”

Mrs. Landis was speechless.

Back then, when Justin suddenly had a son, it caused an intense reaction from everyone.

When he came over, Iris asked, “Who’s the child’s mother?”

At that time, Justin's attitude was very cold. "Does it matter if the child has a mother or not?"

Iris was speechless.

She knew that at that time, Justin was complaining that as his mother, she was always hiding outside and never came home. However, he did not understand her painstaking efforts.

She was protecting him by not going back.

His attitude toward her had always been very cold. Whenever he came over while he was young, he always followed a strict schedule, having already agreed with the Hunts.

It was also because of this that things had changed a little over the years. He would occasionally come over to see her, but they had nothing to say to each other, so he only stayed for a while before leaving.

Perhaps it was because she knew how hard it was to raise her son after she had him.

At the Hunts'.

When Justin received Mrs. Landis's call, he was a little surprised, especially when he heard that special request to bring Cherry along...

He hung up and looked at Cherry, who was playing. He asked, "Cherry, are you willing to come with me to see Grandmother?"

Cherry, "?"

Her big eyes were filled with confusion. "Do I still have a grandmother?"

With that, she immediately covered her mouth.

It was over!

She had let it slip. Her brother definitely knew that there was still a grandmother.

As she was thinking about this, she saw her father bend down and say to her face, "Yes, it's normal that you don't know her. After all, you've only seen your grandmother a few times."

Phew... So that was how it was.

Cherry heaved a sigh of relief and was delighted. "Okay!"

She liked Grandmother!

Like her great-grandmother, she would be a very gentle old lady. She would give her lots of gifts. Recently, Cherry had become the favorite of the Hunt Corporation.

At the thought of this, she said excitedly, "Daddy, I'll go change my clothes!"

Justin nodded.

He still had some work matters to settle, so he went to the study.

Cherry returned to her room and changed her clothes. The moment she went out, she saw Roger standing at the door. He was smiling at her with his eyes narrowed. "Pete, are you going out?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes, I'm going to see Grandmother!"

Roger suddenly smiled. "Pete, I remember that you didn't like to talk much in the past. Why are you talking so much now?"

Cherry tilted her head and said calmly, "Because I've recovered!"

Roger, "?"

Cherry took the opportunity to praise her mommy. "My daddy's girlfriend, who is also my mommy, cured my illness!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Your mommy?"

"Yes, it's Nora~ She's a great doctor!" Cherry started flattering her mother without hesitation. "Not only is she beautiful and kind, but she's also cool and brave. She's also very good-looking! Most importantly, my father wants to marry her!"

Roger, "..."

He did not take such a woman seriously. After all, no matter how powerful she was, how powerful could she be when she grew up in a small place like California?

He only said calmly, "You're so young. Have you ever thought that a stepmother would be very bad?"

Cherry, "?"

Roger continued to bewitch her. "You've heard of Snow White's story, right? The stepmother in that story is a witch. With a stepmother, you'll also become Snow White. Then, you'll be in trouble!"

Cherry pursed her lips.

Roger: "If your stepmother gives birth to a younger brother with your father, your position as the leader will no longer be needed. Have you thought about the consequences?"

If Justin was not married, his status on the board would be lighter.

After all, when measuring a person, one would look at their career and family. When Roger heard that he had a girlfriend, his first reaction was to stop him.

Even if he could not stop him, the seed of hatred that had been planted in Pete's heart would still slowly germinate in the future.

If there was a conflict between Justin's wife and Pete, he would definitely be unable to take care of himself. Perhaps there would be a loophole in his control of the company and he could take advantage of it!

His imagination was running wild. He even felt that any five-year-old would be on guard when they heard this. Indeed, the child in front of him was already deep in thought.

Cherry frowned slightly, her smile turning into a little bun. "Little brother? It should be fun, right? But Mommy definitely won't want to have another child!"

Roger was stunned. He sensed something. "Another?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes. My mommy has two... one child!"

Roger was even more stunned. “What? Your mommy had a child? Who did she have it with? How old is that child? A boy or a girl?”

Cherry said, “She’s a beautiful, cute, quick-witted, and adorable little princess. She’s like a flower in everyone’s eyes~”

Roger, “!!”

It seemed like that woman had bewitched Pete a lot. Otherwise, why would he praise that little girl like this?

No, he had to tell the Old Madam!

When he thought of this, it was as if he had found a pillar of support. He walked straight to the Old Madam.

Cherry skipped over to Justin. The two of them then took a car to the villa and saw Iris.

As soon as they entered, Iris’s eyes landed on Cherry. Her eyes lit up. “Pete, you’re here?”

Cherry looked at her curiously. Her big grape-like eyes were filled with curiosity. When she realized that this grandmother was different from her great-grandmother, with no wrinkles on her face, she was instantly as excited as a little butterfly. She jumped into Iris’s arms and called out sweetly, “Grandmother!”

Iris froze.

After being cold for so many years, she suddenly hugged the small and soft Cherry. It reminded her of how she had hugged Justin back then, and her heart suddenly softened.

The cold expression that had always been on Justin’s face subconsciously disappeared, and his lips curled into a smile. “Yes.”

Justin looked at her.

Her smile was just like when he was young. Every time he returned home after school, she would always wait for him gently at home...

But later, she had chased her father away and moved out.

Justin lowered his eyes.

At this moment, Iris said, "Tina said that you have an unreliable girlfriend and are planning to get married?"

Justin, "?"

He paused and frowned. He was about to speak when Iris suddenly said, "I won't care if you have a girlfriend, but if you get married, can you wait another five years?"

Justin's words suddenly paused as anger suddenly rose in his heart. He asked, "Why?"

Of course, it was to give Pete more room to grow.

When Pete turned 10 years old, learned about good and evil, and had his own thoughts, he would at least be able to protect himself before pursuing his own happiness.

However, Iris would not say those words.

She only said coldly, "If you get married, there will be a lot of trouble. I don't want to bother about it. Besides, you're only 25 years old this year. It's the time to be impulsive. You might have been bewitched by a vixen outside. When you're 30 years old, if you still like her, it won't be too late to get married!"

Justin suddenly clenched his fists.

Vixen?

Was this how she saw the woman he liked?

He sneered. "You make it sound like you've managed me all these years. Since you haven't, then don't bother."

He lowered his eyes to hide the coldness in them. The mole at the corner of his eye exuded the same coldness and distance as Iris. "Besides, I'm already old. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

With that, he extended his hand to Cherry. "Pete, let's go."

Cherry looked at her beautiful grandmother and then at her father.

Thinking of the beautiful grandmother's words, she looked at Justin hesitantly. In the end, she broke free from Iris's embrace and walked to Justin.

Justin bent down and picked her up before saying respectfully, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

Iris didn't say anything.

Justin added, "Also, if I get married in the future, I'll bring her to see you. You'll like her. Of course, you can also dislike her because you've never liked anyone, right?"

After saying this, he turned around and left.

After the sound of the car disappeared at the door, Mrs. Landis walked toward Iris. Her voice couldn't help but tremble. "Ma'am, why... why are you doing this? After so many years, your relationship with Young Master has finally eased a little. Why are you arguing again..."

Iris sighed deeply. "That's good."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris looked at the sky. "The worse our relationship is, the less trouble we'll cause him."

Mrs. Landis sighed again and asked, "Then should we investigate that Nora?"

Iris shook his head. "No need."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris said hesitantly, "The woman he likes could not be a bad person. Besides, even if we investigate, it's useless. His personality is still the same as when he was young. He won't turn back once he has decided on something."

Seeing her pitiful state, Mrs. Landis couldn't help but sigh deeply. She took a step forward and held her shoulder. "Ma'am, it has been hard on you all these years."

“What’s there to be bitter about? It’s all the role of a mother. It’s worth it for the child.”

Iris stood up and walked to the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis stood outside the door and looked at the greenhouse quietly.

Ma’am was like this. The more upset she was, the calmer she looked. Every time she was troubled, she liked to water the flowers.

She had already watered the Inkland pot twice, but she did not notice it at all.

—

On the way back to the Hunts, the more Justin thought about it, the angrier he became.

Many years ago, Iris and his father had a marriage change.

At that time, his grandfather was so angry that he kicked his father out of the house, leaving behind Iris and him.

He did not know who was right and who was wrong. At that time, he was young, but when he grew up, all traces of his childhood had been wiped away. He could not find anything at all.

Moreover, both Iris and his father said that Iris didn’t love his father anymore.

She had used him to threaten his father and grandfather. If his grandfather kept her, he would have to chase his father away. If he kept his father, she would leave the Hunts with him.

At that time, his grandfather had high hopes for him. He was only five years old but his grandfather had already determined his IQ. Therefore, he had chosen him and Iris without hesitation.

When he grew up, he realized that there was no absolute right or wrong in a marriage. Moreover, his father had spent the rest of his life with another woman while his mother was growing old alone in this small villa.

Whether his mother was right or wrong, he did not care.

However, he could not understand why his mother had to leave even after his father had left.

Didn't she say she would stay?

When he went to look for Iris when he was young, she was always cold and even hated him. Not long after he came, she would chase him away.

He could not feel any motherly love from her.

When Justin thought of this, he lowered his eyes and sighed.

Even if his mother was not good, she was still his mother.

Therefore, all of this could not be blamed on her. Only the real culprit could be blamed.

At this thought, he picked up his phone and called Sean. "I don't want to see that Dr. York again in New York."

Sean was stunned for a moment, but then he realized something and answered, "Yes!"

After hanging up, Justin's mood finally relaxed a little.

Then, he remembered that Miss Smith was a celibate when it came to marriage. It was very troublesome.

How could he lie to that woman and register their marriage?

While he was deep in thought, the car had already arrived at the Hunts.

As they entered, the butler walked over. "Sir, Old Madam wants you to go over."

Justin, "??"

What was going on today?

They were all looking for him?

He asked, "What happened?"

The butler lowered his head. "Young Master Roger is with the Old Madam."

He must have said something bad again.

Since that was the case, he should not let Cherry go in case she harbors a bad impression of the child.

Justin got someone to take Cherry back before going to the Old Madam's room.

As soon as he entered, he called out, "Grandmother."

The Old Madam frowned, her voice trembling. "Justin, I heard that you found a woman who has already given birth? You, why are you so muddled?! How can such a person be worthy of you?!"

Justin lowered his eyes and glanced at Roger. "You heard?"

Roger instantly put on an obedient look. "Big Brother, I'm doing this for your own good. There are so many women outside. Every socialite in New York wants to marry you. Why are you being charmed by such a woman? She had a child before. Do you want such a secondhand woman?"

A fierce look flashed across Justin's eyes. "Coincidentally, I also have a child. Then am I also a second-hand man?"

Roger instantly smiled. "Big Brother, don't joke around. How can a man and a woman be the same... Moreover, if you marry her, won't the Hunts be laughed at by others? They'll say that you picked up someone else's broken shoes. Moreover, you'll even help her raise another man's daughter..."

Justin sneered. "Who said we're helping her raise another man's daughter?"

Roger was taken aback. "What?"

Justin glanced at him.

He hadn't brought Pete and Nora back home yet, so he mustn't let Roger know that the two children look just like each other. Otherwise, given how intelligent he was, he would quickly realize that Cherry was a fake.

He would make trouble for Nora when that happened. It would be terrible if he accidentally hurt the two of them.

The moment he thought of that, though, Justin suddenly recalled that Nora was the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Should Roger really send someone to take Pete's life, he reckoned that he would probably be the one to end up injured instead.

Regardless, this was ultimately still a lot of trouble, and that woman hated trouble the most.

He coughed and refrained from answering.

As for Roger, he seemed to understand something after he processed Justin's words. "Are you saying that she's not going to bring her child with her when she marries you? So, the child will stay with the Andersons instead? This isn't a question of a single child or of money; after all, how much money can a little girl spend? Justin, the fundamental problem here is that woman... C'mon, Grandma, talk to him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt frowned. She disapproved of this marriage an awful lot, but even so, she couldn't just embarrass Justin in front of Roger. Thus, she said, "These are Justin's household affairs. Why don't you leave for now?"

Roger nodded and left the room.

After he left, the old lady stretched out her finger and jabbed Justin. "You... Are you really going to marry that woman?"

Justin heaved a sigh. His tone became more intimate and he said, "Grandma, it's still too early to talk about marriage!"

Mrs. Hunt was surprised. "Huh? What do you mean? I knew you're just fooling around and aren't serious about her... Are you just dating her out of novelty..."

Justin's face twitched a little. He hurriedly interrupted her and said, "No, it's because I'm still trying to court her."

The elderly Mrs. Hunt, "..."

Justin sighed. "She isn't interested in me."

"..."

Mrs. Hunt felt like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world. Utterly stunned, she rebutted, "There's actually a woman in New York who isn't interested in you?"

Her grandson was well-known for having a high IQ and was very outstanding in every aspect. Added to this his good looks, the daughters of all the wealthy families flocked to him, despite the fact that he already had a child.

Over the years, there was no lack of people who came to her to secretly or overtly ask about his marriage matters, recommend potential candidates, or even recommend themselves!

Even that girl from the Smiths... was interested in him.

The Hunts and the Smiths were actually originally a good match for each other.

It was just a shame that the girl from the Smiths was an adopted daughter... Otherwise, they would have matched each other pretty well, since both youngsters were outstanding. Of course, these were all just her own opinions. She had also asked her grandson for his opinion back then, but unfortunately, he wasn't interested in her.

But now, there was actually someone who wasn't interested in her grandson?

Was she just playing hard to get, or was she really not interested in him?

Mrs. Hunt immediately dispelled one of the two possibilities the moment she thought of them. There was no way her grandson would fail to realize if she were just playing hard to get.

He was even better at reading people than her these days!

This piqued the old lady's curiosity. "That makes me so curious about that young missy. Bring her home and let me have a look someday!"

Justin nodded. "No problem."

After Justin left, the old lady suddenly got someone over and instructed, "Get someone to look into Nora Smith."

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady frowned.

Although her grandson's happiness was important, the Hunts' honor was also very important!

Even if that woman was great, the fact that she had given birth to another man's child would still be her dark past and would cause her to be mocked and laughed at for a lifetime.

She wasn't optimistic about the two of them.

Therefore, she intended to look for an opportunity to meet Ms. Smith and her daughter.

—

Meanwhile, at the villa in the suburbs.

Nora was leaning on the sofa and nodding off. Next to her, Tanya had already taken Pete upstairs.

She had already tidied up the three bedrooms upstairs during the last few days. Apart from the master bedroom meant for herself, for the other two rooms, she turned one into a room for boys, and the other into one for girls.

She took Pete into the room for boys and asked, "Do you like it?"

Pete looked at the room, which was decorated fully in blue. The bed was even a Captain America-themed one. The boy, who was rendered a little speechless, replied, "How childish."

Tanya curled her lip disdainfully. "You're too precocious for your age, boy! What is your room decor like at the Hunts'?"

Pete replied, "It's decorated in black, white, and gray tones, which are classier. I'll take you there someday..."

He suddenly paused at this point.

... Because it suddenly occurred to him that the tyrant had already changed his room decor to Cherry's tastes instead!

The whole room was pink!!

The corners of Pete's lips spasmed a little. Then, he asked, "Who is this room for?"

Tanya's eyes looked a little lost but were also determined. She answered, "It's for my son!"

Pete, "?"

He was taken aback. "Do you have a son?"

Tanya hesitated for a moment before she replied, "It may also be a daughter, so I've also set up a girl's room. When Cherry is back, I will ask her if she likes it or not."

She would definitely find her child!

And once she did, the child would immediately have their own room!

She wanted to give her child all the maternal love that she owed all these years.

The thought had only just formed when her cell phone rang. When she answered the call, Joel's voice came from the other side.

"It's me."

Tanya's attitude turned cold. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Joel kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "My daughter wants to learn to dance. I wonder if it's convenient for Ms. Turner to—"

"No, it's not."

Tanya hung up without any hesitation.

Next to her, Pete was speechless.

Knock, knock!

The sound of someone knocking suddenly came from the door.

Nora, who was sleeping on the sofa, was awakened by the noise. She rubbed her eyes and got onto her feet. When she opened the door, Mrs. Landis

immediately grabbed her hand and said, “Ma’am is in a bad mood today, Ms. Smith. She looked like she got along well with you when she was chatting with you earlier today. Can you spend some time with her and talk to her?”

Nora, “?”

She was about to reply when Mrs. Landis heaved a sigh. She said, “Ma’am got into an argument with her son. She’s really having a hard time. She is obviously afraid that the young master’s son will suffer if he remarries, yet she couldn’t tell him anything, which causes him to misunderstand her all the time. After the two quarreled again today, Ma’am has been spacing out in the greenhouse for a whole day now, and she refuses to eat or drink. What should I do?”

Nora, “...”

Just like that, Mrs. Landis dragged and pulled her next door. Sure enough, she spotted Iris sitting in a daze in the greenhouse.

Since I’m already here, I’ll just talk to her a little, Nora thought.

But what should she talk about?

What a headache...

She stepped into the greenhouse. She was about to speak when Iris spotted her. A smile blossomed on her sorrowful countenance at once. “You’re here, Ms. Smith. I have no idea why, either, but I just feel so happy and find you so likable the moment I see you. Maybe it’s because you’re good-looking.”

Nora, “...”

Iris went on. “We’re already meeting for the third time, so that makes us friends, right? But I don’t even know your name. Can you tell me what your name is?”

Nora was about to answer when Iris went on.

“Do you know how my pot of A Glimpse of Blood came about? It was actually my son who gave it to me on my birthday... I know he did it so that I could pour all my sentiments into the flowers, but what he doesn’t know is that I actually didn’t have any love for orchids in the past. I found gardening really

annoying, but in order to take care of that pot of flowers, I bought a lot of orchids to learn and gain some experience. Over the years, I've killed a lot of orchids while trying to take care of them. I still remember that the first pot of flowers I killed was..."

Nora: "..."

She shut up and listened quietly.

She knew that what Iris needed at the moment was a listener—she needed to vent some of her emotions.

She talked about a lot of things, and Nora gazed at her seriously.

She didn't find her annoying. After all, she simply couldn't bring herself to be annoyed when faced with such a lovely visage. She could look at her all day without any issues.

Iris spoke mostly about bits and pieces of her life with her son. Through her words, Nora more or less got to know what kind of situation she was in.

For some reason, she and her son were living separately.

In addition, they weren't on very good terms with each other, and her son seldom visited her. She realized this because she only spoke about how her son grew up, but never about how they spent time together.

Iris talked for a whole two hours. At last, her throat became parched, and Mrs. Landis brought them some fruit tea. She took a sip and said hoarsely, "Would you dislike me for being so long-winded, Ms. Smith? It's been a really long time since I've spoken this much."

"... No, I won't. Feel free to go on," replied Nora.

Iris, "..."

She had never seen such a quiet and beautiful girl with such a casual attitude before. In particular, whenever she mentioned how she had accidentally killed an orchid, Nora would always chime in with a sentence or two, and teach her methods that she could've used to save the flowers at that time...

She also learned a lot about taking care of orchids during the chat.

The more they chatted, the better they got along with each other. At last, Iris suggested, "I find that we simply hit it off very well, Ms. Smith. Why don't we become a sworn family?"

Iris was about to suggest taking her as her goddaughter when Nora replied, "Sure, God-sis."

Iris, "?"

She was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter and said, "I'm almost fifty. How can you call me God-sis?"

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the charming and pretty visage in front of her—the years didn't seem to have left any marks on her face. She couldn't help but say, "You look too young."

Needless to say, Iris was delighted at the compliment. She touched her cheek and said, "You're also very young, aren't you? Are you twenty yet?"

Nora laughed. "My son is already five this year."

... Son?

Iris was dumbfounded. "But you're so young! Yet you already have a son?!"

Nora nodded.

Iris asked, "Where is he?"

Nora nodded at Villa No. 10 with her chin and answered, "He's at my friend's."

Iris got up at once. "Really? Why don't you take me to him? As his god... aunt, I should visit him, too!"

Nora, "..."

She thought of how Pete kept trying to hide, and knew right away that he might know the lady in front of her, and didn't wish to meet with her just yet. Thus, she said, "Forget it. He's shy."

Iris didn't force it, either. "Alright. I'll let you meet my son the next time you're here, God-sis!"

Nora smiled and got up. "Sure. It's getting late, I have to go back."

Iris sent her off.

When the two reached the door, Nora suddenly stood still and looked back at her. She said, "Sis, sometimes, what matters the most between two people is actually trust. You may be protecting your son in your way, but what if your son doesn't need you to protect him anymore?"

Iris froze in place, stunned.

The girl in front of her was simply so perceptive. She hadn't mentioned even a word about what had led to the current situation at all, but only talked briefly about how she interacted with her son, yet she had actually guessed it!

She stared at Nora blankly.

Nora lowered her gaze, nodded at her, and left.

Iris balled up her fists tightly as she stared at the girl's thin and frail form.

At some point, Mrs. Landis came up behind her and said, "Ms. Smith is right, Ma'am... You have already made such sacrifices for so many years. It's time to tell Mr. Justin the truth! He now oversees the Hunts, and is no longer the boy who needed your protection back then..."

A dazed Iris turned around and looked at Mrs. Landis. In the end, she heaved a sigh. "Even if I tell him now, would he be willing to believe me?"

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

In order to keep her distance from Justin, Iris had always treated him very coldly and distantly for the past two decades.

How could two decades of estrangement possibly be easily explained with just a few words?

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris turned and went back to the room. "I've already spent more than twenty years like this. Why bother creating trouble for him now?"

Mrs. Landis stayed silent for a long time as she stared at Iris from the back.

To be honest, Ma'am also yearned for Justin's forgiveness, didn't she?

It was just that she wasn't willing to tell him about it, nor did she know how to. In fact, she had already become accustomed to speaking coldly over the years and didn't know how to speak warmly to anyone anymore.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head.

—

Nora brought Pete into the car after she returned to Tanya's.

Tanya saw the two of them off reluctantly. "Don't go, guys. This place is so big, but I'm the only one here... I'm scared."

Nora raised her brows. "How about coming to the Andersons' with us, then?"

Tanya, "?"

She had officially moved in today, why would she move out again and follow them back?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she finally let go of the car door. She looked at Nora and said, "Damn, you're so heartless! Besides, what's so good about the Andersons' that you simply have to go back?"

Nora yawned. "The bed there is pretty good."

"..."

After seeing the two of them off, a very resentful Tanya went back to her villa.

After watching Tanya enter the villa in the rearview mirror, Pete finally asked, "Mommy, how was your chat with Gr... with the lady living next door?"

Grandma was really weird. Surely she didn't bully Mommy, right?

As soon as he thought so, Nora replied, "Well, we hit it off really well. We are now god-sisters, so she's your god-aunt from now on."

Pete was full of question marks when he heard her: ????

How did Grandma become his aunt?!

What had happened between Mommy and Grandma?!

While Pete was filled with self-doubt, the car returned to the Andersons'.

After parking, Nora got out of the car with her cell phone. She completely ignored Pete at the back, who was hopping off the tall car and then tiptoeing to close the door.

She was replying to her newly-gained god-sister's text message: 'I am home.'

Iris: 'Good to know you got home safely. I'm very happy to meet you.'

Nora paused.. Then, she suddenly smiled and wrote: 'By the way, my name is Nora Smith.'

In the villa in the suburbs.

Mrs. Landis was in the midst of dinner preparations when she suddenly heard a scream from the upper floor, which made her hands tremble and she almost cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

She rushed upstairs with the kitchen knife and asked nervously, "What's the matter, Ma'am? What's the matter?"

Iris, who was resting on the recliner, sat upright as she stared at her cell phone incredulously. When she saw Mrs. Landis come in, the dazed woman asked, "Earlier today, what did Tina York say Justin's girlfriend's name was?"

"You know, Nora Smith!" Mrs. Landis replied.

Iris swallowed hard as she looked back down at the text message—the five words 'my name is Nora Smith' were displayed there clearly.

She rubbed her eyes. When she saw the five words again, she couldn't help but let out another scream. "Ahhh!"

Mrs. Landis received another huge shock. She shivered and said, "Oh my goodness, my precious Ma'am, please don't scare me anymore! I'm already old, so I can't take shocks anymore! What's the matter?"

Iris lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Landis weakly. "Mrs. Landis, I... I... I think I'm in trouble!"

Mrs. Landis, “?”

Iris asked, “If I tell you that the girl whom Justin has fallen in love with—the one that Tina York says has been pestering him—is the same Ms. Smith whom we were talking to today, would you believe me?”

Mrs. Landis, “???”

Mrs. Landis thought of Nora’s indifferent attitude and the aura around her, and she shook her head.

After being Iris’s follower for so many years, she had long since learned to read people and identify them.

Ms. Smith was no ordinary person. There was no doubt that she was a very impressive person!

It was clear that she and Iris were no ordinary people, and everyone else was dying to be of help to them. However, when she had gone over to ask Ms. Smith to talk to Iris, she had been reluctant to!

Mrs. Landis shook her head. “I don’t believe it.”

Iris nodded. “I don’t believe it, either.”

Mrs. Landis asked, “By the way, ma’am, didn’t Ms. Smith say today that she has a son?”

“Yes, that’s right.” Iris said, “The Nora Smith that Tina York mentioned only has a daughter. She doesn’t have a son. So...”

Mrs. Landis said cautiously, “What if the name Nora Smith has become very popular? After all, it’s neither a particularly uncommon name nor an obscure last name.”

Iris hesitated. “Is that so?”

Not many people named their daughters Nora these days, right? No, wait. Perhaps Tina had meant Norah? Or Noreen?

Iris comforted herself. At last, she said, “If we want to know whether she’s really the one or not, the next time we invite Ms. Smith over, we can also ask Justin to come over. This way, we’ll know for sure, right?”

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Yes, that's right. She's your god-sister anyway, so it doesn't matter!"

Iris breathed a sigh of relief.

Nora, who had absolutely no idea that Iris was in an internal struggle the whole night, went upstairs with Pete after she returned to the Andersons'.

After washing up, the two of them happily fell asleep on the bed.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Nora again slept until the sun was up before she finally woke up. She had only just stretched and gone downstairs leisurely when she spotted the elderly Mrs. Anderson and Melissa sitting solemnly on the sofa in the living room. They looked up when they heard the door open. When they saw her, they got onto their feet at once. Melissa exclaimed, "You're finally up, Nora!"

Nora's voice still sounded a little nasal as she asked, "What's up?"

Mrs. Anderson and Melissa exchanged a look. At last, Melissa said solemnly, "Mrs. Hunt has invited you to the Hunts' manor! She has also requested that you bring Cherry along!"

Nora, "?"

She frowned and asked perplexedly, "Mrs. Hunt?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes, Justin's grandmother."

Nora knew who she was, of course.

After all, she was the one who had cured that old lady's illness!

Nora was just very puzzled. "What is she asking me to go over for?"

As soon as she said that, Melissa gazed at her gravely and asked, "Come over here, Nora. I have something I want to ask you. Please answer me seriously."

Nora went downstairs, shuffled over, and sat opposite Melissa and Mrs. Anderson. "What is it?"

Melissa took a deep breath and asked cautiously, “You and Justin... Are the two of you...”

She held up two fingers, drew them together a couple of times, and went on. “... dating?”

“... No, we’re not!”

However, her cell phone rang at this point.

She looked down to see that ‘Mr. Narcissist’ was calling. She picked up the call and subconsciously said, “What can I do for you, Mr. Hunt?”

The man on the other end of the call spoke in a low and deep voice. “Nothing much. I just wanted to ask you out on a date, that’s all, Ms. Smith.”

Nora, “?”

She was a little surprised. “A date?”

“That’s right. Didn’t I make a promise to you the other day? We have to go on dates more frequently, so that I don’t keep on making you take the initiative to approach me under the guise of visiting Pete. In this regard, men should take the initiative, shouldn’t they?”

“ ... ”

Nora asked reluctantly, “Where? And when?”

Chapter 234 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

That was true. She could understand why she would have such concerns.

But how was she going to prove it?

Nora said, “This pot of flowers’ buds are not quite the same color as other flowers. You just need to tell me what color they are.”

Mrs. Landis, “!!”

Now, that put her in a spot. She hurriedly said, “Wait a minute. I’ll go and ask Ma’am.”

“Okay.”

Mrs. Landis walked toward the exit, but after taking a couple of steps, she turned back and added, “Don’t spray anything on it anymore, though. These flowers are very delicate. Got it?”

Nora nodded again.

After Mrs. Landis left and went out of sight, she picked up the spray bottle again and continued to spray the potion she had just concocted onto the flowers.

“... Didn’t she say that this pot of flowers is very expensive?” asked Tanya.

Nora nodded. “Uh-huh. That’s why I have to help them save it. Otherwise, they’ll throw it away again.”

Tanya, “...”

A short while later, they heard hasty footsteps at the gates. Mrs. Landis’s voice rang out the next moment. “This is the house, Ma’am! Watch your step!”

A beautiful and dazzling figure slowly walked in along with those words.

The sight of her took Nora and Tanya, both big beauties, by surprise. They felt as if they had suddenly been dazzled.

The woman walking in had an oval-shaped face, fair skin, and large eyes. She wore a long-sleeved dress that wrapped around her graceful curves, one couldn’t tell any signs of age on her face at all. She wore her hair in big, loose curls draped gracefully behind her shoulders. She looked just like an elf that had stepped out of a European painting and accidentally entered the human world.

Tanya couldn’t resist poking Nora and remarking, “She’s so beautiful!”

Nora nodded.

The two wanted to continue, but Mrs. Landis had spotted the spray bottle in Nora’s hand. She then looked at the pot of flowers and found that all the flowers had been sprayed with some kind of dark mixture. She panicked at once and said, “Didn’t I already tell you not to spray anything on it anymore? Why did you continue to spray the mixture on it?! You... What you’re doing is

going to kill our flowers! Or is it because you don't want to return it to us? Do you have any idea who the leader of our family is?"

Tanya hurriedly waved and said, "No, we're definitely giving it back. I didn't know it was so expensive when I picked it up."

Iris frowned, but she said, "Stop that, Mrs. Landis."

Mrs. Landis, however, wasn't convinced. "Ma'am, they are obviously the ones who mistreated your flowers..."

Iris shook her head. "It no longer belonged to us the moment you discarded it and someone else picked it up. We should already count ourselves lucky that they are willing to return it!"

Mrs. Landis was awfully indignant.

Tanya breathed a sigh of relief. "We didn't mean it, Madam. We were treating the flowers' illness."

Iris let out a sigh. "The treatment method is too extreme."

The smell of vinegar was simply too strong. How could orchids possibly withstand it?

Tanya wasn't versed in medical theory, so she didn't say anything. Nora, on the other hand, said, "I reckon the worms will be gone with another couple of sprays."

Mrs. Landis reprimanded her. "You're pretty confident, aren't you! Ma'am has already been trying to treat that pot of flowers for half a month, but the flowers have never looked so lifeless before. Just look at it—the petals are already drooping! It looks completely listless. You shouldn't have messed around with it if you aren't professionals!"

"Mrs. Landis!"

Iris reprimanded her again. "Never mind, let's just bring the flowers back."

Mrs. Landis went forward indignantly and picked up the pot of flowers. As she did, she nagged, "Just how much effort have you put into this pot of flowers? You couldn't even bear to watch when we threw it away, nor did I dare to

really throw it away. Who knew that it would end up being destroyed in their hands instead? Seriously!”

Iris shook her head and told her not to say any more.

The two then left with the flowers. When they reached the gates, Mrs. Landis could still be heard saying, “If the flowers die tomorrow, I’m going to come and look for them!”

“Never mind. As they say, what is yours will be yours, and what isn’t will never be.”

The middle-aged woman’s voice sounded very pleasant, and the way she spoke sounded as if she was reciting a poem. It was just that her demeanor was cold and indifferent, making her look like someone who wasn’t a part of the mundane world.

It was only when the two left that Tanya finally swallowed hard and said, “No wonder people say that beauty isn’t just skin-deep. That lady’s physique is too beautiful! I wonder how old she is, though. Since she’s being addressed as ‘Ma’am’, then she must be at least thirty, right? But she doesn’t really look like it, either...”

Nora couldn’t tell how old the woman was, either, mainly because she was a perfect combination of innocence and femininity, which made people overlook her age.

Tanya said, “I’m going to ask around and see which family she’s from...”

—

After they brought the pot of flowers back home, Mrs. Landis took a piece of wet tissue, and carefully and gently wiped off the residual medicinal potion on the leaves and petals.

It was just a shame that even though the potion was too pungent, the flowers were so delicate that she couldn’t wash them. Thus, even though she had already wiped the potion off, it still smelled of vinegar.

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris even put down the tissue, got up, and went upstairs. “Forget it,” she said.

She couldn't sleep well that night because the pot of flowers kept haunting her in her sleep. As a result, she felt like she had only just fallen asleep when she heard Mrs. Landis' shout of surprise.

"Ma'am! Q-quick! Get up and look at the flowers!!"

Iris sat up abruptly.

What had happened to the flowers?

Could they have... withered? And died?

She had only discarded the flowers away the day before in a moment of impulse. Later, when Mrs. Landis told her that she hadn't really thrown it away, Iris had been overjoyed.

It was the things that one recovered after losing that they cared about the most.

She grabbed the pajamas next to her, put them on, and walked out of the room barefooted, making a beeline for the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis was standing next to the pot of flowers. At the sight of her, she panicked at once. "Oh dear, look at you, ma'am..."

She took a pair of slippers and gave them to Iris, who rushed over to the pot of flowers eagerly.

The pungent smell was still there, but the worms on the plant were gone.

Although the flowers still looked lifeless, they weren't dead.

Mrs. Landis pointed to it. "The worms are really gone. Has the pot of flowers recovered?"

Iris shook her head. She stared at the pot of flowers with a frown and said, "No, not exactly. The worms have indeed been driven away, but the flowers have also been contaminated by the mixture, so they may also wither."

This was the reason why she had refrained from using pesticides even after such a long time.

All pesticides had harmful effects on the flowers. Orchids were simply too delicate!

That was why she had been so hesitant and hadn't dared to use it all this time. But in the end, a young missy living next door had used it on the flowers instead, sigh!

Mrs. Landis turned the pot of flowers around and examined it. She said, "Ma'am, the flowers look like they are in better condition than before to me, though? Think about it—it also looked terribly lifeless when it was still infested with worms, but it seems alright today? This pot of flowers isn't as delicate as we imagined after all!"

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis marveled at the sight. "That young missy's remedy from yesterday surprisingly saved the flowers! Haha, maybe the pot of flowers would have already recovered by now if you had used pesticides on it five days ago! You were just too scared and too distressed about it. That's why you didn't dare to do it!"

Iris hesitated for a moment. "Really? But I remember that it was exactly because I used pesticides that a pot of flowers I once had, had died. The flowers became rotten, and even the roots were damaged and couldn't grow anymore."

Mrs. Landis was in a very good mood. She said, "But that was a different species of flowers. Maybe that pot of flowers just didn't have enough vitality and life force. This pot of flowers here is chock full of vitality, though!"

Iris also nodded. "Yes, let's watch over it today!"

"Okay!"

The pot of flowers remained half-dead the whole day. Iris watered it regularly and let it bask in the sun. This continued until the third day when the pot of flowers actually survived!

"Ma'am, this pot of orchid is no way near as delicate as you say it is! Look at how hardy it is! It's still doing fine even though that young missy was spraying vinegar on it that day!"

Mrs. Landis walked around happily in the greenhouse with a spray bottle filled with water. She said, "Actually, maybe these flowers are just like people. It's easier to keep them alive by letting them grow in the wild instead of cultivating them so carefully!"

Iris felt that her words had some truth to them.

She went one round in the greenhouse but suddenly stopped in front of a pot of dark purple chrysanthemums. She pushed the soil aside and inspected it carefully, upon which she was shocked. "Mrs. Landis! This pot of flowers has been infected!"

Mrs. Landis walked over at once when she heard her. Sure enough, she spotted a few small black worms crawling around on the chrysanthemum buds. However, it seemed like it had only just been infected, so they weren't many.

However, the worms must have already laid eggs on the flowers, so it was impossible to remove them all without the use of pesticides.

Iris frowned.

Mrs. Landis suggested, "Why don't we also give it a go, Ma'am?"

Iris wondered out loud. "But I clearly remember that the flowers I used pesticides on in the past had died!"

Mrs. Landis pointed at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood and said, "I remember you said that this pot of flowers is an exceptionally delicate type. Since even it can recover, this pot of chrysanthemums will definitely recover, too!"

Iris looked at the pot of A Glimpse of Blood that had returned to standing straight and glowing with vigor. At last, she sighed and said, "Alright."

She took out the pesticide she had bought, diluted it, and sprayed it gently on the chrysanthemum buds. The little worms fled all about as if they had just met with their natural enemy.

Unfortunately, they fell onto the leaves after inching away just a couple of steps, unable to move anymore.

Mrs. Landis exclaimed in approval, “Isn’t the insecticide much better than the vinegar she used? And there isn’t much of a smell, either. Vinegar simply smells too strong! And it’s sour, too. Take a look at this instead—the pesticide has already killed off the worms so soundlessly...”

Iris was rather worried, though. “Surely nothing will go wrong, right?”

She felt rather uneasy.

Mrs. Landis laughed and said, “Even the young missy next door can cure a pot of flowers so easily, let alone you, Ma’am. Have a little confidence in yourself!”

“... Alright, then.”

She looked at the dark purple chrysanthemums. When she saw how they didn’t seem like they were affected, she breathed a sigh of relief. She placed the infected pot of chrysanthemums outside and kept it away from the other flowers. It should be fine after doing that.

With that in mind, Iris went back into the house.

However, when Iris woke up the next day and went to check on the pot of chrysanthemums, she was stunned!

The pot of chrysanthemums had actually wilted!

Additionally, the flower that she had specifically sprayed with pesticide the day before was already half-rotten! Not only was it drooping, but its petals had also fallen off, and it looked half-dead.

Iris, “!!”

Mrs. Landis was also stunned at the sight. “H-how can this be?”

Iris panicked. “What should I do?”

Mrs. Landis was perplexed. “This shouldn’t be, though. Ma’am, that young missy easily saved your pot of A Glimpse of Blood just by messing around a little. Why did this pot of flowers turn out like this instead?”

As soon as she said that, Iris’s head whipped up abruptly. “Perhaps... that young missy wasn’t just messing around?”

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “What do you mean by that, Ma’am?”

Iris stood up straight. Her big beautiful eyes were full of shock and astoundment. She replied, “It means that young missy is actually a master orchid breeder! Come on, Mrs. Landis! Let’s go next door and ask for advice!”

Mrs. Landis nodded.

The two went next door, but even after knocking on the door for a long time, no one opened the door.

Mrs. Landis panicked. “Why isn’t she opening the door? Surely she lives here, right?”

Iris took a deep breath. “Call the property management office and ask for her number.”

“Okay.”

—

Meanwhile, Tanya was on a stroll with Nora and Pete outside.

Tanya was very smug as she looked at the scenery in the villa complex. “Isn’t the place big, Pete?”

Pete replied, “... It’s okay, I guess. It’s about the same size as my garden.”

“... Do you also have a stream in your garden?” asked Tanya.

Pete nodded. “Yeah. There’s also a pond that draws water from the hot springs, so it’s possible to grow lotus flowers in there even in winter!”

Tanya, “!!”

Pete let out a sigh. “Even though I’m already five and I jog in the manor every day, I still haven’t gone a full round around the manor.”

Tanya was rendered speechless with envy. “Stop. Don’t humblebrag anymore.”

She waved and said, “Let’s go. We’ll drive straight to the villa. God-mom has her own home now, Pete! I’ll be living here in the future!”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

The group arrived at Tanya’s villa.. As soon as the car stopped, Mrs. Landis ran over, grabbed Nora’s hand, and said, “Miss, help!”

Help?

Tanya panicked. She urged, “Quick, Nora, go and have a look!”

Might something have happened to that beautiful middle-aged lady?

Nora had heard what Mrs. Landis said as soon as she got out of the car, so she was also a little taken aback. For some reason, she quite liked that lady, so she nodded and said, “Lead the way.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car, looked at Mrs. Landis in confusion. Wasn’t she Mrs. Landis, his grandmother’s caregiver?

He got out of the car as well. He was about to walk over when something suddenly occurred to him—if his grandmother saw him, then wouldn’t everything be exposed?!

He wasn’t worried about his grandmother’s health, though, because she underwent a health checkup every year!

Moreover, the tyrant had assigned his grandmother bodyguards, who were all around the place. If something had really happened, there was no way the bodyguards would be this quiet.

Therefore, while Mrs. Landis was preoccupied and hadn’t noticed him yet, he grabbed Tanya’s hand and said, “Open the door first, God-mom. That kind of environment isn’t suitable for kids. I’ll wait for you and Mommy here.”

Tanya, “...”

To think she didn’t even think as far ahead as a child. Nevertheless, she quickly came back to her senses, hurriedly opened the door, and let Pete in. Only then did she go after Nora.

Two minutes later.

Inside the greenhouse, Tanya stared at the beautiful lady in front of her and the pot of flowers in her hand. She was stunned. “When you asked for help, you were talking about the pot of flowers?”

The beautiful woman nodded. “Yes, of course. What else could I have been talking about?”

Both Tanya and Nora fell silent.

When the two of them heard Mrs. Landis’ call for help, all they could think of was that something had happened to her.

Now that they thought about it again, wasn’t it obvious? It wasn’t like Mrs. Landis knew Nora was a doctor after all!

The corners of Tanya’s lips spasmed a little. “Then you should have been clearer about it. We ended up running all the way here.”

Mrs. Landis was terribly nervous. “These flowers are Ma’am’s life itself. I wasn’t exaggerating when I asked for help!”

“ ... ”

Tanya didn’t say any more. As for Nora, she looked at the pot of flowers in Iris’s hand. It was likely infested with worms, but because they had used pesticides on it, the worms were gone. However, the flowers had also become damaged as a result.

She frowned. “The pesticide has already penetrated deep into the flower. This flower can’t be saved anymore.”

Mrs. Landis burst into tears. “It’s all my fault, ma’am. It’s all my fault! I saw that the young missy managed to save the flowers by spraying them with vinegar, so I thought that pesticide would also be okay. Sob... The vinegar clearly smelled even stronger and more pungent than the pesticide...”

Tanya couldn’t stop herself from saying dryly, “Look at what you’re saying. Vinegar is edible, but is pesticide edible?”

Her words made Mrs. Landis choke, but she kept her head lowered and wiped her tears.

Iris had only made up her mind to use the pesticide because she had convinced her to. Even though she wouldn't make her compensate for the flowers, it upset her to see Landis sad!

She looked at Nora and asked, "Can you save this pot of flowers, Ms. Smith?"

Iris's brows were also knitted together, and she looked miserable.

"... I didn't say that this pot of flowers is going to die," replied Nora.

Both Mrs. Landis and Iris were taken aback at her words, and they looked at her.

Only then did Nora slowly say, "You can't keep this particular flower anymore, but the pot of flowers itself is still salvageable as long as you..."

She listed a few herbs and said, "Brew them until they fill up only three bowls of water. Dilute the solution and water the flowers with it after that, and this pot of flowers will be fine. Flowers will grow again after that."

Iris was stunned when she heard her verbally listing the prescription so casually.

Why did her method of using traditional medicine to treat flowers resemble Orchidiance's style so much?

But Orchidiance wasn't based in the States!

While Iris was wondering about it, she saw Nora yawn after she finished. Then, she slowly started to walk toward the door. "Just do as I say and everything will be fine. We're heading back."

Iris panicked. She rushed over to Nora, grabbed her, and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Let's add each other on Messenger?"

Nora, "?"

Iris smiled and said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't disturb you! At the most, I'll only approach you when something goes wrong with my orchids."

Nora, "..."

She wanted to refuse. After all, the owner of Villa No. 9 didn't seem like anyone simple. She didn't want to get into any trouble.

But when she saw the anxious and eager look in Iris' eyes, as well as her beautiful, practically blemish-free, face, she suddenly couldn't quite bring herself to.

Cough.

She would never admit that Cherry had actually inherited her love for pretty faces from her!

She took out her cell phone and they added each other on Messenger. Only then did she go next door with Tanya.

Mrs. Landis went out to buy the herbs that Nora had listed, so Iris was the only one in the villa for a while. She sat on the wooden chair in the yard and opened up Nora's Facebook page.

A master orchid breeder like her would definitely share a lot of tips about cultivating orchids, right? Unfortunately... her page was actually empty?

Iris suspected that the young woman had filtered her out, so she scrolled up the page, upon which she found that the other party's friend list was visible to her.

In which case...

So, Ms. Smith had never posted anything before? Just how lazy of a person was she?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. In the midst of her surprise, there was another knock on the door. She subconsciously got up and walked over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Tina outside.

Iris's expression instantly turned cold. "What are you here for, Ms. York?"

Tina replied, "I'm here to check up on your orchid for you, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris couldn't help but smile upon hearing her reply. "No, it's fine. Someone has already cured my orchid."

Someone had already cured it?

Tina was surprised. "How can that be?"

She had asked for help on various websites and also approached several people who were experts on treating orchids' illnesses, but all of them had said that it was hopeless. How could it possibly have already recovered?

She was still thinking about it when Iris smiled and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Tina bit her lip.

She assumed that Justin must have gotten an expert to look at the orchid, just so he could stop her from getting close to Iris. In any case, her original intention in pleasing Iris was just so she could...

The look in Tina's eyes darkened. Suddenly, she smiled and said, "Actually, I'm just here to inform you about something, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris was a little surprised. "What?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. "Do you know that your son has started dating a woman from a nobody family and made her his girlfriend?"

Iris replied coldly, "I'm not interested to hear about that."

Tina, however, smiled again and said, "You may not be interested to know about his girlfriend, but what about your grandson, the little Mr. Hunt? Are you not interested in knowing about him, either? Aren't you afraid that that foresight-less woman will abuse your grandson after she marries into the family?"

When Tina chatted with Iris in the past, she discovered that the woman was always trying to draw the topic to Pete and make her talk about him.

Although she didn't visit her grandson, she still liked him very much.

Therefore, Tina used her trump card right away. "He's after all not her real son, so she can only be his stepmother. Once she marries Mr. Hunt and bears him a son, do you think he would still keep his position as the heir to the family?"

Iris's jaw tensed up.

She didn't intend to interfere with her son's relationships, nor would she be easily incited by someone's mere words. However, this didn't stand in the way of her investigating the other party's background.

"Who is she?" asked Iris.

Tina answered excitedly, "Her name is Nora Smith."

Iris: "?"

Smith?

Coincidentally, the girl next door who knew how to plant orchids also had the surname Smith, which made her have a good impression of the surname Smith.

She lowered her eyes. "I understand. Is there anything else?"

Tina was stunned by her light tone. "You don't care?"

Iris sneered. "I already said that I'm not interested in Justin's matter. Ms. York, if you want to affect him by using me, you've made a wrong move. Goodbye."

She did not give Tina a chance to speak again and closed the door.

Tina, who was blocked outside, gritted her teeth in hatred as she looked at the door. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath before walking out.

When Mrs. Landis came back from grocery shopping, she happened to see Iris sitting on the swing in the courtyard in a daze.

She was stunned and asked, "Ma'am, what's wrong?"

Iris sighed. "Justin is in love."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Then, she could not help but scold him. "This young master is too insensible! Since he's in a relationship, he should have brought that girl here to meet you! Really..."

Iris lowered her eyes. "As long as he likes her, everything else is fine. I just feel that Pete is a little pitiful."

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris had thought of herself.

After hesitating for a while, she walked to her side and squatted down, holding her hand. "Ma'am, Young Master is not like that."

Iris sneered. "He's not. But in a family, the role of a mother is too important. Haven't you heard of a saying? With a stepmother, you have a stepfather."

Mrs. Landis was silent for a while.

Ma'am was not like this in the past. When she trusted someone, she would trust them unconditionally. However, after what had happened to Sir, her heart had completely broken.

So now, she didn't trust any woman too much?

However, Mrs. Landis also knew that the status of the person in charge of the wealthy families was important. It was like the throne of a country.

If a young master got married and the wife gives birth to a new son, which mother would not be biased toward her own son?

Not to mention, they still had to inherit the Hunts' business!

Mrs. Landis sighed. "Ma'am, Pete is actually autistic. It's too demanding for him to take on the burden of a family. Didn't Young Master say so? He never planned to let Little Young Master take over the Hunts."

Iris was stunned.

Yeah.

Pete had autism.

Iris had seen Pete before. Half a year ago, she had secretly gone to see him and had seen that the child was alone and not very social.

She had gone up to talk to him, but he had ignored her.

She sighed. “Although that’s the case, if he’s willing to be close to me and grow up with me, it might be the best way for everyone. But...”

However, he was unwilling to follow her.

She sighed again. After a while, she looked up and said, “Give Justin a call. Ask him to bring Pete to see me.”

Mrs. Landis nodded, wild with joy. This was the first time Ma’am had taken the initiative to look for Justin since she moved out of the Hunts. She hurriedly nodded. “Okay.”

She ran into her room to make a call, but Iris was still staring at the sky.

She thought of when she was young...

When she had found out that her husband had cheated on her, she was determined to get a divorce.

Even if they were to get a divorce, she would definitely not be able to take her son away. After all, Justin’s grandfather was still around at that time and was the head of the Hunts. He had raised Justin himself and was wild with joy at his intelligence. He had carefully nurtured him.

At that time, she felt that people should live for themselves. Therefore, even so, she was determined to get a divorce.

At that time, Mrs. Hunt of the Hunts had let her go on a vacation for half a month. She would decide if she wanted a divorce after she returned.

She had agreed, and thus, she left.

However, she had not expected that after the biological mother left her son’s side, the mistress would visit her.

When she was overseas and heard some news, she was once worried about Justin’s safety. However, she also knew that Justin was Mr. Hunt’s flesh and blood and that nothing would happen to him.

With this thought in mind, she returned after playing overseas for a full 14 days.

She was still determined to get a divorce.

Her husband claimed that he and his mistress were truly in love. Even if they did not get a divorce, the two of them would only have a marriage of convenience. She did not want such a marriage.

She would rather withdraw and pursue her own happiness.

The pride in her bones made her think of everything too simply.

When she returned to the house, one she had not seen for half a month, she saw her family looking at her strangely.

They whispered, "So pitiful. Ma'am's nickname is gone, and so is her son."

At that time, she thought that the servants were saying that she would give her son to the Hunts as well. She did not think much of it and went straight to the study after entering.

In the study, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Hunt were both there.

Her husband and his mistress were also there.

The mistress held her big belly and knelt on the ground.

Her husband was holding her hand and pleading with Mr. Hunt. "Dad! She didn't do it on purpose. Let her get up!"

Mr. Hunt smashed his teacup on the ground angrily. "If anything happens to Justin, I'll kill both of you!"

Bam!

The bag in his hand fell to the ground. Iris looked at Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt in confusion. Her voice trembled as she asked, "What happened to Justin? What happened to him?"

When Mr. Hunt saw her, he did not dare to say anything.

Mrs. Hunt walked over and held her hand. "Justin is gone! He was swindled by human traffickers!"

Her eyes were red and her hands were trembling.

Iris looked at her husband in disbelief. At this moment, he was still defending his mistress. “Iris, help me put in a few good words. She didn’t do it on purpose. Her stomach suddenly felt uncomfortable, so she was too careless and didn’t watch over Justin...”

Iris was stunned. “She lost the child?”

Justin had only been five years old at that time!!

Her husband frowned. Seeing that she was silent, he could only look at Mr. Hunt. “Dad, Justin is already gone. It’s highly probable that he might not return, but do you not even want the child in her stomach?”

Mr. Hunt was stunned.

Her husband continued shouting, “This child is also a son! I’ve already lost one, nothing can happen to this one!”

With that, he held the mistress’ arm. “Get up.”

The mistress stood up trembling.

This time, Mr. Hunt remained silent.

At that moment, Iris suddenly understood. Justin was just a successor to the Hunts. Without this successor, there would always be another one.

However, in this world, there was only one person who could not live without Justin. That person was his mother.

A child could not live without a mother.

Iris suddenly said, “Mrs. Landis, how good would it be if Justin’s girlfriend was Pete’s mother?”

Mrs. Landis was speechless.

Back then, when Justin suddenly had a son, it caused an intense reaction from everyone.

When he came over, Iris asked, “Who’s the child’s mother?”

At that time, Justin's attitude was very cold. "Does it matter if the child has a mother or not?"

Iris was speechless.

She knew that at that time, Justin was complaining that as his mother, she was always hiding outside and never came home. However, he did not understand her painstaking efforts.

She was protecting him by not going back.

His attitude toward her had always been very cold. Whenever he came over while he was young, he always followed a strict schedule, having already agreed with the Hunts.

It was also because of this that things had changed a little over the years. He would occasionally come over to see her, but they had nothing to say to each other, so he only stayed for a while before leaving.

Perhaps it was because she knew how hard it was to raise her son after she had him.

At the Hunts'.

When Justin received Mrs. Landis's call, he was a little surprised, especially when he heard that special request to bring Cherry along...

He hung up and looked at Cherry, who was playing. He asked, "Cherry, are you willing to come with me to see Grandmother?"

Cherry, "?"

Her big eyes were filled with confusion. "Do I still have a grandmother?"

With that, she immediately covered her mouth.

It was over!

She had let it slip. Her brother definitely knew that there was still a grandmother.

As she was thinking about this, she saw her father bend down and say to her face, "Yes, it's normal that you don't know her. After all, you've only seen your grandmother a few times."

Phew... So that was how it was.

Cherry heaved a sigh of relief and was delighted. "Okay!"

She liked Grandmother!

Like her great-grandmother, she would be a very gentle old lady. She would give her lots of gifts. Recently, Cherry had become the favorite of the Hunt Corporation.

At the thought of this, she said excitedly, "Daddy, I'll go change my clothes!"

Justin nodded.

He still had some work matters to settle, so he went to the study.

Cherry returned to her room and changed her clothes. The moment she went out, she saw Roger standing at the door. He was smiling at her with his eyes narrowed. "Pete, are you going out?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes, I'm going to see Grandmother!"

Roger suddenly smiled. "Pete, I remember that you didn't like to talk much in the past. Why are you talking so much now?"

Cherry tilted her head and said calmly, "Because I've recovered!"

Roger, "?"

Cherry took the opportunity to praise her mommy. "My daddy's girlfriend, who is also my mommy, cured my illness!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Your mommy?"

"Yes, it's Nora~ She's a great doctor!" Cherry started flattering her mother without hesitation. "Not only is she beautiful and kind, but she's also cool and brave. She's also very good-looking! Most importantly, my father wants to marry her!"

Roger, "..."

He did not take such a woman seriously. After all, no matter how powerful she was, how powerful could she be when she grew up in a small place like California?

He only said calmly, "You're so young. Have you ever thought that a stepmother would be very bad?"

Cherry, "?"

Roger continued to bewitch her. "You've heard of Snow White's story, right? The stepmother in that story is a witch. With a stepmother, you'll also become Snow White. Then, you'll be in trouble!"

Cherry pursed her lips.

Roger: "If your stepmother gives birth to a younger brother with your father, your position as the leader will no longer be needed. Have you thought about the consequences?"

If Justin was not married, his status on the board would be lighter.

After all, when measuring a person, one would look at their career and family. When Roger heard that he had a girlfriend, his first reaction was to stop him.

Even if he could not stop him, the seed of hatred that had been planted in Pete's heart would still slowly germinate in the future.

If there was a conflict between Justin's wife and Pete, he would definitely be unable to take care of himself. Perhaps there would be a loophole in his control of the company and he could take advantage of it!

His imagination was running wild. He even felt that any five-year-old would be on guard when they heard this. Indeed, the child in front of him was already deep in thought.

Cherry frowned slightly, her smile turning into a little bun. "Little brother? It should be fun, right? But Mommy definitely won't want to have another child!"

Roger was stunned. He sensed something. "Another?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes. My mommy has two... one child!"

Roger was even more stunned. "What? Your mommy had a child? Who did she have it with? How old is that child? A boy or a girl?"

Cherry said, "She's a beautiful, cute, quick-witted, and adorable little princess. She's like a flower in everyone's eyes~"

Roger, "!!"

It seemed like that woman had bewitched Pete a lot. Otherwise, why would he praise that little girl like this?

No, he had to tell the Old Madam!

When he thought of this, it was as if he had found a pillar of support. He walked straight to the Old Madam.

Cherry skipped over to Justin. The two of them then took a car to the villa and saw Iris.

As soon as they entered, Iris's eyes landed on Cherry. Her eyes lit up. "Pete, you're here?"

Cherry looked at her curiously. Her big grape-like eyes were filled with curiosity. When she realized that this grandmother was different from her great-grandmother, with no wrinkles on her face, she was instantly as excited as a little butterfly. She jumped into Iris's arms and called out sweetly, "Grandmother!"

Iris froze.

After being cold for so many years, she suddenly hugged the small and soft Cherry. It reminded her of how she had hugged Justin back then, and her heart suddenly softened.

The cold expression that had always been on Justin's face subconsciously disappeared, and his lips curled into a smile. "Yes."

Justin looked at her.

Her smile was just like when he was young. Every time he returned home after school, she would always wait for him gently at home...

But later, she had chased her father away and moved out.

Justin lowered his eyes.

At this moment, Iris said, "Tina said that you have an unreliable girlfriend and are planning to get married?"

Justin, "?"

He paused and frowned. He was about to speak when Iris suddenly said, "I won't care if you have a girlfriend, but if you get married, can you wait another five years?"

Justin's words suddenly paused as anger suddenly rose in his heart. He asked, "Why?"

Of course, it was to give Pete more room to grow.

When Pete turned 10 years old, learned about good and evil, and had his own thoughts, he would at least be able to protect himself before pursuing his own happiness.

However, Iris would not say those words.

She only said coldly, "If you get married, there will be a lot of trouble. I don't want to bother about it. Besides, you're only 25 years old this year. It's the time to be impulsive. You might have been bewitched by a vixen outside. When you're 30 years old, if you still like her, it won't be too late to get married!"

Justin suddenly clenched his fists.

Vixen?

Was this how she saw the woman he liked?

He sneered. "You make it sound like you've managed me all these years. Since you haven't, then don't bother."

He lowered his eyes to hide the coldness in them. The mole at the corner of his eye exuded the same coldness and distance as Iris. "Besides, I'm already old. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

With that, he extended his hand to Cherry. "Pete, let's go."

Cherry looked at her beautiful grandmother and then at her father.

Thinking of the beautiful grandmother's words, she looked at Justin hesitantly. In the end, she broke free from Iris's embrace and walked to Justin.

Justin bent down and picked her up before saying respectfully, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

Iris didn't say anything.

Justin added, "Also, if I get married in the future, I'll bring her to see you. You'll like her. Of course, you can also dislike her because you've never liked anyone, right?"

After saying this, he turned around and left.

After the sound of the car disappeared at the door, Mrs. Landis walked toward Iris. Her voice couldn't help but tremble. "Ma'am, why... why are you doing this? After so many years, your relationship with Young Master has finally eased a little. Why are you arguing again..."

Iris sighed deeply. "That's good."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris looked at the sky. "The worse our relationship is, the less trouble we'll cause him."

Mrs. Landis sighed again and asked, "Then should we investigate that Nora?"

Iris shook his head. "No need."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris said hesitantly, "The woman he likes could not be a bad person. Besides, even if we investigate, it's useless. His personality is still the same as when he was young. He won't turn back once he has decided on something."

Seeing her pitiful state, Mrs. Landis couldn't help but sigh deeply. She took a step forward and held her shoulder. "Ma'am, it has been hard on you all these years."

“What’s there to be bitter about? It’s all the role of a mother. It’s worth it for the child.”

Iris stood up and walked to the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis stood outside the door and looked at the greenhouse quietly.

Ma’am was like this. The more upset she was, the calmer she looked. Every time she was troubled, she liked to water the flowers.

She had already watered the Inkland pot twice, but she did not notice it at all.

—

On the way back to the Hunts, the more Justin thought about it, the angrier he became.

Many years ago, Iris and his father had a marriage change.

At that time, his grandfather was so angry that he kicked his father out of the house, leaving behind Iris and him.

He did not know who was right and who was wrong. At that time, he was young, but when he grew up, all traces of his childhood had been wiped away. He could not find anything at all.

Moreover, both Iris and his father said that Iris didn’t love his father anymore.

She had used him to threaten his father and grandfather. If his grandfather kept her, he would have to chase his father away. If he kept his father, she would leave the Hunts with him.

At that time, his grandfather had high hopes for him. He was only five years old but his grandfather had already determined his IQ. Therefore, he had chosen him and Iris without hesitation.

When he grew up, he realized that there was no absolute right or wrong in a marriage. Moreover, his father had spent the rest of his life with another woman while his mother was growing old alone in this small villa.

Whether his mother was right or wrong, he did not care.

However, he could not understand why his mother had to leave even after his father had left.

Didn't she say she would stay?

When he went to look for Iris when he was young, she was always cold and even hated him. Not long after he came, she would chase him away.

He could not feel any motherly love from her.

When Justin thought of this, he lowered his eyes and sighed.

Even if his mother was not good, she was still his mother.

Therefore, all of this could not be blamed on her. Only the real culprit could be blamed.

At this thought, he picked up his phone and called Sean. "I don't want to see that Dr. York again in New York."

Sean was stunned for a moment, but then he realized something and answered, "Yes!"

After hanging up, Justin's mood finally relaxed a little.

Then, he remembered that Miss Smith was a celibate when it came to marriage. It was very troublesome.

How could he lie to that woman and register their marriage?

While he was deep in thought, the car had already arrived at the Hunts.

As they entered, the butler walked over. "Sir, Old Madam wants you to go over."

Justin, "??"

What was going on today?

They were all looking for him?

He asked, "What happened?"

The butler lowered his head. "Young Master Roger is with the Old Madam."

He must have said something bad again.

Since that was the case, he should not let Cherry go in case she harbors a bad impression of the child.

Justin got someone to take Cherry back before going to the Old Madam's room.

As soon as he entered, he called out, "Grandmother."

The Old Madam frowned, her voice trembling. "Justin, I heard that you found a woman who has already given birth? You, why are you so muddled?! How can such a person be worthy of you?!"

Justin lowered his eyes and glanced at Roger. "You heard?"

Roger instantly put on an obedient look. "Big Brother, I'm doing this for your own good. There are so many women outside. Every socialite in New York wants to marry you. Why are you being charmed by such a woman? She had a child before. Do you want such a secondhand woman?"

A fierce look flashed across Justin's eyes. "Coincidentally, I also have a child. Then am I also a second-hand man?"

Roger instantly smiled. "Big Brother, don't joke around. How can a man and a woman be the same... Moreover, if you marry her, won't the Hunts be laughed at by others? They'll say that you picked up someone else's broken shoes. Moreover, you'll even help her raise another man's daughter..."

Justin sneered. "Who said we're helping her raise another man's daughter?"

Roger was taken aback. "What?"

Justin glanced at him.

He hadn't brought Pete and Nora back home yet, so he mustn't let Roger know that the two children look just like each other. Otherwise, given how intelligent he was, he would quickly realize that Cherry was a fake.

He would make trouble for Nora when that happened. It would be terrible if he accidentally hurt the two of them.

The moment he thought of that, though, Justin suddenly recalled that Nora was the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Should Roger really send someone to take Pete's life, he reckoned that he would probably be the one to end up injured instead.

Regardless, this was ultimately still a lot of trouble, and that woman hated trouble the most.

He coughed and refrained from answering.

As for Roger, he seemed to understand something after he processed Justin's words. "Are you saying that she's not going to bring her child with her when she marries you? So, the child will stay with the Andersons instead? This isn't a question of a single child or of money; after all, how much money can a little girl spend? Justin, the fundamental problem here is that woman... C'mon, Grandma, talk to him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt frowned. She disapproved of this marriage an awful lot, but even so, she couldn't just embarrass Justin in front of Roger. Thus, she said, "These are Justin's household affairs. Why don't you leave for now?"

Roger nodded and left the room.

After he left, the old lady stretched out her finger and jabbed Justin. "You... Are you really going to marry that woman?"

Justin heaved a sigh. His tone became more intimate and he said, "Grandma, it's still too early to talk about marriage!"

Mrs. Hunt was surprised. "Huh? What do you mean? I knew you're just fooling around and aren't serious about her... Are you just dating her out of novelty..."

Justin's face twitched a little. He hurriedly interrupted her and said, "No, it's because I'm still trying to court her."

The elderly Mrs. Hunt, "..."

Justin sighed. "She isn't interested in me."

"..."

Mrs. Hunt felt like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world. Utterly stunned, she rebutted, "There's actually a woman in New York who isn't interested in you?"

Her grandson was well-known for having a high IQ and was very outstanding in every aspect. Added to this his good looks, the daughters of all the wealthy families flocked to him, despite the fact that he already had a child.

Over the years, there was no lack of people who came to her to secretly or overtly ask about his marriage matters, recommend potential candidates, or even recommend themselves!

Even that girl from the Smiths... was interested in him.

The Hunts and the Smiths were actually originally a good match for each other.

It was just a shame that the girl from the Smiths was an adopted daughter... Otherwise, they would have matched each other pretty well, since both youngsters were outstanding. Of course, these were all just her own opinions. She had also asked her grandson for his opinion back then, but unfortunately, he wasn't interested in her.

But now, there was actually someone who wasn't interested in her grandson?

Was she just playing hard to get, or was she really not interested in him?

Mrs. Hunt immediately dispelled one of the two possibilities the moment she thought of them. There was no way her grandson would fail to realize if she were just playing hard to get.

He was even better at reading people than her these days!

This piqued the old lady's curiosity. "That makes me so curious about that young missy. Bring her home and let me have a look someday!"

Justin nodded. "No problem."

After Justin left, the old lady suddenly got someone over and instructed, "Get someone to look into Nora Smith."

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady frowned.

Although her grandson's happiness was important, the Hunts' honor was also very important!

Even if that woman was great, the fact that she had given birth to another man's child would still be her dark past and would cause her to be mocked and laughed at for a lifetime.

She wasn't optimistic about the two of them.

Therefore, she intended to look for an opportunity to meet Ms. Smith and her daughter.

—

Meanwhile, at the villa in the suburbs.

Nora was leaning on the sofa and nodding off. Next to her, Tanya had already taken Pete upstairs.

She had already tidied up the three bedrooms upstairs during the last few days. Apart from the master bedroom meant for herself, for the other two rooms, she turned one into a room for boys, and the other into one for girls.

She took Pete into the room for boys and asked, "Do you like it?"

Pete looked at the room, which was decorated fully in blue. The bed was even a Captain America-themed one. The boy, who was rendered a little speechless, replied, "How childish."

Tanya curled her lip disdainfully. "You're too precocious for your age, boy! What is your room decor like at the Hunts'?"

Pete replied, "It's decorated in black, white, and gray tones, which are classier. I'll take you there someday..."

He suddenly paused at this point.

... Because it suddenly occurred to him that the tyrant had already changed his room decor to Cherry's tastes instead!

The whole room was pink!!

The corners of Pete's lips spasmed a little. Then, he asked, "Who is this room for?"

Tanya's eyes looked a little lost but were also determined. She answered, "It's for my son!"

Pete, "?"

He was taken aback. "Do you have a son?"

Tanya hesitated for a moment before she replied, "It may also be a daughter, so I've also set up a girl's room. When Cherry is back, I will ask her if she likes it or not."

She would definitely find her child!

And once she did, the child would immediately have their own room!

She wanted to give her child all the maternal love that she owed all these years.

The thought had only just formed when her cell phone rang. When she answered the call, Joel's voice came from the other side.

"It's me."

Tanya's attitude turned cold. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Joel kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "My daughter wants to learn to dance. I wonder if it's convenient for Ms. Turner to—"

"No, it's not."

Tanya hung up without any hesitation.

Next to her, Pete was speechless.

Knock, knock!

The sound of someone knocking suddenly came from the door.

Nora, who was sleeping on the sofa, was awakened by the noise. She rubbed her eyes and got onto her feet. When she opened the door, Mrs. Landis

immediately grabbed her hand and said, “Ma’am is in a bad mood today, Ms. Smith. She looked like she got along well with you when she was chatting with you earlier today. Can you spend some time with her and talk to her?”

Nora, “?”

She was about to reply when Mrs. Landis heaved a sigh. She said, “Ma’am got into an argument with her son. She’s really having a hard time. She is obviously afraid that the young master’s son will suffer if he remarries, yet she couldn’t tell him anything, which causes him to misunderstand her all the time. After the two quarreled again today, Ma’am has been spacing out in the greenhouse for a whole day now, and she refuses to eat or drink. What should I do?”

Nora, “...”

Just like that, Mrs. Landis dragged and pulled her next door. Sure enough, she spotted Iris sitting in a daze in the greenhouse.

Since I’m already here, I’ll just talk to her a little, Nora thought.

But what should she talk about?

What a headache...

She stepped into the greenhouse. She was about to speak when Iris spotted her. A smile blossomed on her sorrowful countenance at once. “You’re here, Ms. Smith. I have no idea why, either, but I just feel so happy and find you so likable the moment I see you. Maybe it’s because you’re good-looking.”

Nora, “...”

Iris went on. “We’re already meeting for the third time, so that makes us friends, right? But I don’t even know your name. Can you tell me what your name is?”

Nora was about to answer when Iris went on.

“Do you know how my pot of A Glimpse of Blood came about? It was actually my son who gave it to me on my birthday... I know he did it so that I could pour all my sentiments into the flowers, but what he doesn’t know is that I actually didn’t have any love for orchids in the past. I found gardening really

annoying, but in order to take care of that pot of flowers, I bought a lot of orchids to learn and gain some experience. Over the years, I've killed a lot of orchids while trying to take care of them. I still remember that the first pot of flowers I killed was..."

Nora: "..."

She shut up and listened quietly.

She knew that what Iris needed at the moment was a listener—she needed to vent some of her emotions.

She talked about a lot of things, and Nora gazed at her seriously.

She didn't find her annoying. After all, she simply couldn't bring herself to be annoyed when faced with such a lovely visage. She could look at her all day without any issues.

Iris spoke mostly about bits and pieces of her life with her son. Through her words, Nora more or less got to know what kind of situation she was in.

For some reason, she and her son were living separately.

In addition, they weren't on very good terms with each other, and her son seldom visited her. She realized this because she only spoke about how her son grew up, but never about how they spent time together.

Iris talked for a whole two hours. At last, her throat became parched, and Mrs. Landis brought them some fruit tea. She took a sip and said hoarsely, "Would you dislike me for being so long-winded, Ms. Smith? It's been a really long time since I've spoken this much."

"... No, I won't. Feel free to go on," replied Nora.

Iris, "..."

She had never seen such a quiet and beautiful girl with such a casual attitude before. In particular, whenever she mentioned how she had accidentally killed an orchid, Nora would always chime in with a sentence or two, and teach her methods that she could've used to save the flowers at that time...

She also learned a lot about taking care of orchids during the chat.

The more they chatted, the better they got along with each other. At last, Iris suggested, "I find that we simply hit it off very well, Ms. Smith. Why don't we become a sworn family?"

Iris was about to suggest taking her as her goddaughter when Nora replied, "Sure, God-sis."

Iris, "?"

She was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter and said, "I'm almost fifty. How can you call me God-sis?"

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the charming and pretty visage in front of her—the years didn't seem to have left any marks on her face. She couldn't help but say, "You look too young."

Needless to say, Iris was delighted at the compliment. She touched her cheek and said, "You're also very young, aren't you? Are you twenty yet?"

Nora laughed. "My son is already five this year."

... Son?

Iris was dumbfounded. "But you're so young! Yet you already have a son?!"

Nora nodded.

Iris asked, "Where is he?"

Nora nodded at Villa No. 10 with her chin and answered, "He's at my friend's."

Iris got up at once. "Really? Why don't you take me to him? As his god... aunt, I should visit him, too!"

Nora, "..."

She thought of how Pete kept trying to hide, and knew right away that he might know the lady in front of her, and didn't wish to meet with her just yet. Thus, she said, "Forget it. He's shy."

Iris didn't force it, either. "Alright. I'll let you meet my son the next time you're here, God-sis!"

Nora smiled and got up. "Sure. It's getting late, I have to go back."

Iris sent her off.

When the two reached the door, Nora suddenly stood still and looked back at her. She said, "Sis, sometimes, what matters the most between two people is actually trust. You may be protecting your son in your way, but what if your son doesn't need you to protect him anymore?"

Iris froze in place, stunned.

The girl in front of her was simply so perceptive. She hadn't mentioned even a word about what had led to the current situation at all, but only talked briefly about how she interacted with her son, yet she had actually guessed it!

She stared at Nora blankly.

Nora lowered her gaze, nodded at her, and left.

Iris balled up her fists tightly as she stared at the girl's thin and frail form.

At some point, Mrs. Landis came up behind her and said, "Ms. Smith is right, Ma'am... You have already made such sacrifices for so many years. It's time to tell Mr. Justin the truth! He now oversees the Hunts, and is no longer the boy who needed your protection back then..."

A dazed Iris turned around and looked at Mrs. Landis. In the end, she heaved a sigh. "Even if I tell him now, would he be willing to believe me?"

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

In order to keep her distance from Justin, Iris had always treated him very coldly and distantly for the past two decades.

How could two decades of estrangement possibly be easily explained with just a few words?

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris turned and went back to the room. "I've already spent more than twenty years like this. Why bother creating trouble for him now?"

Mrs. Landis stayed silent for a long time as she stared at Iris from the back.

To be honest, Ma'am also yearned for Justin's forgiveness, didn't she?

It was just that she wasn't willing to tell him about it, nor did she know how to. In fact, she had already become accustomed to speaking coldly over the years and didn't know how to speak warmly to anyone anymore.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head.

—

Nora brought Pete into the car after she returned to Tanya's.

Tanya saw the two of them off reluctantly. "Don't go, guys. This place is so big, but I'm the only one here... I'm scared."

Nora raised her brows. "How about coming to the Andersons' with us, then?"

Tanya, "?"

She had officially moved in today, why would she move out again and follow them back?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she finally let go of the car door. She looked at Nora and said, "Damn, you're so heartless! Besides, what's so good about the Andersons' that you simply have to go back?"

Nora yawned. "The bed there is pretty good."

"..."

After seeing the two of them off, a very resentful Tanya went back to her villa.

After watching Tanya enter the villa in the rearview mirror, Pete finally asked, "Mommy, how was your chat with Gr... with the lady living next door?"

Grandma was really weird. Surely she didn't bully Mommy, right?

As soon as he thought so, Nora replied, "Well, we hit it off really well. We are now god-sisters, so she's your god-aunt from now on."

Pete was full of question marks when he heard her: ????

How did Grandma become his aunt?!

What had happened between Mommy and Grandma?!

While Pete was filled with self-doubt, the car returned to the Andersons'.

After parking, Nora got out of the car with her cell phone. She completely ignored Pete at the back, who was hopping off the tall car and then tiptoeing to close the door.

She was replying to her newly-gained god-sister's text message: 'I am home.'

Iris: 'Good to know you got home safely. I'm very happy to meet you.'

Nora paused.. Then, she suddenly smiled and wrote: 'By the way, my name is Nora Smith.'

In the villa in the suburbs.

Mrs. Landis was in the midst of dinner preparations when she suddenly heard a scream from the upper floor, which made her hands tremble and she almost cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

She rushed upstairs with the kitchen knife and asked nervously, "What's the matter, Ma'am? What's the matter?"

Iris, who was resting on the recliner, sat upright as she stared at her cell phone incredulously. When she saw Mrs. Landis come in, the dazed woman asked, "Earlier today, what did Tina York say Justin's girlfriend's name was?"

"You know, Nora Smith!" Mrs. Landis replied.

Iris swallowed hard as she looked back down at the text message—the five words 'my name is Nora Smith' were displayed there clearly.

She rubbed her eyes. When she saw the five words again, she couldn't help but let out another scream. "Ahhh!"

Mrs. Landis received another huge shock. She shivered and said, "Oh my goodness, my precious Ma'am, please don't scare me anymore! I'm already old, so I can't take shocks anymore! What's the matter?"

Iris lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Landis weakly. "Mrs. Landis, I... I... I think I'm in trouble!"

Mrs. Landis, “?”

Iris asked, “If I tell you that the girl whom Justin has fallen in love with—the one that Tina York says has been pestering him—is the same Ms. Smith whom we were talking to today, would you believe me?”

Mrs. Landis, “???”

Mrs. Landis thought of Nora’s indifferent attitude and the aura around her, and she shook her head.

After being Iris’s follower for so many years, she had long since learned to read people and identify them.

Ms. Smith was no ordinary person. There was no doubt that she was a very impressive person!

It was clear that she and Iris were no ordinary people, and everyone else was dying to be of help to them. However, when she had gone over to ask Ms. Smith to talk to Iris, she had been reluctant to!

Mrs. Landis shook her head. “I don’t believe it.”

Iris nodded. “I don’t believe it, either.”

Mrs. Landis asked, “By the way, ma’am, didn’t Ms. Smith say today that she has a son?”

“Yes, that’s right.” Iris said, “The Nora Smith that Tina York mentioned only has a daughter. She doesn’t have a son. So...”

Mrs. Landis said cautiously, “What if the name Nora Smith has become very popular? After all, it’s neither a particularly uncommon name nor an obscure last name.”

Iris hesitated. “Is that so?”

Not many people named their daughters Nora these days, right? No, wait. Perhaps Tina had meant Norah? Or Noreen?

Iris comforted herself. At last, she said, “If we want to know whether she’s really the one or not, the next time we invite Ms. Smith over, we can also ask Justin to come over. This way, we’ll know for sure, right?”

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Yes, that's right. She's your god-sister anyway, so it doesn't matter!"

Iris breathed a sigh of relief.

Nora, who had absolutely no idea that Iris was in an internal struggle the whole night, went upstairs with Pete after she returned to the Andersons'.

After washing up, the two of them happily fell asleep on the bed.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Nora again slept until the sun was up before she finally woke up. She had only just stretched and gone downstairs leisurely when she spotted the elderly Mrs. Anderson and Melissa sitting solemnly on the sofa in the living room. They looked up when they heard the door open. When they saw her, they got onto their feet at once. Melissa exclaimed, "You're finally up, Nora!"

Nora's voice still sounded a little nasal as she asked, "What's up?"

Mrs. Anderson and Melissa exchanged a look. At last, Melissa said solemnly, "Mrs. Hunt has invited you to the Hunts' manor! She has also requested that you bring Cherry along!"

Nora, "?"

She frowned and asked perplexedly, "Mrs. Hunt?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes, Justin's grandmother."

Nora knew who she was, of course.

After all, she was the one who had cured that old lady's illness!

Nora was just very puzzled. "What is she asking me to go over for?"

As soon as she said that, Melissa gazed at her gravely and asked, "Come over here, Nora. I have something I want to ask you. Please answer me seriously."

Nora went downstairs, shuffled over, and sat opposite Melissa and Mrs. Anderson. "What is it?"

Melissa took a deep breath and asked cautiously, “You and Justin... Are the two of you...”

She held up two fingers, drew them together a couple of times, and went on. “... dating?”

“... No, we’re not!”

However, her cell phone rang at this point.

She looked down to see that ‘Mr. Narcissist’ was calling. She picked up the call and subconsciously said, “What can I do for you, Mr. Hunt?”

The man on the other end of the call spoke in a low and deep voice. “Nothing much. I just wanted to ask you out on a date, that’s all, Ms. Smith.”

Nora, “?”

She was a little surprised. “A date?”

“That’s right. Didn’t I make a promise to you the other day? We have to go on dates more frequently, so that I don’t keep on making you take the initiative to approach me under the guise of visiting Pete. In this regard, men should take the initiative, shouldn’t they?”

“ ... ”

Nora asked reluctantly, “Where? And when?”

Chapter 235 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Mrs. Landis laughed and said, “Even the young missy next door can cure a pot of flowers so easily, let alone you, Ma’am. Have a little confidence in yourself!”

“... Alright, then.”

She looked at the dark purple chrysanthemums. When she saw how they didn’t seem like they were affected, she breathed a sigh of relief. She placed the infected pot of chrysanthemums outside and kept it away from the other flowers. It should be fine after doing that.

With that in mind, Iris went back into the house.

However, when Iris woke up the next day and went to check on the pot of chrysanthemums, she was stunned!

The pot of chrysanthemums had actually wilted!

Additionally, the flower that she had specifically sprayed with pesticide the day before was already half-rotten! Not only was it drooping, but its petals had also fallen off, and it looked half-dead.

Iris, “!!”

Mrs. Landis was also stunned at the sight. “H-how can this be?”

Iris panicked. “What should I do?”

Mrs. Landis was perplexed. “This shouldn’t be, though. Ma’am, that young missy easily saved your pot of A Glimpse of Blood just by messing around a little. Why did this pot of flowers turn out like this instead?”

As soon as she said that, Iris’s head whipped up abruptly. “Perhaps... that young missy wasn’t just messing around?”

Mrs. Landis was taken aback. “What do you mean by that, Ma’am?”

Iris stood up straight. Her big beautiful eyes were full of shock and astoundment. She replied, “It means that young missy is actually a master orchid breeder! Come on, Mrs. Landis! Let’s go next door and ask for advice!”

Mrs. Landis nodded.

The two went next door, but even after knocking on the door for a long time, no one opened the door.

Mrs. Landis panicked. “Why isn’t she opening the door? Surely she lives here, right?”

Iris took a deep breath. “Call the property management office and ask for her number.”

“Okay.”

—
Meanwhile, Tanya was on a stroll with Nora and Pete outside.

Tanya was very smug as she looked at the scenery in the villa complex. “Isn’t the place big, Pete?”

Pete replied, “... It’s okay, I guess. It’s about the same size as my garden.”

“... Do you also have a stream in your garden?” asked Tanya.

Pete nodded. “Yeah. There’s also a pond that draws water from the hot springs, so it’s possible to grow lotus flowers in there even in winter!”

Tanya, “!!”

Pete let out a sigh. “Even though I’m already five and I jog in the manor every day, I still haven’t gone a full round around the manor.”

Tanya was rendered speechless with envy. “Stop. Don’t humblebrag anymore.”

She waved and said, “Let’s go. We’ll drive straight to the villa. God-mom has her own home now, Pete! I’ll be living here in the future!”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

The group arrived at Tanya’s villa.. As soon as the car stopped, Mrs. Landis ran over, grabbed Nora’s hand, and said, “Miss, help!”

Help?

Tanya panicked. She urged, “Quick, Nora, go and have a look!”

Might something have happened to that beautiful middle-aged lady?

Nora had heard what Mrs. Landis said as soon as she got out of the car, so she was also a little taken aback. For some reason, she quite liked that lady, so she nodded and said, “Lead the way.”

Pete, who was hiding in the car, looked at Mrs. Landis in confusion. Wasn’t she Mrs. Landis, his grandmother’s caregiver?

He got out of the car as well. He was about to walk over when something suddenly occurred to him—if his grandmother saw him, then wouldn't everything be exposed?!

He wasn't worried about his grandmother's health, though, because she underwent a health checkup every year!

Moreover, the tyrant had assigned his grandmother bodyguards, who were all around the place. If something had really happened, there was no way the bodyguards would be this quiet.

Therefore, while Mrs. Landis was preoccupied and hadn't noticed him yet, he grabbed Tanya's hand and said, "Open the door first, God-mom. That kind of environment isn't suitable for kids. I'll wait for you and Mommy here."

Tanya, "..."

To think she didn't even think as far ahead as a child. Nevertheless, she quickly came back to her senses, hurriedly opened the door, and let Pete in. Only then did she go after Nora.

Two minutes later.

Inside the greenhouse, Tanya stared at the beautiful lady in front of her and the pot of flowers in her hand. She was stunned. "When you asked for help, you were talking about the pot of flowers?"

The beautiful woman nodded. "Yes, of course. What else could I have been talking about?"

Both Tanya and Nora fell silent.

When the two of them heard Mrs. Landis' call for help, all they could think of was that something had happened to her.

Now that they thought about it again, wasn't it obvious? It wasn't like Mrs. Landis knew Nora was a doctor after all!

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed a little. "Then you should have been clearer about it. We ended up running all the way here."

Mrs. Landis was terribly nervous. "These flowers are Ma'am's life itself. I wasn't exaggerating when I asked for help!"

“ ... ”

Tanya didn't say any more. As for Nora, she looked at the pot of flowers in Iris's hand. It was likely infested with worms, but because they had used pesticides on it, the worms were gone. However, the flowers had also become damaged as a result.

She frowned. “The pesticide has already penetrated deep into the flower. This flower can't be saved anymore.”

Mrs. Landis burst into tears. “It's all my fault, ma'am. It's all my fault! I saw that the young missy managed to save the flowers by spraying them with vinegar, so I thought that pesticide would also be okay. Sob... The vinegar clearly smelled even stronger and more pungent than the pesticide...”

Tanya couldn't stop herself from saying dryly, “Look at what you're saying. Vinegar is edible, but is pesticide edible?”

Her words made Mrs. Landis choke, but she kept her head lowered and wiped her tears.

Iris had only made up her mind to use the pesticide because she had convinced her to. Even though she wouldn't make her compensate for the flowers, it upset her to see Landis sad!

She looked at Nora and asked, “Can you save this pot of flowers, Ms. Smith?”

Iris's brows were also knitted together, and she looked miserable.

“... I didn't say that this pot of flowers is going to die,” replied Nora.

Both Mrs. Landis and Iris were taken aback at her words, and they looked at her.

Only then did Nora slowly say, “You can't keep this particular flower anymore, but the pot of flowers itself is still salvageable as long as you...”

She listed a few herbs and said, “Brew them until they fill up only three bowls of water. Dilute the solution and water the flowers with it after that, and this pot of flowers will be fine. Flowers will grow again after that.”

Iris was stunned when she heard her verbally listing the prescription so casually.

Why did her method of using traditional medicine to treat flowers resemble Orchidiance's style so much?

But Orchidiance wasn't based in the States!

While Iris was wondering about it, she saw Nora yawn after she finished. Then, she slowly started to walk toward the door. "Just do as I say and everything will be fine. We're heading back."

Iris panicked. She rushed over to Nora, grabbed her, and said, "Ms. Smith, right? Let's add each other on Messenger?"

Nora, "?"

Iris smiled and said, "Don't worry, I definitely won't disturb you! At the most, I'll only approach you when something goes wrong with my orchids."

Nora, "..."

She wanted to refuse. After all, the owner of Villa No. 9 didn't seem like anyone simple. She didn't want to get into any trouble.

But when she saw the anxious and eager look in Iris' eyes, as well as her beautiful, practically blemish-free, face, she suddenly couldn't quite bring herself to.

Cough.

She would never admit that Cherry had actually inherited her love for pretty faces from her!

She took out her cell phone and they added each other on Messenger. Only then did she go next door with Tanya.

Mrs. Landis went out to buy the herbs that Nora had listed, so Iris was the only one in the villa for a while. She sat on the wooden chair in the yard and opened up Nora's Facebook page.

A master orchid breeder like her would definitely share a lot of tips about cultivating orchids, right? Unfortunately... her page was actually empty?

Iris suspected that the young woman had filtered her out, so she scrolled up the page, upon which she found that the other party's friend list was visible to her.

In which case...

So, Ms. Smith had never posted anything before? Just how lazy of a person was she?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little. In the midst of her surprise, there was another knock on the door. She subconsciously got up and walked over to open the door.

As soon as she opened the door, she saw Tina outside.

Iris's expression instantly turned cold. "What are you here for, Ms. York?"

Tina replied, "I'm here to check up on your orchid for you, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris couldn't help but smile upon hearing her reply. "No, it's fine. Someone has already cured my orchid."

Someone had already cured it?

Tina was surprised. "How can that be?"

She had asked for help on various websites and also approached several people who were experts on treating orchids' illnesses, but all of them had said that it was hopeless. How could it possibly have already recovered?

She was still thinking about it when Iris smiled and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Tina bit her lip.

She assumed that Justin must have gotten an expert to look at the orchid, just so he could stop her from getting close to Iris. In any case, her original intention in pleasing Iris was just so she could...

The look in Tina's eyes darkened. Suddenly, she smiled and said, "Actually, I'm just here to inform you about something, Mrs. Hunt."

Iris was a little surprised. "What?"

Tina narrowed her eyes. “Do you know that your son has started dating a woman from a nobody family and made her his girlfriend?”

Iris replied coldly, “I’m not interested to hear about that.”

Tina, however, smiled again and said, “You may not be interested to know about his girlfriend, but what about your grandson, the little Mr. Hunt? Are you not interested in knowing about him, either? Aren’t you afraid that that foresight-less woman will abuse your grandson after she marries into the family?”

When Tina chatted with Iris in the past, she discovered that the woman was always trying to draw the topic to Pete and make her talk about him.

Although she didn’t visit her grandson, she still liked him very much.

Therefore, Tina used her trump card right away. “He’s after all not her real son, so she can only be his stepmother. Once she marries Mr. Hunt and bears him a son, do you think he would still keep his position as the heir to the family?”

Iris’s jaw tensed up.

She didn’t intend to interfere with her son’s relationships, nor would she be easily incited by someone’s mere words. However, this didn’t stand in the way of her investigating the other party’s background.

“Who is she?” asked Iris.

Tina answered excitedly, “Her name is Nora Smith.”

Iris: “?”

Smith?

Coincidentally, the girl next door who knew how to plant orchids also had the surname Smith, which made her have a good impression of the surname Smith.

She lowered her eyes. “I understand. Is there anything else?”

Tina was stunned by her light tone. “You don’t care?”

Iris sneered. "I already said that I'm not interested in Justin's matter. Ms. York, if you want to affect him by using me, you've made a wrong move. Goodbye."

She did not give Tina a chance to speak again and closed the door.

Tina, who was blocked outside, gritted her teeth in hatred as she looked at the door. She clenched her fists tightly and took a deep breath before walking out.

When Mrs. Landis came back from grocery shopping, she happened to see Iris sitting on the swing in the courtyard in a daze.

She was stunned and asked, "Ma'am, what's wrong?"

Iris sighed. "Justin is in love."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Then, she could not help but scold him. "This young master is too insensible! Since he's in a relationship, he should have brought that girl here to meet you! Really..."

Iris lowered her eyes. "As long as he likes her, everything else is fine. I just feel that Pete is a little pitiful."

Mrs. Landis knew that Iris had thought of herself.

After hesitating for a while, she walked to her side and squatted down, holding her hand. "Ma'am, Young Master is not like that."

Iris sneered. "He's not. But in a family, the role of a mother is too important. Haven't you heard of a saying? With a stepmother, you have a stepfather."

Mrs. Landis was silent for a while.

Ma'am was not like this in the past. When she trusted someone, she would trust them unconditionally. However, after what had happened to Sir, her heart had completely broken.

So now, she didn't trust any woman too much?

However, Mrs. Landis also knew that the status of the person in charge of the wealthy families was important. It was like the throne of a country.

If a young master got married and the wife gives birth to a new son, which mother would not be biased toward her own son?

Not to mention, they still had to inherit the Hunts' business!

Mrs. Landis sighed. "Ma'am, Pete is actually autistic. It's too demanding for him to take on the burden of a family. Didn't Young Master say so? He never planned to let Little Young Master take over the Hunts."

Iris was stunned.

Yeah.

Pete had autism.

Iris had seen Pete before. Half a year ago, she had secretly gone to see him and had seen that the child was alone and not very social.

She had gone up to talk to him, but he had ignored her.

She sighed. "Although that's the case, if he's willing to be close to me and grow up with me, it might be the best way for everyone. But..."

However, he was unwilling to follow her.

She sighed again. After a while, she looked up and said, "Give Justin a call. Ask him to bring Pete to see me."

Mrs. Landis nodded, wild with joy. This was the first time Ma'am had taken the initiative to look for Justin since she moved out of the Hunts. She hurriedly nodded. "Okay."

She ran into her room to make a call, but Iris was still staring at the sky.

She thought of when she was young...

When she had found out that her husband had cheated on her, she was determined to get a divorce.

Even if they were to get a divorce, she would definitely not be able to take her son away. After all, Justin's grandfather was still around at that time and was the head of the Hunts. He had raised Justin himself and was wild with joy at his intelligence. He had carefully nurtured him.

At that time, she felt that people should live for themselves. Therefore, even so, she was determined to get a divorce.

At that time, Mrs. Hunt of the Hunts had let her go on a vacation for half a month. She would decide if she wanted a divorce after she returned.

She had agreed, and thus, she left.

However, she had not expected that after the biological mother left her son's side, the mistress would visit her.

When she was overseas and heard some news, she was once worried about Justin's safety. However, she also knew that Justin was Mr. Hunt's flesh and blood and that nothing would happen to him.

With this thought in mind, she returned after playing overseas for a full 14 days.

She was still determined to get a divorce.

Her husband claimed that he and his mistress were truly in love. Even if they did not get a divorce, the two of them would only have a marriage of convenience. She did not want such a marriage.

She would rather withdraw and pursue her own happiness.

The pride in her bones made her think of everything too simply.

When she returned to the house, one she had not seen for half a month, she saw her family looking at her strangely.

They whispered, "So pitiful. Ma'am's nickname is gone, and so is her son."

At that time, she thought that the servants were saying that she would give her son to the Hunts as well. She did not think much of it and went straight to the study after entering.

In the study, Mrs. Hunt and Mr. Hunt were both there.

Her husband and his mistress were also there.

The mistress held her big belly and knelt on the ground.

Her husband was holding her hand and pleading with Mr. Hunt. “Dad! She didn’t do it on purpose. Let her get up!”

Mr. Hunt smashed his teacup on the ground angrily. “If anything happens to Justin, I’ll kill both of you!”

Bam!

The bag in his hand fell to the ground. Iris looked at Mr. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt in confusion. Her voice trembled as she asked, “What happened to Justin? What happened to him?”

When Mr. Hunt saw her, he did not dare to say anything.

Mrs. Hunt walked over and held her hand. “Justin is gone! He was swindled by human traffickers!”

Her eyes were red and her hands were trembling.

Iris looked at her husband in disbelief. At this moment, he was still defending his mistress. “Iris, help me put in a few good words. She didn’t do it on purpose. Her stomach suddenly felt uncomfortable, so she was too careless and didn’t watch over Justin...”

Iris was stunned. “She lost the child?”

Justin had only been five years old at that time!!

Her husband frowned. Seeing that she was silent, he could only look at Mr. Hunt. “Dad, Justin is already gone. It’s highly probable that he might not return, but do you not even want the child in her stomach?”

Mr. Hunt was stunned.

Her husband continued shouting, “This child is also a son! I’ve already lost one, nothing can happen to this one!”

With that, he held the mistress’ arm. “Get up.”

The mistress stood up trembling.

This time, Mr. Hunt remained silent.

At that moment, Iris suddenly understood. Justin was just a successor to the Hunts. Without this successor, there would always be another one.

However, in this world, there was only one person who could not live without Justin. That person was his mother.

A child could not live without a mother.

Iris suddenly said, "Mrs. Landis, how good would it be if Justin's girlfriend was Pete's mother?"

Mrs. Landis was speechless.

Back then, when Justin suddenly had a son, it caused an intense reaction from everyone.

When he came over, Iris asked, "Who's the child's mother?"

At that time, Justin's attitude was very cold. "Does it matter if the child has a mother or not?"

Iris was speechless.

She knew that at that time, Justin was complaining that as his mother, she was always hiding outside and never came home. However, he did not understand her painstaking efforts.

She was protecting him by not going back.

His attitude toward her had always been very cold. Whenever he came over while he was young, he always followed a strict schedule, having already agreed with the Hunts.

It was also because of this that things had changed a little over the years. He would occasionally come over to see her, but they had nothing to say to each other, so he only stayed for a while before leaving.

Perhaps it was because she knew how hard it was to raise her son after she had him.

At the Hunts'.

When Justin received Mrs. Landis's call, he was a little surprised, especially when he heard that special request to bring Cherry along...

He hung up and looked at Cherry, who was playing. He asked, "Cherry, are you willing to come with me to see Grandmother?"

Cherry, "?"

Her big eyes were filled with confusion. "Do I still have a grandmother?"

With that, she immediately covered her mouth.

It was over!

She had let it slip. Her brother definitely knew that there was still a grandmother.

As she was thinking about this, she saw her father bend down and say to her face, "Yes, it's normal that you don't know her. After all, you've only seen your grandmother a few times."

Phew... So that was how it was.

Cherry heaved a sigh of relief and was delighted. "Okay!"

She liked Grandmother!

Like her great-grandmother, she would be a very gentle old lady. She would give her lots of gifts. Recently, Cherry had become the favorite of the Hunt Corporation.

At the thought of this, she said excitedly, "Daddy, I'll go change my clothes!"

Justin nodded.

He still had some work matters to settle, so he went to the study.

Cherry returned to her room and changed her clothes. The moment she went out, she saw Roger standing at the door. He was smiling at her with his eyes narrowed. "Pete, are you going out?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes, I'm going to see Grandmother!"

Roger suddenly smiled. "Pete, I remember that you didn't like to talk much in the past. Why are you talking so much now?"

Cherry tilted her head and said calmly, "Because I've recovered!"

Roger, "?"

Cherry took the opportunity to praise her mommy. "My daddy's girlfriend, who is also my mommy, cured my illness!"

Roger narrowed his eyes. "Your mommy?"

"Yes, it's Nora~ She's a great doctor!" Cherry started flattering her mother without hesitation. "Not only is she beautiful and kind, but she's also cool and brave. She's also very good-looking! Most importantly, my father wants to marry her!"

Roger, "..."

He did not take such a woman seriously. After all, no matter how powerful she was, how powerful could she be when she grew up in a small place like California?

He only said calmly, "You're so young. Have you ever thought that a stepmother would be very bad?"

Cherry, "?"

Roger continued to bewitch her. "You've heard of Snow White's story, right? The stepmother in that story is a witch. With a stepmother, you'll also become Snow White. Then, you'll be in trouble!"

Cherry pursed her lips.

Roger: "If your stepmother gives birth to a younger brother with your father, your position as the leader will no longer be needed. Have you thought about the consequences?"

If Justin was not married, his status on the board would be lighter.

After all, when measuring a person, one would look at their career and family. When Roger heard that he had a girlfriend, his first reaction was to stop him.

Even if he could not stop him, the seed of hatred that had been planted in Pete's heart would still slowly germinate in the future.

If there was a conflict between Justin's wife and Pete, he would definitely be unable to take care of himself. Perhaps there would be a loophole in his control of the company and he could take advantage of it!

His imagination was running wild. He even felt that any five-year-old would be on guard when they heard this. Indeed, the child in front of him was already deep in thought.

Cherry frowned slightly, her smile turning into a little bun. "Little brother? It should be fun, right? But Mommy definitely won't want to have another child!"

Roger was stunned. He sensed something. "Another?"

Cherry nodded. "Yes. My mommy has two... one child!"

Roger was even more stunned. "What? Your mommy had a child? Who did she have it with? How old is that child? A boy or a girl?"

Cherry said, "She's a beautiful, cute, quick-witted, and adorable little princess. She's like a flower in everyone's eyes~"

Roger, "!!"

It seemed like that woman had bewitched Pete a lot. Otherwise, why would he praise that little girl like this?

No, he had to tell the Old Madam!

When he thought of this, it was as if he had found a pillar of support. He walked straight to the Old Madam.

Cherry skipped over to Justin. The two of them then took a car to the villa and saw Iris.

As soon as they entered, Iris's eyes landed on Cherry. Her eyes lit up. "Pete, you're here?"

Cherry looked at her curiously. Her big grape-like eyes were filled with curiosity. When she realized that this grandmother was different from her great-grandmother, with no wrinkles on her face, she was instantly as excited

as a little butterfly. She jumped into Iris's arms and called out sweetly, "Grandmother!"

Iris froze.

After being cold for so many years, she suddenly hugged the small and soft Cherry. It reminded her of how she had hugged Justin back then, and her heart suddenly softened.

The cold expression that had always been on Justin's face subconsciously disappeared, and his lips curled into a smile. "Yes."

Justin looked at her.

Her smile was just like when he was young. Every time he returned home after school, she would always wait for him gently at home...

But later, she had chased her father away and moved out.

Justin lowered his eyes.

At this moment, Iris said, "Tina said that you have an unreliable girlfriend and are planning to get married?"

Justin, "?"

He paused and frowned. He was about to speak when Iris suddenly said, "I won't care if you have a girlfriend, but if you get married, can you wait another five years?"

Justin's words suddenly paused as anger suddenly rose in his heart. He asked, "Why?"

Of course, it was to give Pete more room to grow.

When Pete turned 10 years old, learned about good and evil, and had his own thoughts, he would at least be able to protect himself before pursuing his own happiness.

However, Iris would not say those words.

She only said coldly, "If you get married, there will be a lot of trouble. I don't want to bother about it. Besides, you're only 25 years old this year. It's the

time to be impulsive. You might have been bewitched by a vixen outside. When you're 30 years old, if you still like her, it won't be too late to get married!"

Justin suddenly clenched his fists.

Vixen?

Was this how she saw the woman he liked?

He sneered. "You make it sound like you've managed me all these years. Since you haven't, then don't bother."

He lowered his eyes to hide the coldness in them. The mole at the corner of his eye exuded the same coldness and distance as Iris. "Besides, I'm already old. You don't have to worry about me anymore."

With that, he extended his hand to Cherry. "Pete, let's go."

Cherry looked at her beautiful grandmother and then at her father.

Thinking of the beautiful grandmother's words, she looked at Justin hesitantly. In the end, she broke free from Iris's embrace and walked to Justin.

Justin bent down and picked her up before saying respectfully, "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave first."

Iris didn't say anything.

Justin added, "Also, if I get married in the future, I'll bring her to see you. You'll like her. Of course, you can also dislike her because you've never liked anyone, right?"

After saying this, he turned around and left.

After the sound of the car disappeared at the door, Mrs. Landis walked toward Iris. Her voice couldn't help but tremble. "Ma'am, why... why are you doing this? After so many years, your relationship with Young Master has finally eased a little. Why are you arguing again..."

Iris sighed deeply. "That's good."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris looked at the sky. "The worse our relationship is, the less trouble we'll cause him."

Mrs. Landis sighed again and asked, "Then should we investigate that Nora?"

Iris shook his head. "No need."

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

Iris said hesitantly, "The woman he likes could not be a bad person. Besides, even if we investigate, it's useless. His personality is still the same as when he was young. He won't turn back once he has decided on something."

Seeing her pitiful state, Mrs. Landis couldn't help but sigh deeply. She took a step forward and held her shoulder. "Ma'am, it has been hard on you all these years."

"What's there to be bitter about? It's all the role of a mother. It's worth it for the child."

Iris stood up and walked to the greenhouse.

Mrs. Landis stood outside the door and looked at the greenhouse quietly.

Ma'am was like this. The more upset she was, the calmer she looked. Every time she was troubled, she liked to water the flowers.

She had already watered the Inkland pot twice, but she did not notice it at all.

—

On the way back to the Hunts, the more Justin thought about it, the angrier he became.

Many years ago, Iris and his father had a marriage change.

At that time, his grandfather was so angry that he kicked his father out of the house, leaving behind Iris and him.

He did not know who was right and who was wrong. At that time, he was young, but when he grew up, all traces of his childhood had been wiped away. He could not find anything at all.

Moreover, both Iris and his father said that Iris didn't love his father anymore.

She had used him to threaten his father and grandfather. If his grandfather kept her, he would have to chase his father away. If he kept his father, she would leave the Hunts with him.

At that time, his grandfather had high hopes for him. He was only five years old but his grandfather had already determined his IQ. Therefore, he had chosen him and Iris without hesitation.

When he grew up, he realized that there was no absolute right or wrong in a marriage. Moreover, his father had spent the rest of his life with another woman while his mother was growing old alone in this small villa.

Whether his mother was right or wrong, he did not care.

However, he could not understand why his mother had to leave even after his father had left.

Didn't she say she would stay?

When he went to look for Iris when he was young, she was always cold and even hated him. Not long after he came, she would chase him away.

He could not feel any motherly love from her.

When Justin thought of this, he lowered his eyes and sighed.

Even if his mother was not good, she was still his mother.

Therefore, all of this could not be blamed on her. Only the real culprit could be blamed.

At this thought, he picked up his phone and called Sean. "I don't want to see that Dr. York again in New York."

Sean was stunned for a moment, but then he realized something and answered, "Yes!"

After hanging up, Justin's mood finally relaxed a little.

Then, he remembered that Miss Smith was a celibate when it came to marriage. It was very troublesome.

How could he lie to that woman and register their marriage?

While he was deep in thought, the car had already arrived at the Hunts.

As they entered, the butler walked over. "Sir, Old Madam wants you to go over."

Justin, "??"

What was going on today?

They were all looking for him?

He asked, "What happened?"

The butler lowered his head. "Young Master Roger is with the Old Madam."

He must have said something bad again.

Since that was the case, he should not let Cherry go in case she harbors a bad impression of the child.

Justin got someone to take Cherry back before going to the Old Madam's room.

As soon as he entered, he called out, "Grandmother."

The Old Madam frowned, her voice trembling. "Justin, I heard that you found a woman who has already given birth? You, why are you so muddled?! How can such a person be worthy of you?!"

Justin lowered his eyes and glanced at Roger. "You heard?"

Roger instantly put on an obedient look. "Big Brother, I'm doing this for your own good. There are so many women outside. Every socialite in New York wants to marry you. Why are you being charmed by such a woman? She had a child before. Do you want such a secondhand woman?"

A fierce look flashed across Justin's eyes. "Coincidentally, I also have a child. Then am I also a second-hand man?"

Roger instantly smiled. "Big Brother, don't joke around. How can a man and a woman be the same... Moreover, if you marry her, won't the Hunts be

laughed at by others? They'll say that you picked up someone else's broken shoes. Moreover, you'll even help her raise another man's daughter..."

Justin sneered. "Who said we're helping her raise another man's daughter?"

Roger was taken aback. "What?"

Justin glanced at him.

He hadn't brought Pete and Nora back home yet, so he mustn't let Roger know that the two children look just like each other. Otherwise, given how intelligent he was, he would quickly realize that Cherry was a fake.

He would make trouble for Nora when that happened. It would be terrible if he accidentally hurt the two of them.

The moment he thought of that, though, Justin suddenly recalled that Nora was the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Should Roger really send someone to take Pete's life, he reckoned that he would probably be the one to end up injured instead.

Regardless, this was ultimately still a lot of trouble, and that woman hated trouble the most.

He coughed and refrained from answering.

As for Roger, he seemed to understand something after he processed Justin's words. "Are you saying that she's not going to bring her child with her when she marries you? So, the child will stay with the Andersons instead? This isn't a question of a single child or of money; after all, how much money can a little girl spend? Justin, the fundamental problem here is that woman... C'mon, Grandma, talk to him!"

The elderly Mrs. Hunt frowned. She disapproved of this marriage an awful lot, but even so, she couldn't just embarrass Justin in front of Roger. Thus, she said, "These are Justin's household affairs. Why don't you leave for now?"

Roger nodded and left the room.

After he left, the old lady stretched out her finger and jabbed Justin. "You... Are you really going to marry that woman?"

Justin heaved a sigh. His tone became more intimate and he said, "Grandma, it's still too early to talk about marriage!"

Mrs. Hunt was surprised. "Huh? What do you mean? I knew you're just fooling around and aren't serious about her... Are you just dating her out of novelty..."

Justin's face twitched a little. He hurriedly interrupted her and said, "No, it's because I'm still trying to court her."

The elderly Mrs. Hunt, "..."

Justin sighed. "She isn't interested in me."

"..."

Mrs. Hunt felt like she had just heard the biggest joke in the world. Utterly stunned, she rebutted, "There's actually a woman in New York who isn't interested in you?"

Her grandson was well-known for having a high IQ and was very outstanding in every aspect. Added to this his good looks, the daughters of all the wealthy families flocked to him, despite the fact that he already had a child.

Over the years, there was no lack of people who came to her to secretly or overtly ask about his marriage matters, recommend potential candidates, or even recommend themselves!

Even that girl from the Smiths... was interested in him.

The Hunts and the Smiths were actually originally a good match for each other.

It was just a shame that the girl from the Smiths was an adopted daughter... Otherwise, they would have matched each other pretty well, since both youngsters were outstanding. Of course, these were all just her own opinions. She had also asked her grandson for his opinion back then, but unfortunately, he wasn't interested in her.

But now, there was actually someone who wasn't interested in her grandson?

Was she just playing hard to get, or was she really not interested in him?

Mrs. Hunt immediately dispelled one of the two possibilities the moment she thought of them. There was no way her grandson would fail to realize if she were just playing hard to get.

He was even better at reading people than her these days!

This piqued the old lady's curiosity. "That makes me so curious about that young missy. Bring her home and let me have a look someday!"

Justin nodded. "No problem."

After Justin left, the old lady suddenly got someone over and instructed, "Get someone to look into Nora Smith."

"Yes, ma'am."

The old lady frowned.

Although her grandson's happiness was important, the Hunts' honor was also very important!

Even if that woman was great, the fact that she had given birth to another man's child would still be her dark past and would cause her to be mocked and laughed at for a lifetime.

She wasn't optimistic about the two of them.

Therefore, she intended to look for an opportunity to meet Ms. Smith and her daughter.

—

Meanwhile, at the villa in the suburbs.

Nora was leaning on the sofa and nodding off. Next to her, Tanya had already taken Pete upstairs.

She had already tidied up the three bedrooms upstairs during the last few days. Apart from the master bedroom meant for herself, for the other two rooms, she turned one into a room for boys, and the other into one for girls.

She took Pete into the room for boys and asked, "Do you like it?"

Pete looked at the room, which was decorated fully in blue. The bed was even a Captain America-themed one. The boy, who was rendered a little speechless, replied, "How childish."

Tanya curled her lip disdainfully. "You're too precocious for your age, boy! What is your room decor like at the Hunts'?"

Pete replied, "It's decorated in black, white, and gray tones, which are classier. I'll take you there someday..."

He suddenly paused at this point.

... Because it suddenly occurred to him that the tyrant had already changed his room decor to Cherry's tastes instead!

The whole room was pink!!

The corners of Pete's lips spasmed a little. Then, he asked, "Who is this room for?"

Tanya's eyes looked a little lost but were also determined. She answered, "It's for my son!"

Pete, "?"

He was taken aback. "Do you have a son?"

Tanya hesitated for a moment before she replied, "It may also be a daughter, so I've also set up a girl's room. When Cherry is back, I will ask her if she likes it or not."

She would definitely find her child!

And once she did, the child would immediately have their own room!

She wanted to give her child all the maternal love that she owed all these years.

The thought had only just formed when her cell phone rang. When she answered the call, Joel's voice came from the other side.

"It's me."

Tanya's attitude turned cold. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Joel kept quiet for a while before he finally said, "My daughter wants to learn to dance. I wonder if it's convenient for Ms. Turner to—"

"No, it's not."

Tanya hung up without any hesitation.

Next to her, Pete was speechless.

Knock, knock!

The sound of someone knocking suddenly came from the door.

Nora, who was sleeping on the sofa, was awakened by the noise. She rubbed her eyes and got onto her feet. When she opened the door, Mrs. Landis immediately grabbed her hand and said, "Ma'am is in a bad mood today, Ms. Smith. She looked like she got along well with you when she was chatting with you earlier today. Can you spend some time with her and talk to her?"

Nora, "?"

She was about to reply when Mrs. Landis heaved a sigh. She said, "Ma'am got into an argument with her son. She's really having a hard time. She is obviously afraid that the young master's son will suffer if he remarries, yet she couldn't tell him anything, which causes him to misunderstand her all the time. After the two quarreled again today, Ma'am has been spacing out in the greenhouse for a whole day now, and she refuses to eat or drink. What should I do?"

Nora, "..."

Just like that, Mrs. Landis dragged and pulled her next door. Sure enough, she spotted Iris sitting in a daze in the greenhouse.

Since I'm already here, I'll just talk to her a little, Nora thought.

But what should she talk about?

What a headache...

She stepped into the greenhouse. She was about to speak when Iris spotted her. A smile blossomed on her sorrowful countenance at once. "You're here, Ms. Smith. I have no idea why, either, but I just feel so happy and find you so likable the moment I see you. Maybe it's because you're good-looking."

Nora, "..."

Iris went on. "We're already meeting for the third time, so that makes us friends, right? But I don't even know your name. Can you tell me what your name is?"

Nora was about to answer when Iris went on.

"Do you know how my pot of A Glimpse of Blood came about? It was actually my son who gave it to me on my birthday... I know he did it so that I could pour all my sentiments into the flowers, but what he doesn't know is that I actually didn't have any love for orchids in the past. I found gardening really annoying, but in order to take care of that pot of flowers, I bought a lot of orchids to learn and gain some experience. Over the years, I've killed a lot of orchids while trying to take care of them. I still remember that the first pot of flowers I killed was..."

Nora: "..."

She shut up and listened quietly.

She knew that what Iris needed at the moment was a listener—she needed to vent some of her emotions.

She talked about a lot of things, and Nora gazed at her seriously.

She didn't find her annoying. After all, she simply couldn't bring herself to be annoyed when faced with such a lovely visage. She could look at her all day without any issues.

Iris spoke mostly about bits and pieces of her life with her son. Through her words, Nora more or less got to know what kind of situation she was in.

For some reason, she and her son were living separately.

In addition, they weren't on very good terms with each other, and her son seldom visited her. She realized this because she only spoke about how her son grew up, but never about how they spent time together.

Iris talked for a whole two hours. At last, her throat became parched, and Mrs. Landis brought them some fruit tea. She took a sip and said hoarsely, "Would you dislike me for being so long-winded, Ms. Smith? It's been a really long time since I've spoken this much."

"... No, I won't. Feel free to go on," replied Nora.

Iris, "..."

She had never seen such a quiet and beautiful girl with such a casual attitude before. In particular, whenever she mentioned how she had accidentally killed an orchid, Nora would always chime in with a sentence or two, and teach her methods that she could've used to save the flowers at that time...

She also learned a lot about taking care of orchids during the chat.

The more they chatted, the better they got along with each other. At last, Iris suggested, "I find that we simply hit it off very well, Ms. Smith. Why don't we become a sworn family?"

Iris was about to suggest taking her as her goddaughter when Nora replied, "Sure, God-sis."

Iris, "?"

She was stunned for a moment. Then, she burst into laughter and said, "I'm almost fifty. How can you call me God-sis?"

Nora was taken aback for a moment. She looked at the charming and pretty visage in front of her—the years didn't seem to have left any marks on her face. She couldn't help but say, "You look too young."

Needless to say, Iris was delighted at the compliment. She touched her cheek and said, "You're also very young, aren't you? Are you twenty yet?"

Nora laughed. "My son is already five this year."

... Son?

Iris was dumbfounded. “But you’re so young! Yet you already have a son?!”

Nora nodded.

Iris asked, “Where is he?”

Nora nodded at Villa No. 10 with her chin and answered, “He’s at my friend’s.”

Iris got up at once. “Really? Why don’t you take me to him? As his god... aunt, I should visit him, too!”

Nora, “...”

She thought of how Pete kept trying to hide, and knew right away that he might know the lady in front of her, and didn’t wish to meet with her just yet. Thus, she said, “Forget it. He’s shy.”

Iris didn’t force it, either. “Alright. I’ll let you meet my son the next time you’re here, God-sis!”

Nora smiled and got up. “Sure. It’s getting late, I have to go back.”

Iris sent her off.

When the two reached the door, Nora suddenly stood still and looked back at her. She said, “Sis, sometimes, what matters the most between two people is actually trust. You may be protecting your son in your way, but what if your son doesn’t need you to protect him anymore?”

Iris froze in place, stunned.

The girl in front of her was simply so perceptive. She hadn’t mentioned even a word about what had led to the current situation at all, but only talked briefly about how she interacted with her son, yet she had actually guessed it!

She stared at Nora blankly.

Nora lowered her gaze, nodded at her, and left.

Iris balled up her fists tightly as she stared at the girl’s thin and frail form.

At some point, Mrs. Landis came up behind her and said, “Ms. Smith is right, Ma’am... You have already made such sacrifices for so many years. It’s time

to tell Mr. Justin the truth! He now oversees the Hunts, and is no longer the boy who needed your protection back then...”

A dazed Iris turned around and looked at Mrs. Landis. In the end, she heaved a sigh. “Even if I tell him now, would he be willing to believe me?”

Mrs. Landis was stunned.

In order to keep her distance from Justin, Iris had always treated him very coldly and distantly for the past two decades.

How could two decades of estrangement possibly be easily explained with just a few words?

Mrs. Landis sighed.

Iris turned and went back to the room. “I’ve already spent more than twenty years like this. Why bother creating trouble for him now?”

Mrs. Landis stayed silent for a long time as she stared at Iris from the back.

To be honest, Ma’am also yearned for Justin’s forgiveness, didn’t she?

It was just that she wasn’t willing to tell him about it, nor did she know how to. In fact, she had already become accustomed to speaking coldly over the years and didn’t know how to speak warmly to anyone anymore.

Mrs. Landis lowered her head.

—

Nora brought Pete into the car after she returned to Tanya’s.

Tanya saw the two of them off reluctantly. “Don’t go, guys. This place is so big, but I’m the only one here... I’m scared.”

Nora raised her brows. “How about coming to the Andersons’ with us, then?”

Tanya, “?”

She had officially moved in today, why would she move out again and follow them back?

The corners of her lips spasmed a little, and she finally let go of the car door. She looked at Nora and said, "Damn, you're so heartless! Besides, what's so good about the Andersons' that you simply have to go back?"

Nora yawned. "The bed there is pretty good."

"..."

After seeing the two of them off, a very resentful Tanya went back to her villa.

After watching Tanya enter the villa in the rearview mirror, Pete finally asked, "Mommy, how was your chat with Gr... with the lady living next door?"

Grandma was really weird. Surely she didn't bully Mommy, right?

As soon as he thought so, Nora replied, "Well, we hit it off really well. We are now god-sisters, so she's your god-aunt from now on."

Pete was full of question marks when he heard her: ????

How did Grandma become his aunt?!

What had happened between Mommy and Grandma?!

While Pete was filled with self-doubt, the car returned to the Andersons'.

After parking, Nora got out of the car with her cell phone. She completely ignored Pete at the back, who was hopping off the tall car and then tiptoeing to close the door.

She was replying to her newly-gained god-sister's text message: 'I am home.'

Iris: 'Good to know you got home safely. I'm very happy to meet you.'

Nora paused.. Then, she suddenly smiled and wrote: 'By the way, my name is Nora Smith.'

In the villa in the suburbs.

Mrs. Landis was in the midst of dinner preparations when she suddenly heard a scream from the upper floor, which made her hands tremble and she almost cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

She rushed upstairs with the kitchen knife and asked nervously, “What’s the matter, Ma’am? What’s the matter?”

Iris, who was resting on the recliner, sat upright as she stared at her cell phone incredulously. When she saw Mrs. Landis come in, the dazed woman asked, “Earlier today, what did Tina York say Justin’s girlfriend’s name was?”

“You know, Nora Smith!” Mrs. Landis replied.

Iris swallowed hard as she looked back down at the text message—the five words ‘my name is Nora Smith’ were displayed there clearly.

She rubbed her eyes. When she saw the five words again, she couldn’t help but let out another scream. “Ahhh!”

Mrs. Landis received another huge shock. She shivered and said, “Oh my goodness, my precious Ma’am, please don’t scare me anymore! I’m already old, so I can’t take shocks anymore! What’s the matter?”

Iris lifted her head and looked at Mrs. Landis weakly. “Mrs. Landis, I... I... I think I’m in trouble!”

Mrs. Landis, “?”

Iris asked, “If I tell you that the girl whom Justin has fallen in love with—the one that Tina York says has been pestering him—is the same Ms. Smith whom we were talking to today, would you believe me?”

Mrs. Landis, “???”

Mrs. Landis thought of Nora’s indifferent attitude and the aura around her, and she shook her head.

After being Iris’s follower for so many years, she had long since learned to read people and identify them.

Ms. Smith was no ordinary person. There was no doubt that she was a very impressive person!

It was clear that she and Iris were no ordinary people, and everyone else was dying to be of help to them. However, when she had gone over to ask Ms. Smith to talk to Iris, she had been reluctant to!

Mrs. Landis shook her head. "I don't believe it."

Iris nodded. "I don't believe it, either."

Mrs. Landis asked, "By the way, ma'am, didn't Ms. Smith say today that she has a son?"

"Yes, that's right." Iris said, "The Nora Smith that Tina York mentioned only has a daughter. She doesn't have a son. So..."

Mrs. Landis said cautiously, "What if the name Nora Smith has become very popular? After all, it's neither a particularly uncommon name nor an obscure last name."

Iris hesitated. "Is that so?"

Not many people named their daughters Nora these days, right? No, wait. Perhaps Tina had meant Norah? Or Noreen?

Iris comforted herself. At last, she said, "If we want to know whether she's really the one or not, the next time we invite Ms. Smith over, we can also ask Justin to come over. This way, we'll know for sure, right?"

Mrs. Landis nodded. "Yes, that's right. She's your god-sister anyway, so it doesn't matter!"

Iris breathed a sigh of relief.

Nora, who had absolutely no idea that Iris was in an internal struggle the whole night, went upstairs with Pete after she returned to the Andersons'.

After washing up, the two of them happily fell asleep on the bed.

The night passed peacefully.

The next day, Nora again slept until the sun was up before she finally woke up. She had only just stretched and gone downstairs leisurely when she spotted the elderly Mrs. Anderson and Melissa sitting solemnly on the sofa in the living room. They looked up when they heard the door open. When they saw her, they got onto their feet at once. Melissa exclaimed, "You're finally up, Nora!"

Nora's voice still sounded a little nasal as she asked, "What's up?"

Mrs. Anderson and Melissa exchanged a look. At last, Melissa said solemnly, "Mrs. Hunt has invited you to the Hunts' manor! She has also requested that you bring Cherry along!"

Nora, "?"

She frowned and asked perplexedly, "Mrs. Hunt?"

Melissa nodded. "Yes, Justin's grandmother."

Nora knew who she was, of course.

After all, she was the one who had cured that old lady's illness!

Nora was just very puzzled. "What is she asking me to go over for?"

As soon as she said that, Melissa gazed at her gravely and asked, "Come over here, Nora. I have something I want to ask you. Please answer me seriously."

Nora went downstairs, shuffled over, and sat opposite Melissa and Mrs. Anderson. "What is it?"

Melissa took a deep breath and asked cautiously, "You and Justin... Are the two of you..."

She held up two fingers, drew them together a couple of times, and went on. "... dating?"

"... No, we're not!"

However, her cell phone rang at this point.

She looked down to see that 'Mr. Narcissist' was calling. She picked up the call and subconsciously said, "What can I do for you, Mr. Hunt?"

The man on the other end of the call spoke in a low and deep voice. "Nothing much. I just wanted to ask you out on a date, that's all, Ms. Smith."

Nora, "?"

She was a little surprised. "A date?"

“That’s right. Didn’t I make a promise to you the other day? We have to go on dates more frequently, so that I don’t keep on making you take the initiative to approach me under the guise of visiting Pete. In this regard, men should take the initiative, shouldn’t they?”

“ ... ”

Nora asked reluctantly, “Where? And when?”