

Chapter 236 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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 237 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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 238 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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 239 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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 240 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

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?”