

Chapter 271 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Joel ignored him and went into the ward instead. A short while later, he took some of Ian's hair with the follicles attached and handed them to Nora.

Before Nora could say anything, Joel added, "I took the samples myself."

Nora: "..."

Nora coughed and nodded. Then, with the DNA samples, she got ready to leave with Justin. She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly looked at Joel and said, "I can cure him."

Joel kept quiet for a long while.

It had also been the Andersons' Carefree Pills that were able to prolong his life back then. Although the Myerses had claimed that the medicine was theirs, he had already found out the truth a long time ago.

But he knew that Ian would definitely refuse to take them if he knew the medicine was from the Andersons, so he had kept it from him all this time.

Nora was saying that she could cure him...

Joel shook his head. "Uncle Ian won't let you."

Nora's very existence was proof of Yvette's betrayal and was a thorn in Ian's heart. How would he possibly allow Nora to treat his illness?

Nora didn't insist. She turned and started to walk out.

She had only taken a couple of steps when she suddenly sensed something. Her head whipped to the side to see that Quentin had started following beside her at some point.

Nora raised her eyebrows, but before she could say anything, Quentin had already spoken. He said, "Don't be narcissistic. I'm not protecting you because I like you but because I have to complete the task I was given. Besides, I'm duty-bound to protect all the Smiths!"

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said, "... I don't need you to protect me."

Quentin was surprised. "What's wrong with me?"

Nora looked him up and down. He was so skinny, how strong could he possibly be?

Quentin understood the look in her eyes. He became even more arrogant.. He lifted his chin and said, "Do you know? There are fewer than five people in all of New York who can beat me! Apart from the two martial arts masters of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts, the former's Big Sister and the latter's Big Brother are the only ones I can't beat in a fight! I was the one who protected you when you were almost killed the other time. You'd better be nice to me, otherwise, I won't protect you anymore!"

Nora fell silent for a moment upon hearing his words.

Justin, who was watching from the side, couldn't hold himself back, and he chuckled softly.

His little Nora simply had too many secret identities. She didn't want to reveal even a single one. Once she told Quentin that she was the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister, would he become her... fan?

The three left the hospital. Nora got in the car and went back to the Andersons'.

Quentin didn't follow her, but Nora knew that he was definitely somewhere nearby. Should she meet with danger, he would definitely rush over immediately.

This inexplicable feeling of being protected by someone else sure was...

By the time she returned to the Andersons', Lily had already sent someone over to personally bring the samples abroad for a DNA test. After all, her little laboratory was located overseas.

After seeing the person off, she went upstairs. When she found that Cherry was already asleep, she got onto the bed gently, hugged Cherry, and fell asleep happily.

When she went downstairs after waking up the next day, she saw Melissa, Simon, Mrs. Anderson, and even Sheena. The few of them were sitting on the sofa with solemn looks on their faces.

A puzzled Nora went downstairs. When Mrs. Anderson saw her, she sighed and asked, "Nora, are you going to move to the Smiths' residence?"

Nora: "?"

She raised her eyebrows and looked at Mrs. Anderson in confusion.

Mrs. Anderson sighed. "It's okay even if you move there. That's the way it should be. After all, your father is there... I'm just worried that you'll have a hard time after you move there."

Nora knew that Mrs. Anderson was reluctant to part with her. After all, she looked almost just like Yvette. Mrs. Anderson thought of the daughter she was the proudest of every time she saw her, right?

With that in mind, she replied, "I probably won't move to the Smiths' for the time being."

Mrs. Anderson's eyes lit up at once. "Really?"

Nora nodded.

Her words, however, took Melissa by surprise. "Why not? Didn't Ian already acknowledge you right there and then?"

Nora had returned too late the night before, so she hadn't told them what had happened yet. She touched her nose and said, "You may be mistaken, Aunt Melissa. My father is not Ian."

Melissa: "???"

She was dumbfounded. "Your father isn't Ian? Then why did he acknowledge you as a Smith yesterday? Is he planning to take you as his god-daughter? That... shouldn't be, right? He has been treating Yvette like a taboo all these years. Not only has he never visited us, but he also never appears at any events the Andersons go to..."

Nora said, "... They said that my father is Ian's elder brother, Ryan Smith."

"Him?"

"That's impossible!"

Melissa and Sheena's voices rang out at the same time, and both of them looked at her in shock.

Melissa's reaction was considered normal—she was just surprised. However, Sheena's sudden sensitivity was such that Nora couldn't help but cast a few more glances at her.

Sheena clenched her fists. "It can't be him!"

"Why?" asked Nora.

"Because... because..."

Sheena stammered, unable to give a reason. In the end, she insisted, "In any case, it just can't be him!"

Nora frowned.

Sheena's eyes became evasive.

Melissa asked, "Why did they say that?"

Nora replied, "They produced a DNA test report done for Ian and me. It says that we are uncle and niece."

Everyone: "..."

Mrs. Anderson smacked her thigh. "What a sin! Why would Yvette possibly two-time? If she liked Ryan, then why mess with Ian? And end up like that!"

Her eyes were red.

Sheena said, "Even if they are uncle and niece, her father may not necessarily be Ryan. Ian has so many brothers, who knows if she's someone else's daughter instead..."

But after speaking, she sneered, "But no matter whose daughter you are, you are living proof that your mother betrayed Ian! Don't be fooled by how Joel is the head of the Smiths now. Ian has been in power for so many years, he's not someone to be messed with at all! Joel listens to him 100% of the time. After giving it some thought, I think there are two reasons why he publicly acknowledged you as a Smith."

After she changed the subject, the rest stopped fixating on the issue about Ryan but looked at her instead.

Sheena had always been a career woman. She had been active in the world of commerce for many years and was relatively perceptive about a lot of things. She said, "Firstly, all the Smiths are protective of their own. Since you're part of the Smiths, they will never allow outsiders to bully you. Of course, this doesn't stop Ian from detesting you. Secondly, I reckon the Smiths did it so that they can form a political marriage with the Hunts."

Realization suddenly dawned upon Melissa. "That makes sense. Originally, Yvonne Smith was supposed to marry Justin, but now that he has chosen Nora, bringing her back into the family won't affect the relationship between the two families."

Every decision that the rich and powerful made had its subsequent meaning and purpose. They were by no means simple.

Nora raised her eyebrows but did not speak.

Instead, she was pondering over why Sheena had said that it was impossible for Ryan to be her father.

Did she know something?

While she was wondering about it, Sheena looked at her again. She said, "No matter what, the Smiths will definitely do some surface-level work and give you some shares and money when you get married. In that respect, they won't mistreat you. Neither will the Andersons. But I have something to tell you."

Her posture was straight, and the black tight-fitting outfit she was wearing made her look capable and shrewd.

Melissa interrupted her. "Sheena, Nora understands..."

Sheena sneered, "I haven't even said anything, yet you already know that she understands? Is she so delicate that no one can say anything about her?"

Her words made Melissa choke.

Sheena looked at Nora. “What I want to tell you is—since you and Justin are in a relationship, there are a few things that you must never touch!”

Nora knew that Sheena was saying all these for her sake, so she could only say politely, “Do tell.”

Based on the news about the Hunts that she had found out, Sheena said, “Justin’s mother lives in the suburbs. She’s said to be very difficult to get along with, so you’d best stay away from her and avoid making her angry. Otherwise, once Justin is caught between his mother and you, who knows who he would choose!”

Melissa nodded and echoed, “Nora, Sheena is right!”

... Could she say that she had already formed such a good relationship with the other party that they were now god-sisters?

Seeing that even Melissa had agreed with her, Sheena went on. “Also, you must treat Peter Hunt well after you marry him.”

Nora raised her brows.

Sheena said, “I know you’ll definitely want to have a son of your own with Justin so that he can fight for the position of the head of the family. However, we Andersons must rely on our own abilities. As long as he’s more outstanding, he can definitely achieve it, so don’t use those unsavory methods, that people use in the countryside, on Peter Hunt.”

Nora: “?”

Sheena sneered, “Those methods are just our mere leftovers. Don’t be fooled by the Hunts’ matriarch’s old age, and how she was glossing things over and defending you in front of outsiders at the party last night. She’s actually very shrewd and isn’t to be messed with. You have to maintain a good relationship with Justin’s son, get it?”

Before Nora could say anything, Melissa smiled and said, “You don’t have to worry about that! Because Peter Hunt is—”

Before she could finish, Sheena cut her off. “What do you mean by I don’t have to worry about that? She’s from the countryside, so she lacks foresight. Once she marries into the Hunts and becomes blinded by their wealth, in the

event she loses her mind and does something, it's the Andersons who will be implicated! Some things have to be said in advance so that her heart won't stray!"

Everyone was speechless.

Mrs. Anderson kept quiet for a while and said nothing.

Nora looked as indifferent as ever.

Melissa, whom she had interrupted, only smiled and said nothing upon hearing what she said.

Seeing how all three of them had such odd looks on their faces, Sheena could only ask, "What are all of you laughing at?"

Only then did Melissa reply, "It's nothing. I just wanted to say that the situation you mentioned won't arise at all—because Peter Hunt is also Nora's son."

"..."

Sheena was taken aback for a moment. "Of course, he's also her son once they are married. But you have to really treat him like your own. Everyone has feelings; if you treat him well, once he grows up, he'll still have a close relationship with you even if his real mother finds him..."

Melissa sighed. "That's not what I meant. What I mean is, Nora is Peter Hunt's real mother."

"..."

Sheena was stunned. She subconsciously said, "How can that be?"

Melissa explained, "Nora gave birth to a pair of boy-girl twins back then. One of them is Cherry, and the other is Peter Hunt. They have also acknowledged each other recently, just that they aren't married yet. We have no way of ensuring Cherry's safety here, that's why it wasn't publicly announced."

Sheena: "!!!"

She got up abruptly and looked at Nora incredulously. "So, Justin Hunt is the stray man that you slept with?"

Nora: "..."

Melissa's lip corners also spasmed.

Sheena was even more impressed by Nora now. "That must have been some sheer dumb luck! I knew there was no way you would catch Justin's eye. As it turns out, it's because of that!"

Everyone was speechless.

The few of them all fell silent. It was at this moment that a voice came from the door. "Sir, Ma'am. Mr. Smith is here."

Mr. Smith? Which Mr. Smith?

While they were wondering about it, they saw Joel walking in with his eyes narrowed.

All of them got up in unison when they saw him, just like how they behaved whenever they saw Justin. Simon stepped forward. "Mr. Smith? Why are you here?"

Joel looked at Nora. "I'm here to take her home."

Nora: "?"

She raised her eyebrows in confusion. "Home?"

Joel nodded. "Yes. The Smiths' residence is your home."

Then, he added, "These are Uncle Ian's instructions. After all, you and Justin have already publicly announced your relationship, and the Smiths have also acknowledged you. If you don't move to the Smiths', outsiders will definitely speculate."

Nora: "..."

Just as she was about to refuse, Joel said, "Besides, the Smiths' security system is also better."

Security system...

Nora fell silent for a brief moment.

To be honest, now that Justin had publicly revealed her identity, there was no doubt that she was already in the public eye. The words that her mother had left her echoed in her ears: ‘... Stay mediocre and avoid being in the limelight. Otherwise, your life will be in danger!’

Originally, she hadn’t believed it. However, when someone stole her hair and almost stabbed her to death at the medical university, she had immediately realized that there were indeed people watching her and itching to act.

She wasn’t afraid.

She could deal with them even if they sent a few more people.

But what about Cherry?

Cherry was already in great danger at the moment. Although Quentin was protecting them, it was still very dangerous at the Andersons’ at night.

But if she went to the Smiths, things would be different.

Besides, she could also look for an opportunity to treat Ian’s illness...

After thinking about it, Nora said, “Okay, I’ll go with you.”

She didn’t want to give Cherry to Justin. If both children were to stay with Justin, she wouldn’t have any chance of escaping in the future.

In that case, her only option was to go to the Smiths’. She could also take a look at what kind of person Ryan was along the way, and determine whether he really was her father or not.

Mrs. Anderson didn’t expect that Nora would agree to leave when she had only just said that she wouldn’t a while ago. For a moment, she couldn’t quite bear to part with her.

Surprisingly, it was Melissa who grabbed her arm and said, “Mom, you mustn’t stop her.”

Mrs. Anderson was taken aback. “But Ian’s attitude toward her...”

Melissa sighed. “Mom, no matter what kind of attitude Ian takes toward Nora, she is still a daughter of the Smiths. For Nora’s sake, let her go to the Smiths. This way, she’ll marry as a Smith in the future. At least to outsiders, her status

would be on par with Justin's. But if she doesn't go to the Smiths, the Andersons... have really become down-and-out after so many years!"

Melissa had never been one to believe in talk about families having to be good matches with each other when it came to marriage. Otherwise, she wouldn't have married into the down-and-out Andersons back when she was still a Wood. However, she was worried that Nora would suffer injustice.

Besides, this was Nora's choice. She must have her own reasons, too.

She mustn't stop the children from building a life of their own.

After saying that, she went upstairs with Nora to help her pack her things.

Nora's belongings were very simple. She only had a few pieces of clothing. It was instead Cherry's clothes that she had a lot to pack.

Seeing how Melissa was stuffing clothes into the suitcase, Nora said, "You don't have to pack them all in. We can still wear them when we come back and stay here once in a while."

The moment she said that, Melissa suddenly said, "Oh, that's right. We're all in New York, so you'll still be able to come back."

After speaking, Melissa wiped the corners of her eyes while Nora was not paying attention.

She got up, held Nora's hand, and said, "Nora, although we haven't spent much time together, I have always treated you as my daughter. Even though you're leaving with Joel and going to the Smiths, you don't have to feel restrained. Just do whatever you have to do. No matter what happens, just be yourself!"

"... Okay."

She was rather moved.

Apart from Aunt Irene who had treated her a little better than others, no one had ever treated her so intimately before.

She could see a mother in Melissa. It felt as if all mothers in the world should be as calm and elegant as her.

She suddenly reached over and gave Melissa a hug.

Melissa patted her on the back.

Nora separated from her right after hugging her because she wasn't used to such intimate actions. The two exited the room and saw Simon standing outside.

In a voice that was neither too loud nor too soft but just enough for Joel to hear, he said, "Nora, this will always be your home, no matter what happens! You can come back anytime if you suffer any injustice!"

Simon said firmly, "The Andersons may not be comparable to the Smiths or the Hunts... but as long as Uncle Simon is still alive, you'll never go hungry!"

Joel raised his eyebrows when he heard him.

He knew that Simon was hinting to him that he mustn't bully Nora.

He looked down and said nothing.

Nora smiled. She was about to speak when her cell phone suddenly rang. She picked it up and took a look—it was Lily calling from overseas.

Was the DNA test report out?

Nora raised her eyebrows slightly and made a gesture of picking up the call and walked to the balcony at the side.

As soon as the call connected, Lily's tired voice came through. "Anti, the report is out."

Nora lowered her eyes and said coldly, "What's the result?"

Lily replied in English, "Your relationship with Mr. Smith is indeed not that of a father and daughter. Your DNA is not close enough."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Uncle and niece?"

Lily replied, "Your DNA is a little off from that of a father and daughter. That's why the previous report compared the DNA match to that of an uncle and a niece. But it's impossible to determine if that's true. Can you find your father's DNA?"

Nora: "...No."

If she could find it, wouldn't she have sent it to her long ago?

Nora was a little disappointed. Just as she was about to hang up, Lily said hesitantly, "Anti, actually, it's not impossible that you and Mr. Smith are father and daughter."

Not impossible?

What kind of relationship was that?

Nora said, "Please elaborate."

Lily then said, "Do you remember the last time I told you that your intelligence and genes are different from ordinary people?"

Nora narrowed her eyes. "Yes, and?"

Lily said slowly, "The difference between you and Ian mostly comes from this part of your IQ genes. However, it might also be because your genes have mutated. Therefore, I said that you and Ian are very likely father and daughter. If you can find the DNA of the so-called father you're talking about now, we can verify it. I even feel that the matching rate might not be as high as yours and Ian's. Of course, if this is the case, it can also prove your relationship with Ian."

Nora frowned.

In other words, could she be Ian's daughter?

However, the problem was that she could not provide evidence. She could not possibly say that her genes had mutated, right? This was too unbelievable.

She lowered her eyes. "If I could get that so-called father's DNA, I wouldn't have let you test me and Mr. Smith."

Lily: "...That's right. Am I being silly?"

"Not totally."

Nora lowered her eyes slowly. "At least you let me know that there is another possibility."

Lily nodded. "Yes, you'd better go to the Smiths now and try to find a way to get your father's DNA, something that's still there even more than twenty years later."

Nora: "...For example?"

He had been gone for more than twenty years. Where could she get live DNA?

However, Lily said, "For example, from the wisdom teeth or milk teeth? Don't people keep those around after they're plucked out?"

Nora: "...That's a little disgusting."

"..."

"I'm hanging up."

After Nora hung up, she thought for a while and suddenly patted her head. She felt that she was so silly.

If she wanted to know who her father was, she could find out who had gone to California back then.

She raised an eyebrow and went downstairs.

Joel was waiting for her in the living room. At this moment, Cherry was talking to him adorably. "So Mia's father is my uncle. No wonder Mia is so cute like Cherry!"

Joel nodded. "Yeah."

Cherry said, "Uncle, you're so good-looking. You're the type my mommy and I like. You're harmless and beautiful!"

"..."

"By the way, Uncle, can I live with Mia after we go to the Smiths? I like Mia the most. Also, Brandon is my underling. Do you know that?"

Joel: "...Okay."

This child was so talkative!

As he was feeling conflicted, he saw Nora coming downstairs. He instantly heaved a sigh of relief and walked over to pick up her luggage. "Let's go."

Nora was not fearful at all because Joel was helping her carry her luggage. Instead, she followed behind him calmly. After the group of them went out, a secretary helped Joel take the luggage.

Joel coming to pick her up personally was giving Nora enough face.

An hour later, they finally arrived at the Smiths' residence.

Joel got out of the car. With the help of the servants at home, he took the lead and walked in front. He turned back to look at Nora and saw that after she got out of the car, she completely ignored Cherry.

On the other hand, Cherry jumped out of the car and skipped beside her while looking around. Her small eyes were like black grapes. There was no hint of the surprise she should have upon seeing the Smiths' manor. Instead, there was some admiration.

That's right. Justin's daughter must have lived in the Hunts for a period of time. She didn't look like a child who had not seen the world.

Unknowingly, Joel slowed down his footsteps and asked her, "Do you like it? How does the Smiths' house compare to the Hunts'?"

Cherry looked up and said, "More or less the same. But Dad prepared a princess room for me. Do you have one here?"

Joel: "!!"

A princess room... He didn't have it here!

After all, it was a last-minute decision to bring the two of them to the Smiths' residence.

However, when he met Cherry's big eyes, which were like black grapes, he coughed and said, "Yes, there will be."

Cherry: "Yeah! I'm not leaving then. Little Princess Lucy still wants me to play with her!"

Lucy?

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The royal family of the UK did have a little princess named Lucy. She was only five years old this year, but she was friends with Cherry?

One had to know that the UK was a country that valued blood relations the most. The aristocrats looked down on the commoners.

Therefore...

Joel glanced at Nora. This little cousin of his was not simple?

After Nora followed Joel into the Smiths, Joel brought her upstairs.

He found a relatively spacious guest room for her and instructed, "I was in a hurry to pick you up, so I'll have to trouble you to stay here for the time being. The room beside is being renovated. It'll be your boudoir."

Nora did not care about this. Moreover, the guest room was quite spacious. The important thing was that the bed was quite comfortable. She nodded. "Okay."

Seeing that she had no other thoughts, Joel left the living room and went to the office.

On the way, he received a call from Mia. "Dad, Cherry is here. Can I let her stay with me?"

Her daughter's room was a princess room, and the two children could stay there.

Joel agreed.

However, as soon as he arrived at the company, the company's Internet staff hurriedly found him. "Mr. Smith, our Internet has been hacked!"

Joel was taken aback. "Who hacked it?"

The manager of the Internet Department shook his head. "I don't know, but the other party has retrieved Mr. Ian's schedule from 25 years ago!"

25 years ago?

Where had Third Uncle been?

Joel followed the manager of the Internet Department into the secret room and saw Ian's schedule for the entire year 25 years ago.

Ever since Yvette left New York, Ian had been busy and almost never returned home. He would fly around outside every day and build up the business.

Actually, he was using work to numb himself.

However, the cities he had been to included foreign countries and major cities in the country. He had never been to California.

When Joel saw this clearly, he saw that the webpage had automatically changed to Ryan's itinerary. Only then did he realize that 25 years ago, Ryan had once reserved a ticket to California!

Joel: "??"

First, the hacker investigated Ian's whereabouts, and now, he was investigating Ryan's whereabouts... It went without saying who had hacked into the Smiths' system.

The corners of his mouth twitched. He felt that Mr. Hunt was really too free. He had really put in so much effort to confirm his girlfriend's identity.

After all, the Smiths' security system had been designed by the best. Other than the Hunts, no one else had the ability to hack in, right?

However, when he realized that the other party had only investigated this and had silently withdrawn, he simply did not pursue the matter. After all, the hacker had not peeked at their company's secrets.

At the Smiths.

After Nora investigated, she frowned even more.

Ryan had been to California, but Ian had not been to California in the year before she was born. Therefore, she couldn't possibly be Ian's child, right?

She sighed silently and exited the computer. Then, she looked around the guest room.

The guest room was a hundred square meters and was a private room. Apart from the master bedroom, there was the living room and study room. She packed her luggage and lay on the bed.

The soft bed was very comfortable, and she fell asleep unknowingly.

When she woke up, it was already dark.

She got up and stretched, then took out her phone and took a look. She realized that there were a few WeChat messages from Justin.

JH: "What are you doing? Have lunch together?"

JH: "Are you sleeping? Shall we eat together tonight?"

JH: "It's already 5 PM. Are you still sleeping?"

JH: "It's already 8 PM. Why aren't you awake yet?"

Nora: "..."

She yawned and replied: "I'm awake."

The other party replied instantly: "Shall we have supper together?"

Nora: "..."

She replied: "Just eat something. I'm busy."

JH: "What are you busy with?"

Nora: "I want to sleep after eating."

JH: "..."

After sending this message, Nora threw her phone aside and went out.

A few days ago, she had not slept for two days in order to refine medicine for Mrs. Hunt. Therefore, she must sleep more these few days.

The guest room was on the second floor. As they left and walked along the corridor, they heard voices in the dining room downstairs.

Yvonne was a little worried. “Warren, are you really not going to wake her up? She didn’t even eat dinner... Perhaps she feels embarrassed?”

Warren sneered. “Hmph, who cares if she eats or not! Who is she putting on airs for?! I thought she was Uncle Ian’s daughter and that we finally have a biological cousin. I didn’t expect her to be Uncle Ryan’s daughter! That’s too much! How can Uncle Ryan snatch Uncle Ian’s woman? Although this cousin is his biological daughter and is related by blood, I can’t like her!”

With that, the servant beside him said, “Then, Sir Warren, is there any food left in the kitchen?”

Yvonne lowered her eyes and said, “Of course. Warren, she has also come to our house and is our eldest miss. We definitely have to save her some food.”

Warren was indeed furious. “Who does she think she is? Yvonne, don’t worry. I definitely won’t distance myself from you just because she’s related to me by blood. In my heart, you’re the only sister I have!”

Yvonne sighed in relief.

Having grown up in this family, she knew better than anyone else how indulgent this family was to girls!

Not to mention how much her uncles from the previous generation doted on her, but even at this age, they were still desperately trying to have a baby girl.

The older brothers of this generation definitely had a sister complex!

Take the last time she attended the Hunts’ birthday banquet. Warren had bought the most expensive gown for her, not for his own wife.

Although she was not a biological daughter, her status in the family had always been number one.

No matter what, the best was hers.

Therefore, she was really afraid that because of Nora, who was related to her brothers by blood, she would lose her favor.

Hearing Warren’s words, she was relieved.

She sighed and comforted him again. “Warren, even so, since she has moved here, we can’t let her starve. We can’t throw the food away.”

Warren immediately said angrily, “You’re right. Even if a stray cat or dog comes to our house, it’s still a member of the Smiths. We definitely can’t let her starve.”

With that, he instructed the nanny in the most ruthless manner, “Go, save that portion of Australian lobster for her. There’s also top-grade steak. By the way, she might not like Western food. Prepare some bird’s nest porridge and little buns for her. I remember that our pan-fried buns are the best. Wrap them up for her too. When she wakes up, cook them. The freshly cooked ones are the best! Then let her choose. I want her to die from overeating!”

The nanny: ...

Yvonne: ...

Nora, who was preparing to go downstairs: ???

Yvonne’s expression changed. She had always known that her brother Warren did not know how to speak, and he would often say one thing but mean another. She clenched her fists tightly and lowered her eyes. “Warren that’s too much food. It won’t be good if it’s wasted.”

Warren hesitated for a moment. “She’s not a fool. Would she really eat them all? Forget it. I’ll leave some for her. I’ll see what she likes to eat and prepare them tomorrow.”

With that, he hurriedly clarified. “I’m not doing this for her good. I’m showing her how powerful Smiths are. I’m also showing her the delicacies of the Smiths so that she won’t wolf down the delicious food outside and lose our face!”

Yvonne: “...”

Warren did not think that he had said anything wrong. In his mind, he saw Nora wolfing down the cake at the Hunts’ banquet. At that time, Mr. Hunt had been watching from the side and his mouth had even twitched.

He must have been criticizing this girl in his heart for not being presentable!

How could he let anyone look down on the daughter of the Smiths?

As he was thinking about this, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately, a few people walked in with hot dishes.

The butler followed in. "Sir Warren, this is the supper Mr. Hunt had reserved for Miss Smith. He said that Miss Smith has already woken up and asked us to send it in."

Warren: ???

Nora, who was upstairs: ???

Looking at the huge plate of food, her lips twitched.

Justin, do you think I'm a pig?!

The dining table was quickly filled.

Warren also saw Nora, who was preparing to come downstairs.

He instantly straightened his back and raised his neck. He pretended not to look at her, but he kept paying attention to her from the corner of his eye.

If this person came over to greet him, he would definitely ignore her and tell her not to think that he would recognize her as a sister just because she called him Brother!

Uncle Ian controlled the entire family. Uncle Ian's family was the direct line of descent. The other brothers, including him, were all from the side family!

As for Nora, she was even further away!

After all, the hatred of snatching someone's wife was too intense!

Anyway, he was sent by his Uncle Ian. He would definitely not be coaxed by his sister!

Just as he was saying this to himself, he saw Nora walking down slowly from upstairs. She walked past him and went to the dining room without saying anything.

Warren: ???

Hey, was she blind? He was a living person. Can't she see him?

Warren was so angry that he wanted to go forward and argue, but Yvonne grabbed his hand. "Warren, you, don't lower yourself to her level..."

Warren snorted coldly. "I don't care about her. I'm just not full yet! Go to the kitchen and see what else is there to eat!"

Yvonne: "..."

Nora ignored the two of them. She could feel Yvonne's inexplicable hostility toward her. As for Warren... he had schemed against her in the Hunts. It was already good enough that she did not settle scores with him. How could she still greet him?

She sat at the dining table and was not picky about what she ate.

The food she ate was only for her to fill her stomach. Deliciousness was never within her considerations.

Seeing that she looked like the reincarnation of a hungry ghost as she wolfed down a plate of steamed crayfish, Warren couldn't help but feel indignant.

He entered the kitchen casually and took out the prepared Australian lobster. He placed it on the table and sighed. "This Australian lobster is too delicious!"

What was so good about the food sent by the Hunts? Was it better than the Smiths?

Hurry up and throw away that small lobster that does not have much meat. Come and try the Smiths' lobster! It's filled with meat!

Unfortunately, Nora acted as if she did not hear him. She took another plate of noodles and finished it in a few bites.

The way she ate was fast and plentiful, but the sound of her eating was very soft. Whatever it was, she stuffed it into her mouth in big bites and chewed quickly before swallowing it.

Eating like this put pressure on her stomach.

At the thought of this, Warren said, "Hey, can't you eat more elegantly? Can't you be a little nobler like the eldest daughter of the Smiths? You look like you haven't eaten in 800 years."

Nora: "..."

A plate of crayfish and a plate of noodles were soon gulped down by her. She took out a tissue and wiped her mouth before throwing it into the trash can. Then, she stood up and looked around before asking with a hoarse voice, "Where's Cherry?"

The housekeeper glanced at her and lowered her head to answer, "In Little Miss's room. She's going to sleep with Little Miss tonight."

The housekeeper looked up at Nora and added, "She took a liking to Little Miss's princess bed and insisted on staying there."

With that, she pursed his lips.

Not only that, but she had also deceived Little Miss into taking out many princess gowns to share with her. This little child was so scheming!

Nora seemed not to have heard her answer. She asked again, "Where is Mia's room?"

"Turn left on the second floor, the third room."

Nora nodded and went upstairs.

After she left, the housekeeper instructed the nanny to take out a cloth and carefully wipe the spot where she had sat before saying, "Take this cutlery and disinfect it."

Warren did not care about her actions. After all, he did not even know how the nannies washed the dishes. Moreover, it was normal for the items in the house to be disinfected.

Yvonne raised her brows.

Nora had just gone upstairs when she heard a voice behind her.

She took a look and realized that the housekeeper had followed her. When the housekeeper saw her, she walked beside her. "Little Miss's room is over

here. Don't walk around recklessly. It won't be good if you bump into the masters."

Nora raised her brows.

When she walked into Mia's room, she saw a study room with its door open. There were four main computers in it, and they were currently running.

She only took a glance at it before the housekeeper introduced, "This is our Miss... Miss Yvonne's work studio. She likes coding programs as a hobby. Sometimes, she would make some software with it. The firewall Miss Yvonne created has even won awards. These four main computers are servers bought at high prices overseas. Don't barge in recklessly. If you accidentally press some button and affect Miss Yvonne's software programming, it won't be good."

These things were too familiar. Nora could not help but ask, "Is she a hacker?"

"What hacker? This is just Miss Yvonne's hobby. She only writes some code occasionally. Miss Yvonne is omnipotent. She knows how to arrange flowers, draw, calligraphy, violin, and piano! She's basically won every industry award!"

The housekeeper sounded a little proud when she said this.

Then, she said, "Although Miss Yvonne is an adopted daughter, she's the adopted daughter of Master Ian. Her status is definitely different from the other gentlemen and ladies in the other houses. Other than Mr. Joel, all the other gentlemen dote on her very much. They treat her with respect!"

Although some of the Smiths lived at home, some of them had moved out.

Actually, strictly speaking, Ian was the owner of this manor. Joel had been chosen by him to become the current leader and take over his businesses.

In ancient times, this was considered adoption for Ian.

Warren and his wife could only be considered to be living in the manor. There were also people from the other houses who had already moved out.

Even if Nora was the daughter of the Smiths, she was from the second branch. She was not considered the matriarch of this manor.

The housekeeper knew very well who the owner of the house was.

Nora glanced sideways at her upon hearing her words.

After showing Mia's door to Nora, the housekeeper left.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen, she heard the nannies discussing softly. "Miss Smith is going to marry Mr. Hunt in the future. Then she will be Mrs. Hunt, and she will become the mistress of the entire Hunt Empire. But our Miss... Miss Yvonne, after she gets married, she won't be considered a member of the Smiths anymore. In the entire New York, other than the Hunts, no one can compare to the Smiths, right? Is Miss Smith more respected, or is Miss Yvonne?"

The housekeeper immediately entered and sneered. "Have the rules in the house been broken? Of course, the owner is the most respected!

Florence Stone, the housekeeper in charge of internal affairs at the Smiths', was Ian's diehard fan. She was absolutely loyal to the Smiths and had great respect and admiration for Ian.

She had witnessed with her own eyes how Ian had gone from someone shrewd and capable, lively and active, and someone who loved talking and smiling—to the zombie he currently was, all because of Yvette.

She hated Yvette with every fiber of her being.

Therefore, she always looked at things from Ian's perspective. She reprimanded, "Even if Ms. Nora becomes Mrs. Hunt in the future, she's still just Ms. Smith now! Mr. Ian's daughter is the noblest of all! Although Ms. Yvonne is adopted, she's Mr. Ian's adopted daughter. Can't you tell which of the two matters more?"

The nannies hung their heads upon being reprimanded, none of them daring to speak anymore.

When Nora went to Mia's room, the two girls were already fast asleep.

This wasn't the first time Cherry was sleeping together with a friend. The little fellow was carefree and slept very soundly. Mia, on the other hand, was relatively restrained. Her arms were placed on both sides properly. Even

though she was asleep, her little face nevertheless made one want to dote on her.

Nora pulled up the covers for the children and went out.

As soon as she did, she ran into Joel who had just returned home from work.

Nora raised her eyebrows when the two ran into each other.

Joel was also a little surprised, though he quickly reacted. He said, "I'm here to take a look at Mia."

Nora nodded.

When she stepped aside and got ready to leave, Joel suddenly said, "By the way, please tell Mr. Hunt that he can just ask us directly if there's something he wants to know. Isn't it a little too impolite to hack into the Smiths' computer system without permission?"

Nora: "???"

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that Joel had misunderstood. As she had been too anxious to know Ian's itinerary back then, she hadn't covered her tracks in the afternoon. This was equivalent to blatantly breaking into the Smiths' computer system.

She coughed but didn't explain. Instead, she replied calmly, "I will let him know."

Joel stared at her. He couldn't help feeling like something wasn't quite right with the woman after he had said that, yet he couldn't pinpoint the reason why. Thus, he nodded and entered Mia's bedroom instead.

Nora walked back to her room with a guilty conscience. She had only just taken two steps when her phone rang.

She held it up and took a look in the silent corridor—it was actually from Justin.

Perhaps because she was feeling too guilty, she actually picked up the call right away. She asked, "What's up?"

Justin said dispassionately, "Let's switch the children back tomorrow."

Nora's voice was low as she asked, "Is Pete missing me?"

"... Yeah, I guess you could say that." Justin said, "Let's have lunch at noon with the children and then switch them back?"

Nora answered very sincerely, "I can't wake up in time."

"How about at night, then?"

Nora nodded without much care. "Okay."

After the two agreed on the time, Nora was about to hang up when Justin asked, "Was the supper good?"

"It was alright." After Nora answered, she thought of the lineup when the fellow sent food over earlier in the day and said, "You don't have to go to so much trouble."

"It's your first day there," Justin explained, "I was afraid that you would be looked down upon. After all, there are too many people in this world too blind to tell good and bad people apart."

Looked down upon...

Nora subconsciously thought of Florence, and the corners of her lips curled into a smile. "What's the big deal?"

Since she relied on the Smiths for neither food nor living expenses, it meant that she had a lot of freedom here. At the worst, she could just move out. She didn't need anything from the Smiths.

Apart from speaking a little sarcastically, the housekeeper didn't really do anything, so she couldn't be bothered to hold it against her, either.

Nora yawned and went back to her room to sleep.

She was awakened by the alarm clock the next day. She had to send Cherry to the kindergarten. When she yawned and went downstairs, she found that Mia and Cherry were already awake and sitting at the dining table.

Florence instructed the servants to bring the food out. Cherry's eyes lit up when she saw that they were having pancakes for breakfast. She said, "I want pancakes!"

She stretched out her little hand after she spoke, intending to take the plate of pancakes from the nanny.

Florence, however, took the plate of pancakes and gave it to Mia instead. She said to Cherry, “Ms. Cherry, this is Ms. Mia’s. If you want some, I’ll get them to bring you another plate of it.”

Cherry’s expression turned cold at once. She was about to say something when Mia pushed the plate of pancakes to Cherry. “You can have them first. They can just give me another plate of pancakes when they are done. I can eat the scrambled eggs first, yeah!”

Cherry was distracted, plus she also had her pancakes now, so she ignored Florence and asked, “Do you eat the eggs first? I always eat the pancakes first, otherwise, I’ll choke!”

Mia replied, “... I like eating the side dishes first and the main dish later.”

The two children matched each other very well, and both started eating their breakfasts happily.

Florence’s expression turned cold at the sight. She cast her eyes down and said, “Well, that’s good, too. It’s very polite of Ms. Mia to give in to a guest.”

It was just a shame that both children were very innocent, so they didn’t think about anything else at all, despite her sarcasm.

In fact, Cherry even nodded and said, “Yes, Mia is the most polite, unlike Brandon. He doesn’t have any manners at all!”

Mia blushed. She lowered her head and said softly, “Thank you for the compliment, Cherry.”

“You’re welcome! We have to praise each other a little more every day, okay? This way, we’ll be happy every day, yeah!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

The two girls started munching away on their respective plates of food again after they finished talking.

Florence: “...”

She could only return to the kitchen.

Seeing that Cherry didn't get bullied, Nora's lips curled into a smile in amusement. The girl took everything except the short end of the stick. On top of that, she was quirky and eccentric. Not many in the house were her match.

When she was about to go downstairs, she heard the door beside her open. Joel, who had likely stayed up late the night before, came out. He had some shadows under his eyes, and he was frowning, which toned down his usually smiling face and made him look a little more serious.

But when he saw Nora, his frown gradually softened, and the gentle look returned to his countenance, making him look perfect and flawless. He said, "You don't have to get up so early, Ms. Smith. I can take Cherry with me when I send Mia to school."

Nora didn't stand on ceremony at all. She turned, started walking upstairs, and said, "I'm counting on you, then."

Joel: "..."

By the time Nora woke up once more, she had finally made up for her lack of sleep.

The groggy feeling in her head finally disappeared, and her entire self seemed reborn.

She loosened her muscles and went out, intending to see if Cherry was back yet so that she could take her out for dinner with Justin.

However, the moment she came out of her bedroom, someone suddenly rushed right over to her.. He looked old and aged, but because he had burns on his face, his original looks couldn't be made out anymore. He stared at Nora for very long before he finally said, "You are Ian's daughter!"

Nora's pupils shrank upon hearing what he said, and she looked at him abruptly.

It was completely impossible to make out the man's facial features, and his entire self looked rather savage and terrifying. The skin around his eyes was all burned, so he had only two dark holes to see with.

Ordinary people would surely be shocked at his appearance.

However, Nora had seen much scarier things on the operating table, so she merely raised her eyebrows calmly and asked, "Why do you say that?"

The man tilted his head. As though he was crazy, he replied, "Because you don't look like Ryan! You look like Ian!"

Nora: "..."

Her looks mostly took after her mother, so she only slightly resembled Ian. Moreover, it was said that the slight resemblance also looked very much like Ryan.

Besides, even if Ian was her uncle, it was normal that they would resemble each other a little.

Just as she was about to say something, the man jumped and exclaimed, "Haha! You are Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter now! The Smiths also have a daughter now! This is awesome..."

Nora was about to speak again when the butler in charge of the Smiths' external affairs rushed in with a few men. He let out a sigh of relief upon seeing him. "I finally found you!"

He rushed over, and a few security guards held the man down.

The external butler looked at Nora nervously. "He didn't offend you, did he, Ms. Smith?"

Nora: "?"

The puzzled woman asked, "He is?"

The butler sighed. "He's a madman, we all call him Old Maddy. A few years ago, he came to our door to beg, and we simply couldn't drive him away, no matter what we did. He just kept staying outside stubbornly. If we called the police, he just came back again every time the police took him away. He even asked for delicious food. In the end, the old sir told us to let him stay and give him some food, and just take it that we're doing a good deed. We arranged for him to stay in a small house in the yard, but for some reason, when he heard today that a new young lady of the Smiths has come, he started to shout

excitedly that the old sir has a daughter now, and broke in. He has always been well-behaved and has never given anyone trouble all these years, so I didn't think that he would suddenly go crazy and run up to your door. I'm really sorry."

Nora waved. "It's fine."

She looked again at the madman that had been held down. As the skin on his face was all burned, one couldn't tell what he looked like or how old he was. Judging from the wrinkles on his hands, however, the man was likely quite advanced in age and was at least fifty years old.

As she walked toward the lower floor with the butler, she asked, "What is his background?"

The butler replied, "He's just a beggar. The ID card we found on him stated that he's from a small town near the mountains. A huge fire burned down his home, so he came out to beg when he had no way out... The old sir said that he definitely wouldn't have taken him in if he were mentally sound—after all, he's physically able to make a living for himself—but since he is in this state, then it was alright."

Nora looked at the madman again while listening to the butler.

The man's hair was dirty, and he looked like he hadn't had a bath in a very long while. Although his clothes were intact and didn't have any patches, they were also dirty and covered in dust and dirt.

One could tell that the Smiths hadn't abused him. It was just that he was mentally ill, so he was dirtier than ordinary people.

Perhaps because he sensed her disdain, the butler explained, "He has burns on his body, so his skin has always been in poor condition. It's very uncomfortable for him if he takes a hot bath, so he runs off and kicks up a fuss as soon as we give him a bath. As a result, we only give him a bath once a month. It's also mainly because he usually lives in an empty small house in the yard, and doesn't meet with anyone."

Nora nodded.

The butler asked the security guards to take him away. Even when they had walked a distance away, she could still hear the butler threatening him. "If you

run in there again, I'll kick you out! And I won't give you burgers anymore! You hear me?"

"Burgers! Burgers! I wanna eat burgers!"

The madman jumped around and followed the few of them.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Then, she shook her head and paid no further attention to the matter. She turned and walked into the living room.

Warren and Maureen were both on the sofa. Their necks were craned as they looked at the door anxiously. Obviously, they were also waiting for Brandon to return from school.

Although the boy was all brawn and no brains, he was born into a rather blissful family.

While Nora was thinking about it, Maureen saw her. She waved at once and called out, "Nora! Let's go downstairs and have dinner together?"

Nora shook her head. "I'm waiting for Cherry, we're going out for dinner."

Maureen suddenly winked at her. "With Mr. Hunt?"

"Yeah."

After Nora answered her, Warren gave the crayfish and pasta plates in front of him a small push and snorted. "Are the Smiths unable to feed you? Do you have to go out for meals every day? Or are the Smiths giving you too little pocket money that you have to get Justin to treat you to meals? Are the Hunts' meals better than the food at home?!"

Nora: "??"

She raised her eyebrows, but before she could speak, someone had smacked Warren on his head. Maureen chastised him angrily, "Can't you speak properly?"

Warren rubbed his head and glared at Maureen. "What are you doing?"

Maureen ignored him and looked at Nora instead. “Don’t mind him, Nora. He’s in a panic and in a bad mood because a game developed by the company has a major bug that can’t be fixed, that’s why he’s talking as if he has just eaten a whole load of gunpowder. Just ignore him. He actually does care about you. He bought the crayfish and pasta for you.”

Nora: “?”

Warren looked as if he wanted to explode, though. He said, “Who says I bought it for her? You’re obviously the one who likes it, so why are you saying so much?”

“... Okay, okay. I’m the one who likes it, okay?” said Maureen.

She sneered, “I wonder who it was that saw her eating crayfish so happily yesterday and traveled a long way to buy the best crayfish in New York!”

Nora: “!!”

She tilted her head to the side and thought about it. She had indeed eaten crayfish and pasta the day before, but this didn’t mean that she liked eating them!

Why was Warren behaving so strangely?!

Warren snorted and continued to hold his laptop. He stared at the programming code on the screen and muttered to himself, “It doesn’t look like there’s a problem, so why is there a bug?”

Maureen said, “What would someone like you who only knows a little about programming know? You might as well leave it to a professional to solve it!”

Warren snorted. “Don’t you think I’ve already done that? There are so many technicians in the company, but they still haven’t found it even after searching for a whole day and night! Our game has only just launched. If this continues for one more day, all of our users are gonna disappear!”

Nora subconsciously glanced at his computer.

Warren, who caught her action, sneered, “What are you looking at? Can you even understand what this is?”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed and she answered earnestly, "I... do understand what it is."

Warren was taken aback the moment she said that.

Maureen asked in surprise, "You can understand it?"

Nora nodded. She was about to speak when Yvonne's voice reached them. "Were you looking for me, Warren?"

At the sight of Yvonne, Warren instantly got up and walked over with the computer. He said, "Yvonne, come and take a look at this for me. What's wrong with the game? None of the technicians in the IT department can find the problem. If this goes on... the game is already live. We'll lose all the players!"

Nora: "?"

When she looked over hesitantly, Maureen explained, "Yvonne is a software consultant in the company. He always goes to her for help if there are problems that the technicians can't solve."

Maureen curled her lips in disdain. When she saw that Yvonne and Warren had moved to the side with the computer, she couldn't help but sigh. "I feel so miserable, Nora."

'Nora'?

Nora raised her eyebrows. She didn't feel that she was that familiar with Maureen yet. However, the sight of her melancholic look made her too embarrassed to say that, so she chose not to say anything, and took on the role of a listener instead.

Maureen heaved a sigh. "Although my family, the Lights, isn't as rich and prosperous as the Smiths, we can still be said to be a wealthy family. My parents have always pampered me, and never did they think about reaping benefits through my marriage with the Smiths. Warren and I fell in love with each other. Joel, the current head of the family, can be considered a fair and just man, so he didn't force Warren into a political marriage or anything like that. When I tell you these things, I'm sure you'll think that I'm leading a very blissful life, right?"

“ ... ”

Nora wanted to say that she didn't hear anything that the woman should find blissful. It seemed like the only thing that went smoothly was that she had freedom in her marriage?

While she was thinking about it, Maureen sighed and went on. “But who would know what kind of life I've actually been leading in the Smiths...”

She turned to look at Yvonne, lowered her voice, and whispered, “Do you know? When Warren asked Yvonne to be a consultant in his company, he had wanted to pay her a salary, but she refused it. After all, she does have money. She also refused when I suggested letting her become a shareholder. It sounds nice, and makes her look especially big-hearted, right?”

Nora nodded. She wanted to say that since they were a family, Yvonne had done the right thing.

Maureen sighed. “Yeah, after word of the incident spread, everyone talked about how kind and pure Ms. Smith was, how caring she was toward her brother, and how much she was at peace with the world... but just take a look at Warren there...”

Nora looked over accordingly and saw Warren standing, whereas Yvonne was seated. Warren stood beside Yvonne like her lackey and pointed at the computer screen eagerly.

Whenever Yvonne said something, Warren would immediately nod repeatedly, just like a... very obedient dog.

As soon as the thought formed in Nora's mind, Maureen spoke again. She said, “Did you see that? She has Warren completely wrapped around her little finger. Sigh! I have quite a lot of savings from when I married into the family, and Warren also receives a lot of dividends from the company every year. When we started the game company, we just wanted something to do so that life wouldn't be that boring. After all, there are a lot of restrictions and constraints if you work in the Smith Corporation. It isn't much of a problem if Warren just approaches the Smith Corporation's computer whizzes if he has a problem with his software, right? If that still doesn't solve the problem, I'm even willing to pay a lot to hire a super hacker. But Warren keeps saying that it doesn't make sense to get an outsider to do it when there's his younger sister at home.

“But once he asks for her help, our standard of living isn’t allowed to surpass Yvonne’s anymore. I like caviar, so my family sent me a bit of Almas caviar, which is very precious and almost impossible to buy. Warren said, ‘This caviar is great. Let’s give some to Yvonne’. If I refuse, it would make me look stingy; but if I give it to her, half the amount is too little, so I’ll have to give her two-thirds of it, no matter what...”

Maureen continued to complain. “She is the young lady of the Smiths, so she eats the best food, drinks the best drinks, and wears the best clothes. I can understand all of that, but we have to give her all the things my husband buys, as well as the best things that the family gets...”

As she spoke, Maureen paused and looked at Nora. She said, “I know you’ll definitely say that since she has helped us, we should give in to her a little in little things in life. But do you know? I’d rather spend the money and hire a computer expert because the two of us would at least be on equal standing since I paid for it. I don’t want to owe her a favor that I can’t ever repay...”

She heaved another melancholic sigh. Then, she looked at Nora and said, “Sigh, never mind. I’m sure you’ll think that I’m just whining. After all, there are people who don’t even have any food to eat, yet I’m complaining about having too little Almas caviar...”

Nora: “...”

To be honest, she understood.

She also hated owing people favors the most. It was just like when Solo had been seriously ill back then. Because she had discovered his condition in time and performed an operation on him, she had saved his life.

Solo had always wanted to pay her instead of working for her, but she knew that he would definitely disappear after she took the money, which would, in turn, lead to her having to personally take care of a lot of troublesome things subsequently.

It took up too much of her sleeping time.

Thus... cough.

When she thought about it that way, it seemed like she had become the same kind of person as Yvonne?

In that case, did Solo also find her very annoying?

For the first time—and in a rare move—Nora began to reflect upon herself.

On the other side, Yvonne kept a constant eye on Maureen out of the corner of her eye while she looked at the programming code for Warren.

She didn't know what Maureen was saying, but she was constantly talking affectionately with Nora.

A touch of dissatisfaction flashed across her eyes.

Just how kind was she to Warren and his wife? Yet they had already converted to Nora's side so quickly?

She cast her eyes down and suddenly edited some of the programming code. Then, she smiled and said, "The problem's resolved now."

Warren immediately gave her a thumbs up. "You're amazing, Yvonne. All those people in the company can't compare to you alone! Let me see... the bug is indeed gone! That's awesome!"

Warren thanked Yvonne and went to the side to make a phone call.

At this point, the few children finally reached home.

Joel hadn't picked them up from school because of an important meeting, so it was the butler who had picked up the three children.

Nora took Cherry out while Mia went upstairs to change. Brandon bounced around Maureen mischievously.

Yvonne looked at them and then at Warren. She thought of Maureen's earnest and enthusiastic attitude toward Nora just now. Suddenly, she cast her eyes down and walked toward them. Brandon was saying something and bouncing around. When he took a step back, he happened to 'accidentally' step on Yvonne's feet!!

"Ahh!"

Yvonne let out a cry of pain and held her foot.

Her cry made Warren, who was in the distance, look over.. He hurried over. "What's wrong, Yvonne? Brandon, quick, apologize to your aunt!"

Yvonne, however, held Warren's arm. She frowned and acted as if her foot really hurt, but then said with a smile, "I'm fine, Warren. The boy didn't mean it..."

Practically at the same time she spoke, Brandon, who was also stunned, subconsciously asked, "How did you appear behind me, Aunt Yvonne?"

Yvonne smiled. "I was just passing by."

As the little overlord of the kindergarten, Brandon was currently at the age where kids were the most rebellious and detestable, so he hated having to apologize the most.

He scratched his head. "I didn't mean it. It's not like I have eyes at the back of my head..."

His annoying speech made Warren furious. "Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to apologize! Stop making excuses!"

Brandon had always been very mischievous and had damaged a lot of things at home, thereby leaving that sort of impression on Warren a long time ago. He felt that he must have done it on purpose.

In addition, Brandon had indeed been having fun stepping on other people's feet at home recently. He had even been playing games to see who could step on more people's feet.

As a result, he had misunderstood.

There was no way the little overlord would ever apologize, though. He immediately retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Warren was livid.

Yvonne had just helped him. Not only had he not given her anything for it, but his son was even being so naughty?

He decided to take the opportunity to teach Brandon a lesson and make him behave. He picked up the boy at once and smacked his butt. "Will you apologize or not?!"

The pain made Brandon, who had never been one to behave, struggle and flail about at once. "Bad Daddy! Let me go! If you dare to beat me, I'll also beat you when I grow up!"

Warren was taken aback.

Yvonne broke into a huge frown. "How can you say that, Brandon? That's so outrageous of you! I don't need you to apologize to me, you should be apologizing to your father instead!"

Brandon was furious. The boy, who had never been one to allow himself to suffer any injustice, retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong. Besides, I didn't mean it, either. You were the one who came up to me and let yourself be stepped on, so why should I apologize?!"

Warren instantly became even angrier.

He lifted his hand and mercilessly smacked his butt again. "You little brat! Will you apologize or not?!"

Loud smacks rang out as his palm landed on Brandon's butt, making Maureen terribly distressed.

No matter how naughty the boy was, he was still her precious baby.

She had seen that it was Yvonne who ran into him just now, but when her husband told her son to apologize, she had subconsciously felt that she should give in to Yvonne.

Having her son apologize wasn't really much of a big deal, so she hadn't stopped them.

What her son said after that had indeed been very annoying, so she had also felt that they mustn't spoil their son when her husband decided to teach him a lesson. Which boy hadn't suffered a thrashing before?

But at this moment, she felt as if the blows landing on Brandon's butt were instead landing on her heart, making her heart ache terribly.

She rushed over anxiously. "Alright, that's enough! Stop hitting him! You're going to hurt the boy!"

Warren was afraid of his wife, so he immediately let go upon hearing her.

But as soon as he did, Yvonne said, “I know you love your son, Maureen, but spare the rod and spoil the child! He actually said that he was going to beat his father up when he grows up! You have to let him know what he has done wrong! Otherwise, he will go down a path of no return when he grows up!”

Maureen was furious. “He isn’t your child, so of course you don’t feel bad about it! It is our responsibility to educate our son, you don’t need to bother yourself with it!”

The look on Yvonne’s countenance became one of grievance upon being scolded. She heaved a huge sigh and said, “You’re right. Warren, Maureen, I stepped beyond the boundaries with my words.”

Warren, however, became angry. “Yvonne was doing it for Brandon’s own good! Besides, she’s his aunt, why would she do anything to harm him? She has the right to discipline the child! Yvonne is right, boys ought to be beaten up, otherwise, he really will beat me up once he grows up! What an impertinent boy!”

After speaking, he held his arm up and hit Brandon’s butt a few more times!

Brandon stubbornly refused to cry, but his struggle gradually became weaker.

Maureen couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Warren away and grabbed her son from him. Then, she pulled down his pants and took a look—his butt was already all red and swollen!

Maureen’s eyes instantly reddened. She shouted straight at Warren and Yvonne, “Warren, if you dare to freaking touch my son again, I will fight you!”

Warren: “...”

Yvonne: “...”

Maureen was so mad that she picked up Brandon, went upstairs, and entered their bedroom. Before she went in, she looked back at Warren and said, “Warren! Do you want your son and me, or your precious little sister?! Are you intending to kill your son just for your precious little sister’s sake?!”

“I can’t live with this anymore! I’m taking my son back home! You can go and live with your sister instead!”

With that, she slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Warren feared his wife the most, so he hurriedly went forward upon hearing what she said. "Dear, I..."

But after taking a step forward, he looked back at Yvonne.

Yvonne sighed. "Go and talk to Maureen, Warren. I'll be fine... She must have misunderstood... Have a good talk with Maureen. Don't make her angry, I know you're scared of her... If it really doesn't work, why don't I go up with you and apologize to her?"

There probably wasn't any man who could stand it if someone were to say that they were scared of their wife, right?

Had it been someone else, they would definitely have patted their chest and said, "Don't worry! I'm a man, what's there to be scared of? You don't have to do that!"

However, Warren instead nodded and said, "You know me best. I'm the most afraid of her going back to her parents' place. Let me quickly go upstairs and appease her... If I fail, I'll have to ask you to give in and apologize to her."

He then went upstairs without looking back, leaving only Yvonne standing downstairs.

She was so mad that she had to take a deep breath before she could suppress her anger.

She knew it! Warren didn't have a conscience at all. Now that he had a wife, he didn't protect his sister anymore!

Did the two of them really think that she didn't have any means of keeping them within her control, though?

Yvonne lowered her head and smirked.

She would just wait for Warren to come and beg her.

Half an hour later, after Warren cried, begged, and coaxed her, Maureen finally gave in and stayed at the Smiths' for the time being.

She and her husband were truly in love, after all. Besides, even though their son's injury looked serious, the doctor said that they were just simple bruises when he came over to take a look.

Warren said, "That's my son I'm hitting, so I will definitely hold back! He won't break so easily, don't worry!"

Maureen: "!!"

Not long after the two of them made up, Warren's cell phone rang. When he answered, the technician on the other side said, "Go and look at the game, Mr. Smith! There's another bug! It's a different one this time! We still haven't found the cause of it yet. Can you ask Ms. Yvonne for help again?"

Warren: "??"

Maureen: "????"

Maureen was someone who refused to embarrass herself. If she asked someone for help, she would either pay them or do something for them. No matter what, she would always repay the debt she owed.

She had only just been angry at Yvonne a moment ago because of Brandon, yet she had to beg her for help now?

There was no way she could make herself do that.

Warren scratched his head. "It's okay, she's my younger sister. It'll be fine if I go and approach her. It doesn't count as begging her for help. We're family!"

Maureen grabbed her husband who was about to go out. "I've had enough, Warren! Look at your son's butt! If we were really family, would you have given him a beating if he stepped on your feet?"

Warren was taken aback.

Maureen pointed at him and ranted, "It's exactly because you always feel like you owe her a favor that you unknowingly behave as if you're beneath her. Yes, Yvonne is indeed from the Smiths' direct lineage, but at the bottom of it all, she's still just an adopted daughter. I've never seen you so wimpy even when you're in front of Joel! Why is it that you can't even say a single word in front of her?"

Maureen became more and more aggrieved as she spoke. Her eyes turned red, and she cried as she shouted, "Think about how much injustice you have made me suffer all these years? Let's just talk about the Almas caviar the other time. You clearly know that I love caviar the most while it doesn't matter to her whether she eats it or not, yet you still forced me to give her two-thirds of it... Do you know? My mom only managed to buy the Almas caviar after asking someone for a favor and spending a lot of money! Even she couldn't bear to eat it herself, and had given them all to me!"

Maureen wiped her tears and went on. "I was willing to overlook certain things before, but we have to make things clear now! She is your younger sister, and you have a sister complex. It's not a problem that you want to spoil her, but she isn't related to me by blood at all! Neither has she done anything for me! Why do I also have to repay her for the favors she's done for you?!"

Warren scratched his head. He panicked and said, "Don't cry, dear. I... I just thought that good things ought to be shared, that's all."

"Yeah, right! Never mind if she also likes Almas caviar, but the problem is that she doesn't like it at all! I saw with my own eyes that she couldn't bring herself to eat the Almas caviar after it was prepared, so she gave it to Florence, the housekeeper! I've kept all this to myself and have never brought it up before, but don't you dare go too far!"

"You have two choices today, Warren Smith. One—you go to her, and we divorce! I won't take this bullshit anymore! The second—remove her software consultant position in the company, or pay her a salary. You can even give her dividends if you want! Just don't owe her any more favors!"

Maureen hugged herself angrily and sobbed loudly after she spoke.

She was full of grievances after her son suffered a beating.

Yet now she still had to go and beg Yvonne for help! She was so goddamn full of grievances that she couldn't get any more aggrieved than that!

Brandon was already in pain because of the beating, but he had been holding it back all this time. However, when he saw that his mother was upset, he immediately walked over and pushed Warren. Then, he hugged Maureen and also burst into tears. He said, "Don't cry, Mommy! Don't cry! We won't talk to bad Daddy anymore! If he makes you angry, I will take off the respirator for his oxygen tank after I grow up!"

“ ... ”

Warren’s lip corners spasmed. “You little brat! Do you have a conscience or not?!”

Maureen also burst into laughter after holding it back for a brief moment.

Brandon’s words immediately dispelled the sad atmosphere in the room.

Warren stepped forward and put his arm around Maureen’s shoulders. “Alright, alright, dear. Although I don’t really understand what you were saying, nor do I understand what’s so delicious about the Almas caviar, I’ll listen to you, okay? We won’t go to Yvonne anymore. I’ll hire an expert hacker from outside, okay?”

The sniffling Maureen nodded.

She took another deep breath before she looked at Warren and asked, “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Warren then sighed and said, “Why didn’t you tell me about the Almas caviar earlier? Had you told me, I would have bought you some. Given the Smiths’ connections, isn’t it a piece of cake to just buy some?”

Maureen pounded his shoulder. “Do you think Almas caviar is that easy to find?”

Warren, however, was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely buy some for you!”

The family of three finally reconciled and hugged one another happily. Because Maureen had cried a lot, her eyes were all red and swollen, so she was too embarrassed to go downstairs for dinner. Warren decided to bring the food up instead.

When he went downstairs, he happened to see Yvonne and Joel eating. He smiled and said, “The little brat’s butt is all swollen because of me, so he doesn’t want to come down. We’ll eat upstairs instead.”

He then instructed the servants to deliver the food to their room.

Joel didn’t think much about it and concentrated on feeding Mia instead.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows.

She'd thought that Warren wouldn't be able to stop himself from speaking to her. This way, Maureen would definitely be embarrassed and would force Brandon to come over and apologize to her.

She simply loved seeing Maureen having to practice forbearance even though she was clearly feeling terribly aggrieved.

She was the true mistress of the household here!

But why wasn't Warren acting according to plan?

Upstairs, the family of three went to sleep after dinner.

However, reality always called after a heartwarming moment.

After sleeping for some time, Maureen was woken up by the heat. She opened her eyes and found that Brandon's limbs were all over her. The little fellow was as hot as a furnace.

She pushed the little fellow off of her and got up, intending to drink some water. It was then that she found that there was no one on the other side of Brandon.

Surprised, she stood up. She could vaguely hear sounds coming from the balcony in the suite's study. She drank a glass of water and walked over.

When she reached there, she saw that because Warren didn't want to wake the two of them, not only was he in the study, but he had even gone to the balcony and was on the phone with someone. He lowered his voice and said, "You can't find the cause? How can that be? Didn't I say that you can get external help? If it really doesn't work, you can borrow someone from the Smiths. Joel has a hacker!"

The person he was on the phone with replied, "I've already approached him, Boss, but he says that he couldn't tell what the problem is. What do we do now?"

Things would get really tricky if even the Smiths' hacker couldn't detect the issue.

Warren frowned.

The other party, who was in charge of operations, said, "It's been more than 24 hours since the game went live. The forums are full of negative feedback right now. If we still can't fix the bug within 36 hours, the players will definitely doubt our capabilities. We could still vaguely find the cause for the previous bug, but we simply can't find it at all this time!"

Warren ran his hand through his hair, so troubled that he was almost going bald. "What would happen if we fail to fix it?"

The person in charge of operations stayed quiet for a moment before he replied, "We'll lose all the money we invested in the initial stages! Boss, you said that you wanted to create a perfect game, so from production planning to art and design, we hired only the best. In fact, we even hired a master artist to do the landscape designs, so every drawing is super expensive! The loss is a little too much..."

Warren had dividends from the company. He could also ask Joel for money if he didn't have any more money.

But he also had his own ideals and that was to start a game company.

Thus, he had invested almost all of his savings into the game.

Warren was so troubled that he tugged at his hair again and pulled out a few more strands.

In the room next door.

Yvonne listened to the voices coming from the monitoring device. She had hacked into Warren's phone and was eavesdropping on his conversation.

Chapter 272 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Melissa nodded and echoed, "Nora, Sheena is right!"

... Could she say that she had already formed such a good relationship with the other party that they were now god-sisters?

Seeing that even Melissa had agreed with her, Sheena went on. "Also, you must treat Peter Hunt well after you marry him."

Nora raised her brows.

Sheena said, “I know you’ll definitely want to have a son of your own with Justin so that he can fight for the position of the head of the family. However, we Andersons must rely on our own abilities. As long as he’s more outstanding, he can definitely achieve it, so don’t use those unsavory methods, that people use in the countryside, on Peter Hunt.”

Nora: “?”

Sheena sneered, “Those methods are just our mere leftovers. Don’t be fooled by the Hunts’ matriarch’s old age, and how she was glossing things over and defending you in front of outsiders at the party last night. She’s actually very shrewd and isn’t to be messed with. You have to maintain a good relationship with Justin’s son, get it?”

Before Nora could say anything, Melissa smiled and said, “You don’t have to worry about that! Because Peter Hunt is—”

Before she could finish, Sheena cut her off. “What do you mean by I don’t have to worry about that? She’s from the countryside, so she lacks foresight. Once she marries into the Hunts and becomes blinded by their wealth, in the event she loses her mind and does something, it’s the Andersons who will be implicated! Some things have to be said in advance so that her heart won’t stray!”

Everyone was speechless.

Mrs. Anderson kept quiet for a while and said nothing.

Nora looked as indifferent as ever.

Melissa, whom she had interrupted, only smiled and said nothing upon hearing what she said.

Seeing how all three of them had such odd looks on their faces, Sheena could only ask, “What are all of you laughing at?”

Only then did Melissa reply, “It’s nothing. I just wanted to say that the situation you mentioned won’t arise at all—because Peter Hunt is also Nora’s son.”

“ ... ”

Sheena was taken aback for a moment. “Of course, he’s also her son once they are married. But you have to really treat him like your own. Everyone has feelings; if you treat him well, once he grows up, he’ll still have a close relationship with you even if his real mother finds him...”

Melissa sighed. “That’s not what I meant. What I mean is, Nora is Peter Hunt’s real mother.”

“...”

Sheena was stunned. She subconsciously said, “How can that be?”

Melissa explained, “Nora gave birth to a pair of boy-girl twins back then. One of them is Cherry, and the other is Peter Hunt. They have also acknowledged each other recently, just that they aren’t married yet. We have no way of ensuring Cherry’s safety here, that’s why it wasn’t publicly announced.”

Sheena: “!!!”

She got up abruptly and looked at Nora incredulously. “So, Justin Hunt is the stray man that you slept with?”

Nora: “...”

Melissa’s lip corners also spasmed.

Sheena was even more impressed by Nora now. “That must have been some sheer dumb luck! I knew there was no way you would catch Justin’s eye. As it turns out, it’s because of that!”

Everyone was speechless.

The few of them all fell silent. It was at this moment that a voice came from the door. “Sir, Ma’am. Mr. Smith is here.”

Mr. Smith? Which Mr. Smith?

While they were wondering about it, they saw Joel walking in with his eyes narrowed.

All of them got up in unison when they saw him, just like how they behaved whenever they saw Justin. Simon stepped forward. “Mr. Smith? Why are you here?”

Joel looked at Nora. "I'm here to take her home."

Nora: "?"

She raised her eyebrows in confusion. "Home?"

Joel nodded. "Yes. The Smiths' residence is your home."

Then, he added, "These are Uncle Ian's instructions. After all, you and Justin have already publicly announced your relationship, and the Smiths have also acknowledged you. If you don't move to the Smiths', outsiders will definitely speculate."

Nora: "..."

Just as she was about to refuse, Joel said, "Besides, the Smiths' security system is also better."

Security system...

Nora fell silent for a brief moment.

To be honest, now that Justin had publicly revealed her identity, there was no doubt that she was already in the public eye. The words that her mother had left her echoed in her ears: '... Stay mediocre and avoid being in the limelight. Otherwise, your life will be in danger!'

Originally, she hadn't believed it. However, when someone stole her hair and almost stabbed her to death at the medical university, she had immediately realized that there were indeed people watching her and itching to act.

She wasn't afraid.

She could deal with them even if they sent a few more people.

But what about Cherry?

Cherry was already in great danger at the moment. Although Quentin was protecting them, it was still very dangerous at the Andersons' at night.

But if she went to the Smiths, things would be different.

Besides, she could also look for an opportunity to treat Ian's illness...

After thinking about it, Nora said, "Okay, I'll go with you."

She didn't want to give Cherry to Justin. If both children were to stay with Justin, she wouldn't have any chance of escaping in the future.

In that case, her only option was to go to the Smiths'. She could also take a look at what kind of person Ryan was along the way, and determine whether he really was her father or not.

Mrs. Anderson didn't expect that Nora would agree to leave when she had only just said that she wouldn't a while ago. For a moment, she couldn't quite bear to part with her.

Surprisingly, it was Melissa who grabbed her arm and said, "Mom, you mustn't stop her."

Mrs. Anderson was taken aback. "But Ian's attitude toward her..."

Melissa sighed. "Mom, no matter what kind of attitude Ian takes toward Nora, she is still a daughter of the Smiths. For Nora's sake, let her go to the Smiths. This way, she'll marry as a Smith in the future. At least to outsiders, her status would be on par with Justin's. But if she doesn't go to the Smiths, the Andersons... have really become down-and-out after so many years!"

Melissa had never been one to believe in talk about families having to be good matches with each other when it came to marriage. Otherwise, she wouldn't have married into the down-and-out Andersons back when she was still a Wood. However, she was worried that Nora would suffer injustice.

Besides, this was Nora's choice. She must have her own reasons, too.

She mustn't stop the children from building a life of their own.

After saying that, she went upstairs with Nora to help her pack her things.

Nora's belongings were very simple. She only had a few pieces of clothing. It was instead Cherry's clothes that she had a lot to pack.

Seeing how Melissa was stuffing clothes into the suitcase, Nora said, "You don't have to pack them all in. We can still wear them when we come back and stay here once in a while."

The moment she said that, Melissa suddenly said, “Oh, that’s right. We’re all in New York, so you’ll still be able to come back.”

After speaking, Melissa wiped the corners of her eyes while Nora was not paying attention.

She got up, held Nora’s hand, and said, “Nora, although we haven’t spent much time together, I have always treated you as my daughter. Even though you’re leaving with Joel and going to the Smiths, you don’t have to feel restrained. Just do whatever you have to do. No matter what happens, just be yourself!”

“... Okay.”

She was rather moved.

Apart from Aunt Irene who had treated her a little better than others, no one had ever treated her so intimately before.

She could see a mother in Melissa. It felt as if all mothers in the world should be as calm and elegant as her.

She suddenly reached over and gave Melissa a hug.

Melissa patted her on the back.

Nora separated from her right after hugging her because she wasn’t used to such intimate actions. The two exited the room and saw Simon standing outside.

In a voice that was neither too loud nor too soft but just enough for Joel to hear, he said, “Nora, this will always be your home, no matter what happens! You can come back anytime if you suffer any injustice!”

Simon said firmly, “The Andersons may not be comparable to the Smiths or the Hunts... but as long as Uncle Simon is still alive, you’ll never go hungry!”

Joel raised his eyebrows when he heard him.

He knew that Simon was hinting to him that he mustn’t bully Nora.

He looked down and said nothing.

Nora smiled. She was about to speak when her cell phone suddenly rang. She picked it up and took a look—it was Lily calling from overseas.

Was the DNA test report out?

Nora raised her eyebrows slightly and made a gesture of picking up the call and walked to the balcony at the side.

As soon as the call connected, Lily's tired voice came through. "Anti, the report is out."

Nora lowered her eyes and said coldly, "What's the result?"

Lily replied in English, "Your relationship with Mr. Smith is indeed not that of a father and daughter. Your DNA is not close enough."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Uncle and niece?"

Lily replied, "Your DNA is a little off from that of a father and daughter. That's why the previous report compared the DNA match to that of an uncle and a niece. But it's impossible to determine if that's true. Can you find your father's DNA?"

Nora: "...No."

If she could find it, wouldn't she have sent it to her long ago?

Nora was a little disappointed. Just as she was about to hang up, Lily said hesitantly, "Anti, actually, it's not impossible that you and Mr. Smith are father and daughter."

Not impossible?

What kind of relationship was that?

Nora said, "Please elaborate."

Lily then said, "Do you remember the last time I told you that your intelligence and genes are different from ordinary people?"

Nora narrowed her eyes. "Yes, and?"

Lily said slowly, "The difference between you and Ian mostly comes from this part of your IQ genes. However, it might also be because your genes have mutated. Therefore, I said that you and Ian are very likely father and daughter. If you can find the DNA of the so-called father you're talking about now, we can verify it. I even feel that the matching rate might not be as high as yours and Ian's. Of course, if this is the case, it can also prove your relationship with Ian."

Nora frowned.

In other words, could she be Ian's daughter?

However, the problem was that she could not provide evidence. She could not possibly say that her genes had mutated, right? This was too unbelievable.

She lowered her eyes. "If I could get that so-called father's DNA, I wouldn't have let you test me and Mr. Smith."

Lily: "...That's right. Am I being silly?"

"Not totally."

Nora lowered her eyes slowly. "At least you let me know that there is another possibility."

Lily nodded. "Yes, you'd better go to the Smiths now and try to find a way to get your father's DNA, something that's still there even more than twenty years later."

Nora: "...For example?"

He had been gone for more than twenty years. Where could she get live DNA?

However, Lily said, "For example, from the wisdom teeth or milk teeth? Don't people keep those around after they're plucked out?"

Nora: "...That's a little disgusting."

"..."

"I'm hanging up."

After Nora hung up, she thought for a while and suddenly patted her head. She felt that she was so silly.

If she wanted to know who her father was, she could find out who had gone to California back then.

She raised an eyebrow and went downstairs.

Joel was waiting for her in the living room. At this moment, Cherry was talking to him adorably. "So Mia's father is my uncle. No wonder Mia is so cute like Cherry!"

Joel nodded. "Yeah."

Cherry said, "Uncle, you're so good-looking. You're the type my mommy and I like. You're harmless and beautiful!"

"..."

"By the way, Uncle, can I live with Mia after we go to the Smiths? I like Mia the most. Also, Brandon is my underling. Do you know that?"

Joel: "...Okay."

This child was so talkative!

As he was feeling conflicted, he saw Nora coming downstairs. He instantly heaved a sigh of relief and walked over to pick up her luggage. "Let's go."

Nora was not fearful at all because Joel was helping her carry her luggage. Instead, she followed behind him calmly. After the group of them went out, a secretary helped Joel take the luggage.

Joel coming to pick her up personally was giving Nora enough face.

An hour later, they finally arrived at the Smiths' residence.

Joel got out of the car. With the help of the servants at home, he took the lead and walked in front. He turned back to look at Nora and saw that after she got out of the car, she completely ignored Cherry.

On the other hand, Cherry jumped out of the car and skipped beside her while looking around. Her small eyes were like black grapes. There was no hint of

the surprise she should have upon seeing the Smiths' manor. Instead, there was some admiration.

That's right. Justin's daughter must have lived in the Hunts for a period of time. She didn't look like a child who had not seen the world.

Unknowingly, Joel slowed down his footsteps and asked her, "Do you like it? How does the Smiths' house compare to the Hunts'?"

Cherry looked up and said, "More or less the same. But Dad prepared a princess room for me. Do you have one here?"

Joel: "!!"

A princess room... He didn't have it here!

After all, it was a last-minute decision to bring the two of them to the Smiths' residence.

However, when he met Cherry's big eyes, which were like black grapes, he coughed and said, "Yes, there will be."

Cherry: "Yeah! I'm not leaving then. Little Princess Lucy still wants me to play with her!"

Lucy?

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The royal family of the UK did have a little princess named Lucy. She was only five years old this year, but she was friends with Cherry?

One had to know that the UK was a country that valued blood relations the most. The aristocrats looked down on the commoners.

Therefore...

Joel glanced at Nora. This little cousin of his was not simple?

After Nora followed Joel into the Smiths, Joel brought her upstairs.

He found a relatively spacious guest room for her and instructed, "I was in a hurry to pick you up, so I'll have to trouble you to stay here for the time being. The room beside is being renovated. It'll be your boudoir."

Nora did not care about this. Moreover, the guest room was quite spacious. The important thing was that the bed was quite comfortable. She nodded. "Okay."

Seeing that she had no other thoughts, Joel left the living room and went to the office.

On the way, he received a call from Mia. "Dad, Cherry is here. Can I let her stay with me?"

Her daughter's room was a princess room, and the two children could stay there.

Joel agreed.

However, as soon as he arrived at the company, the company's Internet staff hurriedly found him. "Mr. Smith, our Internet has been hacked!"

Joel was taken aback. "Who hacked it?"

The manager of the Internet Department shook his head. "I don't know, but the other party has retrieved Mr. Ian's schedule from 25 years ago!"

25 years ago?

Where had Third Uncle been?

Joel followed the manager of the Internet Department into the secret room and saw Ian's schedule for the entire year 25 years ago.

Ever since Yvette left New York, Ian had been busy and almost never returned home. He would fly around outside every day and build up the business.

Actually, he was using work to numb himself.

However, the cities he had been to included foreign countries and major cities in the country. He had never been to California.

When Joel saw this clearly, he saw that the webpage had automatically changed to Ryan's itinerary. Only then did he realize that 25 years ago, Ryan had once reserved a ticket to California!

Joel: "??"

First, the hacker investigated Ian's whereabouts, and now, he was investigating Ryan's whereabouts... It went without saying who had hacked into the Smiths' system.

The corners of his mouth twitched. He felt that Mr. Hunt was really too free. He had really put in so much effort to confirm his girlfriend's identity.

After all, the Smiths' security system had been designed by the best. Other than the Hunts, no one else had the ability to hack in, right?

However, when he realized that the other party had only investigated this and had silently withdrawn, he simply did not pursue the matter. After all, the hacker had not peeked at their company's secrets.

At the Smiths.

After Nora investigated, she frowned even more.

Ryan had been to California, but Ian had not been to California in the year before she was born. Therefore, she couldn't possibly be Ian's child, right?

She sighed silently and exited the computer. Then, she looked around the guest room.

The guest room was a hundred square meters and was a private room. Apart from the master bedroom, there was the living room and study room. She packed her luggage and lay on the bed.

The soft bed was very comfortable, and she fell asleep unknowingly.

When she woke up, it was already dark.

She got up and stretched, then took out her phone and took a look. She realized that there were a few WeChat messages from Justin.

JH: "What are you doing? Have lunch together?"

JH: "Are you sleeping? Shall we eat together tonight?"

JH: "It's already 5 PM. Are you still sleeping?"

JH: "It's already 8 PM. Why aren't you awake yet?"

Nora: "..."

She yawned and replied: "I'm awake."

The other party replied instantly: "Shall we have supper together?"

Nora: "..."

She replied: "Just eat something. I'm busy."

JH: "What are you busy with?"

Nora: "I want to sleep after eating."

JH: "..."

After sending this message, Nora threw her phone aside and went out.

A few days ago, she had not slept for two days in order to refine medicine for Mrs. Hunt. Therefore, she must sleep more these few days.

The guest room was on the second floor. As they left and walked along the corridor, they heard voices in the dining room downstairs.

Yvonne was a little worried. "Warren, are you really not going to wake her up? She didn't even eat dinner... Perhaps she feels embarrassed?"

Warren sneered. "Hmph, who cares if she eats or not! Who is she putting on airs for?! I thought she was Uncle Ian's daughter and that we finally have a biological cousin. I didn't expect her to be Uncle Ryan's daughter! That's too much! How can Uncle Ryan snatch Uncle Ian's woman? Although this cousin is his biological daughter and is related by blood, I can't like her!"

With that, the servant beside him said, "Then, Sir Warren, is there any food left in the kitchen?"

Yvonne lowered her eyes and said, "Of course. Warren, she has also come to our house and is our eldest miss. We definitely have to save her some food."

Warren was indeed furious. "Who does she think she is? Yvonne, don't worry. I definitely won't distance myself from you just because she's related to me by blood. In my heart, you're the only sister I have!"

Yvonne sighed in relief.

Having grown up in this family, she knew better than anyone else how indulgent this family was to girls!

Not to mention how much her uncles from the previous generation doted on her, but even at this age, they were still desperately trying to have a baby girl.

The older brothers of this generation definitely had a sister complex!

Take the last time she attended the Hunts' birthday banquet. Warren had bought the most expensive gown for her, not for his own wife.

Although she was not a biological daughter, her status in the family had always been number one.

No matter what, the best was hers.

Therefore, she was really afraid that because of Nora, who was related to her brothers by blood, she would lose her favor.

Hearing Warren's words, she was relieved.

She sighed and comforted him again. "Warren, even so, since she has moved here, we can't let her starve. We can't throw the food away."

Warren immediately said angrily, "You're right. Even if a stray cat or dog comes to our house, it's still a member of the Smiths. We definitely can't let her starve."

With that, he instructed the nanny in the most ruthless manner, "Go, save that portion of Australian lobster for her. There's also top-grade steak. By the way, she might not like Western food. Prepare some bird's nest porridge and little buns for her. I remember that our pan-fried buns are the best. Wrap them up for her too. When she wakes up, cook them. The freshly cooked ones are the best! Then let her choose. I want her to die from overeating!"

The nanny: ...

Yvonne: ...

Nora, who was preparing to go downstairs: ???

Yvonne's expression changed. She had always known that her brother Warren did not know how to speak, and he would often say one thing but mean another. She clenched her fists tightly and lowered her eyes. "Warren that's too much food. It won't be good if it's wasted."

Warren hesitated for a moment. "She's not a fool. Would she really eat them all? Forget it. I'll leave some for her. I'll see what she likes to eat and prepare them tomorrow."

With that, he hurriedly clarified. "I'm not doing this for her good. I'm showing her how powerful Smiths are. I'm also showing her the delicacies of the Smiths so that she won't wolf down the delicious food outside and lose our face!"

Yvonne: "..."

Warren did not think that he had said anything wrong. In his mind, he saw Nora wolfing down the cake at the Hunts' banquet. At that time, Mr. Hunt had been watching from the side and his mouth had even twitched.

He must have been criticizing this girl in his heart for not being presentable!

How could he let anyone look down on the daughter of the Smiths?

As he was thinking about this, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately, a few people walked in with hot dishes.

The butler followed in. "Sir Warren, this is the supper Mr. Hunt had reserved for Miss Smith. He said that Miss Smith has already woken up and asked us to send it in."

Warren: ???

Nora, who was upstairs: ???

Looking at the huge plate of food, her lips twitched.

Justin, do you think I'm a pig?!

The dining table was quickly filled.

Warren also saw Nora, who was preparing to come downstairs.

He instantly straightened his back and raised his neck. He pretended not to look at her, but he kept paying attention to her from the corner of his eye.

If this person came over to greet him, he would definitely ignore her and tell her not to think that he would recognize her as a sister just because she called him Brother!

Uncle Ian controlled the entire family. Uncle Ian's family was the direct line of descent. The other brothers, including him, were all from the side family!

As for Nora, she was even further away!

After all, the hatred of snatching someone's wife was too intense!

Anyway, he was sent by his Uncle Ian. He would definitely not be coaxed by his sister!

Just as he was saying this to himself, he saw Nora walking down slowly from upstairs. She walked past him and went to the dining room without saying anything.

Warren: ???

Hey, was she blind? He was a living person. Can't she see him?

Warren was so angry that he wanted to go forward and argue, but Yvonne grabbed his hand. "Warren, you, don't lower yourself to her level..."

Warren snorted coldly. "I don't care about her. I'm just not full yet! Go to the kitchen and see what else is there to eat!"

Yvonne: "..."

Nora ignored the two of them. She could feel Yvonne's inexplicable hostility toward her. As for Warren... he had schemed against her in the Hunts. It was already good enough that she did not settle scores with him. How could she still greet him?

She sat at the dining table and was not picky about what she ate.

The food she ate was only for her to fill her stomach. Deliciousness was never within her considerations.

Seeing that she looked like the reincarnation of a hungry ghost as she wolfed down a plate of steamed crayfish, Warren couldn't help but feel indignant.

He entered the kitchen casually and took out the prepared Australian lobster. He placed it on the table and sighed. "This Australian lobster is too delicious!"

What was so good about the food sent by the Hunts? Was it better than the Smiths?

Hurry up and throw away that small lobster that does not have much meat. Come and try the Smiths' lobster! It's filled with meat!

Unfortunately, Nora acted as if she did not hear him. She took another plate of noodles and finished it in a few bites.

The way she ate was fast and plentiful, but the sound of her eating was very soft. Whatever it was, she stuffed it into her mouth in big bites and chewed quickly before swallowing it.

Eating like this put pressure on her stomach.

At the thought of this, Warren said, "Hey, can't you eat more elegantly? Can't you be a little nobler like the eldest daughter of the Smiths? You look like you haven't eaten in 800 years."

Nora: "..."

A plate of crayfish and a plate of noodles were soon gulped down by her. She took out a tissue and wiped her mouth before throwing it into the trash can. Then, she stood up and looked around before asking with a hoarse voice, "Where's Cherry?"

The housekeeper glanced at her and lowered her head to answer, "In Little Miss's room. She's going to sleep with Little Miss tonight."

The housekeeper looked up at Nora and added, "She took a liking to Little Miss's princess bed and insisted on staying there."

With that, she pursed his lips.

Not only that, but she had also deceived Little Miss into taking out many princess gowns to share with her. This little child was so scheming!

Nora seemed not to have heard her answer. She asked again, "Where is Mia's room?"

"Turn left on the second floor, the third room."

Nora nodded and went upstairs.

After she left, the housekeeper instructed the nanny to take out a cloth and carefully wipe the spot where she had sat before saying, "Take this cutlery and disinfect it."

Warren did not care about her actions. After all, he did not even know how the nannies washed the dishes. Moreover, it was normal for the items in the house to be disinfected.

Yvonne raised her brows.

Nora had just gone upstairs when she heard a voice behind her.

She took a look and realized that the housekeeper had followed her. When the housekeeper saw her, she walked beside her. "Little Miss's room is over here. Don't walk around recklessly. It won't be good if you bump into the masters."

Nora raised her brows.

When she walked into Mia's room, she saw a study room with its door open. There were four main computers in it, and they were currently running.

She only took a glance at it before the housekeeper introduced, "This is our Miss... Miss Yvonne's work studio. She likes coding programs as a hobby. Sometimes, she would make some software with it. The firewall Miss Yvonne created has even won awards. These four main computers are servers bought at high prices overseas. Don't barge in recklessly. If you accidentally press some button and affect Miss Yvonne's software programming, it won't be good."

These things were too familiar. Nora could not help but ask, "Is she a hacker?"

“What hacker? This is just Miss Yvonne’s hobby. She only writes some code occasionally. Miss Yvonne is omnipotent. She knows how to arrange flowers, draw, calligraphy, violin, and piano! She’s basically won every industry award!”

The housekeeper sounded a little proud when she said this.

Then, she said, “Although Miss Yvonne is an adopted daughter, she’s the adopted daughter of Master Ian. Her status is definitely different from the other gentlemen and ladies in the other houses. Other than Mr. Joel, all the other gentlemen dote on her very much. They treat her with respect!”

Although some of the Smiths lived at home, some of them had moved out.

Actually, strictly speaking, Ian was the owner of this manor. Joel had been chosen by him to become the current leader and take over his businesses.

In ancient times, this was considered adoption for Ian.

Warren and his wife could only be considered to be living in the manor. There were also people from the other houses who had already moved out.

Even if Nora was the daughter of the Smiths, she was from the second branch. She was not considered the matriarch of this manor.

The housekeeper knew very well who the owner of the house was.

Nora glanced sideways at her upon hearing her words.

After showing Mia’s door to Nora, the housekeeper left.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen, she heard the nannies discussing softly. “Miss Smith is going to marry Mr. Hunt in the future. Then she will be Mrs. Hunt, and she will become the mistress of the entire Hunt Empire. But our Miss... Miss Yvonne, after she gets married, she won’t be considered a member of the Smiths anymore. In the entire New York, other than the Hunts, no one can compare to the Smiths, right? Is Miss Smith more respected, or is Miss Yvonne?”

The housekeeper immediately entered and sneered. “Have the rules in the house been broken? Of course, the owner is the most respected!”

Florence Stone, the housekeeper in charge of internal affairs at the Smiths', was Ian's diehard fan. She was absolutely loyal to the Smiths and had great respect and admiration for Ian.

She had witnessed with her own eyes how Ian had gone from someone shrewd and capable, lively and active, and someone who loved talking and smiling—to the zombie he currently was, all because of Yvette.

She hated Yvette with every fiber of her being.

Therefore, she always looked at things from Ian's perspective. She reprimanded, "Even if Ms. Nora becomes Mrs. Hunt in the future, she's still just Ms. Smith now! Mr. Ian's daughter is the noblest of all! Although Ms. Yvonne is adopted, she's Mr. Ian's adopted daughter. Can't you tell which of the two matters more?"

The nannies hung their heads upon being reprimanded, none of them daring to speak anymore.

When Nora went to Mia's room, the two girls were already fast asleep.

This wasn't the first time Cherry was sleeping together with a friend. The little fellow was carefree and slept very soundly. Mia, on the other hand, was relatively restrained. Her arms were placed on both sides properly. Even though she was asleep, her little face nevertheless made one want to dote on her.

Nora pulled up the covers for the children and went out.

As soon as she did, she ran into Joel who had just returned home from work.

Nora raised her eyebrows when the two ran into each other.

Joel was also a little surprised, though he quickly reacted. He said, "I'm here to take a look at Mia."

Nora nodded.

When she stepped aside and got ready to leave, Joel suddenly said, "By the way, please tell Mr. Hunt that he can just ask us directly if there's something he wants to know. Isn't it a little too impolite to hack into the Smiths' computer system without permission?"

Nora: “???”

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that Joel had misunderstood. As she had been too anxious to know Ian’s itinerary back then, she hadn’t covered her tracks in the afternoon. This was equivalent to blatantly breaking into the Smiths’ computer system.

She coughed but didn’t explain. Instead, she replied calmly, “I will let him know.”

Joel stared at her. He couldn’t help feeling like something wasn’t quite right with the woman after he had said that, yet he couldn’t pinpoint the reason why. Thus, he nodded and entered Mia’s bedroom instead.

Nora walked back to her room with a guilty conscience. She had only just taken two steps when her phone rang.

She held it up and took a look in the silent corridor—it was actually from Justin.

Perhaps because she was feeling too guilty, she actually picked up the call right away. She asked, “What’s up?”

Justin said dispassionately, “Let’s switch the children back tomorrow.”

Nora’s voice was low as she asked, “Is Pete missing me?”

“... Yeah, I guess you could say that.” Justin said, “Let’s have lunch at noon with the children and then switch them back?”

Nora answered very sincerely, “I can’t wake up in time.”

“How about at night, then?”

Nora nodded without much care. “Okay.”

After the two agreed on the time, Nora was about to hang up when Justin asked, “Was the supper good?”

“It was alright.” After Nora answered, she thought of the lineup when the fellow sent food over earlier in the day and said, “You don’t have to go to so much trouble.”

“It’s your first day there,” Justin explained, “I was afraid that you would be looked down upon. After all, there are too many people in this world too blind to tell good and bad people apart.”

Looked down upon...

Nora subconsciously thought of Florence, and the corners of her lips curled into a smile. “What’s the big deal?”

Since she relied on the Smiths for neither food nor living expenses, it meant that she had a lot of freedom here. At the worst, she could just move out. She didn’t need anything from the Smiths.

Apart from speaking a little sarcastically, the housekeeper didn’t really do anything, so she couldn’t be bothered to hold it against her, either.

Nora yawned and went back to her room to sleep.

She was awakened by the alarm clock the next day. She had to send Cherry to the kindergarten. When she yawned and went downstairs, she found that Mia and Cherry were already awake and sitting at the dining table.

Florence instructed the servants to bring the food out. Cherry’s eyes lit up when she saw that they were having pancakes for breakfast. She said, “I want pancakes!”

She stretched out her little hand after she spoke, intending to take the plate of pancakes from the nanny.

Florence, however, took the plate of pancakes and gave it to Mia instead. She said to Cherry, “Ms. Cherry, this is Ms. Mia’s. If you want some, I’ll get them to bring you another plate of it.”

Cherry’s expression turned cold at once. She was about to say something when Mia pushed the plate of pancakes to Cherry. “You can have them first. They can just give me another plate of pancakes when they are done. I can eat the scrambled eggs first, yeah!”

Cherry was distracted, plus she also had her pancakes now, so she ignored Florence and asked, “Do you eat the eggs first? I always eat the pancakes first, otherwise, I’ll choke!”

Mia replied, "... I like eating the side dishes first and the main dish later."

The two children matched each other very well, and both started eating their breakfasts happily.

Florence's expression turned cold at the sight. She cast her eyes down and said, "Well, that's good, too. It's very polite of Ms. Mia to give in to a guest."

It was just a shame that both children were very innocent, so they didn't think about anything else at all, despite her sarcasm.

In fact, Cherry even nodded and said, "Yes, Mia is the most polite, unlike Brandon. He doesn't have any manners at all!"

Mia blushed. She lowered her head and said softly, "Thank you for the compliment, Cherry."

"You're welcome! We have to praise each other a little more every day, okay? This way, we'll be happy every day, yeah!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

The two girls started munching away on their respective plates of food again after they finished talking.

Florence: "..."

She could only return to the kitchen.

Seeing that Cherry didn't get bullied, Nora's lips curled into a smile in amusement. The girl took everything except the short end of the stick. On top of that, she was quirky and eccentric. Not many in the house were her match.

When she was about to go downstairs, she heard the door beside her open. Joel, who had likely stayed up late the night before, came out. He had some shadows under his eyes, and he was frowning, which toned down his usually smiling face and made him look a little more serious.

But when he saw Nora, his frown gradually softened, and the gentle look returned to his countenance, making him look perfect and flawless. He said, "You don't have to get up so early, Ms. Smith. I can take Cherry with me when I send Mia to school."

Nora didn't stand on ceremony at all. She turned, started walking upstairs, and said, "I'm counting on you, then."

Joel: "..."

By the time Nora woke up once more, she had finally made up for her lack of sleep.

The groggy feeling in her head finally disappeared, and her entire self seemed reborn.

She loosened her muscles and went out, intending to see if Cherry was back yet so that she could take her out for dinner with Justin.

However, the moment she came out of her bedroom, someone suddenly rushed right over to her.. He looked old and aged, but because he had burns on his face, his original looks couldn't be made out anymore. He stared at Nora for very long before he finally said, "You are Ian's daughter!"

Nora's pupils shrank upon hearing what he said, and she looked at him abruptly.

It was completely impossible to make out the man's facial features, and his entire self looked rather savage and terrifying. The skin around his eyes was all burned, so he had only two dark holes to see with.

Ordinary people would surely be shocked at his appearance.

However, Nora had seen much scarier things on the operating table, so she merely raised her eyebrows calmly and asked, "Why do you say that?"

The man tilted his head. As though he was crazy, he replied, "Because you don't look like Ryan! You look like Ian!"

Nora: "..."

Her looks mostly took after her mother, so she only slightly resembled Ian. Moreover, it was said that the slight resemblance also looked very much like Ryan.

Besides, even if Ian was her uncle, it was normal that they would resemble each other a little.

Just as she was about to say something, the man jumped and exclaimed, “Haha! You are Ian’s daughter! Ian has a daughter now! The Smiths also have a daughter now! This is awesome...”

Nora was about to speak again when the butler in charge of the Smiths’ external affairs rushed in with a few men. He let out a sigh of relief upon seeing him. “I finally found you!”

He rushed over, and a few security guards held the man down.

The external butler looked at Nora nervously. “He didn’t offend you, did he, Ms. Smith?”

Nora: “?”

The puzzled woman asked, “He is?”

The butler sighed. “He’s a madman, we all call him Old Maddy. A few years ago, he came to our door to beg, and we simply couldn’t drive him away, no matter what we did. He just kept staying outside stubbornly. If we called the police, he just came back again every time the police took him away. He even asked for delicious food. In the end, the old sir told us to let him stay and give him some food, and just take it that we’re doing a good deed. We arranged for him to stay in a small house in the yard, but for some reason, when he heard today that a new young lady of the Smiths has come, he started to shout excitedly that the old sir has a daughter now, and broke in. He has always been well-behaved and has never given anyone trouble all these years, so I didn’t think that he would suddenly go crazy and run up to your door. I’m really sorry.”

Nora waved. “It’s fine.”

She looked again at the madman that had been held down. As the skin on his face was all burned, one couldn’t tell what he looked like or how old he was. Judging from the wrinkles on his hands, however, the man was likely quite advanced in age and was at least fifty years old.

As she walked toward the lower floor with the butler, she asked, “What is his background?”

The butler replied, “He’s just a beggar. The ID card we found on him stated that he’s from a small town near the mountains. A huge fire burned down his

home, so he came out to beg when he had no way out... The old sir said that he definitely wouldn't have taken him in if he were mentally sound—after all, he's physically able to make a living for himself—but since he is in this state, then it was alright.”

Nora looked at the madman again while listening to the butler.

The man's hair was dirty, and he looked like he hadn't had a bath in a very long while. Although his clothes were intact and didn't have any patches, they were also dirty and covered in dust and dirt.

One could tell that the Smiths hadn't abused him. It was just that he was mentally ill, so he was dirtier than ordinary people.

Perhaps because he sensed her disdain, the butler explained, “He has burns on his body, so his skin has always been in poor condition. It's very uncomfortable for him if he takes a hot bath, so he runs off and kicks up a fuss as soon as we give him a bath. As a result, we only give him a bath once a month. It's also mainly because he usually lives in an empty small house in the yard, and doesn't meet with anyone.”

Nora nodded.

The butler asked the security guards to take him away. Even when they had walked a distance away, she could still hear the butler threatening him. “If you run in there again, I'll kick you out! And I won't give you burgers anymore! You hear me?”

“Burgers! Burgers! I wanna eat burgers!”

The madman jumped around and followed the few of them.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Then, she shook her head and paid no further attention to the matter. She turned and walked into the living room.

Warren and Maureen were both on the sofa. Their necks were craned as they looked at the door anxiously. Obviously, they were also waiting for Brandon to return from school.

Although the boy was all brawn and no brains, he was born into a rather blissful family.

While Nora was thinking about it, Maureen saw her. She waved at once and called out, “Nora! Let’s go downstairs and have dinner together?”

Nora shook her head. “I’m waiting for Cherry, we’re going out for dinner.”

Maureen suddenly winked at her. “With Mr. Hunt?”

“Yeah.”

After Nora answered her, Warren gave the crayfish and pasta plates in front of him a small push and snorted. “Are the Smiths unable to feed you? Do you have to go out for meals every day? Or are the Smiths giving you too little pocket money that you have to get Justin to treat you to meals? Are the Hunts’ meals better than the food at home?!”

Nora: “??”

She raised her eyebrows, but before she could speak, someone had smacked Warren on his head. Maureen chastised him angrily, “Can’t you speak properly?”

Warren rubbed his head and glared at Maureen. “What are you doing?”

Maureen ignored him and looked at Nora instead. “Don’t mind him, Nora. He’s in a panic and in a bad mood because a game developed by the company has a major bug that can’t be fixed, that’s why he’s talking as if he has just eaten a whole load of gunpowder. Just ignore him. He actually does care about you. He bought the crayfish and pasta for you.”

Nora: “?”

Warren looked as if he wanted to explode, though. He said, “Who says I bought it for her? You’re obviously the one who likes it, so why are you saying so much?”

“... Okay, okay. I’m the one who likes it, okay?” said Maureen.

She sneered, “I wonder who it was that saw her eating crayfish so happily yesterday and traveled a long way to buy the best crayfish in New York!”

Nora: “!!”

She tilted her head to the side and thought about it. She had indeed eaten crayfish and pasta the day before, but this didn't mean that she liked eating them!

Why was Warren behaving so strangely?!

Warren snorted and continued to hold his laptop. He stared at the programming code on the screen and muttered to himself, “It doesn't look like there's a problem, so why is there a bug?”

Maureen said, “What would someone like you who only knows a little about programming know? You might as well leave it to a professional to solve it!”

Warren snorted. “Don't you think I've already done that? There are so many technicians in the company, but they still haven't found it even after searching for a whole day and night! Our game has only just launched. If this continues for one more day, all of our users are gonna disappear!”

Nora subconsciously glanced at his computer.

Warren, who caught her action, sneered, “What are you looking at? Can you even understand what this is?”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed and she answered earnestly, “I... do understand what it is.”

Warren was taken aback the moment she said that.

Maureen asked in surprise, “You can understand it?”

Nora nodded. She was about to speak when Yvonne's voice reached them. “Were you looking for me, Warren?”

At the sight of Yvonne, Warren instantly got up and walked over with the computer. He said, “Yvonne, come and take a look at this for me. What's wrong with the game? None of the technicians in the IT department can find the problem. If this goes on... the game is already live. We'll lose all the players!”

Nora: “?”

When she looked over hesitantly, Maureen explained, “Yvonne is a software consultant in the company. He always goes to her for help if there are problems that the technicians can’t solve.”

Maureen curled her lips in disdain. When she saw that Yvonne and Warren had moved to the side with the computer, she couldn’t help but sigh. “I feel so miserable, Nora.”

‘Nora’?

Nora raised her eyebrows. She didn’t feel that she was that familiar with Maureen yet. However, the sight of her melancholic look made her too embarrassed to say that, so she chose not to say anything, and took on the role of a listener instead.

Maureen heaved a sigh. “Although my family, the Lights, isn’t as rich and prosperous as the Smiths, we can still be said to be a wealthy family. My parents have always pampered me, and never did they think about reaping benefits through my marriage with the Smiths. Warren and I fell in love with each other. Joel, the current head of the family, can be considered a fair and just man, so he didn’t force Warren into a political marriage or anything like that. When I tell you these things, I’m sure you’ll think that I’m leading a very blissful life, right?”

“ ... ”

Nora wanted to say that she didn’t hear anything that the woman should find blissful. It seemed like the only thing that went smoothly was that she had freedom in her marriage?

While she was thinking about it, Maureen sighed and went on. “But who would know what kind of life I’ve actually been leading in the Smiths...”

She turned to look at Yvonne, lowered her voice, and whispered, “Do you know? When Warren asked Yvonne to be a consultant in his company, he had wanted to pay her a salary, but she refused it. After all, she does have money. She also refused when I suggested letting her become a shareholder. It sounds nice, and makes her look especially big-hearted, right?”

Nora nodded. She wanted to say that since they were a family, Yvonne had done the right thing.

Maureen sighed. “Yeah, after word of the incident spread, everyone talked about how kind and pure Ms. Smith was, how caring she was toward her brother, and how much she was at peace with the world... but just take a look at Warren there...”

Nora looked over accordingly and saw Warren standing, whereas Yvonne was seated. Warren stood beside Yvonne like her lackey and pointed at the computer screen eagerly.

Whenever Yvonne said something, Warren would immediately nod repeatedly, just like a... very obedient dog.

As soon as the thought formed in Nora’s mind, Maureen spoke again. She said, “Did you see that? She has Warren completely wrapped around her little finger. Sigh! I have quite a lot of savings from when I married into the family, and Warren also receives a lot of dividends from the company every year. When we started the game company, we just wanted something to do so that life wouldn’t be that boring. After all, there are a lot of restrictions and constraints if you work in the Smith Corporation. It isn’t much of a problem if Warren just approaches the Smith Corporation’s computer whizzes if he has a problem with his software, right? If that still doesn’t solve the problem, I’m even willing to pay a lot to hire a super hacker. But Warren keeps saying that it doesn’t make sense to get an outsider to do it when there’s his younger sister at home.

“But once he asks for her help, our standard of living isn’t allowed to surpass Yvonne’s anymore. I like caviar, so my family sent me a bit of Almas caviar, which is very precious and almost impossible to buy. Warren said, ‘This caviar is great. Let’s give some to Yvonne’. If I refuse, it would make me look stingy; but if I give it to her, half the amount is too little, so I’ll have to give her two-thirds of it, no matter what...”

Maureen continued to complain. “She is the young lady of the Smiths, so she eats the best food, drinks the best drinks, and wears the best clothes. I can understand all of that, but we have to give her all the things my husband buys, as well as the best things that the family gets...”

As she spoke, Maureen paused and looked at Nora. She said, “I know you’ll definitely say that since she has helped us, we should give in to her a little in little things in life. But do you know? I’d rather spend the money and hire a computer expert because the two of us would at least be on equal standing since I paid for it. I don’t want to owe her a favor that I can’t ever repay...”

She heaved another melancholic sigh. Then, she looked at Nora and said, “Sigh, never mind. I’m sure you’ll think that I’m just whining. After all, there are people who don’t even have any food to eat, yet I’m complaining about having too little Almas caviar...”

Nora: “...”

To be honest, she understood.

She also hated owing people favors the most. It was just like when Solo had been seriously ill back then. Because she had discovered his condition in time and performed an operation on him, she had saved his life.

Solo had always wanted to pay her instead of working for her, but she knew that he would definitely disappear after she took the money, which would, in turn, lead to her having to personally take care of a lot of troublesome things subsequently.

It took up too much of her sleeping time.

Thus... cough.

When she thought about it that way, it seemed like she had become the same kind of person as Yvonne?

In that case, did Solo also find her very annoying?

For the first time—and in a rare move—Nora began to reflect upon herself.

On the other side, Yvonne kept a constant eye on Maureen out of the corner of her eye while she looked at the programming code for Warren.

She didn’t know what Maureen was saying, but she was constantly talking affectionately with Nora.

A touch of dissatisfaction flashed across her eyes.

Just how kind was she to Warren and his wife? Yet they had already converted to Nora’s side so quickly?

She cast her eyes down and suddenly edited some of the programming code. Then, she smiled and said, “The problem’s resolved now.”

Warren immediately gave her a thumbs up. “You’re amazing, Yvonne. All those people in the company can’t compare to you alone! Let me see... the bug is indeed gone! That’s awesome!”

Warren thanked Yvonne and went to the side to make a phone call.

At this point, the few children finally reached home.

Joel hadn’t picked them up from school because of an important meeting, so it was the butler who had picked up the three children.

Nora took Cherry out while Mia went upstairs to change. Brandon bounced around Maureen mischievously.

Yvonne looked at them and then at Warren. She thought of Maureen’s earnest and enthusiastic attitude toward Nora just now. Suddenly, she cast her eyes down and walked toward them. Brandon was saying something and bouncing around. When he took a step back, he happened to ‘accidentally’ step on Yvonne’s feet!!

“Ahh!”

Yvonne let out a cry of pain and held her foot.

Her cry made Warren, who was in the distance, look over.. He hurried over. “What’s wrong, Yvonne? Brandon, quick, apologize to your aunt!”

Yvonne, however, held Warren’s arm. She frowned and acted as if her foot really hurt, but then said with a smile, “I’m fine, Warren. The boy didn’t mean it...”

Practically at the same time she spoke, Brandon, who was also stunned, subconsciously asked, “How did you appear behind me, Aunt Yvonne?”

Yvonne smiled. “I was just passing by.”

As the little overlord of the kindergarten, Brandon was currently at the age where kids were the most rebellious and detestable, so he hated having to apologize the most.

He scratched his head. “I didn’t mean it. It’s not like I have eyes at the back of my head...”

His annoying speech made Warren furious. "Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to apologize! Stop making excuses!"

Brandon had always been very mischievous and had damaged a lot of things at home, thereby leaving that sort of impression on Warren a long time ago. He felt that he must have done it on purpose.

In addition, Brandon had indeed been having fun stepping on other people's feet at home recently. He had even been playing games to see who could step on more people's feet.

As a result, he had misunderstood.

There was no way the little overlord would ever apologize, though. He immediately retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Warren was livid.

Yvonne had just helped him. Not only had he not given her anything for it, but his son was even being so naughty?

He decided to take the opportunity to teach Brandon a lesson and make him behave. He picked up the boy at once and smacked his butt. "Will you apologize or not?!"

The pain made Brandon, who had never been one to behave, struggle and flail about at once. "Bad Daddy! Let me go! If you dare to beat me, I'll also beat you when I grow up!"

Warren was taken aback.

Yvonne broke into a huge frown. "How can you say that, Brandon? That's so outrageous of you! I don't need you to apologize to me, you should be apologizing to your father instead!"

Brandon was furious. The boy, who had never been one to allow himself to suffer any injustice, retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong. Besides, I didn't mean it, either. You were the one who came up to me and let yourself be stepped on, so why should I apologize?!"

Warren instantly became even angrier.

He lifted his hand and mercilessly smacked his butt again. "You little brat! Will you apologize or not?!"

Loud smacks rang out as his palm landed on Brandon's butt, making Maureen terribly distressed.

No matter how naughty the boy was, he was still her precious baby.

She had seen that it was Yvonne who ran into him just now, but when her husband told her son to apologize, she had subconsciously felt that she should give in to Yvonne.

Having her son apologize wasn't really much of a big deal, so she hadn't stopped them.

What her son said after that had indeed been very annoying, so she had also felt that they mustn't spoil their son when her husband decided to teach him a lesson. Which boy hadn't suffered a thrashing before?

But at this moment, she felt as if the blows landing on Brandon's butt were instead landing on her heart, making her heart ache terribly.

She rushed over anxiously. "Alright, that's enough! Stop hitting him! You're going to hurt the boy!"

Warren was afraid of his wife, so he immediately let go upon hearing her.

But as soon as he did, Yvonne said, "I know you love your son, Maureen, but spare the rod and spoil the child! He actually said that he was going to beat his father up when he grows up! You have to let him know what he has done wrong! Otherwise, he will go down a path of no return when he grows up!"

Maureen was furious. "He isn't your child, so of course you don't feel bad about it! It is our responsibility to educate our son, you don't need to bother yourself with it!"

The look on Yvonne's countenance became one of grievance upon being scolded. She heaved a huge sigh and said, "You're right. Warren, Maureen, I stepped beyond the boundaries with my words."

Warren, however, became angry. "Yvonne was doing it for Brandon's own good! Besides, she's his aunt, why would she do anything to harm him? She

has the right to discipline the child! Yvonne is right, boys ought to be beaten up, otherwise, he really will beat me up once he grows up! What an impertinent boy!”

After speaking, he held his arm up and hit Brandon’s butt a few more times!

Brandon stubbornly refused to cry, but his struggle gradually became weaker.

Maureen couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Warren away and grabbed her son from him. Then, she pulled down his pants and took a look—his butt was already all red and swollen!

Maureen’s eyes instantly reddened. She shouted straight at Warren and Yvonne, “Warren, if you dare to freaking touch my son again, I will fight you!”

Warren: “...”

Yvonne: “...”

Maureen was so mad that she picked up Brandon, went upstairs, and entered their bedroom. Before she went in, she looked back at Warren and said, “Warren! Do you want your son and me, or your precious little sister?! Are you intending to kill your son just for your precious little sister’s sake?!”

“I can’t live with this anymore! I’m taking my son back home! You can go and live with your sister instead!”

With that, she slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Warren feared his wife the most, so he hurriedly went forward upon hearing what she said. “Dear, I...”

But after taking a step forward, he looked back at Yvonne.

Yvonne sighed. “Go and talk to Maureen, Warren. I’ll be fine... She must have misunderstood... Have a good talk with Maureen. Don’t make her angry, I know you’re scared of her... If it really doesn’t work, why don’t I go up with you and apologize to her?”

There probably wasn’t any man who could stand it if someone were to say that they were scared of their wife, right?

Had it been someone else, they would definitely have patted their chest and said, "Don't worry! I'm a man, what's there to be scared of? You don't have to do that!"

However, Warren instead nodded and said, "You know me best. I'm the most afraid of her going back to her parents' place. Let me quickly go upstairs and appease her... If I fail, I'll have to ask you to give in and apologize to her."

He then went upstairs without looking back, leaving only Yvonne standing downstairs.

She was so mad that she had to take a deep breath before she could suppress her anger.

She knew it! Warren didn't have a conscience at all. Now that he had a wife, he didn't protect his sister anymore!

Did the two of them really think that she didn't have any means of keeping them within her control, though?

Yvonne lowered her head and smirked.

She would just wait for Warren to come and beg her.

Half an hour later, after Warren cried, begged, and coaxed her, Maureen finally gave in and stayed at the Smiths' for the time being.

She and her husband were truly in love, after all. Besides, even though their son's injury looked serious, the doctor said that they were just simple bruises when he came over to take a look.

Warren said, "That's my son I'm hitting, so I will definitely hold back! He won't break so easily, don't worry!"

Maureen: "!!"

Not long after the two of them made up, Warren's cell phone rang. When he answered, the technician on the other side said, "Go and look at the game, Mr. Smith! There's another bug! It's a different one this time! We still haven't found the cause of it yet. Can you ask Ms. Yvonne for help again?"

Warren: "??"

Maureen: “????”

Maureen was someone who refused to embarrass herself. If she asked someone for help, she would either pay them or do something for them. No matter what, she would always repay the debt she owed.

She had only just been angry at Yvonne a moment ago because of Brandon, yet she had to beg her for help now?

There was no way she could make herself do that.

Warren scratched his head. “It’s okay, she’s my younger sister. It’ll be fine if I go and approach her. It doesn’t count as begging her for help. We’re family!”

Maureen grabbed her husband who was about to go out. “I’ve had enough, Warren! Look at your son’s butt! If we were really family, would you have given him a beating if he stepped on your feet?”

Warren was taken aback.

Maureen pointed at him and ranted, “It’s exactly because you always feel like you owe her a favor that you unknowingly behave as if you’re beneath her. Yes, Yvonne is indeed from the Smiths’ direct lineage, but at the bottom of it all, she’s still just an adopted daughter. I’ve never seen you so wimpy even when you’re in front of Joel! Why is it that you can’t even say a single word in front of her?”

Maureen became more and more aggrieved as she spoke. Her eyes turned red, and she cried as she shouted, “Think about how much injustice you have made me suffer all these years? Let’s just talk about the Almas caviar the other time. You clearly know that I love caviar the most while it doesn’t matter to her whether she eats it or not, yet you still forced me to give her two-thirds of it... Do you know? My mom only managed to buy the Almas caviar after asking someone for a favor and spending a lot of money! Even she couldn’t bear to eat it herself, and had given them all to me!”

Maureen wiped her tears and went on. “I was willing to overlook certain things before, but we have to make things clear now! She is your younger sister, and you have a sister complex. It’s not a problem that you want to spoil her, but she isn’t related to me by blood at all! Neither has she done anything for me! Why do I also have to repay her for the favors she’s done for you?!”

Warren scratched his head. He panicked and said, “Don’t cry, dear. I... I just thought that good things ought to be shared, that’s all.”

“Yeah, right! Never mind if she also likes Almas caviar, but the problem is that she doesn’t like it at all! I saw with my own eyes that she couldn’t bring herself to eat the Almas caviar after it was prepared, so she gave it to Florence, the housekeeper! I’ve kept all this to myself and have never brought it up before, but don’t you dare go too far!

“You have two choices today, Warren Smith. One—you go to her, and we divorce! I won’t take this bullshit anymore! The second—remove her software consultant position in the company, or pay her a salary. You can even give her dividends if you want! Just don’t owe her any more favors!”

Maureen hugged herself angrily and sobbed loudly after she spoke.

She was full of grievances after her son suffered a beating.

Yet now she still had to go and beg Yvonne for help! She was so goddamn full of grievances that she couldn’t get any more aggrieved than that!

Brandon was already in pain because of the beating, but he had been holding it back all this time. However, when he saw that his mother was upset, he immediately walked over and pushed Warren. Then, he hugged Maureen and also burst into tears. He said, “Don’t cry, Mommy! Don’t cry! We won’t talk to bad Daddy anymore! If he makes you angry, I will take off the respirator for his oxygen tank after I grow up!”

“...”

Warren’s lip corners spasmed. “You little brat! Do you have a conscience or not?!”

Maureen also burst into laughter after holding it back for a brief moment.

Brandon’s words immediately dispelled the sad atmosphere in the room.

Warren stepped forward and put his arm around Maureen’s shoulders. “Alright, alright, dear. Although I don’t really understand what you were saying, nor do I understand what’s so delicious about the Almas caviar, I’ll listen to you, okay? We won’t go to Yvonne anymore. I’ll hire an expert hacker from outside, okay?”

The sniffing Maureen nodded.

She took another deep breath before she looked at Warren and asked, “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Warren then sighed and said, “Why didn’t you tell me about the Almas caviar earlier? Had you told me, I would have bought you some. Given the Smiths’ connections, isn’t it a piece of cake to just buy some?”

Maureen pounded his shoulder. “Do you think Almas caviar is that easy to find?”

Warren, however, was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely buy some for you!”

The family of three finally reconciled and hugged one another happily. Because Maureen had cried a lot, her eyes were all red and swollen, so she was too embarrassed to go downstairs for dinner. Warren decided to bring the food up instead.

When he went downstairs, he happened to see Yvonne and Joel eating. He smiled and said, “The little brat’s butt is all swollen because of me, so he doesn’t want to come down. We’ll eat upstairs instead.”

He then instructed the servants to deliver the food to their room.

Joel didn’t think much about it and concentrated on feeding Mia instead.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows.

She’d thought that Warren wouldn’t be able to stop himself from speaking to her. This way, Maureen would definitely be embarrassed and would force Brandon to come over and apologize to her.

She simply loved seeing Maureen having to practice forbearance even though she was clearly feeling terribly aggrieved.

She was the true mistress of the household here!

But why wasn’t Warren acting according to plan?

Upstairs, the family of three went to sleep after dinner.

However, reality always called after a heartwarming moment.

After sleeping for some time, Maureen was woken up by the heat. She opened her eyes and found that Brandon's limbs were all over her. The little fellow was as hot as a furnace.

She pushed the little fellow off of her and got up, intending to drink some water. It was then that she found that there was no one on the other side of Brandon.

Surprised, she stood up. She could vaguely hear sounds coming from the balcony in the suite's study. She drank a glass of water and walked over.

When she reached there, she saw that because Warren didn't want to wake the two of them, not only was he in the study, but he had even gone to the balcony and was on the phone with someone. He lowered his voice and said, "You can't find the cause? How can that be? Didn't I say that you can get external help? If it really doesn't work, you can borrow someone from the Smiths. Joel has a hacker!"

The person he was on the phone with replied, "I've already approached him, Boss, but he says that he couldn't tell what the problem is. What do we do now?"

Things would get really tricky if even the Smiths' hacker couldn't detect the issue.

Warren frowned.

The other party, who was in charge of operations, said, "It's been more than 24 hours since the game went live. The forums are full of negative feedback right now. If we still can't fix the bug within 36 hours, the players will definitely doubt our capabilities. We could still vaguely find the cause for the previous bug, but we simply can't find it at all this time!"

Warren ran his hand through his hair, so troubled that he was almost going bald. "What would happen if we fail to fix it?"

The person in charge of operations stayed quiet for a moment before he replied, "We'll lose all the money we invested in the initial stages! Boss, you said that you wanted to create a perfect game, so from production planning to art and design, we hired only the best. In fact, we even hired a master artist to

do the landscape designs, so every drawing is super expensive! The loss is a little too much...”

Warren had dividends from the company. He could also ask Joel for money if he didn't have any more money.

But he also had his own ideals and that was to start a game company.

Thus, he had invested almost all of his savings into the game.

Warren was so troubled that he tugged at his hair again and pulled out a few more strands.

In the room next door.

Yvonne listened to the voices coming from the monitoring device. She had hacked into Warren's phone and was eavesdropping on his conversation.

Chapter 273 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Nora raised her eyebrows slightly and made a gesture of picking up the call and walked to the balcony at the side.

As soon as the call connected, Lily's tired voice came through. "Anti, the report is out."

Nora lowered her eyes and said coldly, "What's the result?"

Lily replied in English, "Your relationship with Mr. Smith is indeed not that of a father and daughter. Your DNA is not close enough."

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Uncle and niece?"

Lily replied, "Your DNA is a little off from that of a father and daughter. That's why the previous report compared the DNA match to that of an uncle and a niece. But it's impossible to determine if that's true. Can you find your father's DNA?"

Nora: "...No."

If she could find it, wouldn't she have sent it to her long ago?

Nora was a little disappointed. Just as she was about to hang up, Lily said hesitantly, "Anti, actually, it's not impossible that you and Mr. Smith are father and daughter."

Not impossible?

What kind of relationship was that?

Nora said, "Please elaborate."

Lily then said, "Do you remember the last time I told you that your intelligence and genes are different from ordinary people?"

Nora narrowed her eyes. "Yes, and?"

Lily said slowly, "The difference between you and Ian mostly comes from this part of your IQ genes. However, it might also be because your genes have mutated. Therefore, I said that you and Ian are very likely father and daughter. If you can find the DNA of the so-called father you're talking about now, we can verify it. I even feel that the matching rate might not be as high as yours and Ian's. Of course, if this is the case, it can also prove your relationship with Ian."

Nora frowned.

In other words, could she be Ian's daughter?

However, the problem was that she could not provide evidence. She could not possibly say that her genes had mutated, right? This was too unbelievable.

She lowered her eyes. "If I could get that so-called father's DNA, I wouldn't have let you test me and Mr. Smith."

Lily: "...That's right. Am I being silly?"

"Not totally."

Nora lowered her eyes slowly. "At least you let me know that there is another possibility."

Lily nodded. "Yes, you'd better go to the Smiths now and try to find a way to get your father's DNA, something that's still there even more than twenty years later."

Nora: "...For example?"

He had been gone for more than twenty years. Where could she get live DNA?

However, Lily said, "For example, from the wisdom teeth or milk teeth? Don't people keep those around after they're plucked out?"

Nora: "...That's a little disgusting."

"..."

"I'm hanging up."

After Nora hung up, she thought for a while and suddenly patted her head. She felt that she was so silly.

If she wanted to know who her father was, she could find out who had gone to California back then.

She raised an eyebrow and went downstairs.

Joel was waiting for her in the living room. At this moment, Cherry was talking to him adorably. "So Mia's father is my uncle. No wonder Mia is so cute like Cherry!"

Joel nodded. "Yeah."

Cherry said, "Uncle, you're so good-looking. You're the type my mommy and I like. You're harmless and beautiful!"

"..."

"By the way, Uncle, can I live with Mia after we go to the Smiths? I like Mia the most. Also, Brandon is my underling. Do you know that?"

Joel: "...Okay."

This child was so talkative!

As he was feeling conflicted, he saw Nora coming downstairs. He instantly heaved a sigh of relief and walked over to pick up her luggage. "Let's go."

Nora was not fearful at all because Joel was helping her carry her luggage. Instead, she followed behind him calmly. After the group of them went out, a secretary helped Joel take the luggage.

Joel coming to pick her up personally was giving Nora enough face.

An hour later, they finally arrived at the Smiths' residence.

Joel got out of the car. With the help of the servants at home, he took the lead and walked in front. He turned back to look at Nora and saw that after she got out of the car, she completely ignored Cherry.

On the other hand, Cherry jumped out of the car and skipped beside her while looking around. Her small eyes were like black grapes. There was no hint of the surprise she should have upon seeing the Smiths' manor. Instead, there was some admiration.

That's right. Justin's daughter must have lived in the Hunts for a period of time. She didn't look like a child who had not seen the world.

Unknowingly, Joel slowed down his footsteps and asked her, "Do you like it? How does the Smiths' house compare to the Hunts'?"

Cherry looked up and said, "More or less the same. But Dad prepared a princess room for me. Do you have one here?"

Joel: "!!"

A princess room... He didn't have it here!

After all, it was a last-minute decision to bring the two of them to the Smiths' residence.

However, when he met Cherry's big eyes, which were like black grapes, he coughed and said, "Yes, there will be."

Cherry: "Yeah! I'm not leaving then. Little Princess Lucy still wants me to play with her!"

Lucy?

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The royal family of the UK did have a little princess named Lucy. She was only five years old this year, but she was friends with Cherry?

One had to know that the UK was a country that valued blood relations the most. The aristocrats looked down on the commoners.

Therefore...

Joel glanced at Nora. This little cousin of his was not simple?

After Nora followed Joel into the Smiths, Joel brought her upstairs.

He found a relatively spacious guest room for her and instructed, "I was in a hurry to pick you up, so I'll have to trouble you to stay here for the time being. The room beside is being renovated. It'll be your boudoir."

Nora did not care about this. Moreover, the guest room was quite spacious. The important thing was that the bed was quite comfortable. She nodded. "Okay."

Seeing that she had no other thoughts, Joel left the living room and went to the office.

On the way, he received a call from Mia. "Dad, Cherry is here. Can I let her stay with me?"

Her daughter's room was a princess room, and the two children could stay there.

Joel agreed.

However, as soon as he arrived at the company, the company's Internet staff hurriedly found him. "Mr. Smith, our Internet has been hacked!"

Joel was taken aback. "Who hacked it?"

The manager of the Internet Department shook his head. "I don't know, but the other party has retrieved Mr. Ian's schedule from 25 years ago!"

25 years ago?

Where had Third Uncle been?

Joel followed the manager of the Internet Department into the secret room and saw Ian's schedule for the entire year 25 years ago.

Ever since Yvette left New York, Ian had been busy and almost never returned home. He would fly around outside every day and build up the business.

Actually, he was using work to numb himself.

However, the cities he had been to included foreign countries and major cities in the country. He had never been to California.

When Joel saw this clearly, he saw that the webpage had automatically changed to Ryan's itinerary. Only then did he realize that 25 years ago, Ryan had once reserved a ticket to California!

Joel: "??"

First, the hacker investigated Ian's whereabouts, and now, he was investigating Ryan's whereabouts... It went without saying who had hacked into the Smiths' system.

The corners of his mouth twitched. He felt that Mr. Hunt was really too free. He had really put in so much effort to confirm his girlfriend's identity.

After all, the Smiths' security system had been designed by the best. Other than the Hunts, no one else had the ability to hack in, right?

However, when he realized that the other party had only investigated this and had silently withdrawn, he simply did not pursue the matter. After all, the hacker had not peeked at their company's secrets.

At the Smiths.

After Nora investigated, she frowned even more.

Ryan had been to California, but Ian had not been to California in the year before she was born. Therefore, she couldn't possibly be Ian's child, right?

She sighed silently and exited the computer. Then, she looked around the guest room.

The guest room was a hundred square meters and was a private room. Apart from the master bedroom, there was the living room and study room. She packed her luggage and lay on the bed.

The soft bed was very comfortable, and she fell asleep unknowingly.

When she woke up, it was already dark.

She got up and stretched, then took out her phone and took a look. She realized that there were a few WeChat messages from Justin.

JH: "What are you doing? Have lunch together?"

JH: "Are you sleeping? Shall we eat together tonight?"

JH: "It's already 5 PM. Are you still sleeping?"

JH: "It's already 8 PM. Why aren't you awake yet?"

Nora: "..."

She yawned and replied: "I'm awake."

The other party replied instantly: "Shall we have supper together?"

Nora: "..."

She replied: "Just eat something. I'm busy."

JH: "What are you busy with?"

Nora: "I want to sleep after eating."

JH: "..."

After sending this message, Nora threw her phone aside and went out.

A few days ago, she had not slept for two days in order to refine medicine for Mrs. Hunt. Therefore, she must sleep more these few days.

The guest room was on the second floor. As they left and walked along the corridor, they heard voices in the dining room downstairs.

Yvonne was a little worried. “Warren, are you really not going to wake her up? She didn’t even eat dinner... Perhaps she feels embarrassed?”

Warren sneered. “Hmph, who cares if she eats or not! Who is she putting on airs for?! I thought she was Uncle Ian’s daughter and that we finally have a biological cousin. I didn’t expect her to be Uncle Ryan’s daughter! That’s too much! How can Uncle Ryan snatch Uncle Ian’s woman? Although this cousin is his biological daughter and is related by blood, I can’t like her!”

With that, the servant beside him said, “Then, Sir Warren, is there any food left in the kitchen?”

Yvonne lowered her eyes and said, “Of course. Warren, she has also come to our house and is our eldest miss. We definitely have to save her some food.”

Warren was indeed furious. “Who does she think she is? Yvonne, don’t worry. I definitely won’t distance myself from you just because she’s related to me by blood. In my heart, you’re the only sister I have!”

Yvonne sighed in relief.

Having grown up in this family, she knew better than anyone else how indulgent this family was to girls!

Not to mention how much her uncles from the previous generation doted on her, but even at this age, they were still desperately trying to have a baby girl.

The older brothers of this generation definitely had a sister complex!

Take the last time she attended the Hunts’ birthday banquet. Warren had bought the most expensive gown for her, not for his own wife.

Although she was not a biological daughter, her status in the family had always been number one.

No matter what, the best was hers.

Therefore, she was really afraid that because of Nora, who was related to her brothers by blood, she would lose her favor.

Hearing Warren’s words, she was relieved.

She sighed and comforted him again. “Warren, even so, since she has moved here, we can’t let her starve. We can’t throw the food away.”

Warren immediately said angrily, “You’re right. Even if a stray cat or dog comes to our house, it’s still a member of the Smiths. We definitely can’t let her starve.”

With that, he instructed the nanny in the most ruthless manner, “Go, save that portion of Australian lobster for her. There’s also top-grade steak. By the way, she might not like Western food. Prepare some bird’s nest porridge and little buns for her. I remember that our pan-fried buns are the best. Wrap them up for her too. When she wakes up, cook them. The freshly cooked ones are the best! Then let her choose. I want her to die from overeating!”

The nanny: ...

Yvonne: ...

Nora, who was preparing to go downstairs: ???

Yvonne’s expression changed. She had always known that her brother Warren did not know how to speak, and he would often say one thing but mean another. She clenched her fists tightly and lowered her eyes. “Warren that’s too much food. It won’t be good if it’s wasted.”

Warren hesitated for a moment. “She’s not a fool. Would she really eat them all? Forget it. I’ll leave some for her. I’ll see what she likes to eat and prepare them tomorrow.”

With that, he hurriedly clarified. “I’m not doing this for her good. I’m showing her how powerful Smiths are. I’m also showing her the delicacies of the Smiths so that she won’t wolf down the delicious food outside and lose our face!”

Yvonne: “...”

Warren did not think that he had said anything wrong. In his mind, he saw Nora wolfing down the cake at the Hunts’ banquet. At that time, Mr. Hunt had been watching from the side and his mouth had even twitched.

He must have been criticizing this girl in his heart for not being presentable!

How could he let anyone look down on the daughter of the Smiths?

As he was thinking about this, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately, a few people walked in with hot dishes.

The butler followed in. "Sir Warren, this is the supper Mr. Hunt had reserved for Miss Smith. He said that Miss Smith has already woken up and asked us to send it in."

Warren: ???

Nora, who was upstairs: ???

Looking at the huge plate of food, her lips twitched.

Justin, do you think I'm a pig?!

The dining table was quickly filled.

Warren also saw Nora, who was preparing to come downstairs.

He instantly straightened his back and raised his neck. He pretended not to look at her, but he kept paying attention to her from the corner of his eye.

If this person came over to greet him, he would definitely ignore her and tell her not to think that he would recognize her as a sister just because she called him Brother!

Uncle Ian controlled the entire family. Uncle Ian's family was the direct line of descent. The other brothers, including him, were all from the side family!

As for Nora, she was even further away!

After all, the hatred of snatching someone's wife was too intense!

Anyway, he was sent by his Uncle Ian. He would definitely not be coaxed by his sister!

Just as he was saying this to himself, he saw Nora walking down slowly from upstairs. She walked past him and went to the dining room without saying anything.

Warren: ???

Hey, was she blind? He was a living person. Can't she see him?

Warren was so angry that he wanted to go forward and argue, but Yvonne grabbed his hand. "Warren, you, don't lower yourself to her level..."

Warren snorted coldly. "I don't care about her. I'm just not full yet! Go to the kitchen and see what else is there to eat!"

Yvonne: "..."

Nora ignored the two of them. She could feel Yvonne's inexplicable hostility toward her. As for Warren... he had schemed against her in the Hunts. It was already good enough that she did not settle scores with him. How could she still greet him?

She sat at the dining table and was not picky about what she ate.

The food she ate was only for her to fill her stomach. Deliciousness was never within her considerations.

Seeing that she looked like the reincarnation of a hungry ghost as she wolfed down a plate of steamed crayfish, Warren couldn't help but feel indignant.

He entered the kitchen casually and took out the prepared Australian lobster. He placed it on the table and sighed. "This Australian lobster is too delicious!"

What was so good about the food sent by the Hunts? Was it better than the Smiths?

Hurry up and throw away that small lobster that does not have much meat. Come and try the Smiths' lobster! It's filled with meat!

Unfortunately, Nora acted as if she did not hear him. She took another plate of noodles and finished it in a few bites.

The way she ate was fast and plentiful, but the sound of her eating was very soft. Whatever it was, she stuffed it into her mouth in big bites and chewed quickly before swallowing it.

Eating like this put pressure on her stomach.

At the thought of this, Warren said, "Hey, can't you eat more elegantly? Can't you be a little nobler like the eldest daughter of the Smiths? You look like you haven't eaten in 800 years."

Nora: "..."

A plate of crayfish and a plate of noodles were soon gulped down by her. She took out a tissue and wiped her mouth before throwing it into the trash can. Then, she stood up and looked around before asking with a hoarse voice, "Where's Cherry?"

The housekeeper glanced at her and lowered her head to answer, "In Little Miss's room. She's going to sleep with Little Miss tonight."

The housekeeper looked up at Nora and added, "She took a liking to Little Miss's princess bed and insisted on staying there."

With that, she pursed his lips.

Not only that, but she had also deceived Little Miss into taking out many princess gowns to share with her. This little child was so scheming!

Nora seemed not to have heard her answer. She asked again, "Where is Mia's room?"

"Turn left on the second floor, the third room."

Nora nodded and went upstairs.

After she left, the housekeeper instructed the nanny to take out a cloth and carefully wipe the spot where she had sat before saying, "Take this cutlery and disinfect it."

Warren did not care about her actions. After all, he did not even know how the nannies washed the dishes. Moreover, it was normal for the items in the house to be disinfected.

Yvonne raised her brows.

Nora had just gone upstairs when she heard a voice behind her.

She took a look and realized that the housekeeper had followed her. When the housekeeper saw her, she walked beside her. "Little Miss's room is over

here. Don't walk around recklessly. It won't be good if you bump into the masters."

Nora raised her brows.

When she walked into Mia's room, she saw a study room with its door open. There were four main computers in it, and they were currently running.

She only took a glance at it before the housekeeper introduced, "This is our Miss... Miss Yvonne's work studio. She likes coding programs as a hobby. Sometimes, she would make some software with it. The firewall Miss Yvonne created has even won awards. These four main computers are servers bought at high prices overseas. Don't barge in recklessly. If you accidentally press some button and affect Miss Yvonne's software programming, it won't be good."

These things were too familiar. Nora could not help but ask, "Is she a hacker?"

"What hacker? This is just Miss Yvonne's hobby. She only writes some code occasionally. Miss Yvonne is omnipotent. She knows how to arrange flowers, draw, calligraphy, violin, and piano! She's basically won every industry award!"

The housekeeper sounded a little proud when she said this.

Then, she said, "Although Miss Yvonne is an adopted daughter, she's the adopted daughter of Master Ian. Her status is definitely different from the other gentlemen and ladies in the other houses. Other than Mr. Joel, all the other gentlemen dote on her very much. They treat her with respect!"

Although some of the Smiths lived at home, some of them had moved out.

Actually, strictly speaking, Ian was the owner of this manor. Joel had been chosen by him to become the current leader and take over his businesses.

In ancient times, this was considered adoption for Ian.

Warren and his wife could only be considered to be living in the manor. There were also people from the other houses who had already moved out.

Even if Nora was the daughter of the Smiths, she was from the second branch. She was not considered the matriarch of this manor.

The housekeeper knew very well who the owner of the house was.

Nora glanced sideways at her upon hearing her words.

After showing Mia's door to Nora, the housekeeper left.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen, she heard the nannies discussing softly. "Miss Smith is going to marry Mr. Hunt in the future. Then she will be Mrs. Hunt, and she will become the mistress of the entire Hunt Empire. But our Miss... Miss Yvonne, after she gets married, she won't be considered a member of the Smiths anymore. In the entire New York, other than the Hunts, no one can compare to the Smiths, right? Is Miss Smith more respected, or is Miss Yvonne?"

The housekeeper immediately entered and sneered. "Have the rules in the house been broken? Of course, the owner is the most respected!

Florence Stone, the housekeeper in charge of internal affairs at the Smiths', was Ian's diehard fan. She was absolutely loyal to the Smiths and had great respect and admiration for Ian.

She had witnessed with her own eyes how Ian had gone from someone shrewd and capable, lively and active, and someone who loved talking and smiling—to the zombie he currently was, all because of Yvette.

She hated Yvette with every fiber of her being.

Therefore, she always looked at things from Ian's perspective. She reprimanded, "Even if Ms. Nora becomes Mrs. Hunt in the future, she's still just Ms. Smith now! Mr. Ian's daughter is the noblest of all! Although Ms. Yvonne is adopted, she's Mr. Ian's adopted daughter. Can't you tell which of the two matters more?"

The nannies hung their heads upon being reprimanded, none of them daring to speak anymore.

When Nora went to Mia's room, the two girls were already fast asleep.

This wasn't the first time Cherry was sleeping together with a friend. The little fellow was carefree and slept very soundly. Mia, on the other hand, was relatively restrained. Her arms were placed on both sides properly. Even

though she was asleep, her little face nevertheless made one want to dote on her.

Nora pulled up the covers for the children and went out.

As soon as she did, she ran into Joel who had just returned home from work.

Nora raised her eyebrows when the two ran into each other.

Joel was also a little surprised, though he quickly reacted. He said, "I'm here to take a look at Mia."

Nora nodded.

When she stepped aside and got ready to leave, Joel suddenly said, "By the way, please tell Mr. Hunt that he can just ask us directly if there's something he wants to know. Isn't it a little too impolite to hack into the Smiths' computer system without permission?"

Nora: "???"

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that Joel had misunderstood. As she had been too anxious to know Ian's itinerary back then, she hadn't covered her tracks in the afternoon. This was equivalent to blatantly breaking into the Smiths' computer system.

She coughed but didn't explain. Instead, she replied calmly, "I will let him know."

Joel stared at her. He couldn't help feeling like something wasn't quite right with the woman after he had said that, yet he couldn't pinpoint the reason why. Thus, he nodded and entered Mia's bedroom instead.

Nora walked back to her room with a guilty conscience. She had only just taken two steps when her phone rang.

She held it up and took a look in the silent corridor—it was actually from Justin.

Perhaps because she was feeling too guilty, she actually picked up the call right away. She asked, "What's up?"

Justin said dispassionately, "Let's switch the children back tomorrow."

Nora's voice was low as she asked, "Is Pete missing me?"

"... Yeah, I guess you could say that." Justin said, "Let's have lunch at noon with the children and then switch them back?"

Nora answered very sincerely, "I can't wake up in time."

"How about at night, then?"

Nora nodded without much care. "Okay."

After the two agreed on the time, Nora was about to hang up when Justin asked, "Was the supper good?"

"It was alright." After Nora answered, she thought of the lineup when the fellow sent food over earlier in the day and said, "You don't have to go to so much trouble."

"It's your first day there," Justin explained, "I was afraid that you would be looked down upon. After all, there are too many people in this world too blind to tell good and bad people apart."

Looked down upon...

Nora subconsciously thought of Florence, and the corners of her lips curled into a smile. "What's the big deal?"

Since she relied on the Smiths for neither food nor living expenses, it meant that she had a lot of freedom here. At the worst, she could just move out. She didn't need anything from the Smiths.

Apart from speaking a little sarcastically, the housekeeper didn't really do anything, so she couldn't be bothered to hold it against her, either.

Nora yawned and went back to her room to sleep.

She was awakened by the alarm clock the next day. She had to send Cherry to the kindergarten. When she yawned and went downstairs, she found that Mia and Cherry were already awake and sitting at the dining table.

Florence instructed the servants to bring the food out. Cherry's eyes lit up when she saw that they were having pancakes for breakfast. She said, "I want pancakes!"

She stretched out her little hand after she spoke, intending to take the plate of pancakes from the nanny.

Florence, however, took the plate of pancakes and gave it to Mia instead. She said to Cherry, “Ms. Cherry, this is Ms. Mia’s. If you want some, I’ll get them to bring you another plate of it.”

Cherry’s expression turned cold at once. She was about to say something when Mia pushed the plate of pancakes to Cherry. “You can have them first. They can just give me another plate of pancakes when they are done. I can eat the scrambled eggs first, yeah!”

Cherry was distracted, plus she also had her pancakes now, so she ignored Florence and asked, “Do you eat the eggs first? I always eat the pancakes first, otherwise, I’ll choke!”

Mia replied, “... I like eating the side dishes first and the main dish later.”

The two children matched each other very well, and both started eating their breakfasts happily.

Florence’s expression turned cold at the sight. She cast her eyes down and said, “Well, that’s good, too. It’s very polite of Ms. Mia to give in to a guest.”

It was just a shame that both children were very innocent, so they didn’t think about anything else at all, despite her sarcasm.

In fact, Cherry even nodded and said, “Yes, Mia is the most polite, unlike Brandon. He doesn’t have any manners at all!”

Mia blushed. She lowered her head and said softly, “Thank you for the compliment, Cherry.”

“You’re welcome! We have to praise each other a little more every day, okay? This way, we’ll be happy every day, yeah!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

The two girls started munching away on their respective plates of food again after they finished talking.

Florence: “...”

She could only return to the kitchen.

Seeing that Cherry didn't get bullied, Nora's lips curled into a smile in amusement. The girl took everything except the short end of the stick. On top of that, she was quirky and eccentric. Not many in the house were her match.

When she was about to go downstairs, she heard the door beside her open. Joel, who had likely stayed up late the night before, came out. He had some shadows under his eyes, and he was frowning, which toned down his usually smiling face and made him look a little more serious.

But when he saw Nora, his frown gradually softened, and the gentle look returned to his countenance, making him look perfect and flawless. He said, "You don't have to get up so early, Ms. Smith. I can take Cherry with me when I send Mia to school."

Nora didn't stand on ceremony at all. She turned, started walking upstairs, and said, "I'm counting on you, then."

Joel: "..."

By the time Nora woke up once more, she had finally made up for her lack of sleep.

The groggy feeling in her head finally disappeared, and her entire self seemed reborn.

She loosened her muscles and went out, intending to see if Cherry was back yet so that she could take her out for dinner with Justin.

However, the moment she came out of her bedroom, someone suddenly rushed right over to her.. He looked old and aged, but because he had burns on his face, his original looks couldn't be made out anymore. He stared at Nora for very long before he finally said, "You are Ian's daughter!"

Nora's pupils shrank upon hearing what he said, and she looked at him abruptly.

It was completely impossible to make out the man's facial features, and his entire self looked rather savage and terrifying. The skin around his eyes was all burned, so he had only two dark holes to see with.

Ordinary people would surely be shocked at his appearance.

However, Nora had seen much scarier things on the operating table, so she merely raised her eyebrows calmly and asked, "Why do you say that?"

The man tilted his head. As though he was crazy, he replied, "Because you don't look like Ryan! You look like Ian!"

Nora: "..."

Her looks mostly took after her mother, so she only slightly resembled Ian. Moreover, it was said that the slight resemblance also looked very much like Ryan.

Besides, even if Ian was her uncle, it was normal that they would resemble each other a little.

Just as she was about to say something, the man jumped and exclaimed, "Haha! You are Ian's daughter! Ian has a daughter now! The Smiths also have a daughter now! This is awesome..."

Nora was about to speak again when the butler in charge of the Smiths' external affairs rushed in with a few men. He let out a sigh of relief upon seeing him. "I finally found you!"

He rushed over, and a few security guards held the man down.

The external butler looked at Nora nervously. "He didn't offend you, did he, Ms. Smith?"

Nora: "?"

The puzzled woman asked, "He is?"

The butler sighed. "He's a madman, we all call him Old Maddy. A few years ago, he came to our door to beg, and we simply couldn't drive him away, no matter what we did. He just kept staying outside stubbornly. If we called the police, he just came back again every time the police took him away. He even asked for delicious food. In the end, the old sir told us to let him stay and give him some food, and just take it that we're doing a good deed. We arranged for him to stay in a small house in the yard, but for some reason, when he heard today that a new young lady of the Smiths has come, he started to shout

excitedly that the old sir has a daughter now, and broke in. He has always been well-behaved and has never given anyone trouble all these years, so I didn't think that he would suddenly go crazy and run up to your door. I'm really sorry."

Nora waved. "It's fine."

She looked again at the madman that had been held down. As the skin on his face was all burned, one couldn't tell what he looked like or how old he was. Judging from the wrinkles on his hands, however, the man was likely quite advanced in age and was at least fifty years old.

As she walked toward the lower floor with the butler, she asked, "What is his background?"

The butler replied, "He's just a beggar. The ID card we found on him stated that he's from a small town near the mountains. A huge fire burned down his home, so he came out to beg when he had no way out... The old sir said that he definitely wouldn't have taken him in if he were mentally sound—after all, he's physically able to make a living for himself—but since he is in this state, then it was alright."

Nora looked at the madman again while listening to the butler.

The man's hair was dirty, and he looked like he hadn't had a bath in a very long while. Although his clothes were intact and didn't have any patches, they were also dirty and covered in dust and dirt.

One could tell that the Smiths hadn't abused him. It was just that he was mentally ill, so he was dirtier than ordinary people.

Perhaps because he sensed her disdain, the butler explained, "He has burns on his body, so his skin has always been in poor condition. It's very uncomfortable for him if he takes a hot bath, so he runs off and kicks up a fuss as soon as we give him a bath. As a result, we only give him a bath once a month. It's also mainly because he usually lives in an empty small house in the yard, and doesn't meet with anyone."

Nora nodded.

The butler asked the security guards to take him away. Even when they had walked a distance away, she could still hear the butler threatening him. "If you

run in there again, I'll kick you out! And I won't give you burgers anymore! You hear me?"

"Burgers! Burgers! I wanna eat burgers!"

The madman jumped around and followed the few of them.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Then, she shook her head and paid no further attention to the matter. She turned and walked into the living room.

Warren and Maureen were both on the sofa. Their necks were craned as they looked at the door anxiously. Obviously, they were also waiting for Brandon to return from school.

Although the boy was all brawn and no brains, he was born into a rather blissful family.

While Nora was thinking about it, Maureen saw her. She waved at once and called out, "Nora! Let's go downstairs and have dinner together?"

Nora shook her head. "I'm waiting for Cherry, we're going out for dinner."

Maureen suddenly winked at her. "With Mr. Hunt?"

"Yeah."

After Nora answered her, Warren gave the crayfish and pasta plates in front of him a small push and snorted. "Are the Smiths unable to feed you? Do you have to go out for meals every day? Or are the Smiths giving you too little pocket money that you have to get Justin to treat you to meals? Are the Hunts' meals better than the food at home?!"

Nora: "??"

She raised her eyebrows, but before she could speak, someone had smacked Warren on his head. Maureen chastised him angrily, "Can't you speak properly?"

Warren rubbed his head and glared at Maureen. "What are you doing?"

Maureen ignored him and looked at Nora instead. “Don’t mind him, Nora. He’s in a panic and in a bad mood because a game developed by the company has a major bug that can’t be fixed, that’s why he’s talking as if he has just eaten a whole load of gunpowder. Just ignore him. He actually does care about you. He bought the crayfish and pasta for you.”

Nora: “?”

Warren looked as if he wanted to explode, though. He said, “Who says I bought it for her? You’re obviously the one who likes it, so why are you saying so much?”

“... Okay, okay. I’m the one who likes it, okay?” said Maureen.

She sneered, “I wonder who it was that saw her eating crayfish so happily yesterday and traveled a long way to buy the best crayfish in New York!”

Nora: “!!”

She tilted her head to the side and thought about it. She had indeed eaten crayfish and pasta the day before, but this didn’t mean that she liked eating them!

Why was Warren behaving so strangely?!

Warren snorted and continued to hold his laptop. He stared at the programming code on the screen and muttered to himself, “It doesn’t look like there’s a problem, so why is there a bug?”

Maureen said, “What would someone like you who only knows a little about programming know? You might as well leave it to a professional to solve it!”

Warren snorted. “Don’t you think I’ve already done that? There are so many technicians in the company, but they still haven’t found it even after searching for a whole day and night! Our game has only just launched. If this continues for one more day, all of our users are gonna disappear!”

Nora subconsciously glanced at his computer.

Warren, who caught her action, sneered, “What are you looking at? Can you even understand what this is?”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed and she answered earnestly, "I... do understand what it is."

Warren was taken aback the moment she said that.

Maureen asked in surprise, "You can understand it?"

Nora nodded. She was about to speak when Yvonne's voice reached them. "Were you looking for me, Warren?"

At the sight of Yvonne, Warren instantly got up and walked over with the computer. He said, "Yvonne, come and take a look at this for me. What's wrong with the game? None of the technicians in the IT department can find the problem. If this goes on... the game is already live. We'll lose all the players!"

Nora: "?"

When she looked over hesitantly, Maureen explained, "Yvonne is a software consultant in the company. He always goes to her for help if there are problems that the technicians can't solve."

Maureen curled her lips in disdain. When she saw that Yvonne and Warren had moved to the side with the computer, she couldn't help but sigh. "I feel so miserable, Nora."

'Nora'?

Nora raised her eyebrows. She didn't feel that she was that familiar with Maureen yet. However, the sight of her melancholic look made her too embarrassed to say that, so she chose not to say anything, and took on the role of a listener instead.

Maureen heaved a sigh. "Although my family, the Lights, isn't as rich and prosperous as the Smiths, we can still be said to be a wealthy family. My parents have always pampered me, and never did they think about reaping benefits through my marriage with the Smiths. Warren and I fell in love with each other. Joel, the current head of the family, can be considered a fair and just man, so he didn't force Warren into a political marriage or anything like that. When I tell you these things, I'm sure you'll think that I'm leading a very blissful life, right?"

“ ... ”

Nora wanted to say that she didn't hear anything that the woman should find blissful. It seemed like the only thing that went smoothly was that she had freedom in her marriage?

While she was thinking about it, Maureen sighed and went on. “But who would know what kind of life I've actually been leading in the Smiths...”

She turned to look at Yvonne, lowered her voice, and whispered, “Do you know? When Warren asked Yvonne to be a consultant in his company, he had wanted to pay her a salary, but she refused it. After all, she does have money. She also refused when I suggested letting her become a shareholder. It sounds nice, and makes her look especially big-hearted, right?”

Nora nodded. She wanted to say that since they were a family, Yvonne had done the right thing.

Maureen sighed. “Yeah, after word of the incident spread, everyone talked about how kind and pure Ms. Smith was, how caring she was toward her brother, and how much she was at peace with the world... but just take a look at Warren there...”

Nora looked over accordingly and saw Warren standing, whereas Yvonne was seated. Warren stood beside Yvonne like her lackey and pointed at the computer screen eagerly.

Whenever Yvonne said something, Warren would immediately nod repeatedly, just like a... very obedient dog.

As soon as the thought formed in Nora's mind, Maureen spoke again. She said, “Did you see that? She has Warren completely wrapped around her little finger. Sigh! I have quite a lot of savings from when I married into the family, and Warren also receives a lot of dividends from the company every year. When we started the game company, we just wanted something to do so that life wouldn't be that boring. After all, there are a lot of restrictions and constraints if you work in the Smith Corporation. It isn't much of a problem if Warren just approaches the Smith Corporation's computer whizzes if he has a problem with his software, right? If that still doesn't solve the problem, I'm even willing to pay a lot to hire a super hacker. But Warren keeps saying that it doesn't make sense to get an outsider to do it when there's his younger sister at home.

“But once he asks for her help, our standard of living isn’t allowed to surpass Yvonne’s anymore. I like caviar, so my family sent me a bit of Almas caviar, which is very precious and almost impossible to buy. Warren said, ‘This caviar is great. Let’s give some to Yvonne’. If I refuse, it would make me look stingy; but if I give it to her, half the amount is too little, so I’ll have to give her two-thirds of it, no matter what...”

Maureen continued to complain. “She is the young lady of the Smiths, so she eats the best food, drinks the best drinks, and wears the best clothes. I can understand all of that, but we have to give her all the things my husband buys, as well as the best things that the family gets...”

As she spoke, Maureen paused and looked at Nora. She said, “I know you’ll definitely say that since she has helped us, we should give in to her a little in little things in life. But do you know? I’d rather spend the money and hire a computer expert because the two of us would at least be on equal standing since I paid for it. I don’t want to owe her a favor that I can’t ever repay...”

She heaved another melancholic sigh. Then, she looked at Nora and said, “Sigh, never mind. I’m sure you’ll think that I’m just whining. After all, there are people who don’t even have any food to eat, yet I’m complaining about having too little Almas caviar...”

Nora: “...”

To be honest, she understood.

She also hated owing people favors the most. It was just like when Solo had been seriously ill back then. Because she had discovered his condition in time and performed an operation on him, she had saved his life.

Solo had always wanted to pay her instead of working for her, but she knew that he would definitely disappear after she took the money, which would, in turn, lead to her having to personally take care of a lot of troublesome things subsequently.

It took up too much of her sleeping time.

Thus... cough.

When she thought about it that way, it seemed like she had become the same kind of person as Yvonne?

In that case, did Solo also find her very annoying?

For the first time—and in a rare move—Nora began to reflect upon herself.

On the other side, Yvonne kept a constant eye on Maureen out of the corner of her eye while she looked at the programming code for Warren.

She didn't know what Maureen was saying, but she was constantly talking affectionately with Nora.

A touch of dissatisfaction flashed across her eyes.

Just how kind was she to Warren and his wife? Yet they had already converted to Nora's side so quickly?

She cast her eyes down and suddenly edited some of the programming code. Then, she smiled and said, "The problem's resolved now."

Warren immediately gave her a thumbs up. "You're amazing, Yvonne. All those people in the company can't compare to you alone! Let me see... the bug is indeed gone! That's awesome!"

Warren thanked Yvonne and went to the side to make a phone call.

At this point, the few children finally reached home.

Joel hadn't picked them up from school because of an important meeting, so it was the butler who had picked up the three children.

Nora took Cherry out while Mia went upstairs to change. Brandon bounced around Maureen mischievously.

Yvonne looked at them and then at Warren. She thought of Maureen's earnest and enthusiastic attitude toward Nora just now. Suddenly, she cast her eyes down and walked toward them. Brandon was saying something and bouncing around. When he took a step back, he happened to 'accidentally' step on Yvonne's feet!!

"Ahh!"

Yvonne let out a cry of pain and held her foot.

Her cry made Warren, who was in the distance, look over.. He hurried over. "What's wrong, Yvonne? Brandon, quick, apologize to your aunt!"

Yvonne, however, held Warren's arm. She frowned and acted as if her foot really hurt, but then said with a smile, "I'm fine, Warren. The boy didn't mean it..."

Practically at the same time she spoke, Brandon, who was also stunned, subconsciously asked, "How did you appear behind me, Aunt Yvonne?"

Yvonne smiled. "I was just passing by."

As the little overlord of the kindergarten, Brandon was currently at the age where kids were the most rebellious and detestable, so he hated having to apologize the most.

He scratched his head. "I didn't mean it. It's not like I have eyes at the back of my head..."

His annoying speech made Warren furious. "Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to apologize! Stop making excuses!"

Brandon had always been very mischievous and had damaged a lot of things at home, thereby leaving that sort of impression on Warren a long time ago. He felt that he must have done it on purpose.

In addition, Brandon had indeed been having fun stepping on other people's feet at home recently. He had even been playing games to see who could step on more people's feet.

As a result, he had misunderstood.

There was no way the little overlord would ever apologize, though. He immediately retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Warren was livid.

Yvonne had just helped him. Not only had he not given her anything for it, but his son was even being so naughty?

He decided to take the opportunity to teach Brandon a lesson and make him behave. He picked up the boy at once and smacked his butt. "Will you apologize or not?!"

The pain made Brandon, who had never been one to behave, struggle and flail about at once. "Bad Daddy! Let me go! If you dare to beat me, I'll also beat you when I grow up!"

Warren was taken aback.

Yvonne broke into a huge frown. "How can you say that, Brandon? That's so outrageous of you! I don't need you to apologize to me, you should be apologizing to your father instead!"

Brandon was furious. The boy, who had never been one to allow himself to suffer any injustice, retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong. Besides, I didn't mean it, either. You were the one who came up to me and let yourself be stepped on, so why should I apologize?!"

Warren instantly became even angrier.

He lifted his hand and mercilessly smacked his butt again. "You little brat! Will you apologize or not?!"

Loud smacks rang out as his palm landed on Brandon's butt, making Maureen terribly distressed.

No matter how naughty the boy was, he was still her precious baby.

She had seen that it was Yvonne who ran into him just now, but when her husband told her son to apologize, she had subconsciously felt that she should give in to Yvonne.

Having her son apologize wasn't really much of a big deal, so she hadn't stopped them.

What her son said after that had indeed been very annoying, so she had also felt that they mustn't spoil their son when her husband decided to teach him a lesson. Which boy hadn't suffered a thrashing before?

But at this moment, she felt as if the blows landing on Brandon's butt were instead landing on her heart, making her heart ache terribly.

She rushed over anxiously. "Alright, that's enough! Stop hitting him! You're going to hurt the boy!"

Warren was afraid of his wife, so he immediately let go upon hearing her.

But as soon as he did, Yvonne said, “I know you love your son, Maureen, but spare the rod and spoil the child! He actually said that he was going to beat his father up when he grows up! You have to let him know what he has done wrong! Otherwise, he will go down a path of no return when he grows up!”

Maureen was furious. “He isn’t your child, so of course you don’t feel bad about it! It is our responsibility to educate our son, you don’t need to bother yourself with it!”

The look on Yvonne’s countenance became one of grievance upon being scolded. She heaved a huge sigh and said, “You’re right. Warren, Maureen, I stepped beyond the boundaries with my words.”

Warren, however, became angry. “Yvonne was doing it for Brandon’s own good! Besides, she’s his aunt, why would she do anything to harm him? She has the right to discipline the child! Yvonne is right, boys ought to be beaten up, otherwise, he really will beat me up once he grows up! What an impertinent boy!”

After speaking, he held his arm up and hit Brandon’s butt a few more times!

Brandon stubbornly refused to cry, but his struggle gradually became weaker.

Maureen couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Warren away and grabbed her son from him. Then, she pulled down his pants and took a look—his butt was already all red and swollen!

Maureen’s eyes instantly reddened. She shouted straight at Warren and Yvonne, “Warren, if you dare to freaking touch my son again, I will fight you!”

Warren: “...”

Yvonne: “...”

Maureen was so mad that she picked up Brandon, went upstairs, and entered their bedroom. Before she went in, she looked back at Warren and said, “Warren! Do you want your son and me, or your precious little sister?! Are you intending to kill your son just for your precious little sister’s sake?!”

“I can’t live with this anymore! I’m taking my son back home! You can go and live with your sister instead!”

With that, she slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Warren feared his wife the most, so he hurriedly went forward upon hearing what she said. "Dear, I..."

But after taking a step forward, he looked back at Yvonne.

Yvonne sighed. "Go and talk to Maureen, Warren. I'll be fine... She must have misunderstood... Have a good talk with Maureen. Don't make her angry, I know you're scared of her... If it really doesn't work, why don't I go up with you and apologize to her?"

There probably wasn't any man who could stand it if someone were to say that they were scared of their wife, right?

Had it been someone else, they would definitely have patted their chest and said, "Don't worry! I'm a man, what's there to be scared of? You don't have to do that!"

However, Warren instead nodded and said, "You know me best. I'm the most afraid of her going back to her parents' place. Let me quickly go upstairs and appease her... If I fail, I'll have to ask you to give in and apologize to her."

He then went upstairs without looking back, leaving only Yvonne standing downstairs.

She was so mad that she had to take a deep breath before she could suppress her anger.

She knew it! Warren didn't have a conscience at all. Now that he had a wife, he didn't protect his sister anymore!

Did the two of them really think that she didn't have any means of keeping them within her control, though?

Yvonne lowered her head and smirked.

She would just wait for Warren to come and beg her.

Half an hour later, after Warren cried, begged, and coaxed her, Maureen finally gave in and stayed at the Smiths' for the time being.

She and her husband were truly in love, after all. Besides, even though their son's injury looked serious, the doctor said that they were just simple bruises when he came over to take a look.

Warren said, "That's my son I'm hitting, so I will definitely hold back! He won't break so easily, don't worry!"

Maureen: "!!"

Not long after the two of them made up, Warren's cell phone rang. When he answered, the technician on the other side said, "Go and look at the game, Mr. Smith! There's another bug! It's a different one this time! We still haven't found the cause of it yet. Can you ask Ms. Yvonne for help again?"

Warren: "??"

Maureen: "????"

Maureen was someone who refused to embarrass herself. If she asked someone for help, she would either pay them or do something for them. No matter what, she would always repay the debt she owed.

She had only just been angry at Yvonne a moment ago because of Brandon, yet she had to beg her for help now?

There was no way she could make herself do that.

Warren scratched his head. "It's okay, she's my younger sister. It'll be fine if I go and approach her. It doesn't count as begging her for help. We're family!"

Maureen grabbed her husband who was about to go out. "I've had enough, Warren! Look at your son's butt! If we were really family, would you have given him a beating if he stepped on your feet?"

Warren was taken aback.

Maureen pointed at him and ranted, "It's exactly because you always feel like you owe her a favor that you unknowingly behave as if you're beneath her. Yes, Yvonne is indeed from the Smiths' direct lineage, but at the bottom of it all, she's still just an adopted daughter. I've never seen you so wimpy even when you're in front of Joel! Why is it that you can't even say a single word in front of her?"

Maureen became more and more aggrieved as she spoke. Her eyes turned red, and she cried as she shouted, “Think about how much injustice you have made me suffer all these years? Let’s just talk about the Almas caviar the other time. You clearly know that I love caviar the most while it doesn’t matter to her whether she eats it or not, yet you still forced me to give her two-thirds of it... Do you know? My mom only managed to buy the Almas caviar after asking someone for a favor and spending a lot of money! Even she couldn’t bear to eat it herself, and had given them all to me!”

Maureen wiped her tears and went on. “I was willing to overlook certain things before, but we have to make things clear now! She is your younger sister, and you have a sister complex. It’s not a problem that you want to spoil her, but she isn’t related to me by blood at all! Neither has she done anything for me! Why do I also have to repay her for the favors she’s done for you?!”

Warren scratched his head. He panicked and said, “Don’t cry, dear. I... I just thought that good things ought to be shared, that’s all.”

“Yeah, right! Never mind if she also likes Almas caviar, but the problem is that she doesn’t like it at all! I saw with my own eyes that she couldn’t bring herself to eat the Almas caviar after it was prepared, so she gave it to Florence, the housekeeper! I’ve kept all this to myself and have never brought it up before, but don’t you dare go too far!

“You have two choices today, Warren Smith. One—you go to her, and we divorce! I won’t take this bullshit anymore! The second—remove her software consultant position in the company, or pay her a salary. You can even give her dividends if you want! Just don’t owe her any more favors!”

Maureen hugged herself angrily and sobbed loudly after she spoke.

She was full of grievances after her son suffered a beating.

Yet now she still had to go and beg Yvonne for help! She was so goddamn full of grievances that she couldn’t get any more aggrieved than that!

Brandon was already in pain because of the beating, but he had been holding it back all this time. However, when he saw that his mother was upset, he immediately walked over and pushed Warren. Then, he hugged Maureen and also burst into tears. He said, “Don’t cry, Mommy! Don’t cry! We won’t talk to bad Daddy anymore! If he makes you angry, I will take off the respirator for his oxygen tank after I grow up!”

“ ... ”

Warren’s lip corners spasmed. “You little brat! Do you have a conscience or not?!”

Maureen also burst into laughter after holding it back for a brief moment.

Brandon’s words immediately dispelled the sad atmosphere in the room.

Warren stepped forward and put his arm around Maureen’s shoulders. “Alright, alright, dear. Although I don’t really understand what you were saying, nor do I understand what’s so delicious about the Almas caviar, I’ll listen to you, okay? We won’t go to Yvonne anymore. I’ll hire an expert hacker from outside, okay?”

The sniffling Maureen nodded.

She took another deep breath before she looked at Warren and asked, “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Warren then sighed and said, “Why didn’t you tell me about the Almas caviar earlier? Had you told me, I would have bought you some. Given the Smiths’ connections, isn’t it a piece of cake to just buy some?”

Maureen pounded his shoulder. “Do you think Almas caviar is that easy to find?”

Warren, however, was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely buy some for you!”

The family of three finally reconciled and hugged one another happily. Because Maureen had cried a lot, her eyes were all red and swollen, so she was too embarrassed to go downstairs for dinner. Warren decided to bring the food up instead.

When he went downstairs, he happened to see Yvonne and Joel eating. He smiled and said, “The little brat’s butt is all swollen because of me, so he doesn’t want to come down. We’ll eat upstairs instead.”

He then instructed the servants to deliver the food to their room.

Joel didn’t think much about it and concentrated on feeding Mia instead.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows.

She'd thought that Warren wouldn't be able to stop himself from speaking to her. This way, Maureen would definitely be embarrassed and would force Brandon to come over and apologize to her.

She simply loved seeing Maureen having to practice forbearance even though she was clearly feeling terribly aggrieved.

She was the true mistress of the household here!

But why wasn't Warren acting according to plan?

Upstairs, the family of three went to sleep after dinner.

However, reality always called after a heartwarming moment.

After sleeping for some time, Maureen was woken up by the heat. She opened her eyes and found that Brandon's limbs were all over her. The little fellow was as hot as a furnace.

She pushed the little fellow off of her and got up, intending to drink some water. It was then that she found that there was no one on the other side of Brandon.

Surprised, she stood up. She could vaguely hear sounds coming from the balcony in the suite's study. She drank a glass of water and walked over.

When she reached there, she saw that because Warren didn't want to wake the two of them, not only was he in the study, but he had even gone to the balcony and was on the phone with someone. He lowered his voice and said, "You can't find the cause? How can that be? Didn't I say that you can get external help? If it really doesn't work, you can borrow someone from the Smiths. Joel has a hacker!"

The person he was on the phone with replied, "I've already approached him, Boss, but he says that he couldn't tell what the problem is. What do we do now?"

Things would get really tricky if even the Smiths' hacker couldn't detect the issue.

Warren frowned.

The other party, who was in charge of operations, said, "It's been more than 24 hours since the game went live. The forums are full of negative feedback right now. If we still can't fix the bug within 36 hours, the players will definitely doubt our capabilities. We could still vaguely find the cause for the previous bug, but we simply can't find it at all this time!"

Warren ran his hand through his hair, so troubled that he was almost going bald. "What would happen if we fail to fix it?"

The person in charge of operations stayed quiet for a moment before he replied, "We'll lose all the money we invested in the initial stages! Boss, you said that you wanted to create a perfect game, so from production planning to art and design, we hired only the best. In fact, we even hired a master artist to do the landscape designs, so every drawing is super expensive! The loss is a little too much..."

Warren had dividends from the company. He could also ask Joel for money if he didn't have any more money.

But he also had his own ideals and that was to start a game company.

Thus, he had invested almost all of his savings into the game.

Warren was so troubled that he tugged at his hair again and pulled out a few more strands.

In the room next door.

Yvonne listened to the voices coming from the monitoring device. She had hacked into Warren's phone and was eavesdropping on his conversation.

Chapter 274 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Joel glanced at Nora. This little cousin of his was not simple?

After Nora followed Joel into the Smiths, Joel brought her upstairs.

He found a relatively spacious guest room for her and instructed, "I was in a hurry to pick you up, so I'll have to trouble you to stay here for the time being. The room beside is being renovated. It'll be your boudoir."

Nora did not care about this. Moreover, the guest room was quite spacious. The important thing was that the bed was quite comfortable. She nodded. "Okay."

Seeing that she had no other thoughts, Joel left the living room and went to the office.

On the way, he received a call from Mia. "Dad, Cherry is here. Can I let her stay with me?"

Her daughter's room was a princess room, and the two children could stay there.

Joel agreed.

However, as soon as he arrived at the company, the company's Internet staff hurriedly found him. "Mr. Smith, our Internet has been hacked!"

Joel was taken aback. "Who hacked it?"

The manager of the Internet Department shook his head. "I don't know, but the other party has retrieved Mr. Ian's schedule from 25 years ago!"

25 years ago?

Where had Third Uncle been?

Joel followed the manager of the Internet Department into the secret room and saw Ian's schedule for the entire year 25 years ago.

Ever since Yvette left New York, Ian had been busy and almost never returned home. He would fly around outside every day and build up the business.

Actually, he was using work to numb himself.

However, the cities he had been to included foreign countries and major cities in the country. He had never been to California.

When Joel saw this clearly, he saw that the webpage had automatically changed to Ryan's itinerary. Only then did he realize that 25 years ago, Ryan had once reserved a ticket to California!

Joel: “??”

First, the hacker investigated Ian's whereabouts, and now, he was investigating Ryan's whereabouts... It went without saying who had hacked into the Smiths' system.

The corners of his mouth twitched. He felt that Mr. Hunt was really too free. He had really put in so much effort to confirm his girlfriend's identity.

After all, the Smiths' security system had been designed by the best. Other than the Hunts, no one else had the ability to hack in, right?

However, when he realized that the other party had only investigated this and had silently withdrawn, he simply did not pursue the matter. After all, the hacker had not peeked at their company's secrets.

At the Smiths.

After Nora investigated, she frowned even more.

Ryan had been to California, but Ian had not been to California in the year before she was born. Therefore, she couldn't possibly be Ian's child, right?

She sighed silently and exited the computer. Then, she looked around the guest room.

The guest room was a hundred square meters and was a private room. Apart from the master bedroom, there was the living room and study room. She packed her luggage and lay on the bed.

The soft bed was very comfortable, and she fell asleep unknowingly.

When she woke up, it was already dark.

She got up and stretched, then took out her phone and took a look. She realized that there were a few WeChat messages from Justin.

JH: “What are you doing? Have lunch together?”

JH: “Are you sleeping? Shall we eat together tonight?”

JH: “It's already 5 PM. Are you still sleeping?”

JH: "It's already 8 PM. Why aren't you awake yet?"

Nora: "..."

She yawned and replied: "I'm awake."

The other party replied instantly: "Shall we have supper together?"

Nora: "..."

She replied: "Just eat something. I'm busy."

JH: "What are you busy with?"

Nora: "I want to sleep after eating."

JH: "..."

After sending this message, Nora threw her phone aside and went out.

A few days ago, she had not slept for two days in order to refine medicine for Mrs. Hunt. Therefore, she must sleep more these few days.

The guest room was on the second floor. As they left and walked along the corridor, they heard voices in the dining room downstairs.

Yvonne was a little worried. "Warren, are you really not going to wake her up? She didn't even eat dinner... Perhaps she feels embarrassed?"

Warren sneered. "Hmph, who cares if she eats or not! Who is she putting on airs for?! I thought she was Uncle Ian's daughter and that we finally have a biological cousin. I didn't expect her to be Uncle Ryan's daughter! That's too much! How can Uncle Ryan snatch Uncle Ian's woman? Although this cousin is his biological daughter and is related by blood, I can't like her!"

With that, the servant beside him said, "Then, Sir Warren, is there any food left in the kitchen?"

Yvonne lowered her eyes and said, "Of course. Warren, she has also come to our house and is our eldest miss. We definitely have to save her some food."

Warren was indeed furious. “Who does she think she is? Yvonne, don’t worry. I definitely won’t distance myself from you just because she’s related to me by blood. In my heart, you’re the only sister I have!”

Yvonne sighed in relief.

Having grown up in this family, she knew better than anyone else how indulgent this family was to girls!

Not to mention how much her uncles from the previous generation doted on her, but even at this age, they were still desperately trying to have a baby girl.

The older brothers of this generation definitely had a sister complex!

Take the last time she attended the Hunts’ birthday banquet. Warren had bought the most expensive gown for her, not for his own wife.

Although she was not a biological daughter, her status in the family had always been number one.

No matter what, the best was hers.

Therefore, she was really afraid that because of Nora, who was related to her brothers by blood, she would lose her favor.

Hearing Warren’s words, she was relieved.

She sighed and comforted him again. “Warren, even so, since she has moved here, we can’t let her starve. We can’t throw the food away.”

Warren immediately said angrily, “You’re right. Even if a stray cat or dog comes to our house, it’s still a member of the Smiths. We definitely can’t let her starve.”

With that, he instructed the nanny in the most ruthless manner, “Go, save that portion of Australian lobster for her. There’s also top-grade steak. By the way, she might not like Western food. Prepare some bird’s nest porridge and little buns for her. I remember that our pan-fried buns are the best. Wrap them up for her too. When she wakes up, cook them. The freshly cooked ones are the best! Then let her choose. I want her to die from overeating!”

The nanny: ...

Yvonne: ...

Nora, who was preparing to go downstairs: ???

Yvonne's expression changed. She had always known that her brother Warren did not know how to speak, and he would often say one thing but mean another. She clenched her fists tightly and lowered her eyes. "Warren that's too much food. It won't be good if it's wasted."

Warren hesitated for a moment. "She's not a fool. Would she really eat them all? Forget it. I'll leave some for her. I'll see what she likes to eat and prepare them tomorrow."

With that, he hurriedly clarified. "I'm not doing this for her good. I'm showing her how powerful Smiths are. I'm also showing her the delicacies of the Smiths so that she won't wolf down the delicious food outside and lose our face!"

Yvonne: "..."

Warren did not think that he had said anything wrong. In his mind, he saw Nora wolfing down the cake at the Hunts' banquet. At that time, Mr. Hunt had been watching from the side and his mouth had even twitched.

He must have been criticizing this girl in his heart for not being presentable!

How could he let anyone look down on the daughter of the Smiths?

As he was thinking about this, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately, a few people walked in with hot dishes.

The butler followed in. "Sir Warren, this is the supper Mr. Hunt had reserved for Miss Smith. He said that Miss Smith has already woken up and asked us to send it in."

Warren: ???

Nora, who was upstairs: ???

Looking at the huge plate of food, her lips twitched.

Justin, do you think I'm a pig?!

The dining table was quickly filled.

Warren also saw Nora, who was preparing to come downstairs.

He instantly straightened his back and raised his neck. He pretended not to look at her, but he kept paying attention to her from the corner of his eye.

If this person came over to greet him, he would definitely ignore her and tell her not to think that he would recognize her as a sister just because she called him Brother!

Uncle Ian controlled the entire family. Uncle Ian's family was the direct line of descent. The other brothers, including him, were all from the side family!

As for Nora, she was even further away!

After all, the hatred of snatching someone's wife was too intense!

Anyway, he was sent by his Uncle Ian. He would definitely not be coaxed by his sister!

Just as he was saying this to himself, he saw Nora walking down slowly from upstairs. She walked past him and went to the dining room without saying anything.

Warren: ???

Hey, was she blind? He was a living person. Can't she see him?

Warren was so angry that he wanted to go forward and argue, but Yvonne grabbed his hand. "Warren, you, don't lower yourself to her level..."

Warren snorted coldly. "I don't care about her. I'm just not full yet! Go to the kitchen and see what else is there to eat!"

Yvonne: "..."

Nora ignored the two of them. She could feel Yvonne's inexplicable hostility toward her. As for Warren... he had schemed against her in the Hunts. It was already good enough that she did not settle scores with him. How could she still greet him?

She sat at the dining table and was not picky about what she ate.

The food she ate was only for her to fill her stomach. Deliciousness was never within her considerations.

Seeing that she looked like the reincarnation of a hungry ghost as she wolfed down a plate of steamed crayfish, Warren couldn't help but feel indignant.

He entered the kitchen casually and took out the prepared Australian lobster. He placed it on the table and sighed. "This Australian lobster is too delicious!"

What was so good about the food sent by the Hunts? Was it better than the Smiths?

Hurry up and throw away that small lobster that does not have much meat. Come and try the Smiths' lobster! It's filled with meat!

Unfortunately, Nora acted as if she did not hear him. She took another plate of noodles and finished it in a few bites.

The way she ate was fast and plentiful, but the sound of her eating was very soft. Whatever it was, she stuffed it into her mouth in big bites and chewed quickly before swallowing it.

Eating like this put pressure on her stomach.

At the thought of this, Warren said, "Hey, can't you eat more elegantly? Can't you be a little nobler like the eldest daughter of the Smiths? You look like you haven't eaten in 800 years."

Nora: "..."

A plate of crayfish and a plate of noodles were soon gulped down by her. She took out a tissue and wiped her mouth before throwing it into the trash can. Then, she stood up and looked around before asking with a hoarse voice, "Where's Cherry?"

The housekeeper glanced at her and lowered her head to answer, "In Little Miss's room. She's going to sleep with Little Miss tonight."

The housekeeper looked up at Nora and added, "She took a liking to Little Miss's princess bed and insisted on staying there."

With that, she pursed his lips.

Not only that, but she had also deceived Little Miss into taking out many princess gowns to share with her. This little child was so scheming!

Nora seemed not to have heard her answer. She asked again, "Where is Mia's room?"

"Turn left on the second floor, the third room."

Nora nodded and went upstairs.

After she left, the housekeeper instructed the nanny to take out a cloth and carefully wipe the spot where she had sat before saying, "Take this cutlery and disinfect it."

Warren did not care about her actions. After all, he did not even know how the nannies washed the dishes. Moreover, it was normal for the items in the house to be disinfected.

Yvonne raised her brows.

Nora had just gone upstairs when she heard a voice behind her.

She took a look and realized that the housekeeper had followed her. When the housekeeper saw her, she walked beside her. "Little Miss's room is over here. Don't walk around recklessly. It won't be good if you bump into the masters."

Nora raised her brows.

When she walked into Mia's room, she saw a study room with its door open. There were four main computers in it, and they were currently running.

She only took a glance at it before the housekeeper introduced, "This is our Miss... Miss Yvonne's work studio. She likes coding programs as a hobby. Sometimes, she would make some software with it. The firewall Miss Yvonne created has even won awards. These four main computers are servers bought at high prices overseas. Don't barge in recklessly. If you accidentally press some button and affect Miss Yvonne's software programming, it won't be good."

These things were too familiar. Nora could not help but ask, "Is she a hacker?"

“What hacker? This is just Miss Yvonne’s hobby. She only writes some code occasionally. Miss Yvonne is omnipotent. She knows how to arrange flowers, draw, calligraphy, violin, and piano! She’s basically won every industry award!”

The housekeeper sounded a little proud when she said this.

Then, she said, “Although Miss Yvonne is an adopted daughter, she’s the adopted daughter of Master Ian. Her status is definitely different from the other gentlemen and ladies in the other houses. Other than Mr. Joel, all the other gentlemen dote on her very much. They treat her with respect!”

Although some of the Smiths lived at home, some of them had moved out.

Actually, strictly speaking, Ian was the owner of this manor. Joel had been chosen by him to become the current leader and take over his businesses.

In ancient times, this was considered adoption for Ian.

Warren and his wife could only be considered to be living in the manor. There were also people from the other houses who had already moved out.

Even if Nora was the daughter of the Smiths, she was from the second branch. She was not considered the matriarch of this manor.

The housekeeper knew very well who the owner of the house was.

Nora glanced sideways at her upon hearing her words.

After showing Mia’s door to Nora, the housekeeper left.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen, she heard the nannies discussing softly. “Miss Smith is going to marry Mr. Hunt in the future. Then she will be Mrs. Hunt, and she will become the mistress of the entire Hunt Empire. But our Miss... Miss Yvonne, after she gets married, she won’t be considered a member of the Smiths anymore. In the entire New York, other than the Hunts, no one can compare to the Smiths, right? Is Miss Smith more respected, or is Miss Yvonne?”

The housekeeper immediately entered and sneered. “Have the rules in the house been broken? Of course, the owner is the most respected!”

Florence Stone, the housekeeper in charge of internal affairs at the Smiths', was Ian's diehard fan. She was absolutely loyal to the Smiths and had great respect and admiration for Ian.

She had witnessed with her own eyes how Ian had gone from someone shrewd and capable, lively and active, and someone who loved talking and smiling—to the zombie he currently was, all because of Yvette.

She hated Yvette with every fiber of her being.

Therefore, she always looked at things from Ian's perspective. She reprimanded, "Even if Ms. Nora becomes Mrs. Hunt in the future, she's still just Ms. Smith now! Mr. Ian's daughter is the noblest of all! Although Ms. Yvonne is adopted, she's Mr. Ian's adopted daughter. Can't you tell which of the two matters more?"

The nannies hung their heads upon being reprimanded, none of them daring to speak anymore.

When Nora went to Mia's room, the two girls were already fast asleep.

This wasn't the first time Cherry was sleeping together with a friend. The little fellow was carefree and slept very soundly. Mia, on the other hand, was relatively restrained. Her arms were placed on both sides properly. Even though she was asleep, her little face nevertheless made one want to dote on her.

Nora pulled up the covers for the children and went out.

As soon as she did, she ran into Joel who had just returned home from work.

Nora raised her eyebrows when the two ran into each other.

Joel was also a little surprised, though he quickly reacted. He said, "I'm here to take a look at Mia."

Nora nodded.

When she stepped aside and got ready to leave, Joel suddenly said, "By the way, please tell Mr. Hunt that he can just ask us directly if there's something he wants to know. Isn't it a little too impolite to hack into the Smiths' computer system without permission?"

Nora: “???”

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that Joel had misunderstood. As she had been too anxious to know Ian’s itinerary back then, she hadn’t covered her tracks in the afternoon. This was equivalent to blatantly breaking into the Smiths’ computer system.

She coughed but didn’t explain. Instead, she replied calmly, “I will let him know.”

Joel stared at her. He couldn’t help feeling like something wasn’t quite right with the woman after he had said that, yet he couldn’t pinpoint the reason why. Thus, he nodded and entered Mia’s bedroom instead.

Nora walked back to her room with a guilty conscience. She had only just taken two steps when her phone rang.

She held it up and took a look in the silent corridor—it was actually from Justin.

Perhaps because she was feeling too guilty, she actually picked up the call right away. She asked, “What’s up?”

Justin said dispassionately, “Let’s switch the children back tomorrow.”

Nora’s voice was low as she asked, “Is Pete missing me?”

“... Yeah, I guess you could say that.” Justin said, “Let’s have lunch at noon with the children and then switch them back?”

Nora answered very sincerely, “I can’t wake up in time.”

“How about at night, then?”

Nora nodded without much care. “Okay.”

After the two agreed on the time, Nora was about to hang up when Justin asked, “Was the supper good?”

“It was alright.” After Nora answered, she thought of the lineup when the fellow sent food over earlier in the day and said, “You don’t have to go to so much trouble.”

“It’s your first day there,” Justin explained, “I was afraid that you would be looked down upon. After all, there are too many people in this world too blind to tell good and bad people apart.”

Looked down upon...

Nora subconsciously thought of Florence, and the corners of her lips curled into a smile. “What’s the big deal?”

Since she relied on the Smiths for neither food nor living expenses, it meant that she had a lot of freedom here. At the worst, she could just move out. She didn’t need anything from the Smiths.

Apart from speaking a little sarcastically, the housekeeper didn’t really do anything, so she couldn’t be bothered to hold it against her, either.

Nora yawned and went back to her room to sleep.

She was awakened by the alarm clock the next day. She had to send Cherry to the kindergarten. When she yawned and went downstairs, she found that Mia and Cherry were already awake and sitting at the dining table.

Florence instructed the servants to bring the food out. Cherry’s eyes lit up when she saw that they were having pancakes for breakfast. She said, “I want pancakes!”

She stretched out her little hand after she spoke, intending to take the plate of pancakes from the nanny.

Florence, however, took the plate of pancakes and gave it to Mia instead. She said to Cherry, “Ms. Cherry, this is Ms. Mia’s. If you want some, I’ll get them to bring you another plate of it.”

Cherry’s expression turned cold at once. She was about to say something when Mia pushed the plate of pancakes to Cherry. “You can have them first. They can just give me another plate of pancakes when they are done. I can eat the scrambled eggs first, yeah!”

Cherry was distracted, plus she also had her pancakes now, so she ignored Florence and asked, “Do you eat the eggs first? I always eat the pancakes first, otherwise, I’ll choke!”

Mia replied, "... I like eating the side dishes first and the main dish later."

The two children matched each other very well, and both started eating their breakfasts happily.

Florence's expression turned cold at the sight. She cast her eyes down and said, "Well, that's good, too. It's very polite of Ms. Mia to give in to a guest."

It was just a shame that both children were very innocent, so they didn't think about anything else at all, despite her sarcasm.

In fact, Cherry even nodded and said, "Yes, Mia is the most polite, unlike Brandon. He doesn't have any manners at all!"

Mia blushed. She lowered her head and said softly, "Thank you for the compliment, Cherry."

"You're welcome! We have to praise each other a little more every day, okay? This way, we'll be happy every day, yeah!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

The two girls started munching away on their respective plates of food again after they finished talking.

Florence: "..."

She could only return to the kitchen.

Seeing that Cherry didn't get bullied, Nora's lips curled into a smile in amusement. The girl took everything except the short end of the stick. On top of that, she was quirky and eccentric. Not many in the house were her match.

When she was about to go downstairs, she heard the door beside her open. Joel, who had likely stayed up late the night before, came out. He had some shadows under his eyes, and he was frowning, which toned down his usually smiling face and made him look a little more serious.

But when he saw Nora, his frown gradually softened, and the gentle look returned to his countenance, making him look perfect and flawless. He said, "You don't have to get up so early, Ms. Smith. I can take Cherry with me when I send Mia to school."

Nora didn't stand on ceremony at all. She turned, started walking upstairs, and said, "I'm counting on you, then."

Joel: "..."

By the time Nora woke up once more, she had finally made up for her lack of sleep.

The groggy feeling in her head finally disappeared, and her entire self seemed reborn.

She loosened her muscles and went out, intending to see if Cherry was back yet so that she could take her out for dinner with Justin.

However, the moment she came out of her bedroom, someone suddenly rushed right over to her.. He looked old and aged, but because he had burns on his face, his original looks couldn't be made out anymore. He stared at Nora for very long before he finally said, "You are Ian's daughter!"

Nora's pupils shrank upon hearing what he said, and she looked at him abruptly.

It was completely impossible to make out the man's facial features, and his entire self looked rather savage and terrifying. The skin around his eyes was all burned, so he had only two dark holes to see with.

Ordinary people would surely be shocked at his appearance.

However, Nora had seen much scarier things on the operating table, so she merely raised her eyebrows calmly and asked, "Why do you say that?"

The man tilted his head. As though he was crazy, he replied, "Because you don't look like Ryan! You look like Ian!"

Nora: "..."

Her looks mostly took after her mother, so she only slightly resembled Ian. Moreover, it was said that the slight resemblance also looked very much like Ryan.

Besides, even if Ian was her uncle, it was normal that they would resemble each other a little.

Just as she was about to say something, the man jumped and exclaimed, “Haha! You are Ian’s daughter! Ian has a daughter now! The Smiths also have a daughter now! This is awesome...”

Nora was about to speak again when the butler in charge of the Smiths’ external affairs rushed in with a few men. He let out a sigh of relief upon seeing him. “I finally found you!”

He rushed over, and a few security guards held the man down.

The external butler looked at Nora nervously. “He didn’t offend you, did he, Ms. Smith?”

Nora: “?”

The puzzled woman asked, “He is?”

The butler sighed. “He’s a madman, we all call him Old Maddy. A few years ago, he came to our door to beg, and we simply couldn’t drive him away, no matter what we did. He just kept staying outside stubbornly. If we called the police, he just came back again every time the police took him away. He even asked for delicious food. In the end, the old sir told us to let him stay and give him some food, and just take it that we’re doing a good deed. We arranged for him to stay in a small house in the yard, but for some reason, when he heard today that a new young lady of the Smiths has come, he started to shout excitedly that the old sir has a daughter now, and broke in. He has always been well-behaved and has never given anyone trouble all these years, so I didn’t think that he would suddenly go crazy and run up to your door. I’m really sorry.”

Nora waved. “It’s fine.”

She looked again at the madman that had been held down. As the skin on his face was all burned, one couldn’t tell what he looked like or how old he was. Judging from the wrinkles on his hands, however, the man was likely quite advanced in age and was at least fifty years old.

As she walked toward the lower floor with the butler, she asked, “What is his background?”

The butler replied, “He’s just a beggar. The ID card we found on him stated that he’s from a small town near the mountains. A huge fire burned down his

home, so he came out to beg when he had no way out... The old sir said that he definitely wouldn't have taken him in if he were mentally sound—after all, he's physically able to make a living for himself—but since he is in this state, then it was alright.”

Nora looked at the madman again while listening to the butler.

The man's hair was dirty, and he looked like he hadn't had a bath in a very long while. Although his clothes were intact and didn't have any patches, they were also dirty and covered in dust and dirt.

One could tell that the Smiths hadn't abused him. It was just that he was mentally ill, so he was dirtier than ordinary people.

Perhaps because he sensed her disdain, the butler explained, “He has burns on his body, so his skin has always been in poor condition. It's very uncomfortable for him if he takes a hot bath, so he runs off and kicks up a fuss as soon as we give him a bath. As a result, we only give him a bath once a month. It's also mainly because he usually lives in an empty small house in the yard, and doesn't meet with anyone.”

Nora nodded.

The butler asked the security guards to take him away. Even when they had walked a distance away, she could still hear the butler threatening him. “If you run in there again, I'll kick you out! And I won't give you burgers anymore! You hear me?”

“Burgers! Burgers! I wanna eat burgers!”

The madman jumped around and followed the few of them.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Then, she shook her head and paid no further attention to the matter. She turned and walked into the living room.

Warren and Maureen were both on the sofa. Their necks were craned as they looked at the door anxiously. Obviously, they were also waiting for Brandon to return from school.

Although the boy was all brawn and no brains, he was born into a rather blissful family.

While Nora was thinking about it, Maureen saw her. She waved at once and called out, “Nora! Let’s go downstairs and have dinner together?”

Nora shook her head. “I’m waiting for Cherry, we’re going out for dinner.”

Maureen suddenly winked at her. “With Mr. Hunt?”

“Yeah.”

After Nora answered her, Warren gave the crayfish and pasta plates in front of him a small push and snorted. “Are the Smiths unable to feed you? Do you have to go out for meals every day? Or are the Smiths giving you too little pocket money that you have to get Justin to treat you to meals? Are the Hunts’ meals better than the food at home?!”

Nora: “??”

She raised her eyebrows, but before she could speak, someone had smacked Warren on his head. Maureen chastised him angrily, “Can’t you speak properly?”

Warren rubbed his head and glared at Maureen. “What are you doing?”

Maureen ignored him and looked at Nora instead. “Don’t mind him, Nora. He’s in a panic and in a bad mood because a game developed by the company has a major bug that can’t be fixed, that’s why he’s talking as if he has just eaten a whole load of gunpowder. Just ignore him. He actually does care about you. He bought the crayfish and pasta for you.”

Nora: “?”

Warren looked as if he wanted to explode, though. He said, “Who says I bought it for her? You’re obviously the one who likes it, so why are you saying so much?”

“... Okay, okay. I’m the one who likes it, okay?” said Maureen.

She sneered, “I wonder who it was that saw her eating crayfish so happily yesterday and traveled a long way to buy the best crayfish in New York!”

Nora: “!!”

She tilted her head to the side and thought about it. She had indeed eaten crayfish and pasta the day before, but this didn't mean that she liked eating them!

Why was Warren behaving so strangely?!

Warren snorted and continued to hold his laptop. He stared at the programming code on the screen and muttered to himself, “It doesn't look like there's a problem, so why is there a bug?”

Maureen said, “What would someone like you who only knows a little about programming know? You might as well leave it to a professional to solve it!”

Warren snorted. “Don't you think I've already done that? There are so many technicians in the company, but they still haven't found it even after searching for a whole day and night! Our game has only just launched. If this continues for one more day, all of our users are gonna disappear!”

Nora subconsciously glanced at his computer.

Warren, who caught her action, sneered, “What are you looking at? Can you even understand what this is?”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed and she answered earnestly, “I... do understand what it is.”

Warren was taken aback the moment she said that.

Maureen asked in surprise, “You can understand it?”

Nora nodded. She was about to speak when Yvonne's voice reached them. “Were you looking for me, Warren?”

At the sight of Yvonne, Warren instantly got up and walked over with the computer. He said, “Yvonne, come and take a look at this for me. What's wrong with the game? None of the technicians in the IT department can find the problem. If this goes on... the game is already live. We'll lose all the players!”

Nora: “?”

When she looked over hesitantly, Maureen explained, “Yvonne is a software consultant in the company. He always goes to her for help if there are problems that the technicians can’t solve.”

Maureen curled her lips in disdain. When she saw that Yvonne and Warren had moved to the side with the computer, she couldn’t help but sigh. “I feel so miserable, Nora.”

‘Nora’?

Nora raised her eyebrows. She didn’t feel that she was that familiar with Maureen yet. However, the sight of her melancholic look made her too embarrassed to say that, so she chose not to say anything, and took on the role of a listener instead.

Maureen heaved a sigh. “Although my family, the Lights, isn’t as rich and prosperous as the Smiths, we can still be said to be a wealthy family. My parents have always pampered me, and never did they think about reaping benefits through my marriage with the Smiths. Warren and I fell in love with each other. Joel, the current head of the family, can be considered a fair and just man, so he didn’t force Warren into a political marriage or anything like that. When I tell you these things, I’m sure you’ll think that I’m leading a very blissful life, right?”

“...”

Nora wanted to say that she didn’t hear anything that the woman should find blissful. It seemed like the only thing that went smoothly was that she had freedom in her marriage?

While she was thinking about it, Maureen sighed and went on. “But who would know what kind of life I’ve actually been leading in the Smiths...”

She turned to look at Yvonne, lowered her voice, and whispered, “Do you know? When Warren asked Yvonne to be a consultant in his company, he had wanted to pay her a salary, but she refused it. After all, she does have money. She also refused when I suggested letting her become a shareholder. It sounds nice, and makes her look especially big-hearted, right?”

Nora nodded. She wanted to say that since they were a family, Yvonne had done the right thing.

Maureen sighed. “Yeah, after word of the incident spread, everyone talked about how kind and pure Ms. Smith was, how caring she was toward her brother, and how much she was at peace with the world... but just take a look at Warren there...”

Nora looked over accordingly and saw Warren standing, whereas Yvonne was seated. Warren stood beside Yvonne like her lackey and pointed at the computer screen eagerly.

Whenever Yvonne said something, Warren would immediately nod repeatedly, just like a... very obedient dog.

As soon as the thought formed in Nora’s mind, Maureen spoke again. She said, “Did you see that? She has Warren completely wrapped around her little finger. Sigh! I have quite a lot of savings from when I married into the family, and Warren also receives a lot of dividends from the company every year. When we started the game company, we just wanted something to do so that life wouldn’t be that boring. After all, there are a lot of restrictions and constraints if you work in the Smith Corporation. It isn’t much of a problem if Warren just approaches the Smith Corporation’s computer whizzes if he has a problem with his software, right? If that still doesn’t solve the problem, I’m even willing to pay a lot to hire a super hacker. But Warren keeps saying that it doesn’t make sense to get an outsider to do it when there’s his younger sister at home.

“But once he asks for her help, our standard of living isn’t allowed to surpass Yvonne’s anymore. I like caviar, so my family sent me a bit of Almas caviar, which is very precious and almost impossible to buy. Warren said, ‘This caviar is great. Let’s give some to Yvonne’. If I refuse, it would make me look stingy; but if I give it to her, half the amount is too little, so I’ll have to give her two-thirds of it, no matter what...”

Maureen continued to complain. “She is the young lady of the Smiths, so she eats the best food, drinks the best drinks, and wears the best clothes. I can understand all of that, but we have to give her all the things my husband buys, as well as the best things that the family gets...”

As she spoke, Maureen paused and looked at Nora. She said, “I know you’ll definitely say that since she has helped us, we should give in to her a little in little things in life. But do you know? I’d rather spend the money and hire a computer expert because the two of us would at least be on equal standing since I paid for it. I don’t want to owe her a favor that I can’t ever repay...”

She heaved another melancholic sigh. Then, she looked at Nora and said, “Sigh, never mind. I’m sure you’ll think that I’m just whining. After all, there are people who don’t even have any food to eat, yet I’m complaining about having too little Almas caviar...”

Nora: “...”

To be honest, she understood.

She also hated owing people favors the most. It was just like when Solo had been seriously ill back then. Because she had discovered his condition in time and performed an operation on him, she had saved his life.

Solo had always wanted to pay her instead of working for her, but she knew that he would definitely disappear after she took the money, which would, in turn, lead to her having to personally take care of a lot of troublesome things subsequently.

It took up too much of her sleeping time.

Thus... cough.

When she thought about it that way, it seemed like she had become the same kind of person as Yvonne?

In that case, did Solo also find her very annoying?

For the first time—and in a rare move—Nora began to reflect upon herself.

On the other side, Yvonne kept a constant eye on Maureen out of the corner of her eye while she looked at the programming code for Warren.

She didn’t know what Maureen was saying, but she was constantly talking affectionately with Nora.

A touch of dissatisfaction flashed across her eyes.

Just how kind was she to Warren and his wife? Yet they had already converted to Nora’s side so quickly?

She cast her eyes down and suddenly edited some of the programming code. Then, she smiled and said, “The problem’s resolved now.”

Warren immediately gave her a thumbs up. "You're amazing, Yvonne. All those people in the company can't compare to you alone! Let me see... the bug is indeed gone! That's awesome!"

Warren thanked Yvonne and went to the side to make a phone call.

At this point, the few children finally reached home.

Joel hadn't picked them up from school because of an important meeting, so it was the butler who had picked up the three children.

Nora took Cherry out while Mia went upstairs to change. Brandon bounced around Maureen mischievously.

Yvonne looked at them and then at Warren. She thought of Maureen's earnest and enthusiastic attitude toward Nora just now. Suddenly, she cast her eyes down and walked toward them. Brandon was saying something and bouncing around. When he took a step back, he happened to 'accidentally' step on Yvonne's feet!!

"Ahh!"

Yvonne let out a cry of pain and held her foot.

Her cry made Warren, who was in the distance, look over.. He hurried over. "What's wrong, Yvonne? Brandon, quick, apologize to your aunt!"

Yvonne, however, held Warren's arm. She frowned and acted as if her foot really hurt, but then said with a smile, "I'm fine, Warren. The boy didn't mean it..."

Practically at the same time she spoke, Brandon, who was also stunned, subconsciously asked, "How did you appear behind me, Aunt Yvonne?"

Yvonne smiled. "I was just passing by."

As the little overlord of the kindergarten, Brandon was currently at the age where kids were the most rebellious and detestable, so he hated having to apologize the most.

He scratched his head. "I didn't mean it. It's not like I have eyes at the back of my head..."

His annoying speech made Warren furious. "Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to apologize! Stop making excuses!"

Brandon had always been very mischievous and had damaged a lot of things at home, thereby leaving that sort of impression on Warren a long time ago. He felt that he must have done it on purpose.

In addition, Brandon had indeed been having fun stepping on other people's feet at home recently. He had even been playing games to see who could step on more people's feet.

As a result, he had misunderstood.

There was no way the little overlord would ever apologize, though. He immediately retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Warren was livid.

Yvonne had just helped him. Not only had he not given her anything for it, but his son was even being so naughty?

He decided to take the opportunity to teach Brandon a lesson and make him behave. He picked up the boy at once and smacked his butt. "Will you apologize or not?!"

The pain made Brandon, who had never been one to behave, struggle and flail about at once. "Bad Daddy! Let me go! If you dare to beat me, I'll also beat you when I grow up!"

Warren was taken aback.

Yvonne broke into a huge frown. "How can you say that, Brandon? That's so outrageous of you! I don't need you to apologize to me, you should be apologizing to your father instead!"

Brandon was furious. The boy, who had never been one to allow himself to suffer any injustice, retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong. Besides, I didn't mean it, either. You were the one who came up to me and let yourself be stepped on, so why should I apologize?!"

Warren instantly became even angrier.

He lifted his hand and mercilessly smacked his butt again. "You little brat! Will you apologize or not?!"

Loud smacks rang out as his palm landed on Brandon's butt, making Maureen terribly distressed.

No matter how naughty the boy was, he was still her precious baby.

She had seen that it was Yvonne who ran into him just now, but when her husband told her son to apologize, she had subconsciously felt that she should give in to Yvonne.

Having her son apologize wasn't really much of a big deal, so she hadn't stopped them.

What her son said after that had indeed been very annoying, so she had also felt that they mustn't spoil their son when her husband decided to teach him a lesson. Which boy hadn't suffered a thrashing before?

But at this moment, she felt as if the blows landing on Brandon's butt were instead landing on her heart, making her heart ache terribly.

She rushed over anxiously. "Alright, that's enough! Stop hitting him! You're going to hurt the boy!"

Warren was afraid of his wife, so he immediately let go upon hearing her.

But as soon as he did, Yvonne said, "I know you love your son, Maureen, but spare the rod and spoil the child! He actually said that he was going to beat his father up when he grows up! You have to let him know what he has done wrong! Otherwise, he will go down a path of no return when he grows up!"

Maureen was furious. "He isn't your child, so of course you don't feel bad about it! It is our responsibility to educate our son, you don't need to bother yourself with it!"

The look on Yvonne's countenance became one of grievance upon being scolded. She heaved a huge sigh and said, "You're right. Warren, Maureen, I stepped beyond the boundaries with my words."

Warren, however, became angry. "Yvonne was doing it for Brandon's own good! Besides, she's his aunt, why would she do anything to harm him? She

has the right to discipline the child! Yvonne is right, boys ought to be beaten up, otherwise, he really will beat me up once he grows up! What an impertinent boy!”

After speaking, he held his arm up and hit Brandon’s butt a few more times!

Brandon stubbornly refused to cry, but his struggle gradually became weaker.

Maureen couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Warren away and grabbed her son from him. Then, she pulled down his pants and took a look—his butt was already all red and swollen!

Maureen’s eyes instantly reddened. She shouted straight at Warren and Yvonne, “Warren, if you dare to freaking touch my son again, I will fight you!”

Warren: “...”

Yvonne: “...”

Maureen was so mad that she picked up Brandon, went upstairs, and entered their bedroom. Before she went in, she looked back at Warren and said, “Warren! Do you want your son and me, or your precious little sister?! Are you intending to kill your son just for your precious little sister’s sake?!”

“I can’t live with this anymore! I’m taking my son back home! You can go and live with your sister instead!”

With that, she slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Warren feared his wife the most, so he hurriedly went forward upon hearing what she said. “Dear, I...”

But after taking a step forward, he looked back at Yvonne.

Yvonne sighed. “Go and talk to Maureen, Warren. I’ll be fine... She must have misunderstood... Have a good talk with Maureen. Don’t make her angry, I know you’re scared of her... If it really doesn’t work, why don’t I go up with you and apologize to her?”

There probably wasn’t any man who could stand it if someone were to say that they were scared of their wife, right?

Had it been someone else, they would definitely have patted their chest and said, "Don't worry! I'm a man, what's there to be scared of? You don't have to do that!"

However, Warren instead nodded and said, "You know me best. I'm the most afraid of her going back to her parents' place. Let me quickly go upstairs and appease her... If I fail, I'll have to ask you to give in and apologize to her."

He then went upstairs without looking back, leaving only Yvonne standing downstairs.

She was so mad that she had to take a deep breath before she could suppress her anger.

She knew it! Warren didn't have a conscience at all. Now that he had a wife, he didn't protect his sister anymore!

Did the two of them really think that she didn't have any means of keeping them within her control, though?

Yvonne lowered her head and smirked.

She would just wait for Warren to come and beg her.

Half an hour later, after Warren cried, begged, and coaxed her, Maureen finally gave in and stayed at the Smiths' for the time being.

She and her husband were truly in love, after all. Besides, even though their son's injury looked serious, the doctor said that they were just simple bruises when he came over to take a look.

Warren said, "That's my son I'm hitting, so I will definitely hold back! He won't break so easily, don't worry!"

Maureen: "!!"

Not long after the two of them made up, Warren's cell phone rang. When he answered, the technician on the other side said, "Go and look at the game, Mr. Smith! There's another bug! It's a different one this time! We still haven't found the cause of it yet. Can you ask Ms. Yvonne for help again?"

Warren: "??"

Maureen: “????”

Maureen was someone who refused to embarrass herself. If she asked someone for help, she would either pay them or do something for them. No matter what, she would always repay the debt she owed.

She had only just been angry at Yvonne a moment ago because of Brandon, yet she had to beg her for help now?

There was no way she could make herself do that.

Warren scratched his head. “It’s okay, she’s my younger sister. It’ll be fine if I go and approach her. It doesn’t count as begging her for help. We’re family!”

Maureen grabbed her husband who was about to go out. “I’ve had enough, Warren! Look at your son’s butt! If we were really family, would you have given him a beating if he stepped on your feet?”

Warren was taken aback.

Maureen pointed at him and ranted, “It’s exactly because you always feel like you owe her a favor that you unknowingly behave as if you’re beneath her. Yes, Yvonne is indeed from the Smiths’ direct lineage, but at the bottom of it all, she’s still just an adopted daughter. I’ve never seen you so wimpy even when you’re in front of Joel! Why is it that you can’t even say a single word in front of her?”

Maureen became more and more aggrieved as she spoke. Her eyes turned red, and she cried as she shouted, “Think about how much injustice you have made me suffer all these years? Let’s just talk about the Almas caviar the other time. You clearly know that I love caviar the most while it doesn’t matter to her whether she eats it or not, yet you still forced me to give her two-thirds of it... Do you know? My mom only managed to buy the Almas caviar after asking someone for a favor and spending a lot of money! Even she couldn’t bear to eat it herself, and had given them all to me!”

Maureen wiped her tears and went on. “I was willing to overlook certain things before, but we have to make things clear now! She is your younger sister, and you have a sister complex. It’s not a problem that you want to spoil her, but she isn’t related to me by blood at all! Neither has she done anything for me! Why do I also have to repay her for the favors she’s done for you?!”

Warren scratched his head. He panicked and said, “Don’t cry, dear. I... I just thought that good things ought to be shared, that’s all.”

“Yeah, right! Never mind if she also likes Almas caviar, but the problem is that she doesn’t like it at all! I saw with my own eyes that she couldn’t bring herself to eat the Almas caviar after it was prepared, so she gave it to Florence, the housekeeper! I’ve kept all this to myself and have never brought it up before, but don’t you dare go too far!

“You have two choices today, Warren Smith. One—you go to her, and we divorce! I won’t take this bullshit anymore! The second—remove her software consultant position in the company, or pay her a salary. You can even give her dividends if you want! Just don’t owe her any more favors!”

Maureen hugged herself angrily and sobbed loudly after she spoke.

She was full of grievances after her son suffered a beating.

Yet now she still had to go and beg Yvonne for help! She was so goddamn full of grievances that she couldn’t get any more aggrieved than that!

Brandon was already in pain because of the beating, but he had been holding it back all this time. However, when he saw that his mother was upset, he immediately walked over and pushed Warren. Then, he hugged Maureen and also burst into tears. He said, “Don’t cry, Mommy! Don’t cry! We won’t talk to bad Daddy anymore! If he makes you angry, I will take off the respirator for his oxygen tank after I grow up!”

“...”

Warren’s lip corners spasmed. “You little brat! Do you have a conscience or not?!”

Maureen also burst into laughter after holding it back for a brief moment.

Brandon’s words immediately dispelled the sad atmosphere in the room.

Warren stepped forward and put his arm around Maureen’s shoulders. “Alright, alright, dear. Although I don’t really understand what you were saying, nor do I understand what’s so delicious about the Almas caviar, I’ll listen to you, okay? We won’t go to Yvonne anymore. I’ll hire an expert hacker from outside, okay?”

The sniffing Maureen nodded.

She took another deep breath before she looked at Warren and asked, “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Warren then sighed and said, “Why didn’t you tell me about the Almas caviar earlier? Had you told me, I would have bought you some. Given the Smiths’ connections, isn’t it a piece of cake to just buy some?”

Maureen pounded his shoulder. “Do you think Almas caviar is that easy to find?”

Warren, however, was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely buy some for you!”

The family of three finally reconciled and hugged one another happily. Because Maureen had cried a lot, her eyes were all red and swollen, so she was too embarrassed to go downstairs for dinner. Warren decided to bring the food up instead.

When he went downstairs, he happened to see Yvonne and Joel eating. He smiled and said, “The little brat’s butt is all swollen because of me, so he doesn’t want to come down. We’ll eat upstairs instead.”

He then instructed the servants to deliver the food to their room.

Joel didn’t think much about it and concentrated on feeding Mia instead.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows.

She’d thought that Warren wouldn’t be able to stop himself from speaking to her. This way, Maureen would definitely be embarrassed and would force Brandon to come over and apologize to her.

She simply loved seeing Maureen having to practice forbearance even though she was clearly feeling terribly aggrieved.

She was the true mistress of the household here!

But why wasn’t Warren acting according to plan?

Upstairs, the family of three went to sleep after dinner.

However, reality always called after a heartwarming moment.

After sleeping for some time, Maureen was woken up by the heat. She opened her eyes and found that Brandon's limbs were all over her. The little fellow was as hot as a furnace.

She pushed the little fellow off of her and got up, intending to drink some water. It was then that she found that there was no one on the other side of Brandon.

Surprised, she stood up. She could vaguely hear sounds coming from the balcony in the suite's study. She drank a glass of water and walked over.

When she reached there, she saw that because Warren didn't want to wake the two of them, not only was he in the study, but he had even gone to the balcony and was on the phone with someone. He lowered his voice and said, "You can't find the cause? How can that be? Didn't I say that you can get external help? If it really doesn't work, you can borrow someone from the Smiths. Joel has a hacker!"

The person he was on the phone with replied, "I've already approached him, Boss, but he says that he couldn't tell what the problem is. What do we do now?"

Things would get really tricky if even the Smiths' hacker couldn't detect the issue.

Warren frowned.

The other party, who was in charge of operations, said, "It's been more than 24 hours since the game went live. The forums are full of negative feedback right now. If we still can't fix the bug within 36 hours, the players will definitely doubt our capabilities. We could still vaguely find the cause for the previous bug, but we simply can't find it at all this time!"

Warren ran his hand through his hair, so troubled that he was almost going bald. "What would happen if we fail to fix it?"

The person in charge of operations stayed quiet for a moment before he replied, "We'll lose all the money we invested in the initial stages! Boss, you said that you wanted to create a perfect game, so from production planning to art and design, we hired only the best. In fact, we even hired a master artist to

do the landscape designs, so every drawing is super expensive! The loss is a little too much...”

Warren had dividends from the company. He could also ask Joel for money if he didn't have any more money.

But he also had his own ideals and that was to start a game company.

Thus, he had invested almost all of his savings into the game.

Warren was so troubled that he tugged at his hair again and pulled out a few more strands.

In the room next door.

Yvonne listened to the voices coming from the monitoring device. She had hacked into Warren's phone and was eavesdropping on his conversation.

Chapter 275 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Therefore, she was really afraid that because of Nora, who was related to her brothers by blood, she would lose her favor.

Hearing Warren's words, she was relieved.

She sighed and comforted him again. “Warren, even so, since she has moved here, we can't let her starve. We can't throw the food away.”

Warren immediately said angrily, “You're right. Even if a stray cat or dog comes to our house, it's still a member of the Smiths. We definitely can't let her starve.”

With that, he instructed the nanny in the most ruthless manner, “Go, save that portion of Australian lobster for her. There's also top-grade steak. By the way, she might not like Western food. Prepare some bird's nest porridge and little buns for her. I remember that our pan-fried buns are the best. Wrap them up for her too. When she wakes up, cook them. The freshly cooked ones are the best! Then let her choose. I want her to die from overeating!”

The nanny: ...

Yvonne: ...

Nora, who was preparing to go downstairs: ???

Yvonne's expression changed. She had always known that her brother Warren did not know how to speak, and he would often say one thing but mean another. She clenched her fists tightly and lowered her eyes. "Warren that's too much food. It won't be good if it's wasted."

Warren hesitated for a moment. "She's not a fool. Would she really eat them all? Forget it. I'll leave some for her. I'll see what she likes to eat and prepare them tomorrow."

With that, he hurriedly clarified. "I'm not doing this for her good. I'm showing her how powerful Smiths are. I'm also showing her the delicacies of the Smiths so that she won't wolf down the delicious food outside and lose our face!"

Yvonne: "..."

Warren did not think that he had said anything wrong. In his mind, he saw Nora wolfing down the cake at the Hunts' banquet. At that time, Mr. Hunt had been watching from the side and his mouth had even twitched.

He must have been criticizing this girl in his heart for not being presentable!

How could he let anyone look down on the daughter of the Smiths?

As he was thinking about this, there was suddenly a knock on the door. Immediately, a few people walked in with hot dishes.

The butler followed in. "Sir Warren, this is the supper Mr. Hunt had reserved for Miss Smith. He said that Miss Smith has already woken up and asked us to send it in."

Warren: ???

Nora, who was upstairs: ???

Looking at the huge plate of food, her lips twitched.

Justin, do you think I'm a pig?!

The dining table was quickly filled.

Warren also saw Nora, who was preparing to come downstairs.

He instantly straightened his back and raised his neck. He pretended not to look at her, but he kept paying attention to her from the corner of his eye.

If this person came over to greet him, he would definitely ignore her and tell her not to think that he would recognize her as a sister just because she called him Brother!

Uncle Ian controlled the entire family. Uncle Ian's family was the direct line of descent. The other brothers, including him, were all from the side family!

As for Nora, she was even further away!

After all, the hatred of snatching someone's wife was too intense!

Anyway, he was sent by his Uncle Ian. He would definitely not be coaxed by his sister!

Just as he was saying this to himself, he saw Nora walking down slowly from upstairs. She walked past him and went to the dining room without saying anything.

Warren: ???

Hey, was she blind? He was a living person. Can't she see him?

Warren was so angry that he wanted to go forward and argue, but Yvonne grabbed his hand. "Warren, you, don't lower yourself to her level..."

Warren snorted coldly. "I don't care about her. I'm just not full yet! Go to the kitchen and see what else is there to eat!"

Yvonne: "..."

Nora ignored the two of them. She could feel Yvonne's inexplicable hostility toward her. As for Warren... he had schemed against her in the Hunts. It was already good enough that she did not settle scores with him. How could she still greet him?

She sat at the dining table and was not picky about what she ate.

The food she ate was only for her to fill her stomach. Deliciousness was never within her considerations.

Seeing that she looked like the reincarnation of a hungry ghost as she wolfed down a plate of steamed crayfish, Warren couldn't help but feel indignant.

He entered the kitchen casually and took out the prepared Australian lobster. He placed it on the table and sighed. "This Australian lobster is too delicious!"

What was so good about the food sent by the Hunts? Was it better than the Smiths?

Hurry up and throw away that small lobster that does not have much meat. Come and try the Smiths' lobster! It's filled with meat!

Unfortunately, Nora acted as if she did not hear him. She took another plate of noodles and finished it in a few bites.

The way she ate was fast and plentiful, but the sound of her eating was very soft. Whatever it was, she stuffed it into her mouth in big bites and chewed quickly before swallowing it.

Eating like this put pressure on her stomach.

At the thought of this, Warren said, "Hey, can't you eat more elegantly? Can't you be a little nobler like the eldest daughter of the Smiths? You look like you haven't eaten in 800 years."

Nora: "..."

A plate of crayfish and a plate of noodles were soon gulped down by her. She took out a tissue and wiped her mouth before throwing it into the trash can. Then, she stood up and looked around before asking with a hoarse voice, "Where's Cherry?"

The housekeeper glanced at her and lowered her head to answer, "In Little Miss's room. She's going to sleep with Little Miss tonight."

The housekeeper looked up at Nora and added, "She took a liking to Little Miss's princess bed and insisted on staying there."

With that, she pursed his lips.

Not only that, but she had also deceived Little Miss into taking out many princess gowns to share with her. This little child was so scheming!

Nora seemed not to have heard her answer. She asked again, "Where is Mia's room?"

"Turn left on the second floor, the third room."

Nora nodded and went upstairs.

After she left, the housekeeper instructed the nanny to take out a cloth and carefully wipe the spot where she had sat before saying, "Take this cutlery and disinfect it."

Warren did not care about her actions. After all, he did not even know how the nannies washed the dishes. Moreover, it was normal for the items in the house to be disinfected.

Yvonne raised her brows.

Nora had just gone upstairs when she heard a voice behind her.

She took a look and realized that the housekeeper had followed her. When the housekeeper saw her, she walked beside her. "Little Miss's room is over here. Don't walk around recklessly. It won't be good if you bump into the masters."

Nora raised her brows.

When she walked into Mia's room, she saw a study room with its door open. There were four main computers in it, and they were currently running.

She only took a glance at it before the housekeeper introduced, "This is our Miss... Miss Yvonne's work studio. She likes coding programs as a hobby. Sometimes, she would make some software with it. The firewall Miss Yvonne created has even won awards. These four main computers are servers bought at high prices overseas. Don't barge in recklessly. If you accidentally press some button and affect Miss Yvonne's software programming, it won't be good."

These things were too familiar. Nora could not help but ask, "Is she a hacker?"

“What hacker? This is just Miss Yvonne’s hobby. She only writes some code occasionally. Miss Yvonne is omnipotent. She knows how to arrange flowers, draw, calligraphy, violin, and piano! She’s basically won every industry award!”

The housekeeper sounded a little proud when she said this.

Then, she said, “Although Miss Yvonne is an adopted daughter, she’s the adopted daughter of Master Ian. Her status is definitely different from the other gentlemen and ladies in the other houses. Other than Mr. Joel, all the other gentlemen dote on her very much. They treat her with respect!”

Although some of the Smiths lived at home, some of them had moved out.

Actually, strictly speaking, Ian was the owner of this manor. Joel had been chosen by him to become the current leader and take over his businesses.

In ancient times, this was considered adoption for Ian.

Warren and his wife could only be considered to be living in the manor. There were also people from the other houses who had already moved out.

Even if Nora was the daughter of the Smiths, she was from the second branch. She was not considered the matriarch of this manor.

The housekeeper knew very well who the owner of the house was.

Nora glanced sideways at her upon hearing her words.

After showing Mia’s door to Nora, the housekeeper left.

When she went downstairs to the kitchen, she heard the nannies discussing softly. “Miss Smith is going to marry Mr. Hunt in the future. Then she will be Mrs. Hunt, and she will become the mistress of the entire Hunt Empire. But our Miss... Miss Yvonne, after she gets married, she won’t be considered a member of the Smiths anymore. In the entire New York, other than the Hunts, no one can compare to the Smiths, right? Is Miss Smith more respected, or is Miss Yvonne?”

The housekeeper immediately entered and sneered. “Have the rules in the house been broken? Of course, the owner is the most respected!”

Florence Stone, the housekeeper in charge of internal affairs at the Smiths', was Ian's diehard fan. She was absolutely loyal to the Smiths and had great respect and admiration for Ian.

She had witnessed with her own eyes how Ian had gone from someone shrewd and capable, lively and active, and someone who loved talking and smiling—to the zombie he currently was, all because of Yvette.

She hated Yvette with every fiber of her being.

Therefore, she always looked at things from Ian's perspective. She reprimanded, "Even if Ms. Nora becomes Mrs. Hunt in the future, she's still just Ms. Smith now! Mr. Ian's daughter is the noblest of all! Although Ms. Yvonne is adopted, she's Mr. Ian's adopted daughter. Can't you tell which of the two matters more?"

The nannies hung their heads upon being reprimanded, none of them daring to speak anymore.

When Nora went to Mia's room, the two girls were already fast asleep.

This wasn't the first time Cherry was sleeping together with a friend. The little fellow was carefree and slept very soundly. Mia, on the other hand, was relatively restrained. Her arms were placed on both sides properly. Even though she was asleep, her little face nevertheless made one want to dote on her.

Nora pulled up the covers for the children and went out.

As soon as she did, she ran into Joel who had just returned home from work.

Nora raised her eyebrows when the two ran into each other.

Joel was also a little surprised, though he quickly reacted. He said, "I'm here to take a look at Mia."

Nora nodded.

When she stepped aside and got ready to leave, Joel suddenly said, "By the way, please tell Mr. Hunt that he can just ask us directly if there's something he wants to know. Isn't it a little too impolite to hack into the Smiths' computer system without permission?"

Nora: “???”

She was stunned for a moment before she realized that Joel had misunderstood. As she had been too anxious to know Ian’s itinerary back then, she hadn’t covered her tracks in the afternoon. This was equivalent to blatantly breaking into the Smiths’ computer system.

She coughed but didn’t explain. Instead, she replied calmly, “I will let him know.”

Joel stared at her. He couldn’t help feeling like something wasn’t quite right with the woman after he had said that, yet he couldn’t pinpoint the reason why. Thus, he nodded and entered Mia’s bedroom instead.

Nora walked back to her room with a guilty conscience. She had only just taken two steps when her phone rang.

She held it up and took a look in the silent corridor—it was actually from Justin.

Perhaps because she was feeling too guilty, she actually picked up the call right away. She asked, “What’s up?”

Justin said dispassionately, “Let’s switch the children back tomorrow.”

Nora’s voice was low as she asked, “Is Pete missing me?”

“... Yeah, I guess you could say that.” Justin said, “Let’s have lunch at noon with the children and then switch them back?”

Nora answered very sincerely, “I can’t wake up in time.”

“How about at night, then?”

Nora nodded without much care. “Okay.”

After the two agreed on the time, Nora was about to hang up when Justin asked, “Was the supper good?”

“It was alright.” After Nora answered, she thought of the lineup when the fellow sent food over earlier in the day and said, “You don’t have to go to so much trouble.”

“It’s your first day there,” Justin explained, “I was afraid that you would be looked down upon. After all, there are too many people in this world too blind to tell good and bad people apart.”

Looked down upon...

Nora subconsciously thought of Florence, and the corners of her lips curled into a smile. “What’s the big deal?”

Since she relied on the Smiths for neither food nor living expenses, it meant that she had a lot of freedom here. At the worst, she could just move out. She didn’t need anything from the Smiths.

Apart from speaking a little sarcastically, the housekeeper didn’t really do anything, so she couldn’t be bothered to hold it against her, either.

Nora yawned and went back to her room to sleep.

She was awakened by the alarm clock the next day. She had to send Cherry to the kindergarten. When she yawned and went downstairs, she found that Mia and Cherry were already awake and sitting at the dining table.

Florence instructed the servants to bring the food out. Cherry’s eyes lit up when she saw that they were having pancakes for breakfast. She said, “I want pancakes!”

She stretched out her little hand after she spoke, intending to take the plate of pancakes from the nanny.

Florence, however, took the plate of pancakes and gave it to Mia instead. She said to Cherry, “Ms. Cherry, this is Ms. Mia’s. If you want some, I’ll get them to bring you another plate of it.”

Cherry’s expression turned cold at once. She was about to say something when Mia pushed the plate of pancakes to Cherry. “You can have them first. They can just give me another plate of pancakes when they are done. I can eat the scrambled eggs first, yeah!”

Cherry was distracted, plus she also had her pancakes now, so she ignored Florence and asked, “Do you eat the eggs first? I always eat the pancakes first, otherwise, I’ll choke!”

Mia replied, "... I like eating the side dishes first and the main dish later."

The two children matched each other very well, and both started eating their breakfasts happily.

Florence's expression turned cold at the sight. She cast her eyes down and said, "Well, that's good, too. It's very polite of Ms. Mia to give in to a guest."

It was just a shame that both children were very innocent, so they didn't think about anything else at all, despite her sarcasm.

In fact, Cherry even nodded and said, "Yes, Mia is the most polite, unlike Brandon. He doesn't have any manners at all!"

Mia blushed. She lowered her head and said softly, "Thank you for the compliment, Cherry."

"You're welcome! We have to praise each other a little more every day, okay? This way, we'll be happy every day, yeah!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

The two girls started munching away on their respective plates of food again after they finished talking.

Florence: "..."

She could only return to the kitchen.

Seeing that Cherry didn't get bullied, Nora's lips curled into a smile in amusement. The girl took everything except the short end of the stick. On top of that, she was quirky and eccentric. Not many in the house were her match.

When she was about to go downstairs, she heard the door beside her open. Joel, who had likely stayed up late the night before, came out. He had some shadows under his eyes, and he was frowning, which toned down his usually smiling face and made him look a little more serious.

But when he saw Nora, his frown gradually softened, and the gentle look returned to his countenance, making him look perfect and flawless. He said, "You don't have to get up so early, Ms. Smith. I can take Cherry with me when I send Mia to school."

Nora didn't stand on ceremony at all. She turned, started walking upstairs, and said, "I'm counting on you, then."

Joel: "..."

By the time Nora woke up once more, she had finally made up for her lack of sleep.

The groggy feeling in her head finally disappeared, and her entire self seemed reborn.

She loosened her muscles and went out, intending to see if Cherry was back yet so that she could take her out for dinner with Justin.

However, the moment she came out of her bedroom, someone suddenly rushed right over to her.. He looked old and aged, but because he had burns on his face, his original looks couldn't be made out anymore. He stared at Nora for very long before he finally said, "You are Ian's daughter!"

Nora's pupils shrank upon hearing what he said, and she looked at him abruptly.

It was completely impossible to make out the man's facial features, and his entire self looked rather savage and terrifying. The skin around his eyes was all burned, so he had only two dark holes to see with.

Ordinary people would surely be shocked at his appearance.

However, Nora had seen much scarier things on the operating table, so she merely raised her eyebrows calmly and asked, "Why do you say that?"

The man tilted his head. As though he was crazy, he replied, "Because you don't look like Ryan! You look like Ian!"

Nora: "..."

Her looks mostly took after her mother, so she only slightly resembled Ian. Moreover, it was said that the slight resemblance also looked very much like Ryan.

Besides, even if Ian was her uncle, it was normal that they would resemble each other a little.

Just as she was about to say something, the man jumped and exclaimed, “Haha! You are Ian’s daughter! Ian has a daughter now! The Smiths also have a daughter now! This is awesome...”

Nora was about to speak again when the butler in charge of the Smiths’ external affairs rushed in with a few men. He let out a sigh of relief upon seeing him. “I finally found you!”

He rushed over, and a few security guards held the man down.

The external butler looked at Nora nervously. “He didn’t offend you, did he, Ms. Smith?”

Nora: “?”

The puzzled woman asked, “He is?”

The butler sighed. “He’s a madman, we all call him Old Maddy. A few years ago, he came to our door to beg, and we simply couldn’t drive him away, no matter what we did. He just kept staying outside stubbornly. If we called the police, he just came back again every time the police took him away. He even asked for delicious food. In the end, the old sir told us to let him stay and give him some food, and just take it that we’re doing a good deed. We arranged for him to stay in a small house in the yard, but for some reason, when he heard today that a new young lady of the Smiths has come, he started to shout excitedly that the old sir has a daughter now, and broke in. He has always been well-behaved and has never given anyone trouble all these years, so I didn’t think that he would suddenly go crazy and run up to your door. I’m really sorry.”

Nora waved. “It’s fine.”

She looked again at the madman that had been held down. As the skin on his face was all burned, one couldn’t tell what he looked like or how old he was. Judging from the wrinkles on his hands, however, the man was likely quite advanced in age and was at least fifty years old.

As she walked toward the lower floor with the butler, she asked, “What is his background?”

The butler replied, “He’s just a beggar. The ID card we found on him stated that he’s from a small town near the mountains. A huge fire burned down his

home, so he came out to beg when he had no way out... The old sir said that he definitely wouldn't have taken him in if he were mentally sound—after all, he's physically able to make a living for himself—but since he is in this state, then it was alright.”

Nora looked at the madman again while listening to the butler.

The man's hair was dirty, and he looked like he hadn't had a bath in a very long while. Although his clothes were intact and didn't have any patches, they were also dirty and covered in dust and dirt.

One could tell that the Smiths hadn't abused him. It was just that he was mentally ill, so he was dirtier than ordinary people.

Perhaps because he sensed her disdain, the butler explained, “He has burns on his body, so his skin has always been in poor condition. It's very uncomfortable for him if he takes a hot bath, so he runs off and kicks up a fuss as soon as we give him a bath. As a result, we only give him a bath once a month. It's also mainly because he usually lives in an empty small house in the yard, and doesn't meet with anyone.”

Nora nodded.

The butler asked the security guards to take him away. Even when they had walked a distance away, she could still hear the butler threatening him. “If you run in there again, I'll kick you out! And I won't give you burgers anymore! You hear me?”

“Burgers! Burgers! I wanna eat burgers!”

The madman jumped around and followed the few of them.

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Then, she shook her head and paid no further attention to the matter. She turned and walked into the living room.

Warren and Maureen were both on the sofa. Their necks were craned as they looked at the door anxiously. Obviously, they were also waiting for Brandon to return from school.

Although the boy was all brawn and no brains, he was born into a rather blissful family.

While Nora was thinking about it, Maureen saw her. She waved at once and called out, “Nora! Let’s go downstairs and have dinner together?”

Nora shook her head. “I’m waiting for Cherry, we’re going out for dinner.”

Maureen suddenly winked at her. “With Mr. Hunt?”

“Yeah.”

After Nora answered her, Warren gave the crayfish and pasta plates in front of him a small push and snorted. “Are the Smiths unable to feed you? Do you have to go out for meals every day? Or are the Smiths giving you too little pocket money that you have to get Justin to treat you to meals? Are the Hunts’ meals better than the food at home?!”

Nora: “??”

She raised her eyebrows, but before she could speak, someone had smacked Warren on his head. Maureen chastised him angrily, “Can’t you speak properly?”

Warren rubbed his head and glared at Maureen. “What are you doing?”

Maureen ignored him and looked at Nora instead. “Don’t mind him, Nora. He’s in a panic and in a bad mood because a game developed by the company has a major bug that can’t be fixed, that’s why he’s talking as if he has just eaten a whole load of gunpowder. Just ignore him. He actually does care about you. He bought the crayfish and pasta for you.”

Nora: “?”

Warren looked as if he wanted to explode, though. He said, “Who says I bought it for her? You’re obviously the one who likes it, so why are you saying so much?”

“... Okay, okay. I’m the one who likes it, okay?” said Maureen.

She sneered, “I wonder who it was that saw her eating crayfish so happily yesterday and traveled a long way to buy the best crayfish in New York!”

Nora: “!!”

She tilted her head to the side and thought about it. She had indeed eaten crayfish and pasta the day before, but this didn't mean that she liked eating them!

Why was Warren behaving so strangely?!

Warren snorted and continued to hold his laptop. He stared at the programming code on the screen and muttered to himself, “It doesn't look like there's a problem, so why is there a bug?”

Maureen said, “What would someone like you who only knows a little about programming know? You might as well leave it to a professional to solve it!”

Warren snorted. “Don't you think I've already done that? There are so many technicians in the company, but they still haven't found it even after searching for a whole day and night! Our game has only just launched. If this continues for one more day, all of our users are gonna disappear!”

Nora subconsciously glanced at his computer.

Warren, who caught her action, sneered, “What are you looking at? Can you even understand what this is?”

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed and she answered earnestly, “I... do understand what it is.”

Warren was taken aback the moment she said that.

Maureen asked in surprise, “You can understand it?”

Nora nodded. She was about to speak when Yvonne's voice reached them. “Were you looking for me, Warren?”

At the sight of Yvonne, Warren instantly got up and walked over with the computer. He said, “Yvonne, come and take a look at this for me. What's wrong with the game? None of the technicians in the IT department can find the problem. If this goes on... the game is already live. We'll lose all the players!”

Nora: “?”

When she looked over hesitantly, Maureen explained, “Yvonne is a software consultant in the company. He always goes to her for help if there are problems that the technicians can’t solve.”

Maureen curled her lips in disdain. When she saw that Yvonne and Warren had moved to the side with the computer, she couldn’t help but sigh. “I feel so miserable, Nora.”

‘Nora’?

Nora raised her eyebrows. She didn’t feel that she was that familiar with Maureen yet. However, the sight of her melancholic look made her too embarrassed to say that, so she chose not to say anything, and took on the role of a listener instead.

Maureen heaved a sigh. “Although my family, the Lights, isn’t as rich and prosperous as the Smiths, we can still be said to be a wealthy family. My parents have always pampered me, and never did they think about reaping benefits through my marriage with the Smiths. Warren and I fell in love with each other. Joel, the current head of the family, can be considered a fair and just man, so he didn’t force Warren into a political marriage or anything like that. When I tell you these things, I’m sure you’ll think that I’m leading a very blissful life, right?”

“ ... ”

Nora wanted to say that she didn’t hear anything that the woman should find blissful. It seemed like the only thing that went smoothly was that she had freedom in her marriage?

While she was thinking about it, Maureen sighed and went on. “But who would know what kind of life I’ve actually been leading in the Smiths...”

She turned to look at Yvonne, lowered her voice, and whispered, “Do you know? When Warren asked Yvonne to be a consultant in his company, he had wanted to pay her a salary, but she refused it. After all, she does have money. She also refused when I suggested letting her become a shareholder. It sounds nice, and makes her look especially big-hearted, right?”

Nora nodded. She wanted to say that since they were a family, Yvonne had done the right thing.

Maureen sighed. “Yeah, after word of the incident spread, everyone talked about how kind and pure Ms. Smith was, how caring she was toward her brother, and how much she was at peace with the world... but just take a look at Warren there...”

Nora looked over accordingly and saw Warren standing, whereas Yvonne was seated. Warren stood beside Yvonne like her lackey and pointed at the computer screen eagerly.

Whenever Yvonne said something, Warren would immediately nod repeatedly, just like a... very obedient dog.

As soon as the thought formed in Nora’s mind, Maureen spoke again. She said, “Did you see that? She has Warren completely wrapped around her little finger. Sigh! I have quite a lot of savings from when I married into the family, and Warren also receives a lot of dividends from the company every year. When we started the game company, we just wanted something to do so that life wouldn’t be that boring. After all, there are a lot of restrictions and constraints if you work in the Smith Corporation. It isn’t much of a problem if Warren just approaches the Smith Corporation’s computer whizzes if he has a problem with his software, right? If that still doesn’t solve the problem, I’m even willing to pay a lot to hire a super hacker. But Warren keeps saying that it doesn’t make sense to get an outsider to do it when there’s his younger sister at home.

“But once he asks for her help, our standard of living isn’t allowed to surpass Yvonne’s anymore. I like caviar, so my family sent me a bit of Almas caviar, which is very precious and almost impossible to buy. Warren said, ‘This caviar is great. Let’s give some to Yvonne’. If I refuse, it would make me look stingy; but if I give it to her, half the amount is too little, so I’ll have to give her two-thirds of it, no matter what...”

Maureen continued to complain. “She is the young lady of the Smiths, so she eats the best food, drinks the best drinks, and wears the best clothes. I can understand all of that, but we have to give her all the things my husband buys, as well as the best things that the family gets...”

As she spoke, Maureen paused and looked at Nora. She said, “I know you’ll definitely say that since she has helped us, we should give in to her a little in little things in life. But do you know? I’d rather spend the money and hire a computer expert because the two of us would at least be on equal standing since I paid for it. I don’t want to owe her a favor that I can’t ever repay...”

She heaved another melancholic sigh. Then, she looked at Nora and said, “Sigh, never mind. I’m sure you’ll think that I’m just whining. After all, there are people who don’t even have any food to eat, yet I’m complaining about having too little Almas caviar...”

Nora: “...”

To be honest, she understood.

She also hated owing people favors the most. It was just like when Solo had been seriously ill back then. Because she had discovered his condition in time and performed an operation on him, she had saved his life.

Solo had always wanted to pay her instead of working for her, but she knew that he would definitely disappear after she took the money, which would, in turn, lead to her having to personally take care of a lot of troublesome things subsequently.

It took up too much of her sleeping time.

Thus... cough.

When she thought about it that way, it seemed like she had become the same kind of person as Yvonne?

In that case, did Solo also find her very annoying?

For the first time—and in a rare move—Nora began to reflect upon herself.

On the other side, Yvonne kept a constant eye on Maureen out of the corner of her eye while she looked at the programming code for Warren.

She didn’t know what Maureen was saying, but she was constantly talking affectionately with Nora.

A touch of dissatisfaction flashed across her eyes.

Just how kind was she to Warren and his wife? Yet they had already converted to Nora’s side so quickly?

She cast her eyes down and suddenly edited some of the programming code. Then, she smiled and said, “The problem’s resolved now.”

Warren immediately gave her a thumbs up. “You’re amazing, Yvonne. All those people in the company can’t compare to you alone! Let me see... the bug is indeed gone! That’s awesome!”

Warren thanked Yvonne and went to the side to make a phone call.

At this point, the few children finally reached home.

Joel hadn’t picked them up from school because of an important meeting, so it was the butler who had picked up the three children.

Nora took Cherry out while Mia went upstairs to change. Brandon bounced around Maureen mischievously.

Yvonne looked at them and then at Warren. She thought of Maureen’s earnest and enthusiastic attitude toward Nora just now. Suddenly, she cast her eyes down and walked toward them. Brandon was saying something and bouncing around. When he took a step back, he happened to ‘accidentally’ step on Yvonne’s feet!!

“Ahh!”

Yvonne let out a cry of pain and held her foot.

Her cry made Warren, who was in the distance, look over.. He hurried over. “What’s wrong, Yvonne? Brandon, quick, apologize to your aunt!”

Yvonne, however, held Warren’s arm. She frowned and acted as if her foot really hurt, but then said with a smile, “I’m fine, Warren. The boy didn’t mean it...”

Practically at the same time she spoke, Brandon, who was also stunned, subconsciously asked, “How did you appear behind me, Aunt Yvonne?”

Yvonne smiled. “I was just passing by.”

As the little overlord of the kindergarten, Brandon was currently at the age where kids were the most rebellious and detestable, so he hated having to apologize the most.

He scratched his head. “I didn’t mean it. It’s not like I have eyes at the back of my head...”

His annoying speech made Warren furious. "Didn't you hear me? I'm telling you to apologize! Stop making excuses!"

Brandon had always been very mischievous and had damaged a lot of things at home, thereby leaving that sort of impression on Warren a long time ago. He felt that he must have done it on purpose.

In addition, Brandon had indeed been having fun stepping on other people's feet at home recently. He had even been playing games to see who could step on more people's feet.

As a result, he had misunderstood.

There was no way the little overlord would ever apologize, though. He immediately retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong!"

Warren was livid.

Yvonne had just helped him. Not only had he not given her anything for it, but his son was even being so naughty?

He decided to take the opportunity to teach Brandon a lesson and make him behave. He picked up the boy at once and smacked his butt. "Will you apologize or not?!"

The pain made Brandon, who had never been one to behave, struggle and flail about at once. "Bad Daddy! Let me go! If you dare to beat me, I'll also beat you when I grow up!"

Warren was taken aback.

Yvonne broke into a huge frown. "How can you say that, Brandon? That's so outrageous of you! I don't need you to apologize to me, you should be apologizing to your father instead!"

Brandon was furious. The boy, who had never been one to allow himself to suffer any injustice, retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong. Besides, I didn't mean it, either. You were the one who came up to me and let yourself be stepped on, so why should I apologize?!"

Warren instantly became even angrier.

He lifted his hand and mercilessly smacked his butt again. "You little brat! Will you apologize or not?!"

Loud smacks rang out as his palm landed on Brandon's butt, making Maureen terribly distressed.

No matter how naughty the boy was, he was still her precious baby.

She had seen that it was Yvonne who ran into him just now, but when her husband told her son to apologize, she had subconsciously felt that she should give in to Yvonne.

Having her son apologize wasn't really much of a big deal, so she hadn't stopped them.

What her son said after that had indeed been very annoying, so she had also felt that they mustn't spoil their son when her husband decided to teach him a lesson. Which boy hadn't suffered a thrashing before?

But at this moment, she felt as if the blows landing on Brandon's butt were instead landing on her heart, making her heart ache terribly.

She rushed over anxiously. "Alright, that's enough! Stop hitting him! You're going to hurt the boy!"

Warren was afraid of his wife, so he immediately let go upon hearing her.

But as soon as he did, Yvonne said, "I know you love your son, Maureen, but spare the rod and spoil the child! He actually said that he was going to beat his father up when he grows up! You have to let him know what he has done wrong! Otherwise, he will go down a path of no return when he grows up!"

Maureen was furious. "He isn't your child, so of course you don't feel bad about it! It is our responsibility to educate our son, you don't need to bother yourself with it!"

The look on Yvonne's countenance became one of grievance upon being scolded. She heaved a huge sigh and said, "You're right. Warren, Maureen, I stepped beyond the boundaries with my words."

Warren, however, became angry. "Yvonne was doing it for Brandon's own good! Besides, she's his aunt, why would she do anything to harm him? She

has the right to discipline the child! Yvonne is right, boys ought to be beaten up, otherwise, he really will beat me up once he grows up! What an impertinent boy!”

After speaking, he held his arm up and hit Brandon’s butt a few more times!

Brandon stubbornly refused to cry, but his struggle gradually became weaker.

Maureen couldn’t stand it anymore. She pushed Warren away and grabbed her son from him. Then, she pulled down his pants and took a look—his butt was already all red and swollen!

Maureen’s eyes instantly reddened. She shouted straight at Warren and Yvonne, “Warren, if you dare to freaking touch my son again, I will fight you!”

Warren: “...”

Yvonne: “...”

Maureen was so mad that she picked up Brandon, went upstairs, and entered their bedroom. Before she went in, she looked back at Warren and said, “Warren! Do you want your son and me, or your precious little sister?! Are you intending to kill your son just for your precious little sister’s sake?!”

“I can’t live with this anymore! I’m taking my son back home! You can go and live with your sister instead!”

With that, she slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Warren feared his wife the most, so he hurriedly went forward upon hearing what she said. “Dear, I...”

But after taking a step forward, he looked back at Yvonne.

Yvonne sighed. “Go and talk to Maureen, Warren. I’ll be fine... She must have misunderstood... Have a good talk with Maureen. Don’t make her angry, I know you’re scared of her... If it really doesn’t work, why don’t I go up with you and apologize to her?”

There probably wasn’t any man who could stand it if someone were to say that they were scared of their wife, right?

Had it been someone else, they would definitely have patted their chest and said, "Don't worry! I'm a man, what's there to be scared of? You don't have to do that!"

However, Warren instead nodded and said, "You know me best. I'm the most afraid of her going back to her parents' place. Let me quickly go upstairs and appease her... If I fail, I'll have to ask you to give in and apologize to her."

He then went upstairs without looking back, leaving only Yvonne standing downstairs.

She was so mad that she had to take a deep breath before she could suppress her anger.

She knew it! Warren didn't have a conscience at all. Now that he had a wife, he didn't protect his sister anymore!

Did the two of them really think that she didn't have any means of keeping them within her control, though?

Yvonne lowered her head and smirked.

She would just wait for Warren to come and beg her.

Half an hour later, after Warren cried, begged, and coaxed her, Maureen finally gave in and stayed at the Smiths' for the time being.

She and her husband were truly in love, after all. Besides, even though their son's injury looked serious, the doctor said that they were just simple bruises when he came over to take a look.

Warren said, "That's my son I'm hitting, so I will definitely hold back! He won't break so easily, don't worry!"

Maureen: "!!"

Not long after the two of them made up, Warren's cell phone rang. When he answered, the technician on the other side said, "Go and look at the game, Mr. Smith! There's another bug! It's a different one this time! We still haven't found the cause of it yet. Can you ask Ms. Yvonne for help again?"

Warren: "??"

Maureen: “????”

Maureen was someone who refused to embarrass herself. If she asked someone for help, she would either pay them or do something for them. No matter what, she would always repay the debt she owed.

She had only just been angry at Yvonne a moment ago because of Brandon, yet she had to beg her for help now?

There was no way she could make herself do that.

Warren scratched his head. “It’s okay, she’s my younger sister. It’ll be fine if I go and approach her. It doesn’t count as begging her for help. We’re family!”

Maureen grabbed her husband who was about to go out. “I’ve had enough, Warren! Look at your son’s butt! If we were really family, would you have given him a beating if he stepped on your feet?”

Warren was taken aback.

Maureen pointed at him and ranted, “It’s exactly because you always feel like you owe her a favor that you unknowingly behave as if you’re beneath her. Yes, Yvonne is indeed from the Smiths’ direct lineage, but at the bottom of it all, she’s still just an adopted daughter. I’ve never seen you so wimpy even when you’re in front of Joel! Why is it that you can’t even say a single word in front of her?”

Maureen became more and more aggrieved as she spoke. Her eyes turned red, and she cried as she shouted, “Think about how much injustice you have made me suffer all these years? Let’s just talk about the Almas caviar the other time. You clearly know that I love caviar the most while it doesn’t matter to her whether she eats it or not, yet you still forced me to give her two-thirds of it... Do you know? My mom only managed to buy the Almas caviar after asking someone for a favor and spending a lot of money! Even she couldn’t bear to eat it herself, and had given them all to me!”

Maureen wiped her tears and went on. “I was willing to overlook certain things before, but we have to make things clear now! She is your younger sister, and you have a sister complex. It’s not a problem that you want to spoil her, but she isn’t related to me by blood at all! Neither has she done anything for me! Why do I also have to repay her for the favors she’s done for you?!”

Warren scratched his head. He panicked and said, “Don’t cry, dear. I... I just thought that good things ought to be shared, that’s all.”

“Yeah, right! Never mind if she also likes Almas caviar, but the problem is that she doesn’t like it at all! I saw with my own eyes that she couldn’t bring herself to eat the Almas caviar after it was prepared, so she gave it to Florence, the housekeeper! I’ve kept all this to myself and have never brought it up before, but don’t you dare go too far!

“You have two choices today, Warren Smith. One—you go to her, and we divorce! I won’t take this bullshit anymore! The second—remove her software consultant position in the company, or pay her a salary. You can even give her dividends if you want! Just don’t owe her any more favors!”

Maureen hugged herself angrily and sobbed loudly after she spoke.

She was full of grievances after her son suffered a beating.

Yet now she still had to go and beg Yvonne for help! She was so goddamn full of grievances that she couldn’t get any more aggrieved than that!

Brandon was already in pain because of the beating, but he had been holding it back all this time. However, when he saw that his mother was upset, he immediately walked over and pushed Warren. Then, he hugged Maureen and also burst into tears. He said, “Don’t cry, Mommy! Don’t cry! We won’t talk to bad Daddy anymore! If he makes you angry, I will take off the respirator for his oxygen tank after I grow up!”

“...”

Warren’s lip corners spasmed. “You little brat! Do you have a conscience or not?!”

Maureen also burst into laughter after holding it back for a brief moment.

Brandon’s words immediately dispelled the sad atmosphere in the room.

Warren stepped forward and put his arm around Maureen’s shoulders. “Alright, alright, dear. Although I don’t really understand what you were saying, nor do I understand what’s so delicious about the Almas caviar, I’ll listen to you, okay? We won’t go to Yvonne anymore. I’ll hire an expert hacker from outside, okay?”

The sniffing Maureen nodded.

She took another deep breath before she looked at Warren and asked, “Really?”

“Yes, really.” Warren then sighed and said, “Why didn’t you tell me about the Almas caviar earlier? Had you told me, I would have bought you some. Given the Smiths’ connections, isn’t it a piece of cake to just buy some?”

Maureen pounded his shoulder. “Do you think Almas caviar is that easy to find?”

Warren, however, was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, I’ll definitely buy some for you!”

The family of three finally reconciled and hugged one another happily. Because Maureen had cried a lot, her eyes were all red and swollen, so she was too embarrassed to go downstairs for dinner. Warren decided to bring the food up instead.

When he went downstairs, he happened to see Yvonne and Joel eating. He smiled and said, “The little brat’s butt is all swollen because of me, so he doesn’t want to come down. We’ll eat upstairs instead.”

He then instructed the servants to deliver the food to their room.

Joel didn’t think much about it and concentrated on feeding Mia instead.

Yvonne raised her eyebrows.

She’d thought that Warren wouldn’t be able to stop himself from speaking to her. This way, Maureen would definitely be embarrassed and would force Brandon to come over and apologize to her.

She simply loved seeing Maureen having to practice forbearance even though she was clearly feeling terribly aggrieved.

She was the true mistress of the household here!

But why wasn’t Warren acting according to plan?

Upstairs, the family of three went to sleep after dinner.

However, reality always called after a heartwarming moment.

After sleeping for some time, Maureen was woken up by the heat. She opened her eyes and found that Brandon's limbs were all over her. The little fellow was as hot as a furnace.

She pushed the little fellow off of her and got up, intending to drink some water. It was then that she found that there was no one on the other side of Brandon.

Surprised, she stood up. She could vaguely hear sounds coming from the balcony in the suite's study. She drank a glass of water and walked over.

When she reached there, she saw that because Warren didn't want to wake the two of them, not only was he in the study, but he had even gone to the balcony and was on the phone with someone. He lowered his voice and said, "You can't find the cause? How can that be? Didn't I say that you can get external help? If it really doesn't work, you can borrow someone from the Smiths. Joel has a hacker!"

The person he was on the phone with replied, "I've already approached him, Boss, but he says that he couldn't tell what the problem is. What do we do now?"

Things would get really tricky if even the Smiths' hacker couldn't detect the issue.

Warren frowned.

The other party, who was in charge of operations, said, "It's been more than 24 hours since the game went live. The forums are full of negative feedback right now. If we still can't fix the bug within 36 hours, the players will definitely doubt our capabilities. We could still vaguely find the cause for the previous bug, but we simply can't find it at all this time!"

Warren ran his hand through his hair, so troubled that he was almost going bald. "What would happen if we fail to fix it?"

The person in charge of operations stayed quiet for a moment before he replied, "We'll lose all the money we invested in the initial stages! Boss, you said that you wanted to create a perfect game, so from production planning to art and design, we hired only the best. In fact, we even hired a master artist to

do the landscape designs, so every drawing is super expensive! The loss is a little too much...”

Warren had dividends from the company. He could also ask Joel for money if he didn't have any more money.

But he also had his own ideals and that was to start a game company.

Thus, he had invested almost all of his savings into the game.

Warren was so troubled that he tugged at his hair again and pulled out a few more strands.

In the room next door.

Yvonne listened to the voices coming from the monitoring device. She had hacked into Warren's phone and was eavesdropping on his conversation.