

## Chapter 291 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Nora slowed down and saw Louis holding some food in his hand. He was feeding the stray cats and dogs. At the same time, he was making a call. "... How can this little money I have this month be enough to buy food? Chester, lend me 100,000 dollars!"

"What? Your elder brother deducted your pocket money and blocked your credit card? Why are we still in the same state?!"

"Alright, alright. I understand. I'll think of something. Sigh!"

After hanging up, he lowered his head in dejection. He looked at his deflated wallet and sighed heavily to the stray cats. "Little friends, you'll have to suffer with me this month! I only have 1,500 dollars, so I can't give you anything to eat! Alright, I'll go buy food first. I have to calculate. 1,500 for thirty days. Does that mean 300 dollars a day? No, 50? Oh my god, 50 dollars can only buy two pieces of meat! That's not enough for either of you! Sigh, I'm leaving!"

Louis got into the car without even looking at Nora.

Nora: "..."

She drove silently and followed behind Louis. She watched as he entered the cat food store and squatted there, looking at the cans of meat inside like a pitiful puppy.

Nora: "..."

She stopped the car and entered the cat food store. She heard Louis talking to himself. "Little friends, I'm sorry. I can only let you eat your fill of kibbles this month. You won't be able to eat meat anymore! In the past, we had 3,000 dollars for our meals, but this month, we only have 1,500... Why am I so pitiful?"

Feeding stray cats were supposed to be done within one's means.

However, Louis had developed feelings for those stray cats and always wanted to give them the best.

In the past, he had fed them top-notch cat food. Now, he was lowering his living standards.

As he was thinking, Nora walked in. She pointed at the can of cat food and said to the service staff, "I want 60 cans of this."

Louis: "!!!"

He turned his head slowly and saw Nora standing beside him.

He jumped up suddenly. "Nora, why are you causing trouble? I don't have the money to buy 60 cans!"

Seeing that he was about to explode, Nora blocked his mouth with two words.. "I do."

Louis: "??"

He was stunned.

Actually, he had indeed spent too much on feeding the stray cats and dogs in the district.

After all, raising a cat and a dog was the same as raising a wealthy person.

In the past, when he first started raising them, he would give them cheaper cat food. After all, it was already very satisfying for stray cats to have food.

However, after a while, he realized that the stray cats had lost a lot of fur and were malnourished. Therefore, he carried them to the vet.

The doctor said that most stray cats had been abandoned by their owners. There were also a few good breeds of cats who had higher food requirements.

They had to consume a lot of vitamins and proteins. The dogs also had to eat meat and bones to grind their teeth every meal.

The doctor also said, "Of course, just feed them some food. It's already goodwill to them that they won't starve to death. There's no need to empty your wallet for them."

However, Louis had always been a person who pursued perfection. He had OCD in everything he did. Moreover, he did not want to let these cats and dogs suffer. Therefore, he braced himself and spent his monthly allowance on them.

Later on, his elder brother limited his expenses. When he went to ask his parents for money, his parents scolded him for having a screw loose. Who would spend \$30,000 every month just to feed these stray cats and dogs?

Later on, when others asked him where the money went, he would never say it again. Occasionally, he would tease them, "I bought avatars and equipment for girls!"

Louis was a little stunned.

Anyone who saw him feeding stray cats and dogs would urge him to reduce their standard of living. No one had ever come up to him directly and bought canned food without saying anything.

He looked at Nora in a daze. He slowly stood up and asked in disbelief, "Aren't you going to ask me how much these cans are?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Oh, how much?"

"There are dozens of sets of canned food, and it's not enough for them to only eat canned food. Therefore, I have to prepare some fruits and vitamins. With so many cats and dogs added together, I'm afraid it will cost 1,500 dollars a month!"

"1,500?"

Nora was a little hesitant. Was this money a lot?

It should not be a problem for him to get 1,500 dollars from her card. Why was he so conflicted?

Louis coughed and said, "So, are you still buying them?"

"...Yes."

After Nora answered this question again, she asked the service staff to pack up everything that Louis had said. When a large bag of cat and dog food was in Louis's hands, the corners of his mouth twitched. "Do you have so much money in your bank card? Don't pretend to be rich in front of me!"

Nora did not say anything and silently handed over the bank card.

She had never set a password for her bank card as she found it troublesome.

The service staff swiped it and paid directly. Nora took the bank card and stuffed it into Louis's hand. "It's enough to feed you."

Louis: "??"

He immediately stood up straight and retorted, his blond hair almost exploding. "I'm not the one eating it! It's for the stray cats and dogs!"

"...Oh." Nora glanced at the can in his hand. "You can eat it too."

Louis: "!!!"

After saying this, she turned around and walked out.

After she left, Louis was still standing there. He looked at the cans, fruits, and various staple food in his hands in shock.

He pursed his lips. "She probably only has about 1,500 dollars in her card, but she doesn't know that this is the amount for a day! What are we going to do tomorrow?"

He looked at the bank card in his hand again. He would try again tomorrow to see if he could successfully swipe it.

Wait, he could try it now!

Nora drove the jeep to the Hunts.

The door opened as soon as she arrived at the Hunts.

Justin stood at the door, looking at her. When the car stopped in the car park, he stepped forward and opened the door for her. "Baby, you're here."

Nora paused when she got out of the car. Then, she took out her car keys and closed the car door. She replied calmly, "...Mm-hm."

When did she allow this man to call her Baby?

Justin lowered his head and took a look. "It's been less than an hour. It looks like you really miss me..."

Nora: "!"

She grimaced and was about to say something when he said, “And Cherry.”

“ ... ”

Nora endured it and swallowed.

She walked straight ahead. “Where does Cherry stay?”

Justin followed beside her. “Second floor, in the suite.”

Nora acknowledged indifferently and followed him upstairs.

The moment she opened the door to the suites, the overwhelming pinkness instantly engulfed her, causing her to pause in her footsteps. Only then did she look at her daughter, who was combing a Barbie doll’s hair.

Cherry was wearing neutral clothing. When she heard the door open and turned to see her, her big black eyes lit up. “Mommy! I was wondering why my mood suddenly became so good. So it’s you!”

Nora: “...Bootlicker.”

Cherry did not care what she said. She stretched out her arms and pounced onto her lap, hugging it as she raised her head. “Mommy, I missed you so much! I know you missed me too! After all, I’m so cute and beautiful!”

“ ... ”

Alright, she finally knew who Cherry had inherited her narcissistic nature from!

She was about to speak when her phone rang.

Beep!

She took out her phone and took a look. She realized that it was showing: \$13.90 has been debited from your account xxxx0000.

Nora: “?”

Judging by Louis’s appearance, he should be someone who spent lavishly, right? What did he buy that cost only \$13.90?

As she was thinking about this, she heard a beep again. It was again a message notification: \$13.90 has been debited from your account xxxx0000.

Nora: “??”

Beep. Another message alert came. It was the same \$13.90.

Nora: “????”

With a head full of question marks, she looked at the endless notifications on her phone and was puzzled. What was that Louis doing?

“Another bottle!”

Louis took out a can of meat and handed it to the salesperson.

The cashier held the bank card in confusion and swiped another can.

Louis asked, “Did it go through?”

“Yes.”

Louis was surprised. “There’s still money? It’s almost 3,000 dollars. Did the Andersons really give her 50,000 dollars?”

He took out another can. “Swipe another?”

“...”

He wanted to see how much money this silly sister from the countryside had in her card and how many cans of meat he could buy.

It couldn’t be that she had 139,000 dollars? He could buy 10,000 cans?

He did not believe it!

If he did not swipe the card dry today, he would not leave!!

With this in mind, he took out ten cans. “I’ll buy ten!”

The cashier: “...”

Ten cans, another ten cans... One hundred cans, another one hundred cans...

Even when all the cans of pet food in the store were gone, the card still wasn't maxed out yet.

Louis was dumbfounded. "Just how much money is there in there?"

The cashier: "..."

Louis waved and said, "Alright, that's enough. Store the rest here for now, I'll come over and collect them tomorrow!"

The cashier finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She had really been very scared just now. The whale in front of her had pretty much bought the whole store!

Louis stared at the bank card in his hand after he left the pet food shop. He had bought the following month's supply of cat and dog food in the store just now and spent a total of almost 50,000 dollars.

Even so, the card still didn't seem to be maxed out yet.

He decided to go to the bank to check how much balance there was in it!

The cell phone finally stopped beeping.

When Nora saw from the notifications on the phone that Louis had spent about 50,000 dollars all in the pet food store with her card, she knew at once that he had ordered his supply of cat and dog food for the next month.

Couldn't he pay all at once, though? Why did he have to pay \$13.90 and \$139 again and again instead?

She shook her head. Unable to understand, she simply stuffed the phone into her pocket.

As soon as she looked up, she saw Cherry and Justin, who were sitting opposite her, staring at her curiously.

Justin didn't say anything.

Cherry asked, "Who was just sending you text messages just now, Mommy?"

Nora glanced at her and replied, "No one."

Almost as soon as she said that, a faint voice said, "So, no one sent you 157 messages?"

Nora: "???"

Cherry: "???"

Both of them looked at Justin in unison, only to see that his usually deep and bottomless eyes were looking at her innocently at the moment. Even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a feeling that he had suffered some kind of injustice, as if she had done something behind his back.

Nora: "..."

She pursed her lips and suddenly asked, "I heard that you have a marriage agreement with Yvonne Smith?"

Her one-liner made Justin sit up straight. His expression turned serious and he replied, "I have to make this clear—my marriage agreement is with a daughter of the Smiths, not specifically Yvonne Smith. Come to think of it, this may be fate between you and me. No wonder you made lo—ving me your first priority the moment you saw me."

Nora: "..."

Why did he have to pause in between the two syllables for the word 'loving', making her feel like she had failed her English classes and misunderstood something?

When she looked at Justin again, he continued to sit where he was with a serious look. He had worn a black suit today and looked extra serious. He probably didn't mean what she thought he meant, right?

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Oh."

She got up, glanced at Cherry's room, and asked, "Where does Pete live?"

She did care about her son, after all, and wanted to see what her son's room had turned into.



But as soon as she voiced the question, Justin and Cherry exchanged a look.

Seeing that their expressions didn't look quite right, Nora frowned. "Pete couldn't possibly not have any place to live in, right?"

"He does, but..." Justin found it hard to explain it in a few words. He said, "But because I had misunderstood his sexual orientation previously... cough, and also because Cherry likes pink, I renovated it into a pink-themed room to make the child happy."

Nora: "!!!"

She looked at Justin with a complex look. "Are you sure you don't need me to take a look at your brain?"

Just what kind of person would go along with his son's wishes and turn the room pink after suspecting that he wasn't straight?!

The corners of her lips spasmed. She was about to speak when Justin stood up and said, "I have photos of Pete when he was a baby. Do you want to look at them?"

Sure enough, it distracted Nora and she stopped paying attention to the topic about the pink room. She followed Justin to the next room.

When Justin took out an album of Pete's pictures, Nora started flipping through it from the very beginning.

The first photo was of a tiny little infant. His skin was dark all over, and he looked pitifully skinny.

"Is this from when Pete was a month old?" asked Nora.

As the twins were born prematurely, they were actually both a little skinny when they were born. Cherry had looked about the same as a fifteen-day-old normal baby when she turned one month old.

The photo of Pete looked similar to how Cherry had looked when she was a month old.

Justin kept quiet for a while before he replied, "Yeah, I guess."

Even though Pete was rescued, his health had suffered a lot. It was only because the Hunts were powerful enough and had their own high-end medical equipment that they managed to slowly restore his health at the cost of a lot of money.

When he was a month old, he had even been sent into the ICU a few times and had tubes inserted into him all over.

However, Justin didn't intend to tell the woman all that.

Nora kept quiet for a long while.

She had already spotted the date marked at the bottom of the photo.

This was a photo of Pete when he was six months old.

Even if Justin didn't mention anything, she could still imagine just how much Pete had suffered back then. Otherwise, why would he have mild autism?

Nora heaved a silent sigh and stopped speaking. Instead, she continued to flip through the album in silence.

Pete at one-month-old looked about the same as Cherry at three months old.

Subsequently, though, because Pete was ultimately still a boy, he had slowly caught up with Cherry. This was why the siblings were about the same height now.

Pete had lagged behind for a whole half a year.

In the photos, the little boy always stood there expressionlessly and stared quietly at the camera. His light-less eyes, which looked identical to Cherry's big round ones, slowly gained some light.

This was all thanks to Justin taking care of him.

Nora flipped through the album from beginning to end. Toward the end, she even occasionally saw photos of Pete with his lip corners quirked upward. He was probably smiling, right?

Nora felt terribly emotional.

She felt like all the emotions she would ever experience in her entire life had emerged in this instant.

She had never been this worked up before. Even when her child was taken away, she had merely felt fury.

She suppressed the acerbity in her heart, and slowly raised her head to look at Justin. "Thank you."

"If someone has to say thank you," Justin also looked at her, "Then I should be the one saying it. Thank you for giving me two such lovely family members."

Ever since his parents divorced and his mother moved out of the family when he was five, he had lost his parents' love and care for him.

Having been alone for so many years, he had once considered staying alone for the rest of his life. He hadn't understood familial kinship or feelings in the past, but Pete's existence had gradually given him something to look forward to.

Rather than saying that he had saved Pete, it was more like Pete had given him salvation during the five years he took care of him.

Nora, who seemed to sense his emotional fluctuations, looked up at him.

She suddenly felt that she shouldn't have developed thoughts of taking Pete away. He was the boy's father after all.

In the bank.

Louis entered the lobby, took a number, and sat there in line.

When it was his turn, he took out the bank card and handed it to the clerk at the counter. "Please check the balance of this card for me."

The bank clerk looked up. When she saw the bank card in his hand, she was taken aback!

The clerk stood up at once, giving Louis a shock.

He stared at the clerk stupefied. "W-what's the matter?"

However, the clerk bowed and said, "Please wait a moment!"

Then, she took the card and rushed to the manager's office at the side.

Louis was awfully shocked.

He looked around and found that the rest of the staff were all behaving normally. The clerk attending to him was the only one who had suddenly run off.

He swallowed hard. Could it be that his cousin had stolen that card from someone? After all, it wasn't maxed out even after he spent nearly 50,000 dollars on pet food just now!

Was the clerk calling the police?

He was so alarmed that he jumped onto his feet abruptly, and he subconsciously walked toward the door hastily.

He had only just taken two steps when someone suddenly came after him from behind. "Sir, please wait a moment!"

Louis: "!!"

Without another word, he started to run out.

Unfortunately, the security guard at the bank's doors saw the manager chasing him, so he subconsciously thought that Louis was a bad guy and rushed toward him at once.

Louis easily avoided the security guard. He said, "Don't grab me, bro! That card isn't mine! I... I found it somewhere!"

He ran out of the bank until he reached the streets. Then, he ran off along the sidewalk.

But he had only taken two steps when the security guard caught up with him. He said, "What are you afraid of if it's something you found? Stop running and clarify everything with the manager! Otherwise, I'm calling the cops!"

"You can't!" Louis yelled as he ran, "I didn't break the law!"

"Then stop running!"

“No way!”

Louis continued running forward. At the same time, he took out his cell phone and sent a text message to Nora: ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’

Louis had taken the initiative to add Nora’s contact information into his phone when they were buying food for the cats. He had even said, “You can come to me if you run into any trouble in the future! I’ll protect you!”

Little did he think that things would actually turn out like this!

After sending the text message, he continued to exercise his skills to the fullest and ran with all his strength.

The security guard: “...”

Fleeing was what Louis did best. After all, he was already used to being disciplined by his family ever since he was a child, so he ran very fast and soon disappeared.

The security guard was all out of breath from chasing after him, but he still lost him in the end.

He bent over and panted heavily.

The manager behind him had also caught up with him by then. He asked, “What were you chasing him for? You’ve scared him away!”

“... Isn’t he a bad guy?” asked the security guard.

“What nonsense!” The manager exclaimed huffily, “He’s a distinguished customer!!”

The security guard: “!!”

He was puzzled. “If he’s a customer, what is he running away for?”

The manager smacked the security guard angrily. “Isn’t it because you were chasing him? Of course, he would run away if you chase after him!”

“... Really?” asked the security guard.

The manager sighed. He looked down at the bank card in his hand and couldn't help but sigh emotionally. "Do you know that only five cards like this one here have been issued ever since our bank was established?"

The security guard: "?"

The manager stared at the card. "Although this is a supplementary card, there are no more than twenty supplementary cards of this card series in the bank! And this is on a global scale, no less! That's why I have to personally attend to the customer. But great, you've actually scared him off! I have to report this to the higher-ups as soon as possible!"

He turned around and returned to the bank. Then, he got the security guard to show him the surveillance camera footage. "Hurry and find out who it is! We have to pay them a visit!"

Louis hadn't expected any of this at all when he first entered the bank, so his looks were totally exposed.

The manager got a friend to investigate who he was.

Louis could be considered someone with status in New York, so they quickly found out who he was.

The bank manager looked at his information. A short silence later, he said, "C'mon, let's go to the Smiths now. We have to retain that important customer and apologize to the VIP!"

Louis stopped and started to pant heavily after he ran a great distance away.

He looked behind him. When he found that no one had caught up to him, he was relieved.

But!

He took out his cell phone and dialed Chester's number with his trembling fingers. "I'm in trouble! I'm in trouble!"

Chester asked, "What's wrong?"

Louis thought for a moment and decided that he mustn't rat Nora out. Even if she had stolen someone's card, he had to cover up for her.

After all, he was the one who had caused this.

He took a deep breath. "Don't ask. Give me all the money you have. I'm going to go on the run!"

"... But I only have 300 dollars! I'll transfer it to you!" said Chester.

"Get lost! Why are you even more pitiful than I am?!"

Louis hung up on him straightaway.

If he fled, he would be a wanted criminal. This way, it wouldn't affect Nora. Besides, wasn't the pugilistic world what Quentin loved the most anyway?

Didn't this mean he was going to wander the world now?

Come to think of it, it sounded pretty exciting.

The main problem was, how was he going to escape if he didn't have any money?

While thinking about it, he drove quietly to the Smiths' manor.

In any case, he would just go to Warren and borrow some money first!

Warren was easy-going and easy to bluff. He definitely wouldn't stand by and watch him starve to death.

After driving back to the Smiths, in order not to make too much noise, he parked the car outside the door and sneaked in quietly by himself.

He was about to go up the stairs to look for Warren when he was discovered.

Yvonne looked at him. "What are you sneaking around for, Louis?"

Louis: "!!"

What bad luck!

How was it that he always ran into her every time he was down on his luck?

With an evasive look in his eyes, Louis replied, "It's nothing."

Yvonne knew at once from his behavior that he must have gotten himself in trouble. She immediately said, "You must have done something bad again, right? See if I don't tell Joel about it!"

Louis snapped at once. "All you know is snitching on others! What else do you know besides being a tattletale?!"

Yvonne looked at him up and down a few times. Then, she cast her eyes down and suddenly asked, "Did Nora's bank card get you into trouble?"

Although Louis was mischievous, didn't like studying, and had a weird personality, he had only become like that thanks to her 'schemes'.

No one knew better than Yvonne how kind Louis actually was.

He would always play hero and speak up whenever he ran into trouble in the past, yet he simply refused to say even a word about it today. Therefore, she decided to simply sound him out.

Unexpectedly, the look in Louis's eyes suddenly changed the moment she said that, and he said, "No, it didn't!"

Yvonne frowned. "So, it really is because of that bank card!"

Louis: "!!"

Right at this moment, a butler came over hesitantly from outside. "Ms. Yvonne, the manager of the New York branch of ABC Bank is here. They say that they are here for Mr. Louis."

Louis: "???"

Had they found him so soon?

He wanted to slip away, but Yvonne grabbed his collar and said, "What are you running for, Louis? What's there that you can't explain properly to everyone? Since they are looking for you, then let's go over and have a look!"

Something must have gone wrong with Nora's card!

And judging from how panicky Louis was, it seemed like a pretty big problem.

Let's see how she would gain a foothold in the Smiths now!!



Yvonne looked at the butler and instructed, "Since it's the manager from the bank, then please invite him in!"

The butler answered, "Yes, miss."

He turned to leave.

"Wait!" The frightened Louis shouted.

However, the butler ignored him completely.

Louis had always been naughty and mischievous since he was a child and especially compared to Yvonne, it made him seem even more atrocious. The servants in the manor also found him rather objectionable.

Moreover, this was Ian and Joel's home. As the head of the family, one could consider Joel Ian's adopted son. Yvonne was the true mistress of the household instead.

When the butler left, a furious and panicky Louis demanded, "What do you think you're doing? What makes you think you can agree to meet them when they are here to look for me?"

Yvonne cast her eyes down and replied dispassionately, "What are you so worked up for just because the manager of the bank is looking for you? Is there something wrong with Nora's card?"

Louis looked downstairs.

Sure enough, the servants in the house were looking at them. He pretty much subconsciously replied, "That card belongs to me!"

Yvonne: "..."

She kept her eyes down and said detachedly, "As your elder sister, I have to interfere in this, Louis. Since it's yours, then all the more so. Let's go and have a look."

Louis wanted to push her away, but the manager had already entered by then.

He was following behind the butler. This was his first time in the Smiths' manor. The manor's lavish decor filled him with great emotion. No wonder

they had a card like that. As expected, their background was indeed impressive!

He would have to apologize to the distinguished customer later, though. He mustn't behave too frivolously.

With that in mind, he straightened his back and put on a rather serious expression.

Seeing how stern he looked, Louis became even more scared.

Sob...

Did Nora steal that card from someone or did she rob someone of it? To think it made the bank manager spend so much effort and go through so many twists and turns that he had actually managed to find him.

Since their investigations had led to him, they must have asked the police for help with that, right?

Despite knowing that this was the Smiths' manor, they had still come for him... This meant that they definitely wouldn't back down even if he used Joel against them. So! Just what kind of crime exactly had Nora committed?!

Surely it couldn't be robbery or murder, right?!

A grave look came over Louis's countenance when he thought of that.

Seeing that he had no way out anymore, Louis acted as if he was about to face the music and took a big step forward.

When the manager saw him, he took a step forward, took out the card, and asked respectfully, "Excuse me, is this card yours? Are you the only one using the card?"

Louis: "..."

He held his head high, puffed out his chest, and said righteously, "Yes, of course, I am the only one using it. What else could it be?"

The manager: "?"

Louis snorted and said, "Alright, that's enough. A man must bear the consequences of his own actions. This card belongs to me and me alone!"

The manager: "!!"

The servants: "..."

Why did it seem like there was something kinda off about the scene in front of them?

It was at this point that Yvonne smiled and said, "I think that card belongs to Nora, doesn't it? I saw her giving it to you earlier today. There's a blue pattern at the side of the card..."

A blue pattern...

Louis looked at the card and retorted, "You're mistaken! You have blue-green colorblindness!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and went on. "There's no way I would have made a mistake. That's Nora's card, no doubt about it. Did something happen to Nora, Louis? You can just come straight out and say it if there's something wrong, I can help you. Even if I can't, there's Joel. It's not good to keep some things a secret..."

Louis glared at her viciously. "I told you, the card belongs to me. How annoying can you get?"

Yvonne bit her lip and put on a pitiful act.

Florence frowned. "Mr. Louis, watch the way you speak to Ms. Yvonne. She's saying it for your own good! The Smiths would never give up their own for the sake of an indecent woman and outsider. Even if you hide certain things in order to protect her, people can still find out the truth later!"

Louis stared at her coldly. "Why is there a stray dog barking away here? How noisy! If I don't take my blood-related sister's side, then am I supposed to take your side, you detestable old woman?"

He curled his lips disdainfully and went on. “When a beautiful girl is meddlesome, you can say that she’s acting bravely for a just cause. But for people like you, do you know what it’s called?”

Florence was taken aback. “What is it called?”

“Ugly people being up to no good.”

Florence: “!!!”

Movements came from the door at this point—Joel was back.

Florence’s eyes reddened the moment she saw him enter. She cried out in tears, “Sir, you have to help me! I have been working respectfully in the Smiths for so many years, but now that I’m old, someone is actually saying that I’m an ugly person up to no good!”

Florence had watched Joel grow up.

Florence had been taking care of Joel, and treated him with great respect ever since Ian appointed him as his successor when he was ten.

Therefore, Joel also treated her with a lot of courtesy at home. Upon hearing that, he looked at Louis with a frown and said unhurriedly, “Apologize to Mdm. Florence, Louis.”

Although he spoke gently, his words brooked no refusal.

Not only did Louis not dare to go against Joel, but he also feared him from the bottom of his heart. Therefore, even though he was filled with reluctance, he nevertheless looked at Florence and said, “I won’t say you’re ugly anymore, old fogey.”

Florence: “...”

Everyone else: “...”

Although his words were unpleasant, Florence didn’t dare to act presumptuously in front of Joel anymore after making one of her masters apologize to her. She glared at Louis hatefully.

Yvonne changed the subject. “You’re back just in time, Joel. It seems like Nora has gotten into some kind of trouble, and Louis is insisting on taking the

blame for her. Sigh, that's also why Mdm. Florence is arguing with him. She's doing it for your own good, Louis."

Florence was touched to hear that.

Joel, however, looked at Louis with a frown and asked, "What's going on?"

Louis shrank back at the look in Joel's eyes. He wanted to chicken out, but he was afraid that Joel would give him a good thrashing. In the end, he bit the bullet and replied, "Don't ask anymore, Joel. In any case, I did this all by myself, it has nothing to do with Nora! Stop trying to smear Nora's name, Yvonne. Someone as vicious as you, and who wants only to see Nora make a fool out of herself is not worthy of speaking here!"

He looked at the manager and said, "Alright, that's enough. The card is mine. If you want to arrest me, then let's go! Let's just cut the crap!"

The manager: "???"

Joel's eyes swept across Yvonne when he heard Louis. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly felt a little uneasy.

It was as if someone had seen through her thoughts.

Yvonne lowered her head.

So what even if her thoughts had been seen through? She was telling the truth!

The card was indeed Nora's. Now that there were credibility problems with it, it would definitely embarrass her to hell and back!

While she was thinking about it, the manager stepped forward and grabbed Louis' hand!

Yvonne had never considered that the card was stolen from someone else.

After all, it was impossible that Nora would do something like that when she already had Justin. Her only thought was that a problem had occurred with her credit score.

Weren't there a lot of people who didn't pay their credit card bills after using the cards?

That was already embarrassing enough.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the thought formed in her mind, the manager said excitedly, “What are you talking about, Mr. Smith? Arrest? We just want to invite you to the bank as a guest! Why would we arrest you?”

“...”

His words caused the room to fall silent for a moment.

Yvonne, who was taken aback, looked at him incredulously.

The manager said, “You are our bank’s VIP customer. Now that we’ve met in New York, of course, I would invite you to the bank. Also, do you need financial management services for your balance? We have capital protection and an interest rate of 5%! I know it’s a little low, so you won’t be interested for sure, but isn’t it a little of a waste to just let the money rest in the account like that? Or perhaps you have investment plans for the near future?”

Louis: “??”

Louis felt like he could understand all the words that the manager was saying, but how come he couldn’t understand them anymore once they were strung together?

Next to him, an even more surprised Florence asked, “What are you talking about? What VIP customer?”

Yvonne’s eyes widened in astonishment, and she stared at the manager in disbelief.

A VIP... customer?

The manager glanced at Florence. “You don’t need to know about your master’s affairs. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith?”

Only then did Louis come back to his senses. He pointed at the bank card incredulously. “Did you say that the owner of the card is a VIP customer? I-in that case, who is the owner of the card?”

His first reaction was that he was finished. Nora had actually stolen a VIP customer’s card!

The manager smiled. “Don’t joke around anymore, Mr. Smith. Didn’t you say it yourself just now? It’s you! This card doesn’t require registration with one’s real name, and there are only five in the world. Customer information is confidential, so I won’t know, either. This is the first time I’m meeting the owner of the card...”

Louis: “...”

Louis swallowed hard. “What’s the credit limit of this card?”

The manager replied, “This bank card is both a savings card and a credit card. This is a supplementary card. I wouldn’t know where the primary card is. Only the owner would know that. Also, this card doesn’t have a credit limit~”

The reason why such cards were rarely issued around the world was precisely that they weren’t registered with the owners’ names.

Additionally! They didn’t have any credit limits!

Just how much trust must one have in their customers in order to issue unregistered cards without any credit limit?

That was why there were only five in the world!

How would he, a manager of a side branch of the bank in New York, possibly know who the owner was?!

However, the manager’s words clearly shocked everyone present.

Louis stammered, “I-is there a chance for someone to steal the card?”

Just whose card had Nora stolen?!

The manager laughed again. “You must be joking. There’s no way the owner of the card would lose the card, how can anyone steal it?”

Those who owned the card were either rich or noble.

They would definitely have bodyguards with them whenever they were out.

Therefore, there wasn’t such a problem at all. Even if it just so happened that they misplaced it, they could just inform the account manager that had applied for the card for them, and they would reissue one to them right away.

Seeing how embarrassing Louis was behaving, Joel held his forehead. He glanced at the manager and said, “Since the card has been delivered, we’re done here.”

Although his attitude was detached and distant, the manager didn’t feel slighted at all.

After all, he was here to deliver the card to them.

He handed the card to Louis respectfully and held his hand with great reluctance to part. He said, “Mr. Louis, do visit the bank when you’re free! If you aren’t interested in financial management services, I can also recommend our other services to you...”

Louis, who was holding the bank card, nodded dazedly and watched the manager leave.

Louis looked at Joel after he left. “Just what kind of background does that cousin of mine have, Joel? You and Uncle Ian are the only ones in the family who can use a card like this, right?”

Even the way he spoke had become respectful.

His words made Yvonne’s eyes flicker.

Among the Smiths, Ian and Joel were indeed the only ones who could use credit cards with no credit limit.

At the end of it all, wasn’t it still because she wasn’t related to them by blood but was just an adopted daughter that she didn’t have the right to use such cards?! She clenched her fists.

Joel did not answer. Instead, he held his hand out toward him.

Louis: “!!”

He hid the card in his bosom and said, “Nora gave this to me, Joel!”

Joel raised his brows and glanced at him dispassionately. “Are you worthy of using it?”

Louis gritted his teeth and slowly handed the card to Joel. Joel reached out to take it—only to find that Louis was still holding on to the card tightly.



Joel: "..."

"Joel..." Louis sounded pitiful and miserable. Even his bleached blond hair looked a lot softer than usual.

Joel ignored him. He applied more force and took the card from him.

He slid it into his pocket after he took it. Then, he casually took out a credit card that belonged to the Smiths and handed it to Louis.

Louis: "!!!"

At the sight of his adorable credit card that had been sealed, he almost jumped straight into the air!

He immediately gave his credit card a huge kiss. Then, fearing that Joel would change his mind, he quickly ran out while calling out, "I love you, Joel!"

Joel: "..."

The people in the living room were still standing there.

Yvonne's fists were balled up tightly. She simply couldn't understand why Nora would have such a card? But when Louis left, she suddenly realized something.

Mr. Hunt must have given it to Nora, right?

Otherwise, how would she possibly have that much money?

She raised her head and glanced at Joel. "Is it really okay that Nora uses the Hunts' money like that, Joel?"

Joel lowered his gaze.

Yvonne went on. "You should have her return the card. It won't do her reputation any good if she spends the Hunts' money like that... I'm saying this for her sake, Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Come with me."

Yvonne became nervous as she followed Joel into the study.

Joel leaned against the desk. Yvonne stood in front of him with her head down like a child who had done something wrong.

Joel suddenly asked, "You think this card belongs to Justin?"

Yvonne nodded. "Who else, apart from Mr. Hunt's? Nora can't possibly know anyone else, right?"

Joel took out the card, handed it to his personal assistant, and instructed, "Go and find out who the owner of this card is."

"Yes, sir."

Ten minutes later, the assistant walked back in feeling rather light-headed. As he stared at the results of the investigation, he felt as if he was stepping on cotton, his footsteps alternating between shallow and deep ones.

Yvonne had been standing there for ten minutes.. She asked anxiously, "Whose card is that? It's Mr. Hunt's, right?"

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.

She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother's eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, "This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn't left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time."

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora's.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, "Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?"

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. "Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?"

Yvonne: "!!"

She looked up in a panic. "N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not..."

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. "Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter..."

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, "Then do you still remember what your legal name is?"

Yvonne was taken aback. "Yvonne Smith..."

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. "Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?"

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, "Aren't you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I'm Dad's adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I'm not related to Dad by blood. You're not just his blood-related nephew, you're pretty much Dad's son. You're even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?"

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts' party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. "You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision."

Seeing that he wasn't pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. "I promise."

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. "Are you really not going to do anything about it?"

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, "What can I do?"

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

"But she's our cousin! She has blood ties with us!"

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, "She's also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan."

Quentin: "..."

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, "Forget it, the previous generation's relationships are too complicated. I'll just pretend I don't know anything."

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, "Aren't you supposed to be protecting her?"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. "Yeah, she's home. There, she's here!"

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. "Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!"

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora's cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis's anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. "Nora!"

Nora: "??"

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, "You're my cousin, indeed! Don't worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?"

'Again'...

Poor child.

"... Alright. How much do you need?" asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. "You sent me a voice message? What did you send?"

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the 'You stinky woman! You've gotten me into huge trouble!!' message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. "It's nothing, nothing..."

Nora: "..."

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn't stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, "How much do you want?"

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel

had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an 'oh'. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: ‘Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.’

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora’s car. “You’re my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I’ll open the door for you!”

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else’s control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!?

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. “Watch your step, Sis!”

Nora: “...”

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, “Look at you, Louis! You’ve almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?”

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, “If she has money, then she’s my real sister!”

“... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don’t you think you’ve let him down?” said Quentin.

“Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian’s daughter!”

Quentin: “...”

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, “I don’t care anymore, I’ll follow my heart instead. It’s true that there hasn’t been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!



Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, "But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!"

Louis stuck his tongue out. "It's just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me."

Quentin got mad. "Big Sister is an idol. She's someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?"

Louis bounced toward the gates. "Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn't at all to me. I love the smell of money!"

Quentin: "..."

He snorted coldly and scoffed, "It's because you're still too young. I'm not as childish as you. I won't lose control of myself like you even if I'm facing Big Sister!"

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. “Are you sure you’re not going?”

“Yes.”

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn’t want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, “The Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother will be there.”

The look in Nora’s eyes instantly sharpened. She said, “Tell me where and when.”

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn’t be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, “Don’t worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It’s actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn’t...”

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn’t come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn’t have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple’s personality. He said, “I know you want to stay low-key, so you don’t have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister. Think of a name, I’ll get someone to make a

contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, "I've already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight's the first match."

Nora: "??"

So, he wasn't calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. "In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife."

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people

watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

“...Oh,” Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, “By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won’t recognize you. Didn’t you want to keep a low profile?”

Nora scoffed, “Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?”

Quinn: “...”

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn’t very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn’t think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, “Stop right there. Who are you?”

“Smithra.”

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, "Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent's mask."

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, "Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn't a rule like that really strange?"

"Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they've become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don't want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It's much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!"

"..."

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, "Why didn't you make that clear from the start, old man?"

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn't fall off if one didn't pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, “The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!”

Nora: “...”

Although she didn’t speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, “By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?”

Without waiting for Nora’s answer, he answered his own question, “The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!”

“He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight.”

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, “That’s because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn’t participated in the tournament.”

The man chuckled and said, “Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I’ve heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?”

“...No,” replied Nora.



Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, "You're acquainted with Big Sister?"

The man nodded. "Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?"

Nora: "..."

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, "How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?"

The man enthusiastically explained, "We've invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host."

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, "Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I'll let you take a photo with her."

Nora: "!!"

"It's not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph..."

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, "I'll do it!"

Nora: "?"

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn't be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man's arm and said, "If you take me to Big Sister, I'll give you 15,000!"

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, "No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you're not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn't like people getting too close to her. She also doesn't like talking very much."

"Then what does she like?" The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. "She likes to sleep."

The teen: "..."

Nora: "..."

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, "Have you transferred me the money?"

"Yeah, I have. Where's Big Sister?"

"..."

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would be holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

“... Two minutes, I suppose?” replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, “...?”

After the momentary surprise, he said, “You shouldn’t be overconfident of yourself, young woman!”

Nora asked, “Who will I be fighting?”

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn’t make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, “You’ll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He’s in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to

Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you'll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there'll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class."

Nora: "???"

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, "You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won't be out of energy when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you."

"... Alright," said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent's mask. They didn't advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner's integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, "Big Brother..."

Nora: "?"

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, "You're mistaken."

The staff member: "??"

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, "Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?"

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

"..."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.



The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"

She was shocked. "You met Big Sister? The real deal?"

Quentin sneered, "Of course, she's the real deal."

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. "See, this is Big Sister."

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, "Do you know? I've always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it's much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister's muscles! It's impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!"

Nora the lazy bum: "..."

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, "I mustn't slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!"

Nora: "..."

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. "A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother."

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, "Where is he? Is he the real deal?"

Quentin nodded. "I'd never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He's sitting right there in the room next door! He's wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!"

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, "Hmm... Big Brother's physique is also very similar to his!"

Justin: "..."

Nora: "..."

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. "Where are you going?"

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, "I'm going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session."

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn't he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of

the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“...”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“...”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn't seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn't help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin's wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. "B-Big Brother?"

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

"I have something I need."

Nora suddenly spoke.

'Big Brother' looked at her at once. "What is it?"

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: "?"

He was furious. "What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!"

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: "?"

## **Chapter 292 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

“Another bottle!”

Louis took out a can of meat and handed it to the salesperson.

The cashier held the bank card in confusion and swiped another can.

Louis asked, “Did it go through?”

“Yes.”

Louis was surprised. “There’s still money? It’s almost 3,000 dollars. Did the Andersons really give her 50,000 dollars?”

He took out another can. “Swipe another?”

“...”

He wanted to see how much money this silly sister from the countryside had in her card and how many cans of meat he could buy.

It couldn’t be that she had 139,000 dollars? He could buy 10,000 cans?

He did not believe it!

If he did not swipe the card dry today, he would not leave!!

With this in mind, he took out ten cans. “I’ll buy ten!”

The cashier: “...”

Ten cans, another ten cans... One hundred cans, another one hundred cans...

Even when all the cans of pet food in the store were gone, the card still wasn’t maxed out yet.

Louis was dumbfounded. “Just how much money is there in there?”

The cashier: “...”

Louis waved and said, “Alright, that’s enough. Store the rest here for now, I’ll come over and collect them tomorrow!”

The cashier finally heaved a sigh of relief.

She had really been very scared just now. The whale in front of her had pretty much bought the whole store!

Louis stared at the bank card in his hand after he left the pet food shop. He had bought the following month's supply of cat and dog food in the store just now and spent a total of almost 50,000 dollars.

Even so, the card still didn't seem to be maxed out yet.

He decided to go to the bank to check how much balance there was in it!

The cell phone finally stopped beeping.

When Nora saw from the notifications on the phone that Louis had spent about 50,000 dollars all in the pet food store with her card, she knew at once that he had ordered his supply of cat and dog food for the next month.

Couldn't he pay all at once, though? Why did he have to pay \$13.90 and \$139 again and again instead?

She shook her head. Unable to understand, she simply stuffed the phone into her pocket.

As soon as she looked up, she saw Cherry and Justin, who were sitting opposite her, staring at her curiously.

Justin didn't say anything.

Cherry asked, "Who was just sending you text messages just now, Mommy?"

Nora glanced at her and replied, "No one."

Almost as soon as she said that, a faint voice said, "So, no one sent you 157 messages?"

Nora: "???"

Cherry: "???"

Both of them looked at Justin in unison, only to see that his usually deep and bottomless eyes were looking at her innocently at the moment. Even the

beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to exude a feeling that he had suffered some kind of injustice, as if she had done something behind his back.

Nora: "..."

She pursed her lips and suddenly asked, "I heard that you have a marriage agreement with Yvonne Smith?"

Her one-liner made Justin sit up straight. His expression turned serious and he replied, "I have to make this clear—my marriage agreement is with a daughter of the Smiths, not specifically Yvonne Smith. Come to think of it, this may be fate between you and me. No wonder you made loving me your first priority the moment you saw me."

Nora: "..."

Why did he have to pause in between the two syllables for the word 'loving', making her feel like she had failed her English classes and misunderstood something?

When she looked at Justin again, he continued to sit where he was with a serious look. He had worn a black suit today and looked extra serious. He probably didn't mean what she thought he meant, right?

Nora raised her eyebrows. "Oh."

She got up, glanced at Cherry's room, and asked, "Where does Pete live?"

She did care about her son, after all, and wanted to see what her son's room had turned into.

But as soon as she voiced the question, Justin and Cherry exchanged a look.

Seeing that their expressions didn't look quite right, Nora frowned. "Pete couldn't possibly not have any place to live in, right?"

"He does, but..." Justin found it hard to explain it in a few words. He said, "But because I had misunderstood his sexual orientation previously... cough, and also because Cherry likes pink, I renovated it into a pink-themed room to make the child happy."

Nora: "!!!"



She looked at Justin with a complex look. “Are you sure you don’t need me to take a look at your brain?”

Just what kind of person would go along with his son’s wishes and turn the room pink after suspecting that he wasn’t straight?!

The corners of her lips spasmed. She was about to speak when Justin stood up and said, “I have photos of Pete when he was a baby. Do you want to look at them?”

Sure enough, it distracted Nora and she stopped paying attention to the topic about the pink room. She followed Justin to the next room.

When Justin took out an album of Pete’s pictures, Nora started flipping through it from the very beginning.

The first photo was of a tiny little infant. His skin was dark all over, and he looked pitifully skinny.

“Is this from when Pete was a month old?” asked Nora.

As the twins were born prematurely, they were actually both a little skinny when they were born. Cherry had looked about the same as a fifteen-day-old normal baby when she turned one month old.

The photo of Pete looked similar to how Cherry had looked when she was a month old.

Justin kept quiet for a while before he replied, “Yeah, I guess.”

Even though Pete was rescued, his health had suffered a lot. It was only because the Hunts were powerful enough and had their own high-end medical equipment that they managed to slowly restore his health at the cost of a lot of money.

When he was a month old, he had even been sent into the ICU a few times and had tubes inserted into him all over.

However, Justin didn’t intend to tell the woman all that.

Nora kept quiet for a long while.

She had already spotted the date marked at the bottom of the photo.

This was a photo of Pete when he was six months old.

Even if Justin didn't mention anything, she could still imagine just how much Pete had suffered back then. Otherwise, why would he have mild autism?

Nora heaved a silent sigh and stopped speaking. Instead, she continued to flip through the album in silence.

Pete at one-month-old looked about the same as Cherry at three months old.

Subsequently, though, because Pete was ultimately still a boy, he had slowly caught up with Cherry. This was why the siblings were about the same height now.

Pete had lagged behind for a whole half a year.

In the photos, the little boy always stood there expressionlessly and stared quietly at the camera. His light-less eyes, which looked identical to Cherry's big round ones, slowly gained some light.

This was all thanks to Justin taking care of him.

Nora flipped through the album from beginning to end. Toward the end, she even occasionally saw photos of Pete with his lip corners quirked upward. He was probably smiling, right?

Nora felt terribly emotional.

She felt like all the emotions she would ever experience in her entire life had emerged in this instant.

She had never been this worked up before. Even when her child was taken away, she had merely felt fury.

She suppressed the acerbity in her heart, and slowly raised her head to look at Justin. "Thank you."

"If someone has to say thank you," Justin also looked at her, "Then I should be the one saying it. Thank you for giving me two such lovely family members."

Ever since his parents divorced and his mother moved out of the family when he was five, he had lost his parents' love and care for him.

Having been alone for so many years, he had once considered staying alone for the rest of his life. He hadn't understood familial kinship or feelings in the past, but Pete's existence had gradually given him something to look forward to.

Rather than saying that he had saved Pete, it was more like Pete had given him salvation during the five years he took care of him.

Nora, who seemed to sense his emotional fluctuations, looked up at him.

She suddenly felt that she shouldn't have developed thoughts of taking Pete away. He was the boy's father after all.

In the bank.

Louis entered the lobby, took a number, and sat there in line.

When it was his turn, he took out the bank card and handed it to the clerk at the counter. "Please check the balance of this card for me."

The bank clerk looked up. When she saw the bank card in his hand, she was taken aback!

The clerk stood up at once, giving Louis a shock.

He stared at the clerk stupefied. "W-what's the matter?"

However, the clerk bowed and said, "Please wait a moment!"

Then, she took the card and rushed to the manager's office at the side.

Louis was awfully shocked.

He looked around and found that the rest of the staff were all behaving normally. The clerk attending to him was the only one who had suddenly run off.

He swallowed hard. Could it be that his cousin had stolen that card from someone? After all, it wasn't maxed out even after he spent nearly 50,000 dollars on pet food just now!

Was the clerk calling the police?

He was so alarmed that he jumped onto his feet abruptly, and he subconsciously walked toward the door hastily.

He had only just taken two steps when someone suddenly came after him from behind. "Sir, please wait a moment!"

Louis: "!!"

Without another word, he started to run out.

Unfortunately, the security guard at the bank's doors saw the manager chasing him, so he subconsciously thought that Louis was a bad guy and rushed toward him at once.

Louis easily avoided the security guard. He said, "Don't grab me, bro! That card isn't mine! I... I found it somewhere!"

He ran out of the bank until he reached the streets. Then, he ran off along the sidewalk.

But he had only taken two steps when the security guard caught up with him. He said, "What are you afraid of if it's something you found? Stop running and clarify everything with the manager! Otherwise, I'm calling the cops!"

"You can't!" Louis yelled as he ran, "I didn't break the law!"

"Then stop running!"

"No way!"

Louis continued running forward. At the same time, he took out his cell phone and sent a text message to Nora: 'You stinky woman! You've gotten me into huge trouble!!'

Louis had taken the initiative to add Nora's contact information into his phone when they were buying food for the cats. He had even said, "You can come to me if you run into any trouble in the future! I'll protect you!"

Little did he think that things would actually turn out like this!

After sending the text message, he continued to exercise his skills to the fullest and ran with all his strength.

The security guard: "..."

Fleeing was what Louis did best. After all, he was already used to being disciplined by his family ever since he was a child, so he ran very fast and soon disappeared.

The security guard was all out of breath from chasing after him, but he still lost him in the end.

He bent over and panted heavily.

The manager behind him had also caught up with him by then. He asked, "What were you chasing him for? You've scared him away!"

"... Isn't he a bad guy?" asked the security guard.

"What nonsense!" The manager exclaimed huffily, "He's a distinguished customer!!"

The security guard: "!!"

He was puzzled. "If he's a customer, what is he running away for?"

The manager smacked the security guard angrily. "Isn't it because you were chasing him? Of course, he would run away if you chase after him!"

"... Really?" asked the security guard.

The manager sighed. He looked down at the bank card in his hand and couldn't help but sigh emotionally. "Do you know that only five cards like this one here have been issued ever since our bank was established?"

The security guard: "?"

The manager stared at the card. "Although this is a supplementary card, there are no more than twenty supplementary cards of this card series in the bank! And this is on a global scale, no less! That's why I have to personally attend to the customer. But great, you've actually scared him off! I have to report this to the higher-ups as soon as possible!"

He turned around and returned to the bank. Then, he got the security guard to show him the surveillance camera footage. "Hurry and find out who it is! We have to pay them a visit!"

Louis hadn't expected any of this at all when he first entered the bank, so his looks were totally exposed.

The manager got a friend to investigate who he was.

Louis could be considered someone with status in New York, so they quickly found out who he was.

The bank manager looked at his information. A short silence later, he said, "C'mon, let's go to the Smiths now. We have to retain that important customer and apologize to the VIP!"

Louis stopped and started to pant heavily after he ran a great distance away.

He looked behind him. When he found that no one had caught up to him, he was relieved.

But!

He took out his cell phone and dialed Chester's number with his trembling fingers. "I'm in trouble! I'm in trouble!"

Chester asked, "What's wrong?"

Louis thought for a moment and decided that he mustn't rat Nora out. Even if she had stolen someone's card, he had to cover up for her.

After all, he was the one who had caused this.

He took a deep breath. "Don't ask. Give me all the money you have. I'm going to go on the run!"

"... But I only have 300 dollars! I'll transfer it to you!" said Chester.

"Get lost! Why are you even more pitiful than I am?!"

Louis hung up on him straightaway.

If he fled, he would be a wanted criminal. This way, it wouldn't affect Nora. Besides, wasn't the pugilistic world what Quentin loved the most anyway?

Didn't this mean he was going to wander the world now?

Come to think of it, it sounded pretty exciting.

The main problem was, how was he going to escape if he didn't have any money?

While thinking about it, he drove quietly to the Smiths' manor.

In any case, he would just go to Warren and borrow some money first!

Warren was easy-going and easy to bluff. He definitely wouldn't stand by and watch him starve to death.

After driving back to the Smiths, in order not to make too much noise, he parked the car outside the door and sneaked in quietly by himself.

He was about to go up the stairs to look for Warren when he was discovered.

Yvonne looked at him. "What are you sneaking around for, Louis?"

Louis: "!!"

What bad luck!

How was it that he always ran into her every time he was down on his luck?

With an evasive look in his eyes, Louis replied, "It's nothing."

Yvonne knew at once from his behavior that he must have gotten himself in trouble. She immediately said, "You must have done something bad again, right? See if I don't tell Joel about it!"

Louis snapped at once. "All you know is snitching on others! What else do you know besides being a tattletale?!"

Yvonne looked at him up and down a few times. Then, she cast her eyes down and suddenly asked, "Did Nora's bank card get you into trouble?"

Although Louis was mischievous, didn't like studying, and had a weird personality, he had only become like that thanks to her 'schemes'.

No one knew better than Yvonne how kind Louis actually was.

He would always play hero and speak up whenever he ran into trouble in the past, yet he simply refused to say even a word about it today. Therefore, she decided to simply sound him out.

Unexpectedly, the look in Louis's eyes suddenly changed the moment she said that, and he said, "No, it didn't!"

Yvonne frowned. "So, it really is because of that bank card!"

Louis: "!!"

Right at this moment, a butler came over hesitantly from outside. "Ms. Yvonne, the manager of the New York branch of ABC Bank is here. They say that they are here for Mr. Louis."

Louis: "???"

Had they found him so soon?

He wanted to slip away, but Yvonne grabbed his collar and said, "What are you running for, Louis? What's there that you can't explain properly to everyone? Since they are looking for you, then let's go over and have a look!"

Something must have gone wrong with Nora's card!

And judging from how panicky Louis was, it seemed like a pretty big problem.

Let's see how she would gain a foothold in the Smiths now!!

Yvonne looked at the butler and instructed, "Since it's the manager from the bank, then please invite him in!"

The butler answered, "Yes, miss."

He turned to leave.

"Wait!" The frightened Louis shouted.

However, the butler ignored him completely.

Louis had always been naughty and mischievous since he was a child and especially compared to Yvonne, it made him seem even more atrocious. The servants in the manor also found him rather objectionable.



Moreover, this was Ian and Joel's home. As the head of the family, one could consider Joel Ian's adopted son. Yvonne was the true mistress of the household instead.

When the butler left, a furious and panicky Louis demanded, "What do you think you're doing? What makes you think you can agree to meet them when they are here to look for me?"

Yvonne cast her eyes down and replied dispassionately, "What are you so worked up for just because the manager of the bank is looking for you? Is there something wrong with Nora's card?"

Louis looked downstairs.

Sure enough, the servants in the house were looking at them. He pretty much subconsciously replied, "That card belongs to me!"

Yvonne: "..."

She kept her eyes down and said detachedly, "As your elder sister, I have to interfere in this, Louis. Since it's yours, then all the more so. Let's go and have a look."

Louis wanted to push her away, but the manager had already entered by then.

He was following behind the butler. This was his first time in the Smiths' manor. The manor's lavish decor filled him with great emotion. No wonder they had a card like that. As expected, their background was indeed impressive!

He would have to apologize to the distinguished customer later, though. He mustn't behave too frivolously.

With that in mind, he straightened his back and put on a rather serious expression.

Seeing how stern he looked, Louis became even more scared.

Sob...

Did Nora steal that card from someone or did she rob someone of it? To think it made the bank manager spend so much effort and go through so many twists and turns that he had actually managed to find him.

Since their investigations had led to him, they must have asked the police for help with that, right?

Despite knowing that this was the Smiths' manor, they had still come for him... This meant that they definitely wouldn't back down even if he used Joel against them. So! Just what kind of crime exactly had Nora committed?!

Surely it couldn't be robbery or murder, right?!

A grave look came over Louis's countenance when he thought of that.

Seeing that he had no way out anymore, Louis acted as if he was about to face the music and took a big step forward.

When the manager saw him, he took a step forward, took out the card, and asked respectfully, "Excuse me, is this card yours? Are you the only one using the card?"

Louis: "..."

He held his head high, puffed out his chest, and said righteously, "Yes, of course, I am the only one using it. What else could it be?"

The manager: "?"

Louis snorted and said, "Alright, that's enough. A man must bear the consequences of his own actions. This card belongs to me and me alone!"

The manager: "!!"

The servants: "..."

Why did it seem like there was something kinda off about the scene in front of them?

It was at this point that Yvonne smiled and said, "I think that card belongs to Nora, doesn't it? I saw her giving it to you earlier today. There's a blue pattern at the side of the card..."

A blue pattern...

Louis looked at the card and retorted, "You're mistaken! You have blue-green colorblindness!"

Yvonne: “!!!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and went on. “There’s no way I would have made a mistake. That’s Nora’s card, no doubt about it. Did something happen to Nora, Louis? You can just come straight out and say it if there’s something wrong, I can help you. Even if I can’t, there’s Joel. It’s not good to keep some things a secret...”

Louis glared at her viciously. “I told you, the card belongs to me. How annoying can you get?”

Yvonne bit her lip and put on a pitiful act.

Florence frowned. “Mr. Louis, watch the way you speak to Ms. Yvonne. She’s saying it for your own good! The Smiths would never give up their own for the sake of an indecent woman and outsider. Even if you hide certain things in order to protect her, people can still find out the truth later!”

Louis stared at her coldly. “Why is there a stray dog barking away here? How noisy! If I don’t take my blood-related sister’s side, then am I supposed to take your side, you detestable old woman?”

He curled his lips disdainfully and went on. “When a beautiful girl is meddlesome, you can say that she’s acting bravely for a just cause. But for people like you, do you know what it’s called?”

Florence was taken aback. “What is it called?”

“Ugly people being up to no good.”

Florence: “!!!”

Movements came from the door at this point—Joel was back.

Florence’s eyes reddened the moment she saw him enter. She cried out in tears, “Sir, you have to help me! I have been working respectfully in the Smiths for so many years, but now that I’m old, someone is actually saying that I’m an ugly person up to no good!”

Florence had watched Joel grow up.

Florence had been taking care of Joel, and treated him with great respect ever since Ian appointed him as his successor when he was ten.

Therefore, Joel also treated her with a lot of courtesy at home. Upon hearing that, he looked at Louis with a frown and said unhurriedly, "Apologize to Mdm. Florence, Louis."

Although he spoke gently, his words brooked no refusal.

Not only did Louis not dare to go against Joel, but he also feared him from the bottom of his heart. Therefore, even though he was filled with reluctance, he nevertheless looked at Florence and said, "I won't say you're ugly anymore, old fogey."

Florence: "..."

Everyone else: "..."

Although his words were unpleasant, Florence didn't dare to act presumptuously in front of Joel anymore after making one of her masters apologize to her. She glared at Louis hatefully.

Yvonne changed the subject. "You're back just in time, Joel. It seems like Nora has gotten into some kind of trouble, and Louis is insisting on taking the blame for her. Sigh, that's also why Mdm. Florence is arguing with him. She's doing it for your own good, Louis."

Florence was touched to hear that.

Joel, however, looked at Louis with a frown and asked, "What's going on?"

Louis shrank back at the look in Joel's eyes. He wanted to chicken out, but he was afraid that Joel would give him a good thrashing. In the end, he bit the bullet and replied, "Don't ask anymore, Joel. In any case, I did this all by myself, it has nothing to do with Nora! Stop trying to smear Nora's name, Yvonne. Someone as vicious as you, and who wants only to see Nora make a fool out of herself is not worthy of speaking here!"

He looked at the manager and said, "Alright, that's enough. The card is mine. If you want to arrest me, then let's go! Let's just cut the crap!"

The manager: "???"

Joel's eyes swept across Yvonne when he heard Louis. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly felt a little uneasy.

It was as if someone had seen through her thoughts.

Yvonne lowered her head.

So what even if her thoughts had been seen through? She was telling the truth!

The card was indeed Nora's. Now that there were credibility problems with it, it would definitely embarrass her to hell and back!

While she was thinking about it, the manager stepped forward and grabbed Louis' hand!

Yvonne had never considered that the card was stolen from someone else.

After all, it was impossible that Nora would do something like that when she already had Justin. Her only thought was that a problem had occurred with her credit score.

Weren't there a lot of people who didn't pay their credit card bills after using the cards?

That was already embarrassing enough.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the thought formed in her mind, the manager said excitedly, "What are you talking about, Mr. Smith? Arrest? We just want to invite you to the bank as a guest! Why would we arrest you?"

"..."

His words caused the room to fall silent for a moment.

Yvonne, who was taken aback, looked at him incredulously.

The manager said, "You are our bank's VIP customer. Now that we've met in New York, of course, I would invite you to the bank. Also, do you need financial management services for your balance? We have capital protection and an interest rate of 5%! I know it's a little low, so you won't be interested for sure, but isn't it a little of a waste to just let the money rest in the account like that? Or perhaps you have investment plans for the near future?"

Louis: "??"

Louis felt like he could understand all the words that the manager was saying, but how come he couldn't understand them anymore once they were strung together?

Next to him, an even more surprised Florence asked, "What are you talking about? What VIP customer?"

Yvonne's eyes widened in astonishment, and she stared at the manager in disbelief.

A VIP... customer?

The manager glanced at Florence. "You don't need to know about your master's affairs. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith?"

Only then did Louis come back to his senses. He pointed at the bank card incredulously. "Did you say that the owner of the card is a VIP customer? I-in that case, who is the owner of the card?"

His first reaction was that he was finished. Nora had actually stolen a VIP customer's card!

The manager smiled. "Don't joke around anymore, Mr. Smith. Didn't you say it yourself just now? It's you! This card doesn't require registration with one's real name, and there are only five in the world. Customer information is confidential, so I won't know, either. This is the first time I'm meeting the owner of the card..."

Louis: "..."

Louis swallowed hard. "What's the credit limit of this card?"

The manager replied, "This bank card is both a savings card and a credit card. This is a supplementary card. I wouldn't know where the primary card is. Only the owner would know that. Also, this card doesn't have a credit limit~"

The reason why such cards were rarely issued around the world was precisely that they weren't registered with the owners' names.

Additionally! They didn't have any credit limits!

Just how much trust must one have in their customers in order to issue unregistered cards without any credit limit?

That was why there were only five in the world!

How would he, a manager of a side branch of the bank in New York, possibly know who the owner was?!

However, the manager's words clearly shocked everyone present.

Louis stammered, "Is there a chance for someone to steal the card?"

Just whose card had Nora stolen?!

The manager laughed again. "You must be joking. There's no way the owner of the card would lose the card, how can anyone steal it?"

Those who owned the card were either rich or noble.

They would definitely have bodyguards with them whenever they were out.

Therefore, there wasn't such a problem at all. Even if it just so happened that they misplaced it, they could just inform the account manager that had applied for the card for them, and they would reissue one to them right away.

Seeing how embarrassing Louis was behaving, Joel held his forehead. He glanced at the manager and said, "Since the card has been delivered, we're done here."

Although his attitude was detached and distant, the manager didn't feel slighted at all.

After all, he was here to deliver the card to them.

He handed the card to Louis respectfully and held his hand with great reluctance to part. He said, "Mr. Louis, do visit the bank when you're free! If you aren't interested in financial management services, I can also recommend our other services to you..."

Louis, who was holding the bank card, nodded dazedly and watched the manager leave.

Louis looked at Joel after he left. "Just what kind of background does that cousin of mine have, Joel? You and Uncle Ian are the only ones in the family who can use a card like this, right?"

Even the way he spoke had become respectful.

His words made Yvonne's eyes flicker.

Among the Smiths, Ian and Joel were indeed the only ones who could use credit cards with no credit limit.

At the end of it all, wasn't it still because she wasn't related to them by blood but was just an adopted daughter that she didn't have the right to use such cards?! She clenched her fists.

Joel did not answer. Instead, he held his hand out toward him.

Louis: "!!"

He hid the card in his bosom and said, "Nora gave this to me, Joel!"

Joel raised his brows and glanced at him dispassionately. "Are you worthy of using it?"

Louis gritted his teeth and slowly handed the card to Joel. Joel reached out to take it—only to find that Louis was still holding on to the card tightly.

Joel: "..."

"Joel..." Louis sounded pitiful and miserable. Even his bleached blond hair looked a lot softer than usual.

Joel ignored him. He applied more force and took the card from him.

He slid it into his pocket after he took it. Then, he casually took out a credit card that belonged to the Smiths and handed it to Louis.

Louis: "!!!"

At the sight of his adorable credit card that had been sealed, he almost jumped straight into the air!

He immediately gave his credit card a huge kiss. Then, fearing that Joel would change his mind, he quickly ran out while calling out, "I love you, Joel!"

Joel: "..."



The people in the living room were still standing there.

Yvonne's fists were balled up tightly. She simply couldn't understand why Nora would have such a card? But when Louis left, she suddenly realized something.

Mr. Hunt must have given it to Nora, right?

Otherwise, how would she possibly have that much money?

She raised her head and glanced at Joel. "Is it really okay that Nora uses the Hunts' money like that, Joel?"

Joel lowered his gaze.

Yvonne went on. "You should have her return the card. It won't do her reputation any good if she spends the Hunts' money like that... I'm saying this for her sake, Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Come with me."

Yvonne became nervous as she followed Joel into the study.

Joel leaned against the desk. Yvonne stood in front of him with her head down like a child who had done something wrong.

Joel suddenly asked, "You think this card belongs to Justin?"

Yvonne nodded. "Who else, apart from Mr. Hunt's? Nora can't possibly know anyone else, right?"

Joel took out the card, handed it to his personal assistant, and instructed, "Go and find out who the owner of this card is."

"Yes, sir."

Ten minutes later, the assistant walked back in feeling rather light-headed. As he stared at the results of the investigation, he felt as if he was stepping on cotton, his footsteps alternating between shallow and deep ones.

Yvonne had been standing there for ten minutes.. She asked anxiously, "Whose card is that? It's Mr. Hunt's, right?"

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.

She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother's eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, "This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn't left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time."

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora's.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, "Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?"

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. "Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?"

Yvonne: "!!"

She looked up in a panic. "N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not..."

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. "Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter..."

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, "Then do you still remember what your legal name is?"

Yvonne was taken aback. "Yvonne Smith..."

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. "Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?"

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, "Aren't you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I'm Dad's adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I'm not related to Dad by blood. You're not just his blood-related nephew, you're pretty much Dad's son. You're even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?"

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts' party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. "You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision."

Seeing that he wasn't pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. "I promise."

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. "Are you really not going to do anything about it?"

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, "What can I do?"

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

"But she's our cousin! She has blood ties with us!"

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, “She’s also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan.”

Quentin: “...”

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, “Forget it, the previous generation’s relationships are too complicated. I’ll just pretend I don’t know anything.”

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, “Aren’t you supposed to be protecting her?”

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. “Yeah, she’s home. There, she’s here!”

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. “Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!”

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora’s cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis’s anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. “Nora!”

Nora: “??”

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, “You’re my cousin, indeed! Don’t worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?”

‘Again’...

Poor child.

“... Alright. How much do you need?” asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. “You sent me a voice message? What did you send?”

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’ message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. “It’s nothing, nothing...”

Nora: “...”

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn’t stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, “How much do you want?”

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an ‘oh’. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: ‘Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.’

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora's car. "You're my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I'll open the door for you!"

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"

"... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?" said Quentin.

"Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!"

Quentin: "..."

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, “I don’t care anymore, I’ll follow my heart instead. It’s true that there hasn’t been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It’s just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She’s someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn’t at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: “...”

He snorted coldly and scoffed, “It’s because you’re still too young. I’m not as childish as you. I won’t lose control of myself like you even if I’m facing Big Sister!”

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.



He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, “Don’t worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It’s actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn’t...”

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn’t come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn’t have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple’s personality. He said, “I know you want to stay low-key, so you don’t have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister. Think of a name, I’ll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It’s good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?”

“... Alright, then.”

Quinn said, “Let’s use the name Smithra.”

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, “I’ve already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight’s the first match.”

Nora: “??”

So, he wasn’t calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. “In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife.”

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, “Ms. Smith.”

Nora stopped and looked at him. “Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?”

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, “Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this.”

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn’t think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, “Do you still have work this late?”

Joel: “...”

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. “What?”

Joel was speechless for a moment. “I’m picking up the kids.”

Nora didn’t feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel’s reply. On the contrary, she said, “Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks.”

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: “?”

Even the usually amiable man’s lip corners couldn’t help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, “Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent’s mask.”

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, “Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn’t a rule like that really strange?”

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.



An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”

Nora: “...”

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, “Have you transferred me the money?”

“Yeah, I have. Where’s Big Sister?”

“...”

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy

when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner’s integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, “Big Brother...”

Nora: “?”

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, “You’re mistaken.”

The staff member: “??”

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, “Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?”

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

" ... "

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"



She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“ ... ”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“ ... ”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

“I have something I need.”

Nora suddenly spoke.

‘Big Brother’ looked at her at once. “What is it?”

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother’s face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned ‘Big Brother’. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 293 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

The clerk stood up at once, giving Louis a shock.

He stared at the clerk stupefied. “W-what’s the matter?”

However, the clerk bowed and said, “Please wait a moment!”

Then, she took the card and rushed to the manager’s office at the side.

Louis was awfully shocked.

He looked around and found that the rest of the staff were all behaving normally. The clerk attending to him was the only one who had suddenly run off.

He swallowed hard. Could it be that his cousin had stolen that card from someone? After all, it wasn’t maxed out even after he spent nearly 50,000 dollars on pet food just now!

Was the clerk calling the police?

He was so alarmed that he jumped onto his feet abruptly, and he subconsciously walked toward the door hastily.

He had only just taken two steps when someone suddenly came after him from behind. "Sir, please wait a moment!"

Louis: "!!"

Without another word, he started to run out.

Unfortunately, the security guard at the bank's doors saw the manager chasing him, so he subconsciously thought that Louis was a bad guy and rushed toward him at once.

Louis easily avoided the security guard. He said, "Don't grab me, bro! That card isn't mine! I... I found it somewhere!"

He ran out of the bank until he reached the streets. Then, he ran off along the sidewalk.

But he had only taken two steps when the security guard caught up with him. He said, "What are you afraid of if it's something you found? Stop running and clarify everything with the manager! Otherwise, I'm calling the cops!"

"You can't!" Louis yelled as he ran, "I didn't break the law!"

"Then stop running!"

"No way!"

Louis continued running forward. At the same time, he took out his cell phone and sent a text message to Nora: 'You stinky woman! You've gotten me into huge trouble!!'

Louis had taken the initiative to add Nora's contact information into his phone when they were buying food for the cats. He had even said, "You can come to me if you run into any trouble in the future! I'll protect you!"

Little did he think that things would actually turn out like this!

After sending the text message, he continued to exercise his skills to the fullest and ran with all his strength.

The security guard: "..."

Fleeing was what Louis did best. After all, he was already used to being disciplined by his family ever since he was a child, so he ran very fast and soon disappeared.

The security guard was all out of breath from chasing after him, but he still lost him in the end.

He bent over and panted heavily.

The manager behind him had also caught up with him by then. He asked, "What were you chasing him for? You've scared him away!"

"... Isn't he a bad guy?" asked the security guard.

"What nonsense!" The manager exclaimed huffily, "He's a distinguished customer!!"

The security guard: "!!"

He was puzzled. "If he's a customer, what is he running away for?"

The manager smacked the security guard angrily. "Isn't it because you were chasing him? Of course, he would run away if you chase after him!"

"... Really?" asked the security guard.

The manager sighed. He looked down at the bank card in his hand and couldn't help but sigh emotionally. "Do you know that only five cards like this one here have been issued ever since our bank was established?"

The security guard: "?"

The manager stared at the card. "Although this is a supplementary card, there are no more than twenty supplementary cards of this card series in the bank! And this is on a global scale, no less! That's why I have to personally attend to the customer. But great, you've actually scared him off! I have to report this to the higher-ups as soon as possible!"

He turned around and returned to the bank. Then, he got the security guard to show him the surveillance camera footage. "Hurry and find out who it is! We have to pay them a visit!"

Louis hadn't expected any of this at all when he first entered the bank, so his looks were totally exposed.

The manager got a friend to investigate who he was.

Louis could be considered someone with status in New York, so they quickly found out who he was.

The bank manager looked at his information. A short silence later, he said, "C'mon, let's go to the Smiths now. We have to retain that important customer and apologize to the VIP!"

Louis stopped and started to pant heavily after he ran a great distance away.

He looked behind him. When he found that no one had caught up to him, he was relieved.

But!

He took out his cell phone and dialed Chester's number with his trembling fingers. "I'm in trouble! I'm in trouble!"

Chester asked, "What's wrong?"

Louis thought for a moment and decided that he mustn't rat Nora out. Even if she had stolen someone's card, he had to cover up for her.

After all, he was the one who had caused this.

He took a deep breath. "Don't ask. Give me all the money you have. I'm going to go on the run!"

"... But I only have 300 dollars! I'll transfer it to you!" said Chester.

"Get lost! Why are you even more pitiful than I am?!"

Louis hung up on him straightaway.

If he fled, he would be a wanted criminal. This way, it wouldn't affect Nora. Besides, wasn't the pugilistic world what Quentin loved the most anyway?

Didn't this mean he was going to wander the world now?



Come to think of it, it sounded pretty exciting.

The main problem was, how was he going to escape if he didn't have any money?

While thinking about it, he drove quietly to the Smiths' manor.

In any case, he would just go to Warren and borrow some money first!

Warren was easy-going and easy to bluff. He definitely wouldn't stand by and watch him starve to death.

After driving back to the Smiths, in order not to make too much noise, he parked the car outside the door and sneaked in quietly by himself.

He was about to go up the stairs to look for Warren when he was discovered.

Yvonne looked at him. "What are you sneaking around for, Louis?"

Louis: "!!"

What bad luck!

How was it that he always ran into her every time he was down on his luck?

With an evasive look in his eyes, Louis replied, "It's nothing."

Yvonne knew at once from his behavior that he must have gotten himself in trouble. She immediately said, "You must have done something bad again, right? See if I don't tell Joel about it!"

Louis snapped at once. "All you know is snitching on others! What else do you know besides being a tattletale?!"

Yvonne looked at him up and down a few times. Then, she cast her eyes down and suddenly asked, "Did Nora's bank card get you into trouble?"

Although Louis was mischievous, didn't like studying, and had a weird personality, he had only become like that thanks to her 'schemes'.

No one knew better than Yvonne how kind Louis actually was.

He would always play hero and speak up whenever he ran into trouble in the past, yet he simply refused to say even a word about it today. Therefore, she decided to simply sound him out.

Unexpectedly, the look in Louis's eyes suddenly changed the moment she said that, and he said, "No, it didn't!"

Yvonne frowned. "So, it really is because of that bank card!"

Louis: "!!"

Right at this moment, a butler came over hesitantly from outside. "Ms. Yvonne, the manager of the New York branch of ABC Bank is here. They say that they are here for Mr. Louis."

Louis: "???"

Had they found him so soon?

He wanted to slip away, but Yvonne grabbed his collar and said, "What are you running for, Louis? What's there that you can't explain properly to everyone? Since they are looking for you, then let's go over and have a look!"

Something must have gone wrong with Nora's card!

And judging from how panicky Louis was, it seemed like a pretty big problem.

Let's see how she would gain a foothold in the Smiths now!!

Yvonne looked at the butler and instructed, "Since it's the manager from the bank, then please invite him in!"

The butler answered, "Yes, miss."

He turned to leave.

"Wait!" The frightened Louis shouted.

However, the butler ignored him completely.

Louis had always been naughty and mischievous since he was a child and especially compared to Yvonne, it made him seem even more atrocious. The servants in the manor also found him rather objectionable.

Moreover, this was Ian and Joel's home. As the head of the family, one could consider Joel Ian's adopted son. Yvonne was the true mistress of the household instead.

When the butler left, a furious and panicky Louis demanded, "What do you think you're doing? What makes you think you can agree to meet them when they are here to look for me?"

Yvonne cast her eyes down and replied dispassionately, "What are you so worked up for just because the manager of the bank is looking for you? Is there something wrong with Nora's card?"

Louis looked downstairs.

Sure enough, the servants in the house were looking at them. He pretty much subconsciously replied, "That card belongs to me!"

Yvonne: "..."

She kept her eyes down and said detachedly, "As your elder sister, I have to interfere in this, Louis. Since it's yours, then all the more so. Let's go and have a look."

Louis wanted to push her away, but the manager had already entered by then.

He was following behind the butler. This was his first time in the Smiths' manor. The manor's lavish decor filled him with great emotion. No wonder they had a card like that. As expected, their background was indeed impressive!

He would have to apologize to the distinguished customer later, though. He mustn't behave too frivolously.

With that in mind, he straightened his back and put on a rather serious expression.

Seeing how stern he looked, Louis became even more scared.

Sob...

Did Nora steal that card from someone or did she rob someone of it? To think it made the bank manager spend so much effort and go through so many twists and turns that he had actually managed to find him.

Since their investigations had led to him, they must have asked the police for help with that, right?

Despite knowing that this was the Smiths' manor, they had still come for him... This meant that they definitely wouldn't back down even if he used Joel against them. So! Just what kind of crime exactly had Nora committed?!

Surely it couldn't be robbery or murder, right?!

A grave look came over Louis's countenance when he thought of that.

Seeing that he had no way out anymore, Louis acted as if he was about to face the music and took a big step forward.

When the manager saw him, he took a step forward, took out the card, and asked respectfully, "Excuse me, is this card yours? Are you the only one using the card?"

Louis: "..."

He held his head high, puffed out his chest, and said righteously, "Yes, of course, I am the only one using it. What else could it be?"

The manager: "?"

Louis snorted and said, "Alright, that's enough. A man must bear the consequences of his own actions. This card belongs to me and me alone!"

The manager: "!!"

The servants: "..."

Why did it seem like there was something kinda off about the scene in front of them?

It was at this point that Yvonne smiled and said, "I think that card belongs to Nora, doesn't it? I saw her giving it to you earlier today. There's a blue pattern at the side of the card..."

A blue pattern...

Louis looked at the card and retorted, "You're mistaken! You have blue-green colorblindness!"

Yvonne: “!!!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and went on. “There’s no way I would have made a mistake. That’s Nora’s card, no doubt about it. Did something happen to Nora, Louis? You can just come straight out and say it if there’s something wrong, I can help you. Even if I can’t, there’s Joel. It’s not good to keep some things a secret...”

Louis glared at her viciously. “I told you, the card belongs to me. How annoying can you get?”

Yvonne bit her lip and put on a pitiful act.

Florence frowned. “Mr. Louis, watch the way you speak to Ms. Yvonne. She’s saying it for your own good! The Smiths would never give up their own for the sake of an indecent woman and outsider. Even if you hide certain things in order to protect her, people can still find out the truth later!”

Louis stared at her coldly. “Why is there a stray dog barking away here? How noisy! If I don’t take my blood-related sister’s side, then am I supposed to take your side, you detestable old woman?”

He curled his lips disdainfully and went on. “When a beautiful girl is meddlesome, you can say that she’s acting bravely for a just cause. But for people like you, do you know what it’s called?”

Florence was taken aback. “What is it called?”

“Ugly people being up to no good.”

Florence: “!!!”

Movements came from the door at this point—Joel was back.

Florence’s eyes reddened the moment she saw him enter. She cried out in tears, “Sir, you have to help me! I have been working respectfully in the Smiths for so many years, but now that I’m old, someone is actually saying that I’m an ugly person up to no good!”

Florence had watched Joel grow up.

Florence had been taking care of Joel, and treated him with great respect ever since Ian appointed him as his successor when he was ten.

Therefore, Joel also treated her with a lot of courtesy at home. Upon hearing that, he looked at Louis with a frown and said unhurriedly, "Apologize to Mdm. Florence, Louis."

Although he spoke gently, his words brooked no refusal.

Not only did Louis not dare to go against Joel, but he also feared him from the bottom of his heart. Therefore, even though he was filled with reluctance, he nevertheless looked at Florence and said, "I won't say you're ugly anymore, old fogey."

Florence: "..."

Everyone else: "..."

Although his words were unpleasant, Florence didn't dare to act presumptuously in front of Joel anymore after making one of her masters apologize to her. She glared at Louis hatefully.

Yvonne changed the subject. "You're back just in time, Joel. It seems like Nora has gotten into some kind of trouble, and Louis is insisting on taking the blame for her. Sigh, that's also why Mdm. Florence is arguing with him. She's doing it for your own good, Louis."

Florence was touched to hear that.

Joel, however, looked at Louis with a frown and asked, "What's going on?"

Louis shrank back at the look in Joel's eyes. He wanted to chicken out, but he was afraid that Joel would give him a good thrashing. In the end, he bit the bullet and replied, "Don't ask anymore, Joel. In any case, I did this all by myself, it has nothing to do with Nora! Stop trying to smear Nora's name, Yvonne. Someone as vicious as you, and who wants only to see Nora make a fool out of herself is not worthy of speaking here!"

He looked at the manager and said, "Alright, that's enough. The card is mine. If you want to arrest me, then let's go! Let's just cut the crap!"

The manager: "???"

Joel's eyes swept across Yvonne when he heard Louis. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly felt a little uneasy.

It was as if someone had seen through her thoughts.

Yvonne lowered her head.

So what even if her thoughts had been seen through? She was telling the truth!

The card was indeed Nora's. Now that there were credibility problems with it, it would definitely embarrass her to hell and back!

While she was thinking about it, the manager stepped forward and grabbed Louis' hand!

Yvonne had never considered that the card was stolen from someone else.

After all, it was impossible that Nora would do something like that when she already had Justin. Her only thought was that a problem had occurred with her credit score.

Weren't there a lot of people who didn't pay their credit card bills after using the cards?

That was already embarrassing enough.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the thought formed in her mind, the manager said excitedly, "What are you talking about, Mr. Smith? Arrest? We just want to invite you to the bank as a guest! Why would we arrest you?"

"..."

His words caused the room to fall silent for a moment.

Yvonne, who was taken aback, looked at him incredulously.

The manager said, "You are our bank's VIP customer. Now that we've met in New York, of course, I would invite you to the bank. Also, do you need financial management services for your balance? We have capital protection and an interest rate of 5%! I know it's a little low, so you won't be interested for sure, but isn't it a little of a waste to just let the money rest in the account like that? Or perhaps you have investment plans for the near future?"

Louis: "??"

Louis felt like he could understand all the words that the manager was saying, but how come he couldn't understand them anymore once they were strung together?

Next to him, an even more surprised Florence asked, "What are you talking about? What VIP customer?"

Yvonne's eyes widened in astonishment, and she stared at the manager in disbelief.

A VIP... customer?

The manager glanced at Florence. "You don't need to know about your master's affairs. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith?"

Only then did Louis come back to his senses. He pointed at the bank card incredulously. "Did you say that the owner of the card is a VIP customer? I-in that case, who is the owner of the card?"

His first reaction was that he was finished. Nora had actually stolen a VIP customer's card!

The manager smiled. "Don't joke around anymore, Mr. Smith. Didn't you say it yourself just now? It's you! This card doesn't require registration with one's real name, and there are only five in the world. Customer information is confidential, so I won't know, either. This is the first time I'm meeting the owner of the card..."

Louis: "..."

Louis swallowed hard. "What's the credit limit of this card?"

The manager replied, "This bank card is both a savings card and a credit card. This is a supplementary card. I wouldn't know where the primary card is. Only the owner would know that. Also, this card doesn't have a credit limit~"

The reason why such cards were rarely issued around the world was precisely that they weren't registered with the owners' names.

Additionally! They didn't have any credit limits!

Just how much trust must one have in their customers in order to issue unregistered cards without any credit limit?



That was why there were only five in the world!

How would he, a manager of a side branch of the bank in New York, possibly know who the owner was?!

However, the manager's words clearly shocked everyone present.

Louis stammered, "Is there a chance for someone to steal the card?"

Just whose card had Nora stolen?!

The manager laughed again. "You must be joking. There's no way the owner of the card would lose the card, how can anyone steal it?"

Those who owned the card were either rich or noble.

They would definitely have bodyguards with them whenever they were out.

Therefore, there wasn't such a problem at all. Even if it just so happened that they misplaced it, they could just inform the account manager that had applied for the card for them, and they would reissue one to them right away.

Seeing how embarrassing Louis was behaving, Joel held his forehead. He glanced at the manager and said, "Since the card has been delivered, we're done here."

Although his attitude was detached and distant, the manager didn't feel slighted at all.

After all, he was here to deliver the card to them.

He handed the card to Louis respectfully and held his hand with great reluctance to part. He said, "Mr. Louis, do visit the bank when you're free! If you aren't interested in financial management services, I can also recommend our other services to you..."

Louis, who was holding the bank card, nodded dazedly and watched the manager leave.

Louis looked at Joel after he left. "Just what kind of background does that cousin of mine have, Joel? You and Uncle Ian are the only ones in the family who can use a card like this, right?"

Even the way he spoke had become respectful.

His words made Yvonne's eyes flicker.

Among the Smiths, Ian and Joel were indeed the only ones who could use credit cards with no credit limit.

At the end of it all, wasn't it still because she wasn't related to them by blood but was just an adopted daughter that she didn't have the right to use such cards?! She clenched her fists.

Joel did not answer. Instead, he held his hand out toward him.

Louis: "!!"

He hid the card in his bosom and said, "Nora gave this to me, Joel!"

Joel raised his brows and glanced at him dispassionately. "Are you worthy of using it?"

Louis gritted his teeth and slowly handed the card to Joel. Joel reached out to take it—only to find that Louis was still holding on to the card tightly.

Joel: "..."

"Joel..." Louis sounded pitiful and miserable. Even his bleached blond hair looked a lot softer than usual.

Joel ignored him. He applied more force and took the card from him.

He slid it into his pocket after he took it. Then, he casually took out a credit card that belonged to the Smiths and handed it to Louis.

Louis: "!!!"

At the sight of his adorable credit card that had been sealed, he almost jumped straight into the air!

He immediately gave his credit card a huge kiss. Then, fearing that Joel would change his mind, he quickly ran out while calling out, "I love you, Joel!"

Joel: "..."

The people in the living room were still standing there.

Yvonne's fists were balled up tightly. She simply couldn't understand why Nora would have such a card? But when Louis left, she suddenly realized something.

Mr. Hunt must have given it to Nora, right?

Otherwise, how would she possibly have that much money?

She raised her head and glanced at Joel. "Is it really okay that Nora uses the Hunts' money like that, Joel?"

Joel lowered his gaze.

Yvonne went on. "You should have her return the card. It won't do her reputation any good if she spends the Hunts' money like that... I'm saying this for her sake, Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Come with me."

Yvonne became nervous as she followed Joel into the study.

Joel leaned against the desk. Yvonne stood in front of him with her head down like a child who had done something wrong.

Joel suddenly asked, "You think this card belongs to Justin?"

Yvonne nodded. "Who else, apart from Mr. Hunt's? Nora can't possibly know anyone else, right?"

Joel took out the card, handed it to his personal assistant, and instructed, "Go and find out who the owner of this card is."

"Yes, sir."

Ten minutes later, the assistant walked back in feeling rather light-headed. As he stared at the results of the investigation, he felt as if he was stepping on cotton, his footsteps alternating between shallow and deep ones.

Yvonne had been standing there for ten minutes.. She asked anxiously, "Whose card is that? It's Mr. Hunt's, right?"

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.

She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother's eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, "This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn't left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time."

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora's.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, "Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?"

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. "Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?"

Yvonne: "!!"

She looked up in a panic. "N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not..."

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. "Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter..."

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, "Then do you still remember what your legal name is?"

Yvonne was taken aback. "Yvonne Smith..."

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. "Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?"

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, "Aren't you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I'm Dad's adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I'm not related to Dad by blood. You're not just his blood-related nephew, you're pretty much Dad's son. You're even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?"

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts' party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. "You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision."

Seeing that he wasn't pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. "I promise."

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. "Are you really not going to do anything about it?"

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, "What can I do?"

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

"But she's our cousin! She has blood ties with us!"

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, “She’s also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan.”

Quentin: “...”

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, “Forget it, the previous generation’s relationships are too complicated. I’ll just pretend I don’t know anything.”

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, “Aren’t you supposed to be protecting her?”

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. “Yeah, she’s home. There, she’s here!”

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. “Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!”

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora’s cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis’s anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. “Nora!”

Nora: “??”

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, “You’re my cousin, indeed! Don’t worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?”

‘Again’...

Poor child.

“... Alright. How much do you need?” asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. “You sent me a voice message? What did you send?”

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’ message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. “It’s nothing, nothing...”

Nora: “...”

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn’t stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, “How much do you want?”

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an ‘oh’. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: ‘Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.’

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.



But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora's car. "You're my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I'll open the door for you!"

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"

"... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?" said Quentin.

"Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!"

Quentin: "..."

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, “I don’t care anymore, I’ll follow my heart instead. It’s true that there hasn’t been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It’s just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She’s someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn’t at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: “...”

He snorted coldly and scoffed, “It’s because you’re still too young. I’m not as childish as you. I won’t lose control of myself like you even if I’m facing Big Sister!”

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, “Don’t worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It’s actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn’t...”

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn’t come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn’t have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple’s personality. He said, “I know you want to stay low-key, so you don’t have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister. Think of a name, I’ll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It’s good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?”

“... Alright, then.”

Quinn said, “Let’s use the name Smithra.”

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, “I’ve already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight’s the first match.”

Nora: “??”

So, he wasn’t calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. “In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife.”

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"



The guard replied solemnly, “Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent’s mask.”

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, “Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn’t a rule like that really strange?”

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”

Nora: “...”

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, “Have you transferred me the money?”

“Yeah, I have. Where’s Big Sister?”

“...”

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy

when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner’s integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, “Big Brother...”

Nora: “?”

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, “You’re mistaken.”

The staff member: “??”

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, “Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?”

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"



Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

" ... "

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“ ... ”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“ ... ”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

“I have something I need.”

Nora suddenly spoke.

‘Big Brother’ looked at her at once. “What is it?”

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother’s face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned ‘Big Brother’. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 294 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

He wanted to slip away, but Yvonne grabbed his collar and said, “What are you running for, Louis? What’s there that you can’t explain properly to everyone? Since they are looking for you, then let’s go over and have a look!”

Something must have gone wrong with Nora’s card!

And judging from how panicky Louis was, it seemed like a pretty big problem.

Let’s see how she would gain a foothold in the Smiths now!!

Yvonne looked at the butler and instructed, “Since it’s the manager from the bank, then please invite him in!”

The butler answered, “Yes, miss.”

He turned to leave.

“Wait!” The frightened Louis shouted.

However, the butler ignored him completely.

Louis had always been naughty and mischievous since he was a child and especially compared to Yvonne, it made him seem even more atrocious. The servants in the manor also found him rather objectionable.

Moreover, this was Ian and Joel's home. As the head of the family, one could consider Joel Ian's adopted son. Yvonne was the true mistress of the household instead.

When the butler left, a furious and panicky Louis demanded, "What do you think you're doing? What makes you think you can agree to meet them when they are here to look for me?"

Yvonne cast her eyes down and replied dispassionately, "What are you so worked up for just because the manager of the bank is looking for you? Is there something wrong with Nora's card?"

Louis looked downstairs.

Sure enough, the servants in the house were looking at them. He pretty much subconsciously replied, "That card belongs to me!"

Yvonne: "..."

She kept her eyes down and said detachedly, "As your elder sister, I have to interfere in this, Louis. Since it's yours, then all the more so. Let's go and have a look."

Louis wanted to push her away, but the manager had already entered by then.

He was following behind the butler. This was his first time in the Smiths' manor. The manor's lavish decor filled him with great emotion. No wonder they had a card like that. As expected, their background was indeed impressive!

He would have to apologize to the distinguished customer later, though. He mustn't behave too frivolously.

With that in mind, he straightened his back and put on a rather serious expression.

Seeing how stern he looked, Louis became even more scared.

Sob...



Did Nora steal that card from someone or did she rob someone of it? To think it made the bank manager spend so much effort and go through so many twists and turns that he had actually managed to find him.

Since their investigations had led to him, they must have asked the police for help with that, right?

Despite knowing that this was the Smiths' manor, they had still come for him... This meant that they definitely wouldn't back down even if he used Joel against them. So! Just what kind of crime exactly had Nora committed?!

Surely it couldn't be robbery or murder, right?!

A grave look came over Louis's countenance when he thought of that.

Seeing that he had no way out anymore, Louis acted as if he was about to face the music and took a big step forward.

When the manager saw him, he took a step forward, took out the card, and asked respectfully, "Excuse me, is this card yours? Are you the only one using the card?"

Louis: "..."

He held his head high, puffed out his chest, and said righteously, "Yes, of course, I am the only one using it. What else could it be?"

The manager: "?"

Louis snorted and said, "Alright, that's enough. A man must bear the consequences of his own actions. This card belongs to me and me alone!"

The manager: "!!"

The servants: "..."

Why did it seem like there was something kinda off about the scene in front of them?

It was at this point that Yvonne smiled and said, "I think that card belongs to Nora, doesn't it? I saw her giving it to you earlier today. There's a blue pattern at the side of the card..."

A blue pattern...

Louis looked at the card and retorted, “You’re mistaken! You have blue-green colorblindness!”

Yvonne: “!!!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and went on. “There’s no way I would have made a mistake. That’s Nora’s card, no doubt about it. Did something happen to Nora, Louis? You can just come straight out and say it if there’s something wrong, I can help you. Even if I can’t, there’s Joel. It’s not good to keep some things a secret...”

Louis glared at her viciously. “I told you, the card belongs to me. How annoying can you get?”

Yvonne bit her lip and put on a pitiful act.

Florence frowned. “Mr. Louis, watch the way you speak to Ms. Yvonne. She’s saying it for your own good! The Smiths would never give up their own for the sake of an indecent woman and outsider. Even if you hide certain things in order to protect her, people can still find out the truth later!”

Louis stared at her coldly. “Why is there a stray dog barking away here? How noisy! If I don’t take my blood-related sister’s side, then am I supposed to take your side, you detestable old woman?”

He curled his lips disdainfully and went on. “When a beautiful girl is meddlesome, you can say that she’s acting bravely for a just cause. But for people like you, do you know what it’s called?”

Florence was taken aback. “What is it called?”

“Ugly people being up to no good.”

Florence: “!!!”

Movements came from the door at this point—Joel was back.

Florence’s eyes reddened the moment she saw him enter. She cried out in tears, “Sir, you have to help me! I have been working respectfully in the Smiths for so many years, but now that I’m old, someone is actually saying that I’m an ugly person up to no good!”

Florence had watched Joel grow up.

Florence had been taking care of Joel, and treated him with great respect ever since Ian appointed him as his successor when he was ten.

Therefore, Joel also treated her with a lot of courtesy at home. Upon hearing that, he looked at Louis with a frown and said unhurriedly, "Apologize to Mdm. Florence, Louis."

Although he spoke gently, his words brooked no refusal.

Not only did Louis not dare to go against Joel, but he also feared him from the bottom of his heart. Therefore, even though he was filled with reluctance, he nevertheless looked at Florence and said, "I won't say you're ugly anymore, old fogey."

Florence: "..."

Everyone else: "..."

Although his words were unpleasant, Florence didn't dare to act presumptuously in front of Joel anymore after making one of her masters apologize to her. She glared at Louis hatefully.

Yvonne changed the subject. "You're back just in time, Joel. It seems like Nora has gotten into some kind of trouble, and Louis is insisting on taking the blame for her. Sigh, that's also why Mdm. Florence is arguing with him. She's doing it for your own good, Louis."

Florence was touched to hear that.

Joel, however, looked at Louis with a frown and asked, "What's going on?"

Louis shrank back at the look in Joel's eyes. He wanted to chicken out, but he was afraid that Joel would give him a good thrashing. In the end, he bit the bullet and replied, "Don't ask anymore, Joel. In any case, I did this all by myself, it has nothing to do with Nora! Stop trying to smear Nora's name, Yvonne. Someone as vicious as you, and who wants only to see Nora make a fool out of herself is not worthy of speaking here!"

He looked at the manager and said, "Alright, that's enough. The card is mine. If you want to arrest me, then let's go! Let's just cut the crap!"

The manager: “???”

Joel’s eyes swept across Yvonne when he heard Louis. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly felt a little uneasy.

It was as if someone had seen through her thoughts.

Yvonne lowered her head.

So what even if her thoughts had been seen through? She was telling the truth!

The card was indeed Nora’s. Now that there were credibility problems with it, it would definitely embarrass her to hell and back!

While she was thinking about it, the manager stepped forward and grabbed Louis’ hand!

Yvonne had never considered that the card was stolen from someone else.

After all, it was impossible that Nora would do something like that when she already had Justin. Her only thought was that a problem had occurred with her credit score.

Weren’t there a lot of people who didn’t pay their credit card bills after using the cards?

That was already embarrassing enough.

Unexpectedly, as soon as the thought formed in her mind, the manager said excitedly, “What are you talking about, Mr. Smith? Arrest? We just want to invite you to the bank as a guest! Why would we arrest you?”

“ ... ”

His words caused the room to fall silent for a moment.

Yvonne, who was taken aback, looked at him incredulously.

The manager said, “You are our bank’s VIP customer. Now that we’ve met in New York, of course, I would invite you to the bank. Also, do you need financial management services for your balance? We have capital protection and an interest rate of 5%! I know it’s a little low, so you won’t be interested

for sure, but isn't it a little of a waste to just let the money rest in the account like that? Or perhaps you have investment plans for the near future?"

Louis: "??"

Louis felt like he could understand all the words that the manager was saying, but how come he couldn't understand them anymore once they were strung together?

Next to him, an even more surprised Florence asked, "What are you talking about? What VIP customer?"

Yvonne's eyes widened in astonishment, and she stared at the manager in disbelief.

A VIP... customer?

The manager glanced at Florence. "You don't need to know about your master's affairs. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith?"

Only then did Louis come back to his senses. He pointed at the bank card incredulously. "Did you say that the owner of the card is a VIP customer? I-in that case, who is the owner of the card?"

His first reaction was that he was finished. Nora had actually stolen a VIP customer's card!

The manager smiled. "Don't joke around anymore, Mr. Smith. Didn't you say it yourself just now? It's you! This card doesn't require registration with one's real name, and there are only five in the world. Customer information is confidential, so I won't know, either. This is the first time I'm meeting the owner of the card..."

Louis: "..."

Louis swallowed hard. "What's the credit limit of this card?"

The manager replied, "This bank card is both a savings card and a credit card. This is a supplementary card. I wouldn't know where the primary card is. Only the owner would know that. Also, this card doesn't have a credit limit~"

The reason why such cards were rarely issued around the world was precisely that they weren't registered with the owners' names.

Additionally! They didn't have any credit limits!

Just how much trust must one have in their customers in order to issue unregistered cards without any credit limit?

That was why there were only five in the world!

How would he, a manager of a side branch of the bank in New York, possibly know who the owner was?!

However, the manager's words clearly shocked everyone present.

Louis stammered, "I-is there a chance for someone to steal the card?"

Just whose card had Nora stolen?!

The manager laughed again. "You must be joking. There's no way the owner of the card would lose the card, how can anyone steal it?"

Those who owned the card were either rich or noble.

They would definitely have bodyguards with them whenever they were out.

Therefore, there wasn't such a problem at all. Even if it just so happened that they misplaced it, they could just inform the account manager that had applied for the card for them, and they would reissue one to them right away.

Seeing how embarrassing Louis was behaving, Joel held his forehead. He glanced at the manager and said, "Since the card has been delivered, we're done here."

Although his attitude was detached and distant, the manager didn't feel slighted at all.

After all, he was here to deliver the card to them.

He handed the card to Louis respectfully and held his hand with great reluctance to part. He said, "Mr. Louis, do visit the bank when you're free! If you aren't interested in financial management services, I can also recommend our other services to you..."

Louis, who was holding the bank card, nodded dazedly and watched the manager leave.

Louis looked at Joel after he left. “Just what kind of background does that cousin of mine have, Joel? You and Uncle Ian are the only ones in the family who can use a card like this, right?”

Even the way he spoke had become respectful.

His words made Yvonne’s eyes flicker.

Among the Smiths, Ian and Joel were indeed the only ones who could use credit cards with no credit limit.

At the end of it all, wasn’t it still because she wasn’t related to them by blood but was just an adopted daughter that she didn’t have the right to use such cards?! She clenched her fists.

Joel did not answer. Instead, he held his hand out toward him.

Louis: “!!”

He hid the card in his bosom and said, “Nora gave this to me, Joel!”

Joel raised his brows and glanced at him dispassionately. “Are you worthy of using it?”

Louis gritted his teeth and slowly handed the card to Joel. Joel reached out to take it—only to find that Louis was still holding on to the card tightly.

Joel: “...”

“Joel...” Louis sounded pitiful and miserable. Even his bleached blond hair looked a lot softer than usual.

Joel ignored him. He applied more force and took the card from him.

He slid it into his pocket after he took it. Then, he casually took out a credit card that belonged to the Smiths and handed it to Louis.

Louis: “!!!”

At the sight of his adorable credit card that had been sealed, he almost jumped straight into the air!

He immediately gave his credit card a huge kiss. Then, fearing that Joel would change his mind, he quickly ran out while calling out, "I love you, Joel!"

Joel: "..."

The people in the living room were still standing there.

Yvonne's fists were balled up tightly. She simply couldn't understand why Nora would have such a card? But when Louis left, she suddenly realized something.

Mr. Hunt must have given it to Nora, right?

Otherwise, how would she possibly have that much money?

She raised her head and glanced at Joel. "Is it really okay that Nora uses the Hunts' money like that, Joel?"

Joel lowered his gaze.

Yvonne went on. "You should have her return the card. It won't do her reputation any good if she spends the Hunts' money like that... I'm saying this for her sake, Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Come with me."

Yvonne became nervous as she followed Joel into the study.

Joel leaned against the desk. Yvonne stood in front of him with her head down like a child who had done something wrong.

Joel suddenly asked, "You think this card belongs to Justin?"

Yvonne nodded. "Who else, apart from Mr. Hunt's? Nora can't possibly know anyone else, right?"

Joel took out the card, handed it to his personal assistant, and instructed, "Go and find out who the owner of this card is."

"Yes, sir."



Ten minutes later, the assistant walked back in feeling rather light-headed. As he stared at the results of the investigation, he felt as if he was stepping on cotton, his footsteps alternating between shallow and deep ones.

Yvonne had been standing there for ten minutes.. She asked anxiously, “Whose card is that? It’s Mr. Hunt’s, right?”

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.

She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother’s eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, “This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn’t left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time.”

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora’s.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, “Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?”

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. "Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?"

Yvonne: "!!"

She looked up in a panic. "N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not..."

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. "Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter..."

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, "Then do you still remember what your legal name is?"

Yvonne was taken aback. "Yvonne Smith..."

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. “Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?”

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, “Aren’t you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I’m Dad’s adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I’m not related to Dad by blood. You’re not just his blood-related nephew, you’re pretty much Dad’s son. You’re even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?”

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts’ party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. “You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision.”

Seeing that he wasn’t pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. “I promise.”

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. “Are you really not going to do anything about it?”

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, “What can I do?”

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

“But she’s our cousin! She has blood ties with us!”

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, “She’s also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan.”

Quentin: “…”

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, “Forget it, the previous generation’s relationships are too complicated. I’ll just pretend I don’t know anything.”

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, “Aren’t you supposed to be protecting her?”

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. “Yeah, she’s home. There, she’s here!”

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. “Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!”

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora’s cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis’s anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. “Nora!”

Nora: “??”

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, “You’re my cousin, indeed! Don’t worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?”

‘Again’…

Poor child.

“... Alright. How much do you need?” asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. “You sent me a voice message? What did you send?”

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’ message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. “It’s nothing, nothing...”

Nora: “...”

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn’t stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, “How much do you want?”

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an ‘oh’. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: ‘Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.’

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora's car. "You're my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I'll open the door for you!"

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!?

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"

"... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?" said Quentin.

"Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!"

Quentin: "..."

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, "I don't care anymore, I'll follow my heart instead. It's true that there hasn't been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!"

Quentin: "..."

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, "Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?"

Louis thought for a while and asked, "If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?"

Quentin did not hesitate. "Of course, not."

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, "But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!"

Louis stuck his tongue out. "It's just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me."

Quentin got mad. "Big Sister is an idol. She's someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?"

Louis bounced toward the gates. "Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn't at all to me. I love the smell of money!"

Quentin: "..."

He snorted coldly and scoffed, "It's because you're still too young. I'm not as childish as you. I won't lose control of myself like you even if I'm facing Big Sister!"

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.



Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, "Don't worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It's actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn't..."

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn't come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn't have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple's personality. He said, "I know you want to stay low-key, so you don't have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. Think of a name, I'll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, "I've already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight's the first match."

Nora: "??"

So, he wasn't calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. "In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife."

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, “Ms. Smith.”

Nora stopped and looked at him. “Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?”

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, “Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this.”

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn’t think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, “Do you still have work this late?”

Joel: “...”

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. “What?”

Joel was speechless for a moment. “I’m picking up the kids.”

Nora didn’t feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel’s reply. On the contrary, she said, “Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks.”

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: “?”

Even the usually amiable man’s lip corners couldn’t help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, “Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent’s mask.”

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, “Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn’t a rule like that really strange?”

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.



After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”

Nora: “...”

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, “Have you transferred me the money?”

“Yeah, I have. Where’s Big Sister?”

“...”

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy

when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner’s integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, “Big Brother...”

Nora: “?”

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, “You’re mistaken.”

The staff member: “??”

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, “Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?”

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

"..."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”



After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“ ... ”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“ ... ”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

“I have something I need.”

Nora suddenly spoke.

‘Big Brother’ looked at her at once. “What is it?”

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother’s face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned ‘Big Brother’. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 295 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Yvonne, who was taken aback, looked at him incredulously.

The manager said, “You are our bank’s VIP customer. Now that we’ve met in New York, of course, I would invite you to the bank. Also, do you need financial management services for your balance? We have capital protection and an interest rate of 5%! I know it’s a little low, so you won’t be interested for sure, but isn’t it a little of a waste to just let the money rest in the account like that? Or perhaps you have investment plans for the near future?”

Louis: “??”

Louis felt like he could understand all the words that the manager was saying, but how come he couldn’t understand them anymore once they were strung together?

Next to him, an even more surprised Florence asked, “What are you talking about? What VIP customer?”

Yvonne's eyes widened in astonishment, and she stared at the manager in disbelief.

A VIP... customer?

The manager glanced at Florence. "You don't need to know about your master's affairs. Mr. Smith? Mr. Smith?"

Only then did Louis come back to his senses. He pointed at the bank card incredulously. "Did you say that the owner of the card is a VIP customer? I-in that case, who is the owner of the card?"

His first reaction was that he was finished. Nora had actually stolen a VIP customer's card!

The manager smiled. "Don't joke around anymore, Mr. Smith. Didn't you say it yourself just now? It's you! This card doesn't require registration with one's real name, and there are only five in the world. Customer information is confidential, so I won't know, either. This is the first time I'm meeting the owner of the card..."

Louis: "..."

Louis swallowed hard. "What's the credit limit of this card?"

The manager replied, "This bank card is both a savings card and a credit card. This is a supplementary card. I wouldn't know where the primary card is. Only the owner would know that. Also, this card doesn't have a credit limit~"

The reason why such cards were rarely issued around the world was precisely that they weren't registered with the owners' names.

Additionally! They didn't have any credit limits!

Just how much trust must one have in their customers in order to issue unregistered cards without any credit limit?

That was why there were only five in the world!

How would he, a manager of a side branch of the bank in New York, possibly know who the owner was?!

However, the manager's words clearly shocked everyone present.

Louis stammered, “I-is there a chance for someone to steal the card?”

Just whose card had Nora stolen?!

The manager laughed again. “You must be joking. There’s no way the owner of the card would lose the card, how can anyone steal it?”

Those who owned the card were either rich or noble.

They would definitely have bodyguards with them whenever they were out.

Therefore, there wasn’t such a problem at all. Even if it just so happened that they misplaced it, they could just inform the account manager that had applied for the card for them, and they would reissue one to them right away.

Seeing how embarrassing Louis was behaving, Joel held his forehead. He glanced at the manager and said, “Since the card has been delivered, we’re done here.”

Although his attitude was detached and distant, the manager didn’t feel slighted at all.

After all, he was here to deliver the card to them.

He handed the card to Louis respectfully and held his hand with great reluctance to part. He said, “Mr. Louis, do visit the bank when you’re free! If you aren’t interested in financial management services, I can also recommend our other services to you...”

Louis, who was holding the bank card, nodded dazedly and watched the manager leave.

Louis looked at Joel after he left. “Just what kind of background does that cousin of mine have, Joel? You and Uncle Ian are the only ones in the family who can use a card like this, right?”

Even the way he spoke had become respectful.

His words made Yvonne’s eyes flicker.

Among the Smiths, Ian and Joel were indeed the only ones who could use credit cards with no credit limit.

At the end of it all, wasn't it still because she wasn't related to them by blood but was just an adopted daughter that she didn't have the right to use such cards?! She clenched her fists.

Joel did not answer. Instead, he held his hand out toward him.

Louis: “!!”

He hid the card in his bosom and said, “Nora gave this to me, Joel!”

Joel raised his brows and glanced at him dispassionately. “Are you worthy of using it?”

Louis gritted his teeth and slowly handed the card to Joel. Joel reached out to take it—only to find that Louis was still holding on to the card tightly.

Joel: “...”

“Joel...” Louis sounded pitiful and miserable. Even his bleached blond hair looked a lot softer than usual.

Joel ignored him. He applied more force and took the card from him.

He slid it into his pocket after he took it. Then, he casually took out a credit card that belonged to the Smiths and handed it to Louis.

Louis: “!!!”

At the sight of his adorable credit card that had been sealed, he almost jumped straight into the air!

He immediately gave his credit card a huge kiss. Then, fearing that Joel would change his mind, he quickly ran out while calling out, “I love you, Joel!”

Joel: “...”

The people in the living room were still standing there.

Yvonne's fists were balled up tightly. She simply couldn't understand why Nora would have such a card? But when Louis left, she suddenly realized something.

Mr. Hunt must have given it to Nora, right?

Otherwise, how would she possibly have that much money?

She raised her head and glanced at Joel. "Is it really okay that Nora uses the Hunts' money like that, Joel?"

Joel lowered his gaze.

Yvonne went on. "You should have her return the card. It won't do her reputation any good if she spends the Hunts' money like that... I'm saying this for her sake, Joel."

Joel said dispassionately, "Come with me."

Yvonne became nervous as she followed Joel into the study.

Joel leaned against the desk. Yvonne stood in front of him with her head down like a child who had done something wrong.

Joel suddenly asked, "You think this card belongs to Justin?"

Yvonne nodded. "Who else, apart from Mr. Hunt's? Nora can't possibly know anyone else, right?"

Joel took out the card, handed it to his personal assistant, and instructed, "Go and find out who the owner of this card is."

"Yes, sir."

Ten minutes later, the assistant walked back in feeling rather light-headed. As he stared at the results of the investigation, he felt as if he was stepping on cotton, his footsteps alternating between shallow and deep ones.

Yvonne had been standing there for ten minutes.. She asked anxiously, "Whose card is that? It's Mr. Hunt's, right?"

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.



She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother's eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, "This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn't left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time."

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora's.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, "Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?"

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. "Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?"

Yvonne: "!!"

She looked up in a panic. "N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not..."

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. "Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter..."

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, "Then do you still remember what your legal name is?"

Yvonne was taken aback. "Yvonne Smith..."

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. "Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?"

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, "Aren't you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I'm Dad's adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I'm not related to Dad by blood. You're not just his blood-related nephew, you're pretty much Dad's son. You're even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?"

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts' party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. "You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision."

Seeing that he wasn't pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. "I promise."

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. "Are you really not going to do anything about it?"

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, "What can I do?"

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

"But she's our cousin! She has blood ties with us!"

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, "She's also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan."

Quentin: "..."

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, "Forget it, the previous generation's relationships are too complicated. I'll just pretend I don't know anything."

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, "Aren't you supposed to be protecting her?"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. "Yeah, she's home. There, she's here!"

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. "Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!"

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora's cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis's anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. "Nora!"

Nora: "??"

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, "You're my cousin, indeed! Don't worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?"

'Again'...

Poor child.

"... Alright. How much do you need?" asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. "You sent me a voice message? What did you send?"

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’ message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. “It’s nothing, nothing...”

Nora: “...”

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn’t stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, “How much do you want?”

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an ‘oh’. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: ‘Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.’

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora’s car. “You’re my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I’ll open the door for you!”

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"

"... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?" said Quentin.

"Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!"

Quentin: "..."

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, "I don't care anymore, I'll follow my heart instead. It's true that there hasn't been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!"

Quentin: "..."

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It’s just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She’s someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn’t at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: “...”

He snorted coldly and scoffed, “It’s because you’re still too young. I’m not as childish as you. I won’t lose control of myself like you even if I’m facing Big Sister!”

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, “Speak.”

The caller was his subordinate. “Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!”

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, "Don't worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It's actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious



scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn't..."

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn't come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn't have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple's personality. He said, "I know you want to stay low-key, so you don't have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. Think of a name, I'll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, "I've already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight's the first match."

Nora: "??"

So, he wasn't calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. "In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife."

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, "Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent's mask."

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, "Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn't a rule like that really strange?"

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, “The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!”

Nora: “...”

Although she didn’t speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, “By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?”

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, "You're acquainted with Big Sister?"

The man nodded. "Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?"

Nora: "..."

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”



Nora: "..."

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, "Have you transferred me the money?"

"Yeah, I have. Where's Big Sister?"

"..."

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, "What about the second match?"

"It's also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover."

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?"

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding

opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner's integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, "Big Brother..."

Nora: "?"

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, "You're mistaken."

The staff member: "??"

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, "Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?"

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

“...”

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, “Daddy, you are so pitiful~”

Nora: “...”

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, “Why did you bring Cherry here?”

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, “Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!”

Nora: “...”

She looked at Justin. “Why are you here?”

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, “I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts.”

Nora: “??”

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

"..."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. “How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?”

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. “Why didn’t you go when the guy asked you to just now?”

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn’t help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn’t pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, “I am Smithin.”

Nora: “...”

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn’t he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. “Hello, I’m 028.”

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, “I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you’re also a fan of Big Brother, why didn’t you take up the staff member’s offer just now?”

Nora: “??”

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”



Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, "I'm going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session."

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn't he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, "Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!"

Nora: "??"

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, "Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?"

Nora: "..."

Justin: "..."

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, "She's a fake."

"That scared me to death." Cherry patted her chest and said, "I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you're not suited for martial arts, so he didn't want you anymore!"

"..."

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. "What did you say?"

Cherry immediately smiled and said, "I was complimenting you, Mommy! You're not suited to be a martial artist because you're the queen of martial arts herself! You're amazing even if you don't practice at all! You don't need to work hard at all!"

"..."

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, “Yes. Didn’t you say he’s in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him.”

The staff member: “...”

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

"I have something I need."

Nora suddenly spoke.

'Big Brother' looked at her at once. "What is it?"

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 296 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

As soon as the door closed, Joel's gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. “Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?”

Yvonne: “!!”

She looked up in a panic. “N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That's not...”

But when Yvonne's eyes met Joel's calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. “Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I'm Dad's lawful daughter...”

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, “Then do you still remember what your legal name is?”

Yvonne was taken aback. “Yvonne Smith...”

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father's love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. “Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?”

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, “Aren’t you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I’m Dad’s adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I’m not related to Dad by blood. You’re not just his blood-related nephew, you’re pretty much Dad’s son. You’re even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?”

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts’ party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. “You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision.”

Seeing that he wasn’t pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. “I promise.”

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. “Are you really not going to do anything about it?”

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, "What can I do?"

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

"But she's our cousin! She has blood ties with us!"

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, "She's also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan."

Quentin: "..."

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, "Forget it, the previous generation's relationships are too complicated. I'll just pretend I don't know anything."

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, "Aren't you supposed to be protecting her?"

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. "Yeah, she's home. There, she's here!"

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. "Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!"

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora's cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis's anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. "Nora!"

Nora: "??"

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, “You’re my cousin, indeed! Don’t worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?”

‘Again’...

Poor child.

“... Alright. How much do you need?” asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. “You sent me a voice message? What did you send?”

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the ‘You stinky woman! You’ve gotten me into huge trouble!!’ message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. “It’s nothing, nothing...”

Nora: “...”

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn’t stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, “How much do you want?”

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an ‘oh’. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

“Bye, Nora!”

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded.

The SMS read: 'Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with \$500,000.'

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora's car. "You're my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I'll open the door for you!"

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"



“... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?” said Quentin.

“Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!”

Quentin: “...”

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, “I don't care anymore, I'll follow my heart instead. It's true that there hasn't been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It's just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She's someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn't at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: "..."

He snorted coldly and scoffed, "It's because you're still too young. I'm not as childish as you. I won't lose control of myself like you even if I'm facing Big Sister!"

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, "Don't worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It's actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn't..."

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn't come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn't have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple's personality. He said, "I know you want to stay low-key, so you don't have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. Think of a name, I'll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, "I've already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight's the first match."

Nora: "??"

So, he wasn't calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. "In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife."

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. “What is this supposed to be?”

The guard replied solemnly, “Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent’s mask.”

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, “Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn’t a rule like that really strange?”

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”



Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”

Nora: “...”

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, “Have you transferred me the money?”

“Yeah, I have. Where’s Big Sister?”

“...”

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy

when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner’s integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, “Big Brother...”

Nora: “?”

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, “You’re mistaken.”

The staff member: “??”

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, “Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?”

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

" ... "

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...



There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“ ... ”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“ ... ”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

“I have something I need.”

Nora suddenly spoke.

‘Big Brother’ looked at her at once. “What is it?”

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother’s face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned ‘Big Brother’. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 297 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, “I don’t care anymore, I’ll follow my heart instead. It’s true that there hasn’t been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure, I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It’s just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She’s someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn’t at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: “...”

He snorted coldly and scoffed, “It’s because you’re still too young. I’m not as childish as you. I won’t lose control of myself like you even if I’m facing Big Sister!”

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, “Speak.”

The caller was his subordinate. “Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!”

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, “Where is she?”

“She’s at the martial arts tournament!”

Quentin: “??”

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, "Don't worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It's actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn't..."

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn't come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.



Mm... Even though she still didn't have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple's personality. He said, "I know you want to stay low-key, so you don't have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. Think of a name, I'll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, "I've already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight's the first match."

Nora: "??"

So, he wasn't calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. "In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife."

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, "Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother be there tonight?"

"Yes."

"Okay."

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, "Don't go out tonight. I have to go out for something."

Nora: "???"

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, "Don't you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won't live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!"

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, "Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent's mask."

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, "Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn't a rule like that really strange?"

"Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they've become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don't want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It's much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!"

"..."

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, "Why didn't you make that clear from the start, old man?"

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn't fall off if one didn't pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, "Which sect are you from, young missy?"

"The Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Nora answered casually.

"The Quinn School of Martial Arts?" The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, "They are really amazing! It's been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!"

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform,

coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight.”

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, “That’s because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn’t participated in the tournament.”

The man chuckled and said, “Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I’ve heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?”

“...No,” replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn’t ‘see’ herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, “How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol.”

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, “If you give me 1,500 dollars, I’ll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister. What say you?”

Nora: “?”

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the

tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”

Nora: “...”

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, “Have you transferred me the money?”



“Yeah, I have. Where’s Big Sister?”

“ ... ”

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, “Are you here to spectate, or to compete?”

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, “I’m here to compete.”

The staff member nodded immediately. “Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, "3"??"

After the momentary surprise, he said, "You shouldn't be overconfident of yourself, young woman!"

Nora asked, "Who will I be fighting?"

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn't make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, "You'll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He's in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past."

"...Oh," Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, "What about the second match?"

"It's also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover."

Nora: "..."

She suddenly asked, "How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?"

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. "How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?"

Nora was a little confused. "What do you mean?"

The staff member frowned. "Didn't you look at the tournament rules?"

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, "All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you'll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there'll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class."

Nora: "???"

What the f\*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, "You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won't be out of energy when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you."

"... Alright," said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent's mask. They didn't advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner's integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together.. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin. He called out, "Big Brother..."

Nora: "?"

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, "You're mistaken."

The staff member: "??"

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, "Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?"

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, "Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!"

Justin said, "Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can't. I've never touched your Mommy's waist before."

"..."

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, "Daddy, you are so pitiful~"

Nora: "..."

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, "Why did you bring Cherry here?"

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, "Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don't worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won't look!"

Nora: "..."

She looked at Justin. "Why are you here?"

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

" ... "

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, "I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you're also a fan of Big Brother, why didn't you take up the staff member's offer just now?"

Nora: "??"

She was shocked. "You met Big Sister? The real deal?"

Quentin sneered, "Of course, she's the real deal."

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. "See, this is Big Sister."

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, "Do you know? I've always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it's much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister's muscles! It's impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn

claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?



Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“...”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“...”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, “Yes. Didn’t you say he’s in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him.”

The staff member: “...”

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. “This way, please,” he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

"I have something I need."

Nora suddenly spoke.

'Big Brother' looked at her at once. "What is it?"

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: "?"

He was furious. "What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!"

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 298 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn’s number and asked, “Old man, are you joking around with me?”

Quinn let out a ‘hmp’ and replied, “What’s so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, “By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won’t recognize you. Didn’t you want to keep a low profile?”

Nora scoffed, “Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?”

Quinn: “...”

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn’t very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, "Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent's mask."

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, "Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn't a rule like that really strange?"

"Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they've become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don't

want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It's much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!"

"..."

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, "Why didn't you make that clear from the start, old man?"

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn't fall off if one didn't pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, "Which sect are you from, young missy?"

"The Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Nora answered casually.

"The Quinn School of Martial Arts?" The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, "They are really amazing! It's been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!"

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, "The number of people participating in the martial arts tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!"

Nora: "..."

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, "By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?"

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, "The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!"

"He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight."

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, "That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament."

The man chuckled and said, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?"

"...No," replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't 'see' herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, "How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol."

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, "If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?"

Nora: "?"

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, "You're acquainted with Big Sister?"

The man nodded. "Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?"

Nora: "..."

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man’s arm and said, “If you take me to Big Sister, I’ll give you 15,000!”

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, “No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you’re not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn’t like people getting too close to her. She also doesn’t like talking very much.”

“Then what does she like?” The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. “She likes to sleep.”

The teen: “...”



Nora: "..."

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, "Have you transferred me the money?"

"Yeah, I have. Where's Big Sister?"

"..."

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, "Are you here to spectate, or to compete?"

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, "I'm here to compete."

The staff member nodded immediately. "Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, "You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o'clock. After the first match, you'll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?"

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

"... Two minutes, I suppose?" replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

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What a waste of her sleeping time!

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After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

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Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”



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Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn't he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, "Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!"

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After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, "Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?"

Nora: "..."

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Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, "She's a fake."

"That scared me to death." Cherry patted her chest and said, "I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you're not suited for martial arts, so he didn't want you anymore!"

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Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

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To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

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Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

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He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

"I have something I need."

Nora suddenly spoke.

'Big Brother' looked at her at once. "What is it?"

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

## **Chapter 299 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, “Are you here to spectate, or to compete?”

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, “I’m here to compete.”

The staff member nodded immediately. “Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, “You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o’clock. After the first match, you’ll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?”

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

“... Two minutes, I suppose?” replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, “3”??”

After the momentary surprise, he said, “You shouldn’t be overconfident of yourself, young woman!”

Nora asked, “Who will I be fighting?”

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“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

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She frowned. “How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?”

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. “Why didn’t you go when the guy asked you to just now?”

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn’t help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn’t pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, “I am Smithin.”

Nora: “...”

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn’t he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. “Hello, I’m 028.”

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, “I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you’re also a fan of Big Brother, why didn’t you take up the staff member’s offer just now?”

Nora: “??”

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, "Do you know? I've always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it's much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister's muscles! It's impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!"

Nora the lazy bum: "..."

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, "I mustn't slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!"

Nora: "..."

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. "A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother."

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, "Where is he? Is he the real deal?"

Quentin nodded. "I'd never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He's sitting right there in the room next door! He's wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!"

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, "Hmm... Big Brother's physique is also very similar to his!"

Justin: "..."

Nora: "..."



Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“...”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial

arts herself! You're amazing even if you don't practice at all! You don't need to work hard at all!"

"..."

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, "Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!"

Nora walked over and said, "Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother."

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn't seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

He couldn't help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin's wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. "B-Big Brother?"

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, "Yes. Didn't you say he's in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him."

The staff member: "..."

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. "This way, please," he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn't give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn't see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, "Why are you bothering me again?"

The staff member coughed and replied, "These two people would like to meet you."

"I'm very busy."

'Big Brother', who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, "If there's nothing you need, then leave!"

"I have something I need."

Nora suddenly spoke.

'Big Brother' looked at her at once. "What is it?"

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”