

## Chapter 31 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Justin thought of the genius that the doctor had sung praises of when they were in the hospital just now, and he nodded with great interest. "Okay."

Unfortunately, as soon as the two of them entered the lobby, one of his assistants walked over. In a hushed voice, he said, "Mr. Hunt, you have guests from your family home. They've gone up to the top floor."

Justin's expression changed drastically when he heard this. He strode over to the elevator and, with a dark expression, asked, "When did they arrive?"

"They went up five minutes ago. The hotel belongs to the Hunts after all, so the front desk and lobby manager weren't able to stop them."

"A bunch of good-for-nothings!"

Justin cursed angrily and entered the elevator.

Lawrence let out a silent sigh. He wouldn't be of any help with the situation upstairs anyway, so he went to the control room by himself.

In the presidential suite on the top floor.

Pete, whose eyes were red, clenched his fists and looked at the people in front of him.

More than a dozen bodyguards in black from both parties were glaring at one another as they faced off.

Chester, who had an awful look on his face, stood in between them and Pete. He said, "What are you doing, Howard? Justin won't let you off when he comes back!"

Howard Hunt, the man in front of him and also his second cousin, had sinister eyes and a hooked nose. He smiled sinisterly and said, "This has nothing to do with you, Chester. Get out of the way. I'm here on Grandpa's order to bring that disrespectful little bastard back to the family home!"

Chester wasn't agreeable to it. "Whatever it is that you want to do, do it only when Justin gets back here! You can't take him away now!"

Howard's expression turned cold and he said, "Don't think too highly of yourself, Chester. What makes you think you have a say when you don't even give two hoots about the family? Get lost!"

Chester was so furious that his face was all flushed.

The only reason why he could play games all day long was that Justin had taken all the pressure off him. Besides, his nephew was even his team leader. How could he possibly ignore what was happening?

He said furiously, "I won't let you!"

Howard cracked his knuckles at once. It was obvious at first glance that he was very skilled at fighting. "Don't blame me if I don't hold back, then!"

As soon as he said that, an icy-cold voice reached them: "Who are you planning on not holding back on?"

His voice, which was as low and deep as cello timbre, was emotionless. It made Howard stiffen, and he immediately withdrew his fists and gave the man walking over an ingratiating smile. "You're back, Justin."

Justin's big and tall form stood in front of Chester and Pete and blocked them from Howard. His bottomless gaze landed on Howard, and the mole at the corner of his eye exuded murderous intent as he demanded, "Who said you could come here?"

Fear flashed in Howard's eyes. He touched his nose and replied with a smile, "I'm not that fearless to come here and mess with you either, Justin, but these are Grandpa's orders. He said that since you've returned with that disrespectful boy, then you should return to the family home. This way, you can also discuss how Pete should be punished."

A grim Justin took a step forward. "Why does he have to be punished?"

Howard was so frightened that he took a step back. "Why are you feigning

ignorance, Justin? There's something mentally wrong with that boy. How nice was Grand aunt to him? But just because he argued with her a little, he pushed her off the stairs and caused her to suffer a brain hemorrhage. Even now, she's still lying in the hospital with her life in danger. Someone has to answer for this!"

A large family held great power.

The reason why the Hunts could keep their position at the pinnacle in the States was that they had talents in every industry.

Justin's permanent residence was in New York, but the family home had always been in California.

During the holidays, the Hunts would return and gather. Disciplinary action toward members of the family was also carried out in the family home.

Justin had always respected his granduncle who watched over the family home. Howard was his granduncle's grandson. He was the one who would have to take over the responsibility of watching over the family home in the future.

Justin narrowed his frosty eyes. "I told you, it wasn't Pete."

Howard shrugged. "Do you have any proof? Because we have witnesses. Moreover, Pete was indeed upstairs when it happened. There were signs that the two were having a dispute."

Justin clenched his jaw. "I'm already looking for Dr. Anti to have her take a look at Grandma."

Howard curled his lip. "It's not easy to find Anti."

Justin let out a cold snort. "I will drag her back here even if that's what I have to do!"

"Justin, because you're staying here with Pete, my side of the family has been inciting everyone and causing a lot of dissatisfaction among them."

Howard cast a disdainful glance at Pete and went on. “Besides, who knows where that boy even came from? Neither do we know who his mother is. On top of that, he’s even mentally ill. Even we aren’t convinced about having him become your heir, let alone everyone else from my side of the family!

“Grandpa asked me to talk to you. You’re still young and healthy, Justin. Won’t it be nice to have another child? As for Pete, just give up on him.”

“Shut up!”

Justin’s eyes flashed with murderous intent and he warned, “Pete is my son, and he’s the only son I’ll ever have!”

Howard was intimidated by his presence.

As the ones watching over the family home, his immediate family held very high status among the Hunts. Even all the previous heads of the family had to treat them with courtesy.

However, his grandfather had mentioned before that Justin was different from the previous heads of the family. He had other identities, so they mustn’t mess with him.

Howard also respected—and even slightly feared—Justin. But the more that was so, the more he felt that Pete, as his son, wasn’t outstanding enough.

Howard fell silent for a moment. Then, he took a step back and lowered his head as he said, “My side of the family is making a lot of noise. By next weekend at the latest, Grandpa will have to hold a family meeting. If you cannot prove his innocence by then, the Hunts will expel Peter Hunt from the family.”

After saying that, he turned and left.

A panicked Chester asked, “What do we do, Justin?”

Justin, who had a dark and grim look on his face, didn’t answer.

The most ideal solution was to find Anti and have her prove his son’s innocence.

But if they couldn't find her...

He lowered his gaze dispassionately, his eyes cold.

Had it not been for his father who had insisted that he take care of the family, he wouldn't have bothered himself with a trifling presence like the Hunts.

But now, they actually had the guts to expel his son from the family?

In that case, it was time that someone else took over the place of the number one family in the States.

A sharp look flashed across Justin's eyes. He turned behind and looked at Pete, his voice gentle and mellow as he said, "There's nothing to be afraid of, Pete."

Pete lowered his head and entered the study.

He wasn't afraid.

But Great-Grandma had really treated him very well. That was also the reason why he hadn't said anything about the tutors she had sent, despite them being problematic. He had kept quiet because he didn't want to tarnish Great-Grandma's name. After all, her life was still in danger, so she had no way of speaking up for him.

He didn't want Great-Grandma to die, either.

Chester returned to the suite next door while looking at the back view of his dejected little nephew. He let out a sigh and logged on to the game. He had initially thought that his team leader was feeling down, but what he saw was that sweetcherry was currently active in the game...?

He was taken aback for a moment. Then, he connected to the other party's voice chat and said, "Here I was, thinking you were feeling down and out! I didn't expect that you're still in the mood to play games?"

Downstairs, Cherry, who was seated on the sofa, blinked when she heard him. She asked, "... Why would I be sad?"

What had happened to Pete?

Chester replied, "That's true. Don't worry, your father will definitely find Anti and prove your innocence!"

Cherry was confused.

Pete had called Uncle Chester a single-celled organism before, so Cherry happily probed him for information with peace of mind.

After she learned what had happened, Cherry was dumbfounded.

Why was Pete so unfortunate?

First, he was bullied by his tutors, and now, he was even being maligned!

Meanwhile, her life... Even though Mommy was always sleeping, it seemed like she had never had to suffer anyone's unkindness since she was born. Could someone tell her why she suddenly felt like transforming into a pitiful little girl bullied by everyone?

Cough, she had digressed.

Still, it was no wonder that Mommy said big families were trouble and forbade her from telling anyone that she was Dr. Anti!

Cherry hung up in a hurry and sent her brother a text message: "I'm gonna tell you a big secret, Pete!"

In the study, Pete, whose head was down, replied after seeing the message on the phone: "What is it?"

Cherry replied: "Uncle Chester said that Daddy has been looking for Anti. In that case, do you know who Anti is?"

Pete immediately understood something when he saw her message. As expected, one second later, Cherry sent another message: "Anti is Mommy!"

Pete's eyes widened as he stared at the message.

He suddenly remembered how Mommy had told him to head upstairs first when they were on the way back this afternoon. After that, she had gone to treat the patient who had collapsed...

He was about to send another message to Cherry when she sent him a voice message. It sounded like she was hiding in the bathroom and whispering. She said, “Mommy has been saying that Daddy is trouble and she doesn’t want to treat Great-Grandma’s illness because she’s afraid that she’ll be dragged into your familial disputes. What should we do?”

Downstairs, tiny Cherry sat on the toilet bowl and rested her chin on her palm, feeling awfully troubled. What could she do to get Mommy to treat Great-Grandma’s illness?

At this moment, her cell phone vibrated. Pete’s reply was very assuring: “That’s easy.”

In the study, Nora, who was dressed in a nightgown, leaned back lazily on the chair in an awfully comfortable manner, forming a very sloppy sight.

Her pale fingers tapped lightly on the keyboard as she destroyed the surveillance cameras’ footage of the events when she was performing emergency first aid in the hotel lobby this afternoon.

She had to stay low-key.

She mustn’t let anyone—especially that man upstairs—find out that she was medically trained.

He had probably already become suspicious when they were in the operating room the last time.

Nora stretched. She was about to think about the anonymous email she had received this afternoon when a new email arrived in her inbox with a ding.

Nora narrowed her eyes. Sure enough, it turned out to be another anonymous email.

“Do something for me and I’ll send your son to your doorstep. Operate on the elderly Mrs. Hunt and cure her.”

Nora was puzzled.

She stared at the email for a very long time as if she wanted to reach through the Internet and catch the mastermind behind the scenes.

The email was sent anonymously, so she couldn't catch a glimpse of the sender at all. She couldn't even talk to them even if she wanted to. She could only choose whether she wanted to believe it or not.

If Justin Hunt was the one that sent the email... Then this transaction would make sense!

Besides, the reason why she hadn't wanted to do the operation initially was that she didn't want any trouble. However, if she could really get her son back, then a little trouble wasn't an issue. She would just have to sleep a little less, that was all.

After thinking through it, she stood up.

If she wanted to treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness, then she would have to go through Justin for sure. But how was she going to let him know that her medical skills were very impressive without revealing her identity as Anti?

She suddenly looked at the computer.

Was it too late for her to try restoring the camera footage?

In the study upstairs.

Lawrence, whose head was down, said falteringly, "The surveillance cameras are broken, and there are signs of intrusion. Mr. Hunt, do you... have a spare moment?"

He had gotten a few hackers to fix the cameras, but they hadn't been successful. Thus, he wanted to ask Justin to personally attend to the matter.

A sullen Justin said, "Do you need me for something even as trivial as that?"

Lawrence lowered his head even further, feeling like he was terribly useless. There were so many hackers in the Hunt Corporation, but even they couldn't handle it. He gave a sheepish smile and said, "Um..."

"I'm busy."



Justin gave him a cold reply. Then, he stood up and left the study. He went over to the bedroom beside the study and stood in front of the door. He called out, "I'm coming in, Pete."

After being scolded by the people from the family home, Pete would undoubtedly be in a bad mood.

He had given his son some time to cool down, but he couldn't possibly leave him alone in his room all the time. Therefore, he intended to have a good heart-to-heart talk with his son.

Before he opened the door and entered, he looked back at Lawrence and ordered, "No visitors, no matter who it is."

Lawrence went out dejectedly.

It was understandable that Justin would want to spend some time with Pete after those people from the family home showed up. However, the Andersons also wanted information about the person that had saved Simon's life. What was he supposed to do?

While hesitating, he heard a dispute at the door.

When he went out, he saw Nora standing at the entrance of the stairwell arguing with the bodyguards. "You can't enter without a prior appointment, Miss Smith."

Nora looked up, her cat-like eyes somewhat intimidating. She said, "In that case, please pass a message for me. Tell them that—"

'Anti was looking for him.'

She had thought it through. If it meant that she could really find her son, then exposing her own identity was the fastest way to arrange for the surgery, lest it led to unnecessary trouble.

But before she could say what she wanted to say, a seemingly half-amused Lawrence walked over and interrupted her. He said, "Have you thought it through and decided to come over and play with the little mister for two hours, Miss Smith?"

Nora was puzzled.

Lawrence went on and added, “Unfortunately, Mr. Hunt is currently busy and instructed a moment ago that he wasn’t having visitors.”

Unless Anti appeared out of thin air, there was probably no one that could solve Mr. Hunt’s pressing issues.

Nora fell silent for a moment. Then, she said, “I’ll come back tomorrow, then. By the way, tell him that I can treat his grandmother’s illness.”

After saying that, she walked back to the stairwell and went down.

Lawrence looked at her from the back and sighed. He said to the bodyguard beside him, “Girls nowadays are so proactive. Look at her; in order to get close to Mr. Hunt, she can even bring herself to say something like that.”

The bodyguard asked, “What if she really can treat her illness?”

“I’ve already looked her up. She’s never been in any contact with medicine since she was a child. How is she going to treat her illness?”

—

Nora had originally thought that Justin would come down to look for her after receiving her message.

But even until the next day, she didn’t hear from him at all.

From the looks of it, his grandmother likely wasn’t in urgent condition.

As such, Nora went to the hospital in the afternoon to do a follow-up check on her aunt. She went straight to the VIP floor.

In the hallway, Lawrence was apologizing to someone. He said, “I’m really sorry, Mrs. Anderson. Someone destroyed the surveillance camera footage, so we didn’t manage to find anyone. I’ll find her for you as soon as I can...”

A frowning Melissa was about to speak when she suddenly spied a familiar figure coming out of the elevator.

She rubbed her eyes and looked over again. That figure with a lazy yet firm gait; and that face so gorgeous that it almost seemed like she was showing

off—it was hard for anyone to forget her once they laid eyes on her. Who else could it be other than the woman that had saved her husband’s life?

She hurriedly pushed Lawrence aside, took a few steps forward, and grabbed Nora’s hand.

“Are you working in this hospital, Miss?”

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

Nora didn’t expect to meet the man’s family here. At the sight of the gratitude on the woman’s kindly countenance, she replied unhurriedly, “I’m here to visit relatives.”

Lawrence stepped forward hesitantly and asked uncertainly, “Mrs. Anderson...?”

A smiling Melissa did the introductions. “It’s alright now, Mr. Zimmer! This is the kind young lady that saved my husband’s life during the emergency yesterday!”

Lawrence looked at Nora in surprise and asked, “You’re medically trained?”

Nora raised an eyebrow. It seemed like Lawrence hadn’t taken what she said the day before seriously?

During their conversation, Justin, who heard their voices from inside the ward, came out. Upon seeing Nora, he paused for a moment. Then, he asked, “Are you the one who saved Uncle Simon?”

The look in his eyes as he watched Nora suddenly became deep and unfathomable, which made one feel as though someone had seen right through them.

Nora didn’t know what he was thinking, but since she had bumped into him, she might as well just ask him about the matter. She asked, “Have you given my proposal from yesterday any thought, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin frowned. What proposal?

Nora could tell that he didn't understand what she was saying. She deliberately looked at Lawrence and said a little sarcastically, "Did you not convey my message to Mr. Hunt, Mr. Zimmer?"

As soon as she said that, Justin's displeased gaze fell on Lawrence!

Lawrence wiped the beads of perspiration off his brow and swallowed hard. He looked at Justin and explained, "Yesterday, Ms. Smith said that she can treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness."

But after he said that, he couldn't help but add, "Even if you really are medically trained, Miss Smith, you likely picked it up during the five years you spent abroad, so your medical experience is rather short. I've asked about Mr. Anderson's condition; his operation is considered one that's within a reasonable scope of difficulty. But do you know what Mrs. Hunt's condition is?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and replied coldly, "How would you know whether I can do it or not if we don't give it a go?"

At once, Lawrence said, "Dr. Anti is currently the only person who's capable of performing her surgery. An inexperienced doctor like you who's new to medical trainin—"

"Shut up."

Justin's rebuke made Lawrence flinch. After that, Justin stepped forward and stared at Nora and asked, "When will you be free, Miss Smith? It's not advisable to transfer the patient, so we'll have to head to New York."

So, she'd even have to go over to New York...

As expected, it really was very troublesome.

Then again, he had agreed even though she hadn't revealed her identity yet? That man certainly was a little narcissistic, but he was also pretty considerate, wasn't he?

For the very first time, Nora didn't find him as much of an eyesore. She thought for a moment and replied, "Let's do it two days later."

She needed to observe her aunt's condition for another two days.

Justin nodded. In a deep and mellow voice, he said, "I'll take care of the itinerary. Do you have any requests?"

It was a five-hour flight from California to New York.

Nora thought for a moment and lazily made her request: "I have to sleep during the flight, so just make sure it's quiet."

After she spoke, she turned around to leave. However, Justin suddenly stopped her. "Miss Smith. Why did you change your mind and agree to help?"

Nora paused.

Like what she had thought, he really had guessed her identity.

Thinking about it carefully again, even if she didn't reveal her identity, it probably would have been really hard to keep it a secret from him anyway.

She cast her eyes down and suddenly said, "I have a condition."

"What is it?"

"If I cure Mrs. Hunt, please help me look for someone."

"Who are you looking for?"

"I'll tell you after I cure Mrs. Hunt."

The anonymous email was something that she had no choice but to believe. However, she mustn't place her full trust in it, either.

It would be most ideal if her son showed up in front of her after she cured Mrs. Hunt, but if he didn't...

Well, Justin was capable of finding even her. In which case, it shouldn't be hard for him to use his connections to find her son, right?

After Nora entered Irene's ward, Justin withdrew his scrutinizing gaze from the woman and looked at Lawrence.

The realization had slowly dawned upon Lawrence when he was listening to the conversation between the two. His head was currently down as he said, "I was wrong, Mr. Hunt."

Justin asked coldly, "Where did you go wrong?"

Lawrence looked at him and answered, "I was too stupid and didn't realize Miss Smith's true identity..."

Justin scoffed. "It doesn't matter if you're stupid, but how dare you intercept her message to me?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

He still remembered when he had first joined the company. Because he didn't dare to make decisions on behalf of the company president, when a woman had asked him to convey her message to Justin, he had done so accordingly. At that time, Justin had called him an answering machine and asked him why he didn't filter the messages before dumping everything on him as if he was emptying the trash.

Therefore, during the last few years, Lawrence had acted on his own and blocked a lot of unwanted propositions from women for Justin.

But why were things different when it came to Miss Smith? Sob...

Justin stared at him and said frostily, "You must have too much spare time on your hands. There happens to be a business dealing that requires attention in Burundi. Go and handle it."

Lawrence was shocked.

What kind of place was Burundi? It was the poorest country in the world! However, he knew he was in the wrong, so he didn't even dare to beg for mercy!

Justin turned around. When he saw Melissa staring after Nora in a daze, he asked, "Aunt Melissa? What's the matter?"

Melissa came back to her senses. She replied, "What? Oh, it's nothing. I just found Miss Smith a bit familiar to the eye... I'm probably over-thinking it, though."

She shook her head and followed him back into the ward.

The man lying on the hospital bed had bandages around his chest, but he was already out of danger. At the sight of them coming in, Simon smiled gracefully and said, "Justin, I know you're really busy, so you don't have to come and visit anymore. I'm fine now."

Justin said politely, "Feel free to come to me if there's anything you need, Uncle Simon."

Simon heaved a sigh. "I came here to look for my eldest sister. It's been more than twenty years, but I finally found a lead on her whereabouts."

A sorrowful look came over his face as he went on. "I found out that she married a man named Smith. In their second year of marriage, she died of an illness after giving birth to a daughter."

He choked back a sob as he spoke of his sister.

Back then, his sister had protected him in every way possible. It was also because of her that the Andersons hadn't fallen into decline back then. How could she leave them so early more than twenty years ago?

Melissa walked over and held his hand. "Take care of your health, Simon. Your sister might be gone, but at least she still has a daughter."

At once, Simon looked up and nodded with his eyes red. "Yes, that's right! The Smiths are just a middle-class family, but back then, Sis was such an outstanding woman... Let's bring her daughter back home and nurture her well, lest the Smiths hold her back!"

Unable to wait any further, he tried to get up. "Let's go to the Smiths now."

Melissa held his arm and pressed him back down. She said, "You're just so impatient. Why are you immediately acting out? Her daughter is right there; it's not like she's going to run off somewhere... Forget it, I'll pay them a visit for you. Will that do?"

Simon coughed a couple of times. Then, he took out his wallet, plucked out a photo, and handed it to Melissa. "Here's a picture of Sis. When you go over, have a look at her daughter for me and see if she resembles her or not..."

Melissa took the photo from him and looked at it. Suddenly, she was stunned.

She was just thinking why Miss Smith had looked so familiar to her just now. As it turned out, she bore a 90% resemblance to the woman in the photo!

Her last name was also Smith. Could it be that...

When the thought formed, Melissa, whose eyes were shining brightly, looked at Justin. "I may have to trouble you with something, Justin. Can you help me look up some information about Miss Smith whom we met just now?"

An unaware Simon asked, "What's going on?"

A smile formed on Melissa's face. "If I'm not wrong, your niece is probably the one that saved your life!"

"..."

When Justin heard this, he said to Lawrence who was standing behind him, "Bring a copy of Miss Smith's information to Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa."

After Lawrence brought the investigation report over, both parties cross-referenced the data. An overjoyed Melissa exclaimed, "It really is her!"

Simon's eyes were all red. "Nora... What a nice name. Call her over and let me have a look at her..."

If it wasn't because he had just had an operation and couldn't get out of bed, he would have raced over right away.

Unfortunately, when Lawrence went to the VIP ward next door to look for Nora, she had already left after giving Irene a checkup and ensuring that she was fine.

However, he managed to get Henry's number.

Justin's help wasn't needed anymore after that, so he returned to the hotel to spend some time with his son.



On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Pete was in the study and talking to Cherry on the phone.

Cherry was as sweet as honey when she spoke. "You're so smart, Pete! If Mommy does that, she'll be able to clear your name!"

Praised by his sister, Pete, who had never openly shown his emotions, blushed. "You're great, too."

Cherry grinned. In a sweet and cute voice, she then said, "You went off while wearing Little Pink yesterday, Pete. Remember to return it to me next time, okay?"

Pete, who was holding some books, paused. "Little Pink?"

"Uh-huh! You know, the pink princess dress!"

His sister even gave her clothes names. What an adorable little princess she was.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard Cherry saying adorably, "Wait a second, Pete. I gotta tell my teammate something, okie?"

Pete nodded. "Okay."

Then, he heard Cherry go on a sudden rampage: "Do you really know how to play as a support? Have you used your ultimate skill correctly even once? And, the open world fights! Do you have a feud with the wild monsters or something? Why are you staring only at that patch of grass there?! Do you even know what support is... Also, ##%¥%&\*@..."

Pete was dumbfounded. "... That really came out of nowhere.

After dissing her teammate for a whole two minutes, Cherry finally turned off the game voice chat and said, "Don't forget Little Pink, okie? It's my favorite dress!"

"..."

After hanging up, Pete immediately placed his books down, got up, and went to the bedroom to search for the dress.

He remembered taking it off the day before and tossing it on the sofa. Why was it gone?

While he was looking for it, the door opened and Justin strode in. The tall figure stopped in front of him. "What are you looking for, Pete?"

Pete replied casually, "The princess dress."

Justin stiffened in the midst of taking off his jacket. With mixed emotions, he replied, "Oh. Don't bother anymore. I might have tossed it."

Tossed it?

Pete thought of his sister's verbal might and panicked. "Why did you throw it away without asking me?!"

Justin frowned. A resolute look flashed across his deep-set eyes and he said solemnly, "You're a boy. Don't ever wear dresses again!"

This was his absolute limit!

Pete's face tensed up and he said angrily, "You're such a despot and a dictator! No wonder Mommy hates you!"

Justin handed his jacket to the nanny, walked over to his son, and squatted gracefully.

He always looked at Pete at his eye level whenever he talked to him. This way, the child would feel like they were being respected. Seeing how his son was glaring at him with his big round eyes, he suddenly asked, "Did Miss Smith say she hates me?"

Pete replied, "...Yes!"

Justin let out a low chuckle. Even the mole at the corner of his eye exuded a bit of charisma as he said, "Women sure are creatures that say one thing but mean another."

If she really disliked him, why would she approach his son again and again?

Pete was perplexed.

He took a silent step back. “Have you seen a psychiatrist, Daddy?”

“...”

Justin got up and said, “I have a dinner appointment with a family friend tonight. Let’s go together.”

Pete didn’t answer, but Chester, who was sprawled on the sofa and playing games as if no one had noticed his presence, said, “Okay!”

Meanwhile, Nora just received a call from her father. Her eyes widened. “My uncle? Really?”

Henry sneered, “They even know your mother’s name is and what she looks like. How can it be fake? They’ve arranged to come over at 3 pm today. Come back and receive them.”

Nora frowned after hanging up.

To be honest, her mother was quite a distant concept to her. Ever since she could remember, the only impression she had of her mother was her last words to her. It was a voice recording. The person had a gentle voice, and had told her to stay low-profile...

However, her family had never had any contact with her mother’s family. Even her aunt abroad was just her mother’s god-sister.

The sudden mention of her uncle today made her very curious—what kind of person was that mysterious mother of hers, exactly?

She took a cab back to the Smiths.

As soon as she entered, she heard Wendy ask, “Did Nora’s mother ever mention her family, Henry?”

Henry replied disdainfully, “I asked her about them before. She said that her family lives in the mountains and is very poor. She escaped from there, so she never made any contact with them after that.”

When Wendy heard that, she hesitated for a moment before asking, “What? Will Nora’s uncle pester us after he comes, then?”

Henry was also troubled over the same thing. “Just now, they specially mentioned that her uncle was sick and hospitalized, so her aunt will be coming by herself. She won’t ask to borrow money for medical expenses as soon as she enters, will she?”

Wendy curled her lip. “Do we lend it to her if she does?”

Henry immediately sneered, “That’s Nora’s uncle. What does he have to do with the Smiths? If there’s anyone who should be lending them money, it’s her!”

Outside the door, Nora, who was listening to their conversation, cast her eyes down. Her clenched fists suddenly loosened and she let out a scoff of laughter. Only then did she finally step forward and enter the house.

Angela was leaning on Henry’s shoulder and acting like a baby. The family of three looked happy and blissful.

At the sight of Nora, Angela curled her lip and said smugly, “Tsk, no wonder you’ve never mentioned anything about your mother’s family. So, it’s because they’re such an embarrassment! But Nora, you shouldn’t forget your roots. They are your mother’s family; surely you should still acknowledge those penniless relatives of yours?”

With her eyes down and as if she didn’t hear her at all, Nora walked over to the one-seater sofa and casually took a seat. She ignored them completely.

Despite that, Angela spoke with a sense of superiority and said, “My uncle just bought me a handbag some time back. I wonder if your uncle will buy anything for you, Nora? Oh dear, I forgot. He’s currently sick and hospitalized, so he probably can’t even afford his own medical expenses. Mom, Dad, let’s show them some pity later and give them a few hundred dollars.”

After saying that, she frowned again and called out, “Mrs. Lane, get the disinfectant and air purifiers ready. I heard that people from the countryside smell!”

At this moment, Mrs. Lane called out, “They’re here!”

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn't care about the guest.

She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.

When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."

She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, "Dad, Mom. Who is she?"

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn't looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn't recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry's arm and said, "Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I've heard that there aren't many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists."

Angela curled her lip. "So that's what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora's mother's family were rich, her mother wouldn't have been so down and out!"

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora's mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, "Nora's mother's last name is Anderson, right? That's an unusual last name in our circle. There isn't any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York."

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren't important people.

He snorted and said, "They are probably just putting on an act. I'm just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!"

Wendy smiled and said, "Alright, that's enough. Don't we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let's get ready, lest we be late."

Henry nodded. "Yes, that's more important."

Angela grumbled, "Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest's VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!"

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn't ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, "To Hotel Finest."

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, "You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora."

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn't that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn't want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

"By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?"

Nora didn't mind, so she nodded. "Okay."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.



When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, “Don’t you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?”

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, “I heard the Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let’s see if we can talk to them later.”

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite’s exclusive elevator.

The other elevator’s doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.

The presidential suite’s exclusive elevator and the normal elevator were built side by side. The former was slightly more toward the inside, so Justin and the other two would have to walk past the normal elevator to reach the restaurant.

Justin’s movements were very purposeful, so he always kept his gaze straight while walking. He stood straight and tall like a tower and had a chilly air

around him when he walked. His countenance was covered with a layer of frost and that iconic mole of his exuded nobility and alienation toward others.

Next to him, Pete, who was a miniature of Justin, had the exact same expression. It was just that that he was too young, so his young visage looked a little cuter.

Overshadowed by them, Chester, who was a little less dazzling, walked beside them energetically. He was overjoyed that he could tag along with his leader and freeloader.

He was a cheerful and animated person and looked around when he walked. When he glimpsed at the person in the elevator, he suddenly froze. When he looked again, he saw the face that was identical to Pete's!

He swallowed hard and slowly looked down, only to see his nephew right next to him. He was so shocked that he exclaimed, "Justin!"

Justin turned and looked at him unhurriedly, his deep and bottomless gaze landing with dissatisfaction on the person making a ruckus. Chester pointed to the normal elevator and said, "There are two Petes!"

Chester looked at the elevator again after his exclamation. This time, however, he only saw a few adults inside. The child that he saw just now was nowhere in sight.

He rubbed his eyes and looked over again, but there still wasn't any child in the elevator. Puzzled, he said, "I really saw Pete in the elevator just now. Why is he gone..."

A look of worry appeared on his face. "Oh no, has my condition gotten worse? Should I get my eyes checked?"

He was actually seeing things...

Justin said coldly, "You should be getting your brain checked instead."

Chester looked aghast. That was such a harmless but insulting comment!

After the three of them walked past the elevator and turned into the hallway to

the restaurant, Cherry, who was hiding behind a few hotel guests, finally peeked out and patted her chest in relief.

She had almost been discovered!

She darted out of the elevator and secretly ran over to the corner. She was just in time to hear the service staff saying respectfully, “Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The VVIP room is this way.”

The VVIP room?

That was exactly what Mommy had told her to go when she called just now!

If Pete went in, wouldn't everything be exposed?

They had already reached the door to the VVIP room and were about to open the door. It was too late even if she called her brother now!

Cherry hurriedly shouted, “Hey!”

Pete was about to follow the tyrant into the room when he suddenly heard her voice. His heart suddenly skipped a beat and he hurriedly turned around. The corner of his mouth spasmed a little when he saw the little runt running toward him.

Cherry had a scarf wrapped all around her head and was wearing a pair of sunglasses, which made her look very comical.

However, Cherry didn't have the luxury of caring that much. She grabbed Pete's hand and said, “You're the boy that stays upstairs, right? Is your father here to have dinner with Mommy? Let's go and play at the playground!”

It was only when Pete heard what she said that he understood why his sister had suddenly appeared.

It was fortunate that he hadn't entered yet, otherwise, everything would have been exposed!

He reacted very quickly and nodded. “Okay.”

Justin, who was about to open the door, looked down. His eyes narrowed when he saw the child who had wrapped the scarf all around her head.

So, she's that woman's daughter?

Sure enough, she was just as weird as her.

After seeing his son silently asking for permission with his eyes, Justin, who had never liked Pete associating with outsiders, paused. At last, he said, "Go ahead."

He didn't know why, but he subconsciously felt that it would be nice for the two children to play together.

There was a small children's playground inside the restaurant that was specially meant for the restaurant's young guests. There was also special service staff there that watched over the place.

There were absolutely no issues with Hotel Finest's service and safety standards. This was also the reason why Nora dared to let Cherry come downstairs by herself.

After the two children ran off, Justin opened the door to the private room and strode in, leaving only Chester who was still standing there and staring at the two children from the back.

It seemed like the child he saw in the normal elevator just now who looked identical to Pete was wearing that exact same Spider-Man outfit?

When he thought of that, Chester said, "Go on inside, Justin. I'll go and look after Pete."

He quickly walked toward the children's playground after saying that.

Inside the private room.

Although there was a door separating them, Nora could still hear what was happening outside. That young voice just now was probably Cherry, right?

Nora stood up. She was about to go out and take a look when the door opened to reveal Justin outside.

The man's exquisite facial features were flawless. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly upon making eye contact with her. The corners of his thin

lips quirked slightly and the icy aura around him slowly melted. He said, "We meet again, Miss Smith."

Nora looked down nonchalantly. Was he the person that her uncle wanted to treat to a meal?

The boy that Cherry invited to play with her just now was his son?

Judging from that man's numerous warnings to her, it was obvious that he was very protective of his son. Cherry was mischievous and had an unforgiving tongue. She'd best not thoughtlessly make the boy cry and bring them more unnecessary trouble.

In a slightly deep voice, Nora said, "Let me go over and talk to Cherry a little, Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, she went past him and then straight out.

With his eyes downcast, the smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened. So, her daughter's name was Cherry? His son's name was Pete. If one connected the names, it would sound like... What a coincidence!

In the hallway.

Anthony paced about anxiously with his hands behind his back as he thought about how he could create a chance to meet with the Andersons and make their acquaintance. But while he didn't meet any of the Andersons, he did spy a familiar figure.

The girl wore a simple T-shirt and jeans and was dragging her feet lazily as she walked. She looked half-asleep, but even that raw and unpolished appearance couldn't hide how attractive she was.

It was actually Nora!

Anthony clenched his fists. During these past few days, her form had kept popping up in his mind. Upon meeting her again, his gaze continued to subconsciously be captured by her.

It was then that Anthony finally realized that he had really fallen in love with her.

He took a step forward and stood in front of Nora. "Why are you here, Nora?"

Nora, who found her path suddenly blocked, frowned. The look in her eyes was a little cold when she saw Anthony. She replied, "Surely I don't have to explain my whereabouts to you?"

Seeing how distant she was being, Anthony suddenly lifted his chin and said arrogantly, "Do you know what I'm doing here, Nora?"

His words puzzled Nora. She wasn't interested in knowing.

However, without waiting for her response, Anthony continued and said, "The Andersons from New York are also here today. I'm here for a business meeting with them! When the Grays form a connection with the Andersons, we'll definitely become even bigger and become the wealthiest family in California. If you do what I say, I can choose to forgive you."

Nora wasn't listening to what he was babbling on and on about at all. However, when she heard what he said at the end, she looked up in surprise. "What?"

Anthony, who looked a little bashful, said, "While I can forgive you, your reputation is already a mess. If I marry you, it'll embarrass the Grays. But I can buy you a mansion elsewhere and take care of you for the rest of your life."

Nora found him hilarious. Her voice dispassionate, she said sarcastically, "You want me to be your mistress? I'm afraid you can't afford it."

Anthony hurriedly said, "I'm rich! I can give you \$15,000 as living expenses every month. You can buy whatever you want with it."

\$15,000 wasn't even enough for her to buy Cherry's clothes.

Nora found him annoying and went around him from the left as she said, "I'm not interested in being someone's mistress."

Anthony also stopped her from the left. "You want to marry me? That's not impossible, either!"

He gritted his teeth and went on. "Grandpa keeps forcing me to take you as my wife anyway. Besides, you only have a daughter, so we can just give her some money and marry her off somewhere in the future. As long as she's obedient and refrains from fighting or arguing with her younger siblings in the future, the Grays can take her in, even if we're reluctant."

He felt that his conditions were lenient enough. Any woman would probably be grateful to him, right?

Unexpectedly, a look of displeasure appeared in Nora's eyes and a chilly aura formed all around her. "I will not let my daughter suffer any injustice."

Anthony frowned and said, "Don't push your luck, Nora! You can't possibly want us to let your daughter take our last name and enjoy the same treatment as our children? That's impossible!"

At this moment, a sharp voice suddenly reached them. "Nora! You're trying to seduce Anthony again!"

Together with the voice, Angela also rushed over. Her arms flailed in the air as she rushed toward Nora. "I'm going to kill you!"

Anthony stopped her and shouted angrily, "What are you doing?!"

In the private room, Henry, Wendy, and Anthony's father heard the commotion and came out. Upon seeing the three of them, Henry yelled, "Nora, are you bullying your sister again? Apologize to her!"

Wendy also spoke up. "Nora, your sister and Anthony are discussing their engagement today. I know you're unhappy about it, but that doesn't mean you can come over and make trouble... You were the one that did something wrong to the Grays by getting pregnant before your marriage and damaging both families' reputation!"

Anthony stepped forward. "Uncle Henry, Aunt Wendy. Nora isn't to be blamed for that. The two of us are truly in love with each other. I'm willing to accept her."

Angela's eyes widened. Hurt and sad, she took a step back.

Henry was shocked. “Anthony, my daughter has been stubborn and contrary since she was a child. Don’t be fooled by her! She got herself pregnant before marriage. It’ll sully your name if you marry her!”

Wendy also nodded and said, “Besides, her maternal grandparents’ family is also very poor. They live in the mountains and even begged us for money today. These relatives are trouble!”

After speaking, when she saw how Anthony was still looking at Nora like a young man in love, Wendy turned to Anthony’s father and said, “Mr. Gray, you have to think carefully about this! We don’t want the Grays to be implicated.”

Anthony’s father’s gaze fell on Nora when he heard what she said.

She was leaning against the wall, her posture lazy and sloppy. Her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, and she seemed to have a half-amused smile on her lips. She looked as if she was being entertained by what was going on. That sense of detachment was as if the dispute here had nothing to do with her.

Anthony’s father was someone who had been immersed in the world of commerce for many years. His deep and unfathomable eyes darkened and he suddenly said, “Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Let’s have the children make their own decisions instead. Miss Smith, do you really want to be Anthony’s wife?”

His words caused everyone to shift their gazes to Nora.

Tsk, they were finally willing to listen to her.

Nora lifted her head, raised her eyebrows, and her lips curled up in a smile. She replied, “No, I don’t.”

“...”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Anthony was the first to react. Furious, he demanded, “What do you mean by that, Nora?”



Nora straightened her back and said clearly, "It means I'm not interested in you."

Anthony looked at her incredulously as if he still didn't understand what she was saying.

Angela, however, shouted, "What makes you think you can be disinterested in Anthony, Nora? You make it sound like he's beneath you. Not only do you come with baggage, but your daughter is even a little bastard. Is a woman like you even worthy of being picky?!"

Anthony finally came back to his senses. In his anger, his choice of words was also very malicious. He said, "Nora, who are you interested in, if not me? The entire California knows that you got yourself pregnant before marriage. Apart from me, who else would marry a wanton woman like you whose reputation is in shambles?!"

Wendy sighed and said, "How can you say that, Nora? You shouldn't reach for something beyond your grasp. Do you really think you can do the same thing as your mom? It was sheer dumb luck that someone like her, who came from the mountains, could marry your father. Even if you're a little prettier than most, anyone with a decent family background will never take you as their wife."

Wendy then changed the subject again and asked, "By the way, are you here for dinner with your aunt? Where is she? Your uncle needs money for his hospitalization fees, right? Are you short of money?"

Sure enough, Anthony's father frowned when he heard her.

At this moment, a gentle voice reached them: "Who says we don't have enough money for medical expenses?"

The few of them looked into the distance and saw the approaching Melissa. The smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She said, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. You don't have to worry about the hospitalization fees. Also, you don't need to bother yourselves with matters regarding Nora's marriage in the future, either. The Andersons will take care of it!"

Shocked, Anthony's father asked, "The Andersons? Which Andersons?"

Melissa's lips curled up into a smile. Her voice was gentle, but what she said ringed like a thunderclap: "The Andersons from New York."

Anthony's father's eyes widened immediately!

Even Henry and Wendy were so astounded that they couldn't say anything!

The Andersons from New York... Were they really the ones they were thinking of?

While they were hesitating, Melissa looked at Anthony again. After looking him up and down, she shook his head and said, "Let's go back to the private room, Nora. Don't keep your blind date waiting. "

She deliberately emphasized the words "blind date".

Nora knew that her aunt was trying to back her up, so she went along with her wishes and nodded. "Okay."

The two finally turned around, only to immediately see Justin standing behind them. His deep-set eyes were raised and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be smiling. With an emphasis on each syllable, he repeated, "Blind date?"

—

While the few of them were arguing, Cherry dragged Pete with her and sneaked into the stairwell.

She took off the scarf to reveal her delicate and adorable face, panting heavily as she said, "That was so suffocating! It's a good thing that we weren't found out, Pete!"

Then, she saw her brother pause and slowly lift his head.

Cherry turned around and also slowly lifted her head. At once, she saw Chester standing there in disbelief with his eyes wide.

The hallway outside was bustling with all kinds of noise.

However, the three in the stairwell were silent.

At last, after a full half a minute, Chester pointed at Cherry as if he had seen a ghost and stammered, “Y-you... You...”

Pete pressed his lips together and sighed. “Since you’ve seen us, then I won’t keep it a secret anymore.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I have a superpower—I can create clones. If you don’t believe me, close your eyes. I’ll withdraw my clone.”

Chester was perplexed.

The corners of his lips spasmed. “Do you really think I’m that stupid, Pete? I’m not going to believe that!”

Cherry cupped her hands around her mouth and leaned toward her brother. She looked like she wanted to whisper, but her voice was in no way soft as she asked, “So, Uncle Chester does have a brain after all?”

Pete was also puzzled. “I’ll look it up when I get back. Can single-celled organisms think?”

Chester was speechless. He felt humiliated!

But right after that, he said triumphantly, “There are too many loopholes in your superpower. Can you really make a little girl version of yourself just because you can make a clone of yourself? Are you a hermaphrodite?”

That child wearing the Spider-Man outfit might look like a little boy, but she was Nora Smith’s daughter!

Cherry was confused.

Pete was perplexed.

As expected, single-celled organisms really do think differently!

The two little cuties looked at each other. Cherry tilted her head and asked, “What do we do, Pete? Do we silence him?”

Pete hesitated. “He’s my uncle. We shouldn’t do that.”

“Oh.” Cherry was a little disappointed.

The corners of Chester's lips spasmed again. He said, "I'm going to tell Justin that apart from a son, he also has a daughter!"

He ran out after saying that.

Pete hurriedly called out, "Uncle Chester!"

However, Chester didn't stop.

Cherry panicked. She placed her hands on her hips and yelled, "Don't you dare move, Chesty!"

Chester's instinct to obey instructions whenever he played games made him freeze instantly, and he even remained in a running stance.

"Come back here!"

Chester obediently returned to the stairwell. He squatted down like a silly puppy and exclaimed, "So, you're my leader!"

Cherry held her cheeks and tilted her head. "Yes, that's right! I'm sweetcherry!"

... As it turned out, not only was his leader a five-year-old, but she was also a little girl!

Chester felt very deceived.

Pete said, "You mustn't tell Daddy what happened today, Uncle Chester!"

Chester was puzzled. "Why is that?"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then, he said, "Think about it. If Daddy knew Cherry's mom was the one who gave birth to me, what will he do?"

Chester felt as if his brain cells weren't working. He said, "Her mom? The one who gave birth to you... Sh\*t! You mean Nora Smith is that damned biological mother of yours?"

" ... "

Chester finally understood why the two children didn't want him to tell the truth.

Five years ago, Justin had suddenly brought a baby back and said that it was his son. When everyone asked who the child's mother was, he had flown into a rage and strictly forbidden everyone at home from ever mentioning the child's mother.

At that time, the few of them were even secretly wondering what exactly the woman, who had given birth to Pete, had done. Justin had looked as if he wanted to rip that woman into pieces...

Cherry said adorably, "Chesty, I want a father and a brother, but I also want Mommy. So, I want them to fall in love first before we acknowledge each other. This way, our family of four can be together. Can you keep this a secret?"

Chester shook his head. "No, I can't keep this a secret from Justin."

Cherry instantly transformed into a grumpy little ogre. "If you tell Daddy, I won't bring you along in our raids anymore!"

Chester was speechless. That was a rather serious threat!

—

Meanwhile, in the VVIP room.

The three people who had returned sat there quietly. Melissa looked a little embarrassed as she explained: "I don't mean anything by that, Justin. I was just forced by the circumstances to say that just now. Please don't misunderstand."

Although the Hunts were family friends with the Andersons, Justin's identity wasn't as simple as just the head of the Hunts.

Moreover, he hated being involved with women the most. Melissa didn't want to offend him with what she said just now.

Justin was staring at Nora.

The woman's eyes were downcast as she stirred the water in the glass in boredom. Her dazzling features and the icy aura around her made one unable to dislike her.

Not only was he not angry, but there was even a smile at the corner of his eyes. "It's alright."

Melissa and Justin chatted politely. When she realized that Nora was going to New York with him the day after tomorrow, Melissa smiled and said, "Nora, your uncle and I were also thinking of having you stay with us in New York."

Her eyes reddened as she went on. "Your grandmother has been crying so much ever since your mother's disappearance that she has gone blind. She has been talking about your mother all these years. She'll definitely be overjoyed to see you."

Nora had originally intended to refuse the offer. She was already an adult; she didn't need to stay with them. But when she heard that, she paused and said, "...Okay."

Food was served after that, and the three of them began to eat.

Justin observed the woman in front of him. He realized that the way she ate was very interesting. She liked stuffing large pieces of meat into her mouth and chewing on them, yet her casual movements didn't appear crude.

Most women that Justin had met chewed slowly, but she finished the steak on the plate in just a few bites in an extremely efficient manner.

How would he possibly know that Nora just didn't want to waste time on anything apart from spending time with Cherry?

Melissa had only just taken four bites when Nora placed her cutlery down. "Aunt Melissa, I have something on in a while, so I'll go first."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Nora left the private room after saying that. When she saw Mrs. Lewis's text message saying that Cherry had already returned, she didn't bother going upstairs. She hailed a cab and went out instead.

Although she knew that it wasn't appropriate to leave the meal midway, she really did have something on. Two days ago, she had already made an appointment with Wayne Myers, the acting director of Idealian Pharmaceuticals. Back then, her mother had entrusted him with the company, and he had managed it for over 20 years now.

When Nora arrived at the cafe, Wayne was already there.

He stood up excitedly and said, "You've returned to the States, Nora! You must be 24 years old by now? If your mother could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

Wayne managed the company wholeheartedly. Despite so many years passing, he hadn't developed any thoughts that he shouldn't have.

Nora nodded slightly. Then, she took a seat and asked, "Wayne, I asked you out today because I wanted to ask you if my mother has left me anything apart from the company? Or whether she left me anything in the company?"

She had already looked into it.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals really was just a small company with an annual income of \$5,000,000. Over the years, they even moved and changed their company address a few times.

She didn't quite understand why the Grays and the Smiths were so hung up over such a small company?

Wayne solemnly nodded and answered, "Yes, she did!"

Nora looked up at him. "What did she leave me?"

So, the company really was hiding something?

Just as she thought so, Wayne answered, "Love and company."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Wayne went on. "Although she left us early, she has paved the way for you. She may not be around anymore, but her heart has always been with you."

"..."

After listening to Wayne blabber on and on about maternal love for over an hour, Nora, who had just eaten, couldn't help but yawn.

It was only then that Wayne realized that he was being too long-winded. He said, "You're already a grown-up now, Nora. When do you plan to take over the company?"

Although he had already come to care for and developed a sense of belonging to the company, the business was Nora's. He had to return it to her.

Nora replied detachedly, "You're taking care of it pretty well, so just continue with it."

A small company didn't have the usual few departments. The owner had to basically see to everything themselves. This took up too much time that she could spend sleeping!

Wayne was confused.

Nora asked, "Have the Grays shown any interest in buying over the company?"

If what the Grays were interested in was really the company's development potential, then there was no need to use Anthony's marital bliss as a bargaining chip. They could just buy over the company at a high price. It wasn't like they didn't have the money.

However, Wayne shook his head. "No, they haven't."

Nora frowned. However, since she couldn't figure it out, she decided that she won't think about it anymore. "If you ever think of anything that my mom instructed you to hand over to me, give me a call."

"Sure." Then, Wayne said, "Can I get your bank account number, Nora? I'll transfer all the company dividends directly to you in the future."

Back then, Nora was still a child. But when she grew up, she had gone abroad. That was why Wayne had paid the dividends to her guardian instead.

It was just five million dollars. While it was nothing to Nora, why should she give it to the Smiths?



She gave him her bank account number and left.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Howard Hunt sat on the sofa arrogantly and watched Pete, who was in the study, contemptuously.

By this generation, the only direct descendants of the Hunts left were Justin's immediate family, as well as Howard's immediate family in New York.

As the head of the family's direct descendant and the eldest son, Justin had also inherited the position. However, his second uncle refused to accept this and ended up causing a lot of incidents.

The Hunts living in the family home didn't participate in the family's business disputes. They were only responsible for presiding over family issues. As for Howard, he was obsessed with martial arts.

He despised his family's ways and also admired Justin from the bottom of his heart. However, he simply disliked that child of unknown origin. It was him who brought shame to Justin's glorious life!

Moreover, not only was he mentally ill, but he was so small and weak. How could a child like that be worthy of becoming Justin's successor?

Howard snorted and withdrew his gaze disdainfully.

The door opened at this point—Justin was back.

As the man entered the room, his almost-solid presence rushed toward Howard, causing him to sit up in a hurry. He greeted him respectfully. "Justin."

Justin made a sound of acknowledgment and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Howard touched his hooked nose nervously and replied, "Grandpa heard that you're going to New York to have your grandma's condition treated, so he wants me to go with you and act as a witness. At the same time, I also

thought I would see if the old Mr. Quinn would be willing to take me in and teach me some traditional martial arts techniques.”

It might seem like traditional martial arts were falling into decline as time went by, but in fact, there were still mysterious masters of the art among regular folks.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts ranked top in traditional martial arts. It was Howard’s dream to become their apprentice.

Justin glanced at him. He knew that the part about him wanting to join the school was true, but not so much the part about him being a witness. But joining the Quinn School of Martial Arts and learning martial arts there?

His deep-set eyes looked toward the study. Dim light flickered in his eyes and he said, “Take Pete with you. Mr. Quinn is strict when it comes to enrollment, though. You may not meet his requirements. Pete, on the other hand, has a chance. ”

He had already checked Pete’s body when he was a toddler. Pete was very suitable to learn martial arts. However, he was reluctant to have his son go through hardship at that time, so he hadn’t taught him any martial arts.

His son was behaving rather ‘uniquely’ lately, so it would be good to send him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up some martial arts. This way, he could ‘straighten’ him out!

Howard curled his lip disdainfully. “Him?”

However, when he made eye contact with Justin’s sharp eyes, he shut up and swallowed whatever he wanted to say next.

Deep down, he was scoffing, though. With that small and weak body of his, why would Mr. Quinn ever pick him?

Nora returned to the hotel at this time.

Her cell phone started to ring. After she changed into slippers, leaned on the sofa, and picked up lazily, she heard an angry shout from the other end. “You little rascal, have you been slacking off again?! And skipping practice?!”

Nora rubbed her ears that were stinging from his volume. "I have to sleep, Quinn. I don't have time."

"Send me Cherry, then! She's your daughter, so her body must be even more suitable than yours. I'll take her as my apprentice and have her succeed me! Have you found your son yet? Our style ultimately still suits boys better. Bring them both if you've found him!"

Nora replied lazily, "Has the Quinn School of Martial Arts become that destitute that they have to rely on a five-year-old to breathe new life into the school?"

Quinn yelled, "...And who's to blame for that? It's all because I was blind enough to take someone as lazy as you as my apprentice! That Irvin fellow keeps showing off his apprentices to me. My apprentices can't fall behind, either! Come to New York and have a showdown with his apprentices if you're free!"

Quinn and Irvin were lifetime rivals.

Nora replied unhurriedly, "I'm not free."

Then, before Quinn got mad, she added, "But I am indeed coming to New York. I'll bring Cherry over and visit you."

"When, and what time? I'll send someone to pick you up!"

After Quinn eagerly said that, he immediately heard Nora's soft chuckle. The elderly man then said awkwardly, "The one I miss is Cherry, not you!"

Nora chuckled again. Then, she hung up after informing him about her arrival date and time.

She picked up a glass of water from the coffee table, took a couple of sips, and then went to take a bath.

Outside the house.

When Cherry, who was holding her cell phone, saw all this through the gap at the door, she said into the voice chat, "Chesty, Mommy's back!"

Pete said, "Hide, Cherry. Daddy's gone downstairs to look for Mommy!"

Cherry darted into the stairwell. Sure enough, she spotted her handsome Daddy coming out of the elevator. When he reached their suite and saw that the door was open, he went straight in.

As soon as he entered, Chester dashed over and locked the doors with a huge metal padlock.

After that, he sneaked into the stairwell and asked, "Did you make them drink what I gave you?"

Cherry replied, "Yes, she drank it! I put it in her glass of water!"

Pete also replied, "The tyrant also drank it."

Chester then said, "Perfect! Cherry, your mission now is to prevent Mrs. Lewis from coming back. Things will definitely heat up between your dad and mom tonight!"

Cherry asked suspiciously, "What kind of drug did you give to Mommy?"

Chester grinned. "Children shouldn't ask about things like that!"

It was that type of drug, of course! Additionally, because he knew that Justin had good self-control, he had given them a luxurious, upgraded version!

Inside the room.

Nora was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a sound outside. She walked out in a bath towel and asked lazily, "Cherry, Mrs. Lewis, are you back?"

As she spoke, she noticed the man sitting on the sofa.

"..."

Justin had immediately realized that something was amiss when he heard someone locking the door. A short while later, when he started feeling unwell, he realized that he had been drugged.

There were a lot of people in New York who wanted to become his woman, and they had tried various methods one after another over the years. It was hard for him to guard against all of them. During a moment of negligence half

a year ago, someone had also successfully drugged him with the most potent drug in the world.

However, he had been practicing martial arts since he was a child, so his physical fitness was stronger than most. Thus, he had managed to stubbornly suppress it with his willpower.

Therefore, he was confident that everything would be fine this time as well.

With the door locked, when he heard the sound of splashing water coming from the bathroom, he simply sat on the sofa, intending to see what exactly that woman planned to do.

To be honest, he didn't quite understand her.

She frequently made contact with Pete and even allowed him to call her Mommy. It stood to reason that she intended to use his son to get near to him, yet every time she was faced with him, she would adopt an indifferent attitude. It almost made him think that he really was misunderstanding her!

But in the end, she suddenly colluded with his son this evening by drugging him first and then sending him a message asking him to come down. And now, the two of them were locked in here. Was she finally intending to go all the way and have the final showdown with him?

For some reason, he was actually looking forward to it a little.

Just as he thought so, the bathroom door opened and a woman walked out surrounded by mist and moisture. Through the portière, what entered his sight first was a pair of delicate feet.

Her feet were bare, and her toes were round and fair. They looked a little cute.

Justin felt his mouth going dry. The desire that he had suppressed emerged a little.

Next, he saw her slender ankles and her straight and fair calves. The portière was pushed aside, and the woman stood there wrapped in a white bath towel.

Perhaps because she had just come out of a warm bath, her cheeks were flushed and her hair was damp. They stuck to her fair and slender shoulders as water droplets slid down from her face to her collarbones before sliding further down and seeping into the bath towel...

In that instant, he felt a sudden surge of warmth in his lower abdomen, which made his brows draw together. He felt as if all the blood in him was surging into a certain place!

He clenched his fists and lost control a little for a moment.

His abnormal behavior also entered Nora's eyes.

The cheeks of the man on the sofa were abnormally red, and his deep-set eyes were stained with desire. He seemed a little less cold and standoffish than usual, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave him a bewitching allure that wasn't usually there. The sight of him slumped on the sofa was actually exuding a sense of enticement?

Nora frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

She had only just spoken when the man on the sofa abruptly dived toward her. The huge force pushed her straight onto the wall behind!

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "Since Miss Smith has already taken a bath and is exhibiting such enthusiasm, then I..."

Before he finished, he had already lowered his head and started kissing her neck. His scalding hot breath made Nora shiver.

The man's domineering pheromones entered her nose forcefully. As he was very tall and had pressed right up against her, his back was slightly arched as he bent over.

An indescribable heat permeated her whole body, making her mouth gradually feel dry and hot.

As a doctor, she instantly understood something.

She tried to push the man away, only to find that he was very strong. He was still kissing her neck haphazardly. Nora suddenly lifted her right knee and attacked the most delicate part of the man.

However, the man's large, scalding-hot hands grabbed her ankles the next moment. His voice was hoarse and he sounded puzzled as he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Nora snorted coldly. She leaped nimbly into the air and gave him a roundhouse kick with her left leg!

Bam!

Justin reached out his arm and blocked the blow.

Nora came at him again with a punch.

Upon feeling the sharp momentum of her fist coming toward him, Justin turned and ducked. The woman's other fist then came toward him with a whoosh, scraping past his ear.

What speed!

In the blink of an eye, both of them backed away after exchanging a few blows and put some distance between themselves.

Nora frowned. There was concealed anger in her cat-like eyes. She was about to say something when the bath towel suddenly slipped off and she felt a chill all over her body.

"..."

Nora's brain stopped working for a second. Then, she quickly squatted down to pick up the bath towel, only to find that it was twisted into a clump and couldn't be straightened out quickly.

Seeing the man looking over in astonishment, Nora picked up the bath towel in a split second and flung it onto Justin's face.

Justin was about to grab the bath towel and remove it when he heard her shout coldly, "I won't let you out of this room alive if you take it off!"

Justin was astounded.

No one had ever threatened him like that in his whole life! However, the anger in the woman's voice made him pause his movements. She... didn't want to do it with him?

Nora took the opportunity to hurriedly pick up a nightgown from the side. With her back to him, she put it on while saying, "I've also been drugged."

Justin, who had keen senses, could hear the sounds. Judging from them, the other party had already put on her clothes. He took off the bath towel and stared at her with a frown. "Are you trying to say that it wasn't you?"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. Her gaze swept across a certain part of his body as she replied, "Don't be too confident of yourself, Mr. Hunt."

Justin was rendered speechless.

He used the bath towel, which he was holding with both hands, to block his body in a seemingly casual manner as he asked hesitantly, "If you weren't the one that did it, then who did?"

Seeing that he was no longer being impulsive, Nora turned and went to the study. "Wait a minute."

She dug out a set of clothes from the study and put it on. Then, she picked up her laptop and walked to the living room.

By the time she saw him again, the man had already returned to the sofa and sat back down. Apart from his cheeks that were still a little red, he looked fine. If it weren't for the bulge at the bath towel around his waist, the man would have seemed like his usual self.

An impressed Nora secretly sighed and thought—'What powerful self-control.'

If it weren't because she had been taking a lot of medicine since she was a child, making her immune to most drugs, Nora would probably have lost control!

Yet he had actually suppressed those distracting thoughts in just two minutes.



Justin's deep-set eyes flickered with dim light when he glimpsed the look in her eyes. He said, "You still have time to change your mind, Miss Smith."

Nora was puzzled.

That man was really overconfident of himself.

She said sarcastically, "I'm really not interested in you, Mr. Hunt. Even if both you and I fall victim to someone's schemes and you're standing completely naked in front of me, I still won't feel anything."

It really wasn't her?

Justin actually felt a vague sense of regret. In spite of that, he showed no verbal mercy. "... It seems that you were the one who was completely naked just now."

Nora was dumbfounded.

Her face tensed up instantly and she walked straight over. She placed her laptop on the table, opened it, and pushed it in front of him.

Justin was taken aback. "What?"

Nora slowly said, "Enter your account password and check the surveillance cameras, of course! Even if we don't know who the person that drugged us was, surely we can find out who locked the door just now?"

Seeing how sure she was, Justin became increasingly displeased. He tapped a few keys at random and then tapped the Enter key. Real-time surveillance camera footage instantly appeared on the computer.

Three people were currently standing at the door.

Their faces were nearly all pressed against the door, seemingly trying to hear what was going on inside...

## **Chapter 32 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Pete had called Uncle Chester a single-celled organism before, so Cherry happily probed him for information with peace of mind.

After she learned what had happened, Cherry was dumbfounded.

Why was Pete so unfortunate?

First, he was bullied by his tutors, and now, he was even being maligned!

Meanwhile, her life... Even though Mommy was always sleeping, it seemed like she had never had to suffer anyone's unkindness since she was born. Could someone tell her why she suddenly felt like transforming into a pitiful little girl bullied by everyone?

Cough, she had digressed.

Still, it was no wonder that Mommy said big families were trouble and forbade her from telling anyone that she was Dr. Anti!

Cherry hung up in a hurry and sent her brother a text message: "I'm gonna tell you a big secret, Pete!"

In the study, Pete, whose head was down, replied after seeing the message on the phone: "What is it?"

Cherry replied: "Uncle Chester said that Daddy has been looking for Anti. In that case, do you know who Anti is?"

Pete immediately understood something when he saw her message. As expected, one second later, Cherry sent another message: "Anti is Mommy!"

Pete's eyes widened as he stared at the message.

He suddenly remembered how Mommy had told him to head upstairs first when they were on the way back this afternoon. After that, she had gone to treat the patient who had collapsed...

He was about to send another message to Cherry when she sent him a voice message. It sounded like she was hiding in the bathroom and whispering. She said, "Mommy has been saying that Daddy is trouble and she doesn't want to treat Great-Grandma's illness because she's afraid that she'll be dragged into your familial disputes. What should we do?"

Downstairs, tiny Cherry sat on the toilet bowl and rested her chin on her palm, feeling awfully troubled. What could she do to get Mommy to treat Great-Grandma's illness?

At this moment, her cell phone vibrated. Pete's reply was very assuring: "That's easy."

In the study, Nora, who was dressed in a nightgown, leaned back lazily on the chair in an awfully comfortable manner, forming a very sloppy sight.

Her pale fingers tapped lightly on the keyboard as she destroyed the surveillance cameras' footage of the events when she was performing emergency first aid in the hotel lobby this afternoon.

She had to stay low-key.

She mustn't let anyone—especially that man upstairs—find out that she was medically trained.

He had probably already become suspicious when they were in the operating room the last time.

Nora stretched. She was about to think about the anonymous email she had received this afternoon when a new email arrived in her inbox with a ding.

Nora narrowed her eyes. Sure enough, it turned out to be another anonymous email.

"Do something for me and I'll send your son to your doorstep. Operate on the elderly Mrs. Hunt and cure her."

Nora was puzzled.

She stared at the email for a very long time as if she wanted to reach through the Internet and catch the mastermind behind the scenes.

The email was sent anonymously, so she couldn't catch a glimpse of the sender at all. She couldn't even talk to them even if she wanted to. She could only choose whether she wanted to believe it or not.

If Justin Hunt was the one that sent the email... Then this transaction would make sense!

Besides, the reason why she hadn't wanted to do the operation initially was that she didn't want any trouble. However, if she could really get her son back, then a little trouble wasn't an issue. She would just have to sleep a little less, that was all.

After thinking through it, she stood up.

If she wanted to treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness, then she would have to go through Justin for sure. But how was she going to let him know that her medical skills were very impressive without revealing her identity as Anti?

She suddenly looked at the computer.

Was it too late for her to try restoring the camera footage?

In the study upstairs.

Lawrence, whose head was down, said falteringly, "The surveillance cameras are broken, and there are signs of intrusion. Mr. Hunt, do you... have a spare moment?"

He had gotten a few hackers to fix the cameras, but they hadn't been successful. Thus, he wanted to ask Justin to personally attend to the matter.

A sullen Justin said, "Do you need me for something even as trivial as that?"

Lawrence lowered his head even further, feeling like he was terribly useless. There were so many hackers in the Hunt Corporation, but even they couldn't handle it. He gave a sheepish smile and said, "Um..."

"I'm busy."

Justin gave him a cold reply. Then, he stood up and left the study. He went over to the bedroom beside the study and stood in front of the door. He called out, "I'm coming in, Pete."

After being scolded by the people from the family home, Pete would undoubtedly be in a bad mood.

He had given his son some time to cool down, but he couldn't possibly leave him alone in his room all the time. Therefore, he intended to have a good heart-to-heart talk with his son.

Before he opened the door and entered, he looked back at Lawrence and ordered, "No visitors, no matter who it is."

Lawrence went out dejectedly.

It was understandable that Justin would want to spend some time with Pete after those people from the family home showed up. However, the Andersons also wanted information about the person that had saved Simon's life. What was he supposed to do?

While hesitating, he heard a dispute at the door.

When he went out, he saw Nora standing at the entrance of the stairwell arguing with the bodyguards. "You can't enter without a prior appointment, Miss Smith."

Nora looked up, her cat-like eyes somewhat intimidating. She said, "In that case, please pass a message for me. Tell them that—"

'Anti was looking for him.'

She had thought it through. If it meant that she could really find her son, then exposing her own identity was the fastest way to arrange for the surgery, lest it led to unnecessary trouble.

But before she could say what she wanted to say, a seemingly half-amused Lawrence walked over and interrupted her. He said, "Have you thought it through and decided to come over and play with the little mister for two hours, Miss Smith?"

Nora was puzzled.

Lawrence went on and added, "Unfortunately, Mr. Hunt is currently busy and instructed a moment ago that he wasn't having visitors."

Unless Anti appeared out of thin air, there was probably no one that could solve Mr. Hunt's pressing issues.

Nora fell silent for a moment. Then, she said, "I'll come back tomorrow, then. By the way, tell him that I can treat his grandmother's illness."

After saying that, she walked back to the stairwell and went down.

Lawrence looked at her from the back and sighed. He said to the bodyguard beside him, “Girls nowadays are so proactive. Look at her; in order to get close to Mr. Hunt, she can even bring herself to say something like that.”

The bodyguard asked, “What if she really can treat her illness?”

“I’ve already looked her up. She’s never been in any contact with medicine since she was a child. How is she going to treat her illness?”

—

Nora had originally thought that Justin would come down to look for her after receiving her message.

But even until the next day, she didn’t hear from him at all.

From the looks of it, his grandmother likely wasn’t in urgent condition.

As such, Nora went to the hospital in the afternoon to do a follow-up check on her aunt. She went straight to the VIP floor.

In the hallway, Lawrence was apologizing to someone. He said, “I’m really sorry, Mrs. Anderson. Someone destroyed the surveillance camera footage, so we didn’t manage to find anyone. I’ll find her for you as soon as I can...”

A frowning Melissa was about to speak when she suddenly spied a familiar figure coming out of the elevator.

She rubbed her eyes and looked over again. That figure with a lazy yet firm gait; and that face so gorgeous that it almost seemed like she was showing off—it was hard for anyone to forget her once they laid eyes on her. Who else could it be other than the woman that had saved her husband’s life?

She hurriedly pushed Lawrence aside, took a few steps forward, and grabbed Nora’s hand.

“Are you working in this hospital, Miss?”

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

Nora didn't expect to meet the man's family here. At the sight of the gratitude on the woman's kindly countenance, she replied unhurriedly, "I'm here to visit relatives."

Lawrence stepped forward hesitantly and asked uncertainly, "Mrs. Anderson...?"

A smiling Melissa did the introductions. "It's alright now, Mr. Zimmer! This is the kind young lady that saved my husband's life during the emergency yesterday!"

Lawrence looked at Nora in surprise and asked, "You're medically trained?"

Nora raised an eyebrow. It seemed like Lawrence hadn't taken what she said the day before seriously?

During their conversation, Justin, who heard their voices from inside the ward, came out. Upon seeing Nora, he paused for a moment. Then, he asked, "Are you the one who saved Uncle Simon?"

The look in his eyes as he watched Nora suddenly became deep and unfathomable, which made one feel as though someone had seen right through them.

Nora didn't know what he was thinking, but since she had bumped into him, she might as well just ask him about the matter. She asked, "Have you given my proposal from yesterday any thought, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin frowned. What proposal?

Nora could tell that he didn't understand what she was saying. She deliberately looked at Lawrence and said a little sarcastically, "Did you not convey my message to Mr. Hunt, Mr. Zimmer?"

As soon as she said that, Justin's displeased gaze fell on Lawrence!

Lawrence wiped the beads of perspiration off his brow and swallowed hard. He looked at Justin and explained, "Yesterday, Ms. Smith said that she can treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness."

But after he said that, he couldn't help but add, "Even if you really are medically trained, Miss Smith, you likely picked it up during the five years you spent abroad, so your medical experience is rather short. I've asked about Mr. Anderson's condition; his operation is considered one that's within a reasonable scope of difficulty. But do you know what Mrs. Hunt's condition is?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and replied coldly, "How would you know whether I can do it or not if we don't give it a go?"

At once, Lawrence said, "Dr. Anti is currently the only person who's capable of performing her surgery. An inexperienced doctor like you who's new to medical trainin—"

"Shut up."

Justin's rebuke made Lawrence flinch. After that, Justin stepped forward and stared at Nora and asked, "When will you be free, Miss Smith? It's not advisable to transfer the patient, so we'll have to head to New York."

So, she'd even have to go over to New York...

As expected, it really was very troublesome.

Then again, he had agreed even though she hadn't revealed her identity yet? That man certainly was a little narcissistic, but he was also pretty considerate, wasn't he?

For the very first time, Nora didn't find him as much of an eyesore. She thought for a moment and replied, "Let's do it two days later."

She needed to observe her aunt's condition for another two days.

Justin nodded. In a deep and mellow voice, he said, "I'll take care of the itinerary. Do you have any requests?"

It was a five-hour flight from California to New York.

Nora thought for a moment and lazily made her request: "I have to sleep during the flight, so just make sure it's quiet."



After she spoke, she turned around to leave. However, Justin suddenly stopped her. “Miss Smith. Why did you change your mind and agree to help?”

Nora paused.

Like what she had thought, he really had guessed her identity.

Thinking about it carefully again, even if she didn’t reveal her identity, it probably would have been really hard to keep it a secret from him anyway.

She cast her eyes down and suddenly said, “I have a condition.”

“What is it?”

“If I cure Mrs. Hunt, please help me look for someone.”

“Who are you looking for?”

“I’ll tell you after I cure Mrs. Hunt.”

The anonymous email was something that she had no choice but to believe. However, she mustn’t place her full trust in it, either.

It would be most ideal if her son showed up in front of her after she cured Mrs. Hunt, but if he didn’t...

Well, Justin was capable of finding even her. In which case, it shouldn’t be hard for him to use his connections to find her son, right?

After Nora entered Irene’s ward, Justin withdrew his scrutinizing gaze from the woman and looked at Lawrence.

The realization had slowly dawned upon Lawrence when he was listening to the conversation between the two. His head was currently down as he said, “I was wrong, Mr. Hunt.”

Justin asked coldly, “Where did you go wrong?”

Lawrence looked at him and answered, “I was too stupid and didn’t realize Miss Smith’s true identity...”

Justin scoffed. "It doesn't matter if you're stupid, but how dare you intercept her message to me?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

He still remembered when he had first joined the company. Because he didn't dare to make decisions on behalf of the company president, when a woman had asked him to convey her message to Justin, he had done so accordingly. At that time, Justin had called him an answering machine and asked him why he didn't filter the messages before dumping everything on him as if he was emptying the trash.

Therefore, during the last few years, Lawrence had acted on his own and blocked a lot of unwanted propositions from women for Justin.

But why were things different when it came to Miss Smith? Sob...

Justin stared at him and said frostily, "You must have too much spare time on your hands. There happens to be a business dealing that requires attention in Burundi. Go and handle it."

Lawrence was shocked.

What kind of place was Burundi? It was the poorest country in the world! However, he knew he was in the wrong, so he didn't even dare to beg for mercy!

Justin turned around. When he saw Melissa staring after Nora in a daze, he asked, "Aunt Melissa? What's the matter?"

Melissa came back to her senses. She replied, "What? Oh, it's nothing. I just found Miss Smith a bit familiar to the eye... I'm probably over-thinking it, though."

She shook her head and followed him back into the ward.

The man lying on the hospital bed had bandages around his chest, but he was already out of danger. At the sight of them coming in, Simon smiled gracefully and said, "Justin, I know you're really busy, so you don't have to come and visit anymore. I'm fine now."

Justin said politely, "Feel free to come to me if there's anything you need, Uncle Simon."

Simon heaved a sigh. "I came here to look for my eldest sister. It's been more than twenty years, but I finally found a lead on her whereabouts."

A sorrowful look came over his face as he went on. "I found out that she married a man named Smith. In their second year of marriage, she died of an illness after giving birth to a daughter."

He choked back a sob as he spoke of his sister.

Back then, his sister had protected him in every way possible. It was also because of her that the Andersons hadn't fallen into decline back then. How could she leave them so early more than twenty years ago?

Melissa walked over and held his hand. "Take care of your health, Simon. Your sister might be gone, but at least she still has a daughter."

At once, Simon looked up and nodded with his eyes red. "Yes, that's right! The Smiths are just a middle-class family, but back then, Sis was such an outstanding woman... Let's bring her daughter back home and nurture her well, lest the Smiths hold her back!"

Unable to wait any further, he tried to get up. "Let's go to the Smiths now."

Melissa held his arm and pressed him back down. She said, "You're just so impatient. Why are you immediately acting out? Her daughter is right there; it's not like she's going to run off somewhere... Forget it, I'll pay them a visit for you. Will that do?"

Simon coughed a couple of times. Then, he took out his wallet, plucked out a photo, and handed it to Melissa. "Here's a picture of Sis. When you go over, have a look at her daughter for me and see if she resembles her or not..."

Melissa took the photo from him and looked at it. Suddenly, she was stunned.

She was just thinking why Miss Smith had looked so familiar to her just now. As it turned out, she bore a 90% resemblance to the woman in the photo!

Her last name was also Smith. Could it be that...

When the thought formed, Melissa, whose eyes were shining brightly, looked at Justin. "I may have to trouble you with something, Justin. Can you help me look up some information about Miss Smith whom we met just now?"

An unaware Simon asked, "What's going on?"

A smile formed on Melissa's face. "If I'm not wrong, your niece is probably the one that saved your life!"

"..."

When Justin heard this, he said to Lawrence who was standing behind him, "Bring a copy of Miss Smith's information to Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa."

After Lawrence brought the investigation report over, both parties cross-referenced the data. An overjoyed Melissa exclaimed, "It really is her!"

Simon's eyes were all red. "Nora... What a nice name. Call her over and let me have a look at her..."

If it wasn't because he had just had an operation and couldn't get out of bed, he would have raced over right away.

Unfortunately, when Lawrence went to the VIP ward next door to look for Nora, she had already left after giving Irene a checkup and ensuring that she was fine.

However, he managed to get Henry's number.

Justin's help wasn't needed anymore after that, so he returned to the hotel to spend some time with his son.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Pete was in the study and talking to Cherry on the phone.

Cherry was as sweet as honey when she spoke. "You're so smart, Pete! If Mommy does that, she'll be able to clear your name!"

Praised by his sister, Pete, who had never openly shown his emotions, blushed. "You're great, too."

Cherry grinned. In a sweet and cute voice, she then said, “You went off while wearing Little Pink yesterday, Pete. Remember to return it to me next time, okay?”

Pete, who was holding some books, paused. “Little Pink?”

“Uh-huh! You know, the pink princess dress!”

His sister even gave her clothes names. What an adorable little princess she was.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard Cherry saying adorably, “Wait a second, Pete. I gotta tell my teammate something, okie?”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

Then, he heard Cherry go on a sudden rampage: “Do you really know how to play as a support? Have you used your ultimate skill correctly even once? And, the open world fights! Do you have a feud with the wild monsters or something? Why are you staring only at that patch of grass there?! Do you even know what support is... Also, ##%¥%&\*@...”

Pete was dumbfounded. “...” That really came out of nowhere.

After dissing her teammate for a whole two minutes, Cherry finally turned off the game voice chat and said, “Don’t forget Little Pink, okie? It’s my favorite dress!”

“...”

After hanging up, Pete immediately placed his books down, got up, and went to the bedroom to search for the dress.

He remembered taking it off the day before and tossing it on the sofa. Why was it gone?

While he was looking for it, the door opened and Justin strode in. The tall figure stopped in front of him. “What are you looking for, Pete?”

Pete replied casually, “The princess dress.”

Justin stiffened in the midst of taking off his jacket. With mixed emotions, he replied, "Oh. Don't bother anymore. I might have tossed it."

Tossed it?

Pete thought of his sister's verbal might and panicked. "Why did you throw it away without asking me?!"

Justin frowned. A resolute look flashed across his deep-set eyes and he said solemnly, "You're a boy. Don't ever wear dresses again!"

This was his absolute limit!

Pete's face tensed up and he said angrily, "You're such a despot and a dictator! No wonder Mommy hates you!"

Justin handed his jacket to the nanny, walked over to his son, and squatted gracefully.

He always looked at Pete at his eye level whenever he talked to him. This way, the child would feel like they were being respected. Seeing how his son was glaring at him with his big round eyes, he suddenly asked, "Did Miss Smith say she hates me?"

Pete replied, "...Yes!"

Justin let out a low chuckle. Even the mole at the corner of his eye exuded a bit of charisma as he said, "Women sure are creatures that say one thing but mean another."

If she really disliked him, why would she approach his son again and again?

Pete was perplexed.

He took a silent step back. "Have you seen a psychiatrist, Daddy?"

"..."

Justin got up and said, "I have a dinner appointment with a family friend tonight. Let's go together."

Pete didn't answer, but Chester, who was sprawled on the sofa and playing games as if no one had noticed his presence, said, "Okay!"

Meanwhile, Nora just received a call from her father. Her eyes widened. "My uncle? Really?"

Henry sneered, "They even know your mother's name is and what she looks like. How can it be fake? They've arranged to come over at 3 pm today. Come back and receive them."

Nora frowned after hanging up.

To be honest, her mother was quite a distant concept to her. Ever since she could remember, the only impression she had of her mother was her last words to her. It was a voice recording. The person had a gentle voice, and had told her to stay low-profile...

However, her family had never had any contact with her mother's family. Even her aunt abroad was just her mother's god-sister.

The sudden mention of her uncle today made her very curious—what kind of person was that mysterious mother of hers, exactly?

She took a cab back to the Smiths.

As soon as she entered, she heard Wendy ask, "Did Nora's mother ever mention her family, Henry?"

Henry replied disdainfully, "I asked her about them before. She said that her family lives in the mountains and is very poor. She escaped from there, so she never made any contact with them after that."

When Wendy heard that, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "What? Will Nora's uncle pester us after he comes, then?"

Henry was also troubled over the same thing. "Just now, they specially mentioned that her uncle was sick and hospitalized, so her aunt will be coming by herself. She won't ask to borrow money for medical expenses as soon as she enters, will she?"

Wendy curled her lip. “Do we lend it to her if she does?”

Henry immediately sneered, “That’s Nora’s uncle. What does he have to do with the Smiths? If there’s anyone who should be lending them money, it’s her!”

Outside the door, Nora, who was listening to their conversation, cast her eyes down. Her clenched fists suddenly loosened and she let out a scoff of laughter. Only then did she finally step forward and enter the house.

Angela was leaning on Henry’s shoulder and acting like a baby. The family of three looked happy and blissful.

At the sight of Nora, Angela curled her lip and said smugly, “Tsk, no wonder you’ve never mentioned anything about your mother’s family. So, it’s because they’re such an embarrassment! But Nora, you shouldn’t forget your roots. They are your mother’s family; surely you should still acknowledge those penniless relatives of yours?”

With her eyes down and as if she didn’t hear her at all, Nora walked over to the one-seater sofa and casually took a seat. She ignored them completely.

Despite that, Angela spoke with a sense of superiority and said, “My uncle just bought me a handbag some time back. I wonder if your uncle will buy anything for you, Nora? Oh dear, I forgot. He’s currently sick and hospitalized, so he probably can’t even afford his own medical expenses. Mom, Dad, let’s show them some pity later and give them a few hundred dollars.”

After saying that, she frowned again and called out, “Mrs. Lane, get the disinfectant and air purifiers ready. I heard that people from the countryside smell!”

At this moment, Mrs. Lane called out, “They’re here!”

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn’t care about the guest.



She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.

When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."

She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, "Dad, Mom. Who is she?"

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn't looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn't recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry's arm and said, "Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I've heard that there aren't many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists."

Angela curled her lip. "So that's what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora's mother's family were rich, her mother wouldn't have been so down and out!"

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora's mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, "Nora's mother's last name is Anderson, right? That's an unusual last name in our circle. There isn't any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York."

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren't important people.

He snorted and said, "They are probably just putting on an act. I'm just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!"

Wendy smiled and said, "Alright, that's enough. Don't we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let's get ready, lest we be late."

Henry nodded. "Yes, that's more important."

Angela grumbled, “Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest’s VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!”

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn’t ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, “To Hotel Finest.”

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, “You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora.”

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn’t that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn’t want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

“By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?”

Nora didn’t mind, so she nodded. “Okay.”

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, “Don’t you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?”

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, "I heard the Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let's see if we can talk to them later."

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite's exclusive elevator.

The other elevator's doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.

The presidential suite's exclusive elevator and the normal elevator were built side by side. The former was slightly more toward the inside, so Justin and the other two would have to walk past the normal elevator to reach the restaurant.

Justin's movements were very purposeful, so he always kept his gaze straight while walking. He stood straight and tall like a tower and had a chilly air around him when he walked. His countenance was covered with a layer of frost and that iconic mole of his exuded nobility and alienation toward others.

Next to him, Pete, who was a miniature of Justin, had the exact same expression. It was just that that he was too young, so his young visage looked a little cuter.

Overshadowed by them, Chester, who was a little less dazzling, walked beside them energetically. He was overjoyed that he could tag along with his leader and freeloader.

He was a cheerful and animated person and looked around when he walked. When he glimpsed at the person in the elevator, he suddenly froze. When he looked again, he saw the face that was identical to Pete's!

He swallowed hard and slowly looked down, only to see his nephew right next to him. He was so shocked that he exclaimed, "Justin!"

Justin turned and looked at him unhurriedly, his deep and bottomless gaze landing with dissatisfaction on the person making a ruckus. Chester pointed to the normal elevator and said, "There are two Petes!"

Chester looked at the elevator again after his exclamation. This time, however, he only saw a few adults inside. The child that he saw just now was nowhere in sight.

He rubbed his eyes and looked over again, but there still wasn't any child in the elevator. Puzzled, he said, "I really saw Pete in the elevator just now. Why is he gone..."

A look of worry appeared on his face. "Oh no, has my condition gotten worse? Should I get my eyes checked?"

He was actually seeing things...

Justin said coldly, "You should be getting your brain checked instead."

Chester looked aghast. That was such a harmless but insulting comment!

After the three of them walked past the elevator and turned into the hallway to the restaurant, Cherry, who was hiding behind a few hotel guests, finally peeked out and patted her chest in relief.

She had almost been discovered!

She darted out of the elevator and secretly ran over to the corner. She was just in time to hear the service staff saying respectfully, "Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The VVIP room is this way."

The VVIP room?

That was exactly what Mommy had told her to go when she called just now!

If Pete went in, wouldn't everything be exposed?

They had already reached the door to the VVIP room and were about to open the door. It was too late even if she called her brother now!

Cherry hurriedly shouted, "Hey!"

Pete was about to follow the tyrant into the room when he suddenly heard her voice. His heart suddenly skipped a beat and he hurriedly turned around. The corner of his mouth spasmed a little when he saw the little runt running toward him.

Cherry had a scarf wrapped all around her head and was wearing a pair of sunglasses, which made her look very comical.

However, Cherry didn't have the luxury of caring that much. She grabbed Pete's hand and said, "You're the boy that stays upstairs, right? Is your father here to have dinner with Mommy? Let's go and play at the playground!"

It was only when Pete heard what she said that he understood why his sister had suddenly appeared.

It was fortunate that he hadn't entered yet, otherwise, everything would have been exposed!

He reacted very quickly and nodded. "Okay."

Justin, who was about to open the door, looked down. His eyes narrowed when he saw the child who had wrapped the scarf all around her head.

So, she's that woman's daughter?

Sure enough, she was just as weird as her.

After seeing his son silently asking for permission with his eyes, Justin, who had never liked Pete associating with outsiders, paused. At last, he said, "Go ahead."

He didn't know why, but he subconsciously felt that it would be nice for the two children to play together.

There was a small children's playground inside the restaurant that was specially meant for the restaurant's young guests. There was also special service staff there that watched over the place.

There were absolutely no issues with Hotel Finest's service and safety standards. This was also the reason why Nora dared to let Cherry come downstairs by herself.

After the two children ran off, Justin opened the door to the private room and strode in, leaving only Chester who was still standing there and staring at the two children from the back.

It seemed like the child he saw in the normal elevator just now who looked identical to Pete was wearing that exact same Spider-Man outfit?

When he thought of that, Chester said, "Go on inside, Justin. I'll go and look after Pete."

He quickly walked toward the children's playground after saying that.

Inside the private room.

Although there was a door separating them, Nora could still hear what was happening outside. That young voice just now was probably Cherry, right?

Nora stood up. She was about to go out and take a look when the door opened to reveal Justin outside.

The man's exquisite facial features were flawless. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly upon making eye contact with her. The corners of his thin



lips quirked slightly and the icy aura around him slowly melted. He said, "We meet again, Miss Smith."

Nora looked down nonchalantly. Was he the person that her uncle wanted to treat to a meal?

The boy that Cherry invited to play with her just now was his son?

Judging from that man's numerous warnings to her, it was obvious that he was very protective of his son. Cherry was mischievous and had an unforgiving tongue. She'd best not thoughtlessly make the boy cry and bring them more unnecessary trouble.

In a slightly deep voice, Nora said, "Let me go over and talk to Cherry a little, Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, she went past him and then straight out.

With his eyes downcast, the smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened. So, her daughter's name was Cherry? His son's name was Pete. If one connected the names, it would sound like... What a coincidence!

In the hallway.

Anthony paced about anxiously with his hands behind his back as he thought about how he could create a chance to meet with the Andersons and make their acquaintance. But while he didn't meet any of the Andersons, he did spy a familiar figure.

The girl wore a simple T-shirt and jeans and was dragging her feet lazily as she walked. She looked half-asleep, but even that raw and unpolished appearance couldn't hide how attractive she was.

It was actually Nora!

Anthony clenched his fists. During these past few days, her form had kept popping up in his mind. Upon meeting her again, his gaze continued to subconsciously be captured by her.

It was then that Anthony finally realized that he had really fallen in love with her.

He took a step forward and stood in front of Nora. "Why are you here, Nora?"

Nora, who found her path suddenly blocked, frowned. The look in her eyes was a little cold when she saw Anthony. She replied, "Surely I don't have to explain my whereabouts to you?"

Seeing how distant she was being, Anthony suddenly lifted his chin and said arrogantly, "Do you know what I'm doing here, Nora?"

His words puzzled Nora. She wasn't interested in knowing.

However, without waiting for her response, Anthony continued and said, "The Andersons from New York are also here today. I'm here for a business meeting with them! When the Grays form a connection with the Andersons, we'll definitely become even bigger and become the wealthiest family in California. If you do what I say, I can choose to forgive you."

Nora wasn't listening to what he was babbling on and on about at all. However, when she heard what he said at the end, she looked up in surprise. "What?"

Anthony, who looked a little bashful, said, "While I can forgive you, your reputation is already a mess. If I marry you, it'll embarrass the Grays. But I can buy you a mansion elsewhere and take care of you for the rest of your life."

Nora found him hilarious. Her voice dispassionate, she said sarcastically, "You want me to be your mistress? I'm afraid you can't afford it."

Anthony hurriedly said, "I'm rich! I can give you \$15,000 as living expenses every month. You can buy whatever you want with it."

\$15,000 wasn't even enough for her to buy Cherry's clothes.

Nora found him annoying and went around him from the left as she said, "I'm not interested in being someone's mistress."

Anthony also stopped her from the left. "You want to marry me? That's not impossible, either!"

He gritted his teeth and went on. "Grandpa keeps forcing me to take you as my wife anyway. Besides, you only have a daughter, so we can just give her some money and marry her off somewhere in the future. As long as she's obedient and refrains from fighting or arguing with her younger siblings in the future, the Grays can take her in, even if we're reluctant."

He felt that his conditions were lenient enough. Any woman would probably be grateful to him, right?

Unexpectedly, a look of displeasure appeared in Nora's eyes and a chilly aura formed all around her. "I will not let my daughter suffer any injustice."

Anthony frowned and said, "Don't push your luck, Nora! You can't possibly want us to let your daughter take our last name and enjoy the same treatment as our children? That's impossible!"

At this moment, a sharp voice suddenly reached them. "Nora! You're trying to seduce Anthony again!"

Together with the voice, Angela also rushed over. Her arms flailed in the air as she rushed toward Nora. "I'm going to kill you!"

Anthony stopped her and shouted angrily, "What are you doing?!"

In the private room, Henry, Wendy, and Anthony's father heard the commotion and came out. Upon seeing the three of them, Henry yelled, "Nora, are you bullying your sister again? Apologize to her!"

Wendy also spoke up. "Nora, your sister and Anthony are discussing their engagement today. I know you're unhappy about it, but that doesn't mean you can come over and make trouble... You were the one that did something wrong to the Grays by getting pregnant before your marriage and damaging both families' reputation!"

Anthony stepped forward. "Uncle Henry, Aunt Wendy. Nora isn't to be blamed for that. The two of us are truly in love with each other. I'm willing to accept her."

Angela's eyes widened. Hurt and sad, she took a step back.

Henry was shocked. “Anthony, my daughter has been stubborn and contrary since she was a child. Don’t be fooled by her! She got herself pregnant before marriage. It’ll sully your name if you marry her!”

Wendy also nodded and said, “Besides, her maternal grandparents’ family is also very poor. They live in the mountains and even begged us for money today. These relatives are trouble!”

After speaking, when she saw how Anthony was still looking at Nora like a young man in love, Wendy turned to Anthony’s father and said, “Mr. Gray, you have to think carefully about this! We don’t want the Grays to be implicated.”

Anthony’s father’s gaze fell on Nora when he heard what she said.

She was leaning against the wall, her posture lazy and sloppy. Her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, and she seemed to have a half-amused smile on her lips. She looked as if she was being entertained by what was going on. That sense of detachment was as if the dispute here had nothing to do with her.

Anthony’s father was someone who had been immersed in the world of commerce for many years. His deep and unfathomable eyes darkened and he suddenly said, “Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Let’s have the children make their own decisions instead. Miss Smith, do you really want to be Anthony’s wife?”

His words caused everyone to shift their gazes to Nora.

Tsk, they were finally willing to listen to her.

Nora lifted her head, raised her eyebrows, and her lips curled up in a smile. She replied, “No, I don’t.”

“...”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Anthony was the first to react. Furious, he demanded, “What do you mean by that, Nora?”

Nora straightened her back and said clearly, "It means I'm not interested in you."

Anthony looked at her incredulously as if he still didn't understand what she was saying.

Angela, however, shouted, "What makes you think you can be disinterested in Anthony, Nora? You make it sound like he's beneath you. Not only do you come with baggage, but your daughter is even a little bastard. Is a woman like you even worthy of being picky?!"

Anthony finally came back to his senses. In his anger, his choice of words was also very malicious. He said, "Nora, who are you interested in, if not me? The entire California knows that you got yourself pregnant before marriage. Apart from me, who else would marry a wanton woman like you whose reputation is in shambles?!"

Wendy sighed and said, "How can you say that, Nora? You shouldn't reach for something beyond your grasp. Do you really think you can do the same thing as your mom? It was sheer dumb luck that someone like her, who came from the mountains, could marry your father. Even if you're a little prettier than most, anyone with a decent family background will never take you as their wife."

Wendy then changed the subject again and asked, "By the way, are you here for dinner with your aunt? Where is she? Your uncle needs money for his hospitalization fees, right? Are you short of money?"

Sure enough, Anthony's father frowned when he heard her.

At this moment, a gentle voice reached them: "Who says we don't have enough money for medical expenses?"

The few of them looked into the distance and saw the approaching Melissa. The smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She said, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. You don't have to worry about the hospitalization fees. Also, you don't need to bother yourselves with matters regarding Nora's marriage in the future, either. The Andersons will take care of it!"

Shocked, Anthony's father asked, "The Andersons? Which Andersons?"

Melissa's lips curled up into a smile. Her voice was gentle, but what she said ringed like a thunderclap: "The Andersons from New York."

Anthony's father's eyes widened immediately!

Even Henry and Wendy were so astounded that they couldn't say anything!

The Andersons from New York... Were they really the ones they were thinking of?

While they were hesitating, Melissa looked at Anthony again. After looking him up and down, she shook his head and said, "Let's go back to the private room, Nora. Don't keep your blind date waiting. "

She deliberately emphasized the words "blind date".

Nora knew that her aunt was trying to back her up, so she went along with her wishes and nodded. "Okay."

The two finally turned around, only to immediately see Justin standing behind them. His deep-set eyes were raised and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be smiling. With an emphasis on each syllable, he repeated, "Blind date?"

—

While the few of them were arguing, Cherry dragged Pete with her and sneaked into the stairwell.

She took off the scarf to reveal her delicate and adorable face, panting heavily as she said, "That was so suffocating! It's a good thing that we weren't found out, Pete!"

Then, she saw her brother pause and slowly lift his head.

Cherry turned around and also slowly lifted her head. At once, she saw Chester standing there in disbelief with his eyes wide.

The hallway outside was bustling with all kinds of noise.

However, the three in the stairwell were silent.

At last, after a full half a minute, Chester pointed at Cherry as if he had seen a ghost and stammered, “Y-you... You...”

Pete pressed his lips together and sighed. “Since you’ve seen us, then I won’t keep it a secret anymore.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I have a superpower—I can create clones. If you don’t believe me, close your eyes. I’ll withdraw my clone.”

Chester was perplexed.

The corners of his lips spasmed. “Do you really think I’m that stupid, Pete? I’m not going to believe that!”

Cherry cupped her hands around her mouth and leaned toward her brother. She looked like she wanted to whisper, but her voice was in no way soft as she asked, “So, Uncle Chester does have a brain after all?”

Pete was also puzzled. “I’ll look it up when I get back. Can single-celled organisms think?”

Chester was speechless. He felt humiliated!

But right after that, he said triumphantly, “There are too many loopholes in your superpower. Can you really make a little girl version of yourself just because you can make a clone of yourself? Are you a hermaphrodite?”

That child wearing the Spider-Man outfit might look like a little boy, but she was Nora Smith’s daughter!

Cherry was confused.

Pete was perplexed.

As expected, single-celled organisms really do think differently!

The two little cuties looked at each other. Cherry tilted her head and asked, “What do we do, Pete? Do we silence him?”

Pete hesitated. “He’s my uncle. We shouldn’t do that.”

“Oh.” Cherry was a little disappointed.

The corners of Chester's lips spasmed again. He said, "I'm going to tell Justin that apart from a son, he also has a daughter!"

He ran out after saying that.

Pete hurriedly called out, "Uncle Chester!"

However, Chester didn't stop.

Cherry panicked. She placed her hands on her hips and yelled, "Don't you dare move, Chesty!"

Chester's instinct to obey instructions whenever he played games made him freeze instantly, and he even remained in a running stance.

"Come back here!"

Chester obediently returned to the stairwell. He squatted down like a silly puppy and exclaimed, "So, you're my leader!"

Cherry held her cheeks and tilted her head. "Yes, that's right! I'm sweetcherry!"

... As it turned out, not only was his leader a five-year-old, but she was also a little girl!

Chester felt very deceived.

Pete said, "You mustn't tell Daddy what happened today, Uncle Chester!"

Chester was puzzled. "Why is that?"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then, he said, "Think about it. If Daddy knew Cherry's mom was the one who gave birth to me, what will he do?"

Chester felt as if his brain cells weren't working. He said, "Her mom? The one who gave birth to you... Sh\*t! You mean Nora Smith is that damned biological mother of yours?"

" ... "



Chester finally understood why the two children didn't want him to tell the truth.

Five years ago, Justin had suddenly brought a baby back and said that it was his son. When everyone asked who the child's mother was, he had flown into a rage and strictly forbidden everyone at home from ever mentioning the child's mother.

At that time, the few of them were even secretly wondering what exactly the woman, who had given birth to Pete, had done. Justin had looked as if he wanted to rip that woman into pieces...

Cherry said adorably, "Chesty, I want a father and a brother, but I also want Mommy. So, I want them to fall in love first before we acknowledge each other. This way, our family of four can be together. Can you keep this a secret?"

Chester shook his head. "No, I can't keep this a secret from Justin."

Cherry instantly transformed into a grumpy little ogre. "If you tell Daddy, I won't bring you along in our raids anymore!"

Chester was speechless. That was a rather serious threat!

—

Meanwhile, in the VVIP room.

The three people who had returned sat there quietly. Melissa looked a little embarrassed as she explained: "I don't mean anything by that, Justin. I was just forced by the circumstances to say that just now. Please don't misunderstand."

Although the Hunts were family friends with the Andersons, Justin's identity wasn't as simple as just the head of the Hunts.

Moreover, he hated being involved with women the most. Melissa didn't want to offend him with what she said just now.

Justin was staring at Nora.

The woman's eyes were downcast as she stirred the water in the glass in boredom. Her dazzling features and the icy aura around her made one unable to dislike her.

Not only was he not angry, but there was even a smile at the corner of his eyes. "It's alright."

Melissa and Justin chatted politely. When she realized that Nora was going to New York with him the day after tomorrow, Melissa smiled and said, "Nora, your uncle and I were also thinking of having you stay with us in New York."

Her eyes reddened as she went on. "Your grandmother has been crying so much ever since your mother's disappearance that she has gone blind. She has been talking about your mother all these years. She'll definitely be overjoyed to see you."

Nora had originally intended to refuse the offer. She was already an adult; she didn't need to stay with them. But when she heard that, she paused and said, "...Okay."

Food was served after that, and the three of them began to eat.

Justin observed the woman in front of him. He realized that the way she ate was very interesting. She liked stuffing large pieces of meat into her mouth and chewing on them, yet her casual movements didn't appear crude.

Most women that Justin had met chewed slowly, but she finished the steak on the plate in just a few bites in an extremely efficient manner.

How would he possibly know that Nora just didn't want to waste time on anything apart from spending time with Cherry?

Melissa had only just taken four bites when Nora placed her cutlery down. "Aunt Melissa, I have something on in a while, so I'll go first."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Nora left the private room after saying that. When she saw Mrs. Lewis's text message saying that Cherry had already returned, she didn't bother going upstairs. She hailed a cab and went out instead.

Although she knew that it wasn't appropriate to leave the meal midway, she really did have something on. Two days ago, she had already made an appointment with Wayne Myers, the acting director of Idealian Pharmaceuticals. Back then, her mother had entrusted him with the company, and he had managed it for over 20 years now.

When Nora arrived at the cafe, Wayne was already there.

He stood up excitedly and said, "You've returned to the States, Nora! You must be 24 years old by now? If your mother could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

Wayne managed the company wholeheartedly. Despite so many years passing, he hadn't developed any thoughts that he shouldn't have.

Nora nodded slightly. Then, she took a seat and asked, "Wayne, I asked you out today because I wanted to ask you if my mother has left me anything apart from the company? Or whether she left me anything in the company?"

She had already looked into it.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals really was just a small company with an annual income of \$5,000,000. Over the years, they even moved and changed their company address a few times.

She didn't quite understand why the Grays and the Smiths were so hung up over such a small company?

Wayne solemnly nodded and answered, "Yes, she did!"

Nora looked up at him. "What did she leave me?"

So, the company really was hiding something?

Just as she thought so, Wayne answered, "Love and company."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Wayne went on. "Although she left us early, she has paved the way for you. She may not be around anymore, but her heart has always been with you."

"..."

After listening to Wayne blabber on and on about maternal love for over an hour, Nora, who had just eaten, couldn't help but yawn.

It was only then that Wayne realized that he was being too long-winded. He said, "You're already a grown-up now, Nora. When do you plan to take over the company?"

Although he had already come to care for and developed a sense of belonging to the company, the business was Nora's. He had to return it to her.

Nora replied detachedly, "You're taking care of it pretty well, so just continue with it."

A small company didn't have the usual few departments. The owner had to basically see to everything themselves. This took up too much time that she could spend sleeping!

Wayne was confused.

Nora asked, "Have the Grays shown any interest in buying over the company?"

If what the Grays were interested in was really the company's development potential, then there was no need to use Anthony's marital bliss as a bargaining chip. They could just buy over the company at a high price. It wasn't like they didn't have the money.

However, Wayne shook his head. "No, they haven't."

Nora frowned. However, since she couldn't figure it out, she decided that she won't think about it anymore. "If you ever think of anything that my mom instructed you to hand over to me, give me a call."

"Sure." Then, Wayne said, "Can I get your bank account number, Nora? I'll transfer all the company dividends directly to you in the future."

Back then, Nora was still a child. But when she grew up, she had gone abroad. That was why Wayne had paid the dividends to her guardian instead.

It was just five million dollars. While it was nothing to Nora, why should she give it to the Smiths?

She gave him her bank account number and left.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Howard Hunt sat on the sofa arrogantly and watched Pete, who was in the study, contemptuously.

By this generation, the only direct descendants of the Hunts left were Justin's immediate family, as well as Howard's immediate family in New York.

As the head of the family's direct descendant and the eldest son, Justin had also inherited the position. However, his second uncle refused to accept this and ended up causing a lot of incidents.

The Hunts living in the family home didn't participate in the family's business disputes. They were only responsible for presiding over family issues. As for Howard, he was obsessed with martial arts.

He despised his family's ways and also admired Justin from the bottom of his heart. However, he simply disliked that child of unknown origin. It was him who brought shame to Justin's glorious life!

Moreover, not only was he mentally ill, but he was so small and weak. How could a child like that be worthy of becoming Justin's successor?

Howard snorted and withdrew his gaze disdainfully.

The door opened at this point—Justin was back.

As the man entered the room, his almost-solid presence rushed toward Howard, causing him to sit up in a hurry. He greeted him respectfully. "Justin."

Justin made a sound of acknowledgment and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Howard touched his hooked nose nervously and replied, "Grandpa heard that you're going to New York to have your grandma's condition treated, so he wants me to go with you and act as a witness. At the same time, I also

thought I would see if the old Mr. Quinn would be willing to take me in and teach me some traditional martial arts techniques.”

It might seem like traditional martial arts were falling into decline as time went by, but in fact, there were still mysterious masters of the art among regular folks.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts ranked top in traditional martial arts. It was Howard’s dream to become their apprentice.

Justin glanced at him. He knew that the part about him wanting to join the school was true, but not so much the part about him being a witness. But joining the Quinn School of Martial Arts and learning martial arts there?

His deep-set eyes looked toward the study. Dim light flickered in his eyes and he said, “Take Pete with you. Mr. Quinn is strict when it comes to enrollment, though. You may not meet his requirements. Pete, on the other hand, has a chance. ”

He had already checked Pete’s body when he was a toddler. Pete was very suitable to learn martial arts. However, he was reluctant to have his son go through hardship at that time, so he hadn’t taught him any martial arts.

His son was behaving rather ‘uniquely’ lately, so it would be good to send him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up some martial arts. This way, he could ‘straighten’ him out!

Howard curled his lip disdainfully. “Him?”

However, when he made eye contact with Justin’s sharp eyes, he shut up and swallowed whatever he wanted to say next.

Deep down, he was scoffing, though. With that small and weak body of his, why would Mr. Quinn ever pick him?

Nora returned to the hotel at this time.

Her cell phone started to ring. After she changed into slippers, leaned on the sofa, and picked up lazily, she heard an angry shout from the other end. “You little rascal, have you been slacking off again?! And skipping practice?!”

Nora rubbed her ears that were stinging from his volume. "I have to sleep, Quinn. I don't have time."

"Send me Cherry, then! She's your daughter, so her body must be even more suitable than yours. I'll take her as my apprentice and have her succeed me! Have you found your son yet? Our style ultimately still suits boys better. Bring them both if you've found him!"

Nora replied lazily, "Has the Quinn School of Martial Arts become that destitute that they have to rely on a five-year-old to breathe new life into the school?"

Quinn yelled, "...And who's to blame for that? It's all because I was blind enough to take someone as lazy as you as my apprentice! That Irvin fellow keeps showing off his apprentices to me. My apprentices can't fall behind, either! Come to New York and have a showdown with his apprentices if you're free!"

Quinn and Irvin were lifetime rivals.

Nora replied unhurriedly, "I'm not free."

Then, before Quinn got mad, she added, "But I am indeed coming to New York. I'll bring Cherry over and visit you."

"When, and what time? I'll send someone to pick you up!"

After Quinn eagerly said that, he immediately heard Nora's soft chuckle. The elderly man then said awkwardly, "The one I miss is Cherry, not you!"

Nora chuckled again. Then, she hung up after informing him about her arrival date and time.

She picked up a glass of water from the coffee table, took a couple of sips, and then went to take a bath.

Outside the house.

When Cherry, who was holding her cell phone, saw all this through the gap at the door, she said into the voice chat, "Chesty, Mommy's back!"

Pete said, "Hide, Cherry. Daddy's gone downstairs to look for Mommy!"

Cherry darted into the stairwell. Sure enough, she spotted her handsome Daddy coming out of the elevator. When he reached their suite and saw that the door was open, he went straight in.

As soon as he entered, Chester dashed over and locked the doors with a huge metal padlock.

After that, he sneaked into the stairwell and asked, "Did you make them drink what I gave you?"

Cherry replied, "Yes, she drank it! I put it in her glass of water!"

Pete also replied, "The tyrant also drank it."

Chester then said, "Perfect! Cherry, your mission now is to prevent Mrs. Lewis from coming back. Things will definitely heat up between your dad and mom tonight!"

Cherry asked suspiciously, "What kind of drug did you give to Mommy?"

Chester grinned. "Children shouldn't ask about things like that!"

It was that type of drug, of course! Additionally, because he knew that Justin had good self-control, he had given them a luxurious, upgraded version!

Inside the room.

Nora was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a sound outside. She walked out in a bath towel and asked lazily, "Cherry, Mrs. Lewis, are you back?"

As she spoke, she noticed the man sitting on the sofa.

"..."

Justin had immediately realized that something was amiss when he heard someone locking the door. A short while later, when he started feeling unwell, he realized that he had been drugged.

There were a lot of people in New York who wanted to become his woman, and they had tried various methods one after another over the years. It was hard for him to guard against all of them. During a moment of negligence half



a year ago, someone had also successfully drugged him with the most potent drug in the world.

However, he had been practicing martial arts since he was a child, so his physical fitness was stronger than most. Thus, he had managed to stubbornly suppress it with his willpower.

Therefore, he was confident that everything would be fine this time as well.

With the door locked, when he heard the sound of splashing water coming from the bathroom, he simply sat on the sofa, intending to see what exactly that woman planned to do.

To be honest, he didn't quite understand her.

She frequently made contact with Pete and even allowed him to call her Mommy. It stood to reason that she intended to use his son to get near to him, yet every time she was faced with him, she would adopt an indifferent attitude. It almost made him think that he really was misunderstanding her!

But in the end, she suddenly colluded with his son this evening by drugging him first and then sending him a message asking him to come down. And now, the two of them were locked in here. Was she finally intending to go all the way and have the final showdown with him?

For some reason, he was actually looking forward to it a little.

Just as he thought so, the bathroom door opened and a woman walked out surrounded by mist and moisture. Through the portière, what entered his sight first was a pair of delicate feet.

Her feet were bare, and her toes were round and fair. They looked a little cute.

Justin felt his mouth going dry. The desire that he had suppressed emerged a little.

Next, he saw her slender ankles and her straight and fair calves. The portière was pushed aside, and the woman stood there wrapped in a white bath towel.

Perhaps because she had just come out of a warm bath, her cheeks were flushed and her hair was damp. They stuck to her fair and slender shoulders as water droplets slid down from her face to her collarbones before sliding further down and seeping into the bath towel...

In that instant, he felt a sudden surge of warmth in his lower abdomen, which made his brows draw together. He felt as if all the blood in him was surging into a certain place!

He clenched his fists and lost control a little for a moment.

His abnormal behavior also entered Nora's eyes.

The cheeks of the man on the sofa were abnormally red, and his deep-set eyes were stained with desire. He seemed a little less cold and standoffish than usual, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave him a bewitching allure that wasn't usually there. The sight of him slumped on the sofa was actually exuding a sense of enticement?

Nora frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

She had only just spoken when the man on the sofa abruptly dived toward her. The huge force pushed her straight onto the wall behind!

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "Since Miss Smith has already taken a bath and is exhibiting such enthusiasm, then I..."

Before he finished, he had already lowered his head and started kissing her neck. His scalding hot breath made Nora shiver.

The man's domineering pheromones entered her nose forcefully. As he was very tall and had pressed right up against her, his back was slightly arched as he bent over.

An indescribable heat permeated her whole body, making her mouth gradually feel dry and hot.

As a doctor, she instantly understood something.

She tried to push the man away, only to find that he was very strong. He was still kissing her neck haphazardly. Nora suddenly lifted her right knee and attacked the most delicate part of the man.

However, the man's large, scalding-hot hands grabbed her ankles the next moment. His voice was hoarse and he sounded puzzled as he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Nora snorted coldly. She leaped nimbly into the air and gave him a roundhouse kick with her left leg!

Bam!

Justin reached out his arm and blocked the blow.

Nora came at him again with a punch.

Upon feeling the sharp momentum of her fist coming toward him, Justin turned and ducked. The woman's other fist then came toward him with a whoosh, scraping past his ear.

What speed!

In the blink of an eye, both of them backed away after exchanging a few blows and put some distance between themselves.

Nora frowned. There was concealed anger in her cat-like eyes. She was about to say something when the bath towel suddenly slipped off and she felt a chill all over her body.

"..."

Nora's brain stopped working for a second. Then, she quickly squatted down to pick up the bath towel, only to find that it was twisted into a clump and couldn't be straightened out quickly.

Seeing the man looking over in astonishment, Nora picked up the bath towel in a split second and flung it onto Justin's face.

Justin was about to grab the bath towel and remove it when he heard her shout coldly, "I won't let you out of this room alive if you take it off!"

Justin was astounded.

No one had ever threatened him like that in his whole life! However, the anger in the woman's voice made him pause his movements. She... didn't want to do it with him?

Nora took the opportunity to hurriedly pick up a nightgown from the side. With her back to him, she put it on while saying, "I've also been drugged."

Justin, who had keen senses, could hear the sounds. Judging from them, the other party had already put on her clothes. He took off the bath towel and stared at her with a frown. "Are you trying to say that it wasn't you?"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. Her gaze swept across a certain part of his body as she replied, "Don't be too confident of yourself, Mr. Hunt."

Justin was rendered speechless.

He used the bath towel, which he was holding with both hands, to block his body in a seemingly casual manner as he asked hesitantly, "If you weren't the one that did it, then who did?"

Seeing that he was no longer being impulsive, Nora turned and went to the study. "Wait a minute."

She dug out a set of clothes from the study and put it on. Then, she picked up her laptop and walked to the living room.

By the time she saw him again, the man had already returned to the sofa and sat back down. Apart from his cheeks that were still a little red, he looked fine. If it weren't for the bulge at the bath towel around his waist, the man would have seemed like his usual self.

An impressed Nora secretly sighed and thought—'What powerful self-control.'

If it weren't because she had been taking a lot of medicine since she was a child, making her immune to most drugs, Nora would probably have lost control!

Yet he had actually suppressed those distracting thoughts in just two minutes.

Justin's deep-set eyes flickered with dim light when he glimpsed the look in her eyes. He said, "You still have time to change your mind, Miss Smith."

Nora was puzzled.

That man was really overconfident of himself.

She said sarcastically, "I'm really not interested in you, Mr. Hunt. Even if both you and I fall victim to someone's schemes and you're standing completely naked in front of me, I still won't feel anything."

It really wasn't her?

Justin actually felt a vague sense of regret. In spite of that, he showed no verbal mercy. "... It seems that you were the one who was completely naked just now."

Nora was dumbfounded.

Her face tensed up instantly and she walked straight over. She placed her laptop on the table, opened it, and pushed it in front of him.

Justin was taken aback. "What?"

Nora slowly said, "Enter your account password and check the surveillance cameras, of course! Even if we don't know who the person that drugged us was, surely we can find out who locked the door just now?"

Seeing how sure she was, Justin became increasingly displeased. He tapped a few keys at random and then tapped the Enter key. Real-time surveillance camera footage instantly appeared on the computer.

Three people were currently standing at the door.

Their faces were nearly all pressed against the door, seemingly trying to hear what was going on inside...

## **Chapter 33 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Nora didn't expect to meet the man's family here. At the sight of the gratitude on the woman's kindly countenance, she replied unhurriedly, "I'm here to visit relatives."

Lawrence stepped forward hesitantly and asked uncertainly, "Mrs. Anderson...?"

A smiling Melissa did the introductions. "It's alright now, Mr. Zimmer! This is the kind young lady that saved my husband's life during the emergency yesterday!"

Lawrence looked at Nora in surprise and asked, "You're medically trained?"

Nora raised an eyebrow. It seemed like Lawrence hadn't taken what she said the day before seriously?

During their conversation, Justin, who heard their voices from inside the ward, came out. Upon seeing Nora, he paused for a moment. Then, he asked, "Are you the one who saved Uncle Simon?"

The look in his eyes as he watched Nora suddenly became deep and unfathomable, which made one feel as though someone had seen right through them.

Nora didn't know what he was thinking, but since she had bumped into him, she might as well just ask him about the matter. She asked, "Have you given my proposal from yesterday any thought, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin frowned. What proposal?

Nora could tell that he didn't understand what she was saying. She deliberately looked at Lawrence and said a little sarcastically, "Did you not convey my message to Mr. Hunt, Mr. Zimmer?"

As soon as she said that, Justin's displeased gaze fell on Lawrence!

Lawrence wiped the beads of perspiration off his brow and swallowed hard. He looked at Justin and explained, "Yesterday, Ms. Smith said that she can treat the elderly Mrs. Hunt's illness."

But after he said that, he couldn't help but add, "Even if you really are medically trained, Miss Smith, you likely picked it up during the five years you spent abroad, so your medical experience is rather short. I've asked about Mr. Anderson's condition; his operation is considered one that's within a reasonable scope of difficulty. But do you know what Mrs. Hunt's condition is?"

Nora raised an eyebrow and replied coldly, "How would you know whether I can do it or not if we don't give it a go?"

At once, Lawrence said, "Dr. Anti is currently the only person who's capable of performing her surgery. An inexperienced doctor like you who's new to medical trainin—"

"Shut up."

Justin's rebuke made Lawrence flinch. After that, Justin stepped forward and stared at Nora and asked, "When will you be free, Miss Smith? It's not advisable to transfer the patient, so we'll have to head to New York."

So, she'd even have to go over to New York...

As expected, it really was very troublesome.

Then again, he had agreed even though she hadn't revealed her identity yet? That man certainly was a little narcissistic, but he was also pretty considerate, wasn't he?

For the very first time, Nora didn't find him as much of an eyesore. She thought for a moment and replied, "Let's do it two days later."

She needed to observe her aunt's condition for another two days.

Justin nodded. In a deep and mellow voice, he said, "I'll take care of the itinerary. Do you have any requests?"

It was a five-hour flight from California to New York.

Nora thought for a moment and lazily made her request: "I have to sleep during the flight, so just make sure it's quiet."

After she spoke, she turned around to leave. However, Justin suddenly stopped her. “Miss Smith. Why did you change your mind and agree to help?”

Nora paused.

Like what she had thought, he really had guessed her identity.

Thinking about it carefully again, even if she didn’t reveal her identity, it probably would have been really hard to keep it a secret from him anyway.

She cast her eyes down and suddenly said, “I have a condition.”

“What is it?”

“If I cure Mrs. Hunt, please help me look for someone.”

“Who are you looking for?”

“I’ll tell you after I cure Mrs. Hunt.”

The anonymous email was something that she had no choice but to believe. However, she mustn’t place her full trust in it, either.

It would be most ideal if her son showed up in front of her after she cured Mrs. Hunt, but if he didn’t...

Well, Justin was capable of finding even her. In which case, it shouldn’t be hard for him to use his connections to find her son, right?

After Nora entered Irene’s ward, Justin withdrew his scrutinizing gaze from the woman and looked at Lawrence.

The realization had slowly dawned upon Lawrence when he was listening to the conversation between the two. His head was currently down as he said, “I was wrong, Mr. Hunt.”

Justin asked coldly, “Where did you go wrong?”

Lawrence looked at him and answered, “I was too stupid and didn’t realize Miss Smith’s true identity...”



Justin scoffed. "It doesn't matter if you're stupid, but how dare you intercept her message to me?"

Lawrence was flabbergasted.

He still remembered when he had first joined the company. Because he didn't dare to make decisions on behalf of the company president, when a woman had asked him to convey her message to Justin, he had done so accordingly. At that time, Justin had called him an answering machine and asked him why he didn't filter the messages before dumping everything on him as if he was emptying the trash.

Therefore, during the last few years, Lawrence had acted on his own and blocked a lot of unwanted propositions from women for Justin.

But why were things different when it came to Miss Smith? Sob...

Justin stared at him and said frostily, "You must have too much spare time on your hands. There happens to be a business dealing that requires attention in Burundi. Go and handle it."

Lawrence was shocked.

What kind of place was Burundi? It was the poorest country in the world! However, he knew he was in the wrong, so he didn't even dare to beg for mercy!

Justin turned around. When he saw Melissa staring after Nora in a daze, he asked, "Aunt Melissa? What's the matter?"

Melissa came back to her senses. She replied, "What? Oh, it's nothing. I just found Miss Smith a bit familiar to the eye... I'm probably over-thinking it, though."

She shook her head and followed him back into the ward.

The man lying on the hospital bed had bandages around his chest, but he was already out of danger. At the sight of them coming in, Simon smiled gracefully and said, "Justin, I know you're really busy, so you don't have to come and visit anymore. I'm fine now."

Justin said politely, "Feel free to come to me if there's anything you need, Uncle Simon."

Simon heaved a sigh. "I came here to look for my eldest sister. It's been more than twenty years, but I finally found a lead on her whereabouts."

A sorrowful look came over his face as he went on. "I found out that she married a man named Smith. In their second year of marriage, she died of an illness after giving birth to a daughter."

He choked back a sob as he spoke of his sister.

Back then, his sister had protected him in every way possible. It was also because of her that the Andersons hadn't fallen into decline back then. How could she leave them so early more than twenty years ago?

Melissa walked over and held his hand. "Take care of your health, Simon. Your sister might be gone, but at least she still has a daughter."

At once, Simon looked up and nodded with his eyes red. "Yes, that's right! The Smiths are just a middle-class family, but back then, Sis was such an outstanding woman... Let's bring her daughter back home and nurture her well, lest the Smiths hold her back!"

Unable to wait any further, he tried to get up. "Let's go to the Smiths now."

Melissa held his arm and pressed him back down. She said, "You're just so impatient. Why are you immediately acting out? Her daughter is right there; it's not like she's going to run off somewhere... Forget it, I'll pay them a visit for you. Will that do?"

Simon coughed a couple of times. Then, he took out his wallet, plucked out a photo, and handed it to Melissa. "Here's a picture of Sis. When you go over, have a look at her daughter for me and see if she resembles her or not..."

Melissa took the photo from him and looked at it. Suddenly, she was stunned.

She was just thinking why Miss Smith had looked so familiar to her just now. As it turned out, she bore a 90% resemblance to the woman in the photo!

Her last name was also Smith. Could it be that...

When the thought formed, Melissa, whose eyes were shining brightly, looked at Justin. "I may have to trouble you with something, Justin. Can you help me look up some information about Miss Smith whom we met just now?"

An unaware Simon asked, "What's going on?"

A smile formed on Melissa's face. "If I'm not wrong, your niece is probably the one that saved your life!"

"..."

When Justin heard this, he said to Lawrence who was standing behind him, "Bring a copy of Miss Smith's information to Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa."

After Lawrence brought the investigation report over, both parties cross-referenced the data. An overjoyed Melissa exclaimed, "It really is her!"

Simon's eyes were all red. "Nora... What a nice name. Call her over and let me have a look at her..."

If it wasn't because he had just had an operation and couldn't get out of bed, he would have raced over right away.

Unfortunately, when Lawrence went to the VIP ward next door to look for Nora, she had already left after giving Irene a checkup and ensuring that she was fine.

However, he managed to get Henry's number.

Justin's help wasn't needed anymore after that, so he returned to the hotel to spend some time with his son.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Pete was in the study and talking to Cherry on the phone.

Cherry was as sweet as honey when she spoke. "You're so smart, Pete! If Mommy does that, she'll be able to clear your name!"

Praised by his sister, Pete, who had never openly shown his emotions, blushed. "You're great, too."

Cherry grinned. In a sweet and cute voice, she then said, "You went off while wearing Little Pink yesterday, Pete. Remember to return it to me next time, okay?"

Pete, who was holding some books, paused. "Little Pink?"

"Uh-huh! You know, the pink princess dress!"

His sister even gave her clothes names. What an adorable little princess she was.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard Cherry saying adorably, "Wait a second, Pete. I gotta tell my teammate something, okie?"

Pete nodded. "Okay."

Then, he heard Cherry go on a sudden rampage: "Do you really know how to play as a support? Have you used your ultimate skill correctly even once? And, the open world fights! Do you have a feud with the wild monsters or something? Why are you staring only at that patch of grass there?! Do you even know what support is... Also, ##%¥%&\*@..."

Pete was dumbfounded. "... That really came out of nowhere.

After dissing her teammate for a whole two minutes, Cherry finally turned off the game voice chat and said, "Don't forget Little Pink, okie? It's my favorite dress!"

"..."

After hanging up, Pete immediately placed his books down, got up, and went to the bedroom to search for the dress.

He remembered taking it off the day before and tossing it on the sofa. Why was it gone?

While he was looking for it, the door opened and Justin strode in. The tall figure stopped in front of him. "What are you looking for, Pete?"

Pete replied casually, "The princess dress."

Justin stiffened in the midst of taking off his jacket. With mixed emotions, he replied, "Oh. Don't bother anymore. I might have tossed it."

Tossed it?

Pete thought of his sister's verbal might and panicked. "Why did you throw it away without asking me?!"

Justin frowned. A resolute look flashed across his deep-set eyes and he said solemnly, "You're a boy. Don't ever wear dresses again!"

This was his absolute limit!

Pete's face tensed up and he said angrily, "You're such a despot and a dictator! No wonder Mommy hates you!"

Justin handed his jacket to the nanny, walked over to his son, and squatted gracefully.

He always looked at Pete at his eye level whenever he talked to him. This way, the child would feel like they were being respected. Seeing how his son was glaring at him with his big round eyes, he suddenly asked, "Did Miss Smith say she hates me?"

Pete replied, "...Yes!"

Justin let out a low chuckle. Even the mole at the corner of his eye exuded a bit of charisma as he said, "Women sure are creatures that say one thing but mean another."

If she really disliked him, why would she approach his son again and again?

Pete was perplexed.

He took a silent step back. "Have you seen a psychiatrist, Daddy?"

"..."

Justin got up and said, "I have a dinner appointment with a family friend tonight. Let's go together."

Pete didn't answer, but Chester, who was sprawled on the sofa and playing games as if no one had noticed his presence, said, "Okay!"

Meanwhile, Nora just received a call from her father. Her eyes widened. "My uncle? Really?"

Henry sneered, "They even know your mother's name is and what she looks like. How can it be fake? They've arranged to come over at 3 pm today. Come back and receive them."

Nora frowned after hanging up.

To be honest, her mother was quite a distant concept to her. Ever since she could remember, the only impression she had of her mother was her last words to her. It was a voice recording. The person had a gentle voice, and had told her to stay low-profile...

However, her family had never had any contact with her mother's family. Even her aunt abroad was just her mother's god-sister.

The sudden mention of her uncle today made her very curious—what kind of person was that mysterious mother of hers, exactly?

She took a cab back to the Smiths.

As soon as she entered, she heard Wendy ask, "Did Nora's mother ever mention her family, Henry?"

Henry replied disdainfully, "I asked her about them before. She said that her family lives in the mountains and is very poor. She escaped from there, so she never made any contact with them after that."

When Wendy heard that, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "What? Will Nora's uncle pester us after he comes, then?"

Henry was also troubled over the same thing. "Just now, they specially mentioned that her uncle was sick and hospitalized, so her aunt will be coming by herself. She won't ask to borrow money for medical expenses as soon as she enters, will she?"

Wendy curled her lip. “Do we lend it to her if she does?”

Henry immediately sneered, “That’s Nora’s uncle. What does he have to do with the Smiths? If there’s anyone who should be lending them money, it’s her!”

Outside the door, Nora, who was listening to their conversation, cast her eyes down. Her clenched fists suddenly loosened and she let out a scoff of laughter. Only then did she finally step forward and enter the house.

Angela was leaning on Henry’s shoulder and acting like a baby. The family of three looked happy and blissful.

At the sight of Nora, Angela curled her lip and said smugly, “Tsk, no wonder you’ve never mentioned anything about your mother’s family. So, it’s because they’re such an embarrassment! But Nora, you shouldn’t forget your roots. They are your mother’s family; surely you should still acknowledge those penniless relatives of yours?”

With her eyes down and as if she didn’t hear her at all, Nora walked over to the one-seater sofa and casually took a seat. She ignored them completely.

Despite that, Angela spoke with a sense of superiority and said, “My uncle just bought me a handbag some time back. I wonder if your uncle will buy anything for you, Nora? Oh dear, I forgot. He’s currently sick and hospitalized, so he probably can’t even afford his own medical expenses. Mom, Dad, let’s show them some pity later and give them a few hundred dollars.”

After saying that, she frowned again and called out, “Mrs. Lane, get the disinfectant and air purifiers ready. I heard that people from the countryside smell!”

At this moment, Mrs. Lane called out, “They’re here!”

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn’t care about the guest.

She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.



When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."

She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, “Dad, Mom. Who is she?”

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn’t looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn’t recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry’s arm and said, “Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I’ve heard that there aren’t many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists.”

Angela curled her lip. “So that’s what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora’s mother’s family were rich, her mother wouldn’t have been so down and out!”

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora’s mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, “Nora’s mother’s last name is Anderson, right? That’s an unusual last name in our circle. There isn’t any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York.”

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren’t important people.

He snorted and said, “They are probably just putting on an act. I’m just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!”

Wendy smiled and said, “Alright, that’s enough. Don’t we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let’s get ready, lest we be late.”

Henry nodded. “Yes, that’s more important.”

Angela grumbled, “Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest’s VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!”

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn’t ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, “To Hotel Finest.”

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, “You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora.”

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn’t that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn’t want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

“By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?”

Nora didn’t mind, so she nodded. “Okay.”

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, “Don’t you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?”

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, "I heard the Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let's see if we can talk to them later."

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite's exclusive elevator.

The other elevator's doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.

The presidential suite's exclusive elevator and the normal elevator were built side by side. The former was slightly more toward the inside, so Justin and the other two would have to walk past the normal elevator to reach the restaurant.

Justin's movements were very purposeful, so he always kept his gaze straight while walking. He stood straight and tall like a tower and had a chilly air around him when he walked. His countenance was covered with a layer of frost and that iconic mole of his exuded nobility and alienation toward others.

Next to him, Pete, who was a miniature of Justin, had the exact same expression. It was just that that he was too young, so his young visage looked a little cuter.

Overshadowed by them, Chester, who was a little less dazzling, walked beside them energetically. He was overjoyed that he could tag along with his leader and freeloader.

He was a cheerful and animated person and looked around when he walked. When he glimpsed at the person in the elevator, he suddenly froze. When he looked again, he saw the face that was identical to Pete's!

He swallowed hard and slowly looked down, only to see his nephew right next to him. He was so shocked that he exclaimed, "Justin!"

Justin turned and looked at him unhurriedly, his deep and bottomless gaze landing with dissatisfaction on the person making a ruckus. Chester pointed to the normal elevator and said, "There are two Petes!"

Chester looked at the elevator again after his exclamation. This time, however, he only saw a few adults inside. The child that he saw just now was nowhere in sight.

He rubbed his eyes and looked over again, but there still wasn't any child in the elevator. Puzzled, he said, "I really saw Pete in the elevator just now. Why is he gone..."

A look of worry appeared on his face. "Oh no, has my condition gotten worse? Should I get my eyes checked?"

He was actually seeing things...

Justin said coldly, "You should be getting your brain checked instead."

Chester looked aghast. That was such a harmless but insulting comment!

After the three of them walked past the elevator and turned into the hallway to the restaurant, Cherry, who was hiding behind a few hotel guests, finally peeked out and patted her chest in relief.

She had almost been discovered!

She darted out of the elevator and secretly ran over to the corner. She was just in time to hear the service staff saying respectfully, "Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The VVIP room is this way."

The VVIP room?

That was exactly what Mommy had told her to go when she called just now!

If Pete went in, wouldn't everything be exposed?

They had already reached the door to the VVIP room and were about to open the door. It was too late even if she called her brother now!

Cherry hurriedly shouted, "Hey!"

Pete was about to follow the tyrant into the room when he suddenly heard her voice. His heart suddenly skipped a beat and he hurriedly turned around. The corner of his mouth spasmed a little when he saw the little runt running toward him.

Cherry had a scarf wrapped all around her head and was wearing a pair of sunglasses, which made her look very comical.

However, Cherry didn't have the luxury of caring that much. She grabbed Pete's hand and said, "You're the boy that stays upstairs, right? Is your father here to have dinner with Mommy? Let's go and play at the playground!"

It was only when Pete heard what she said that he understood why his sister had suddenly appeared.

It was fortunate that he hadn't entered yet, otherwise, everything would have been exposed!

He reacted very quickly and nodded. "Okay."

Justin, who was about to open the door, looked down. His eyes narrowed when he saw the child who had wrapped the scarf all around her head.

So, she's that woman's daughter?

Sure enough, she was just as weird as her.

After seeing his son silently asking for permission with his eyes, Justin, who had never liked Pete associating with outsiders, paused. At last, he said, "Go ahead."

He didn't know why, but he subconsciously felt that it would be nice for the two children to play together.

There was a small children's playground inside the restaurant that was specially meant for the restaurant's young guests. There was also special service staff there that watched over the place.

There were absolutely no issues with Hotel Finest's service and safety standards. This was also the reason why Nora dared to let Cherry come downstairs by herself.

After the two children ran off, Justin opened the door to the private room and strode in, leaving only Chester who was still standing there and staring at the two children from the back.

It seemed like the child he saw in the normal elevator just now who looked identical to Pete was wearing that exact same Spider-Man outfit?

When he thought of that, Chester said, "Go on inside, Justin. I'll go and look after Pete."

He quickly walked toward the children's playground after saying that.

Inside the private room.

Although there was a door separating them, Nora could still hear what was happening outside. That young voice just now was probably Cherry, right?

Nora stood up. She was about to go out and take a look when the door opened to reveal Justin outside.

The man's exquisite facial features were flawless. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly upon making eye contact with her. The corners of his thin

lips quirked slightly and the icy aura around him slowly melted. He said, "We meet again, Miss Smith."

Nora looked down nonchalantly. Was he the person that her uncle wanted to treat to a meal?

The boy that Cherry invited to play with her just now was his son?

Judging from that man's numerous warnings to her, it was obvious that he was very protective of his son. Cherry was mischievous and had an unforgiving tongue. She'd best not thoughtlessly make the boy cry and bring them more unnecessary trouble.

In a slightly deep voice, Nora said, "Let me go over and talk to Cherry a little, Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, she went past him and then straight out.

With his eyes downcast, the smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened. So, her daughter's name was Cherry? His son's name was Pete. If one connected the names, it would sound like... What a coincidence!

In the hallway.

Anthony paced about anxiously with his hands behind his back as he thought about how he could create a chance to meet with the Andersons and make their acquaintance. But while he didn't meet any of the Andersons, he did spy a familiar figure.

The girl wore a simple T-shirt and jeans and was dragging her feet lazily as she walked. She looked half-asleep, but even that raw and unpolished appearance couldn't hide how attractive she was.

It was actually Nora!

Anthony clenched his fists. During these past few days, her form had kept popping up in his mind. Upon meeting her again, his gaze continued to subconsciously be captured by her.

It was then that Anthony finally realized that he had really fallen in love with her.



He took a step forward and stood in front of Nora. "Why are you here, Nora?"

Nora, who found her path suddenly blocked, frowned. The look in her eyes was a little cold when she saw Anthony. She replied, "Surely I don't have to explain my whereabouts to you?"

Seeing how distant she was being, Anthony suddenly lifted his chin and said arrogantly, "Do you know what I'm doing here, Nora?"

His words puzzled Nora. She wasn't interested in knowing.

However, without waiting for her response, Anthony continued and said, "The Andersons from New York are also here today. I'm here for a business meeting with them! When the Grays form a connection with the Andersons, we'll definitely become even bigger and become the wealthiest family in California. If you do what I say, I can choose to forgive you."

Nora wasn't listening to what he was babbling on and on about at all. However, when she heard what he said at the end, she looked up in surprise. "What?"

Anthony, who looked a little bashful, said, "While I can forgive you, your reputation is already a mess. If I marry you, it'll embarrass the Grays. But I can buy you a mansion elsewhere and take care of you for the rest of your life."

Nora found him hilarious. Her voice dispassionate, she said sarcastically, "You want me to be your mistress? I'm afraid you can't afford it."

Anthony hurriedly said, "I'm rich! I can give you \$15,000 as living expenses every month. You can buy whatever you want with it."

\$15,000 wasn't even enough for her to buy Cherry's clothes.

Nora found him annoying and went around him from the left as she said, "I'm not interested in being someone's mistress."

Anthony also stopped her from the left. "You want to marry me? That's not impossible, either!"

He gritted his teeth and went on. "Grandpa keeps forcing me to take you as my wife anyway. Besides, you only have a daughter, so we can just give her some money and marry her off somewhere in the future. As long as she's obedient and refrains from fighting or arguing with her younger siblings in the future, the Grays can take her in, even if we're reluctant."

He felt that his conditions were lenient enough. Any woman would probably be grateful to him, right?

Unexpectedly, a look of displeasure appeared in Nora's eyes and a chilly aura formed all around her. "I will not let my daughter suffer any injustice."

Anthony frowned and said, "Don't push your luck, Nora! You can't possibly want us to let your daughter take our last name and enjoy the same treatment as our children? That's impossible!"

At this moment, a sharp voice suddenly reached them. "Nora! You're trying to seduce Anthony again!"

Together with the voice, Angela also rushed over. Her arms flailed in the air as she rushed toward Nora. "I'm going to kill you!"

Anthony stopped her and shouted angrily, "What are you doing?!"

In the private room, Henry, Wendy, and Anthony's father heard the commotion and came out. Upon seeing the three of them, Henry yelled, "Nora, are you bullying your sister again? Apologize to her!"

Wendy also spoke up. "Nora, your sister and Anthony are discussing their engagement today. I know you're unhappy about it, but that doesn't mean you can come over and make trouble... You were the one that did something wrong to the Grays by getting pregnant before your marriage and damaging both families' reputation!"

Anthony stepped forward. "Uncle Henry, Aunt Wendy. Nora isn't to be blamed for that. The two of us are truly in love with each other. I'm willing to accept her."

Angela's eyes widened. Hurt and sad, she took a step back.

Henry was shocked. “Anthony, my daughter has been stubborn and contrary since she was a child. Don’t be fooled by her! She got herself pregnant before marriage. It’ll sully your name if you marry her!”

Wendy also nodded and said, “Besides, her maternal grandparents’ family is also very poor. They live in the mountains and even begged us for money today. These relatives are trouble!”

After speaking, when she saw how Anthony was still looking at Nora like a young man in love, Wendy turned to Anthony’s father and said, “Mr. Gray, you have to think carefully about this! We don’t want the Grays to be implicated.”

Anthony’s father’s gaze fell on Nora when he heard what she said.

She was leaning against the wall, her posture lazy and sloppy. Her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, and she seemed to have a half-amused smile on her lips. She looked as if she was being entertained by what was going on. That sense of detachment was as if the dispute here had nothing to do with her.

Anthony’s father was someone who had been immersed in the world of commerce for many years. His deep and unfathomable eyes darkened and he suddenly said, “Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Let’s have the children make their own decisions instead. Miss Smith, do you really want to be Anthony’s wife?”

His words caused everyone to shift their gazes to Nora.

Tsk, they were finally willing to listen to her.

Nora lifted her head, raised her eyebrows, and her lips curled up in a smile. She replied, “No, I don’t.”

“…”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Anthony was the first to react. Furious, he demanded, “What do you mean by that, Nora?”

Nora straightened her back and said clearly, "It means I'm not interested in you."

Anthony looked at her incredulously as if he still didn't understand what she was saying.

Angela, however, shouted, "What makes you think you can be disinterested in Anthony, Nora? You make it sound like he's beneath you. Not only do you come with baggage, but your daughter is even a little bastard. Is a woman like you even worthy of being picky?!"

Anthony finally came back to his senses. In his anger, his choice of words was also very malicious. He said, "Nora, who are you interested in, if not me? The entire California knows that you got yourself pregnant before marriage. Apart from me, who else would marry a wanton woman like you whose reputation is in shambles?!"

Wendy sighed and said, "How can you say that, Nora? You shouldn't reach for something beyond your grasp. Do you really think you can do the same thing as your mom? It was sheer dumb luck that someone like her, who came from the mountains, could marry your father. Even if you're a little prettier than most, anyone with a decent family background will never take you as their wife."

Wendy then changed the subject again and asked, "By the way, are you here for dinner with your aunt? Where is she? Your uncle needs money for his hospitalization fees, right? Are you short of money?"

Sure enough, Anthony's father frowned when he heard her.

At this moment, a gentle voice reached them: "Who says we don't have enough money for medical expenses?"

The few of them looked into the distance and saw the approaching Melissa. The smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She said, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. You don't have to worry about the hospitalization fees. Also, you don't need to bother yourselves with matters regarding Nora's marriage in the future, either. The Andersons will take care of it!"

Shocked, Anthony's father asked, "The Andersons? Which Andersons?"

Melissa's lips curled up into a smile. Her voice was gentle, but what she said ringed like a thunderclap: "The Andersons from New York."

Anthony's father's eyes widened immediately!

Even Henry and Wendy were so astounded that they couldn't say anything!

The Andersons from New York... Were they really the ones they were thinking of?

While they were hesitating, Melissa looked at Anthony again. After looking him up and down, she shook his head and said, "Let's go back to the private room, Nora. Don't keep your blind date waiting. "

She deliberately emphasized the words "blind date".

Nora knew that her aunt was trying to back her up, so she went along with her wishes and nodded. "Okay."

The two finally turned around, only to immediately see Justin standing behind them. His deep-set eyes were raised and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be smiling. With an emphasis on each syllable, he repeated, "Blind date?"

—

While the few of them were arguing, Cherry dragged Pete with her and sneaked into the stairwell.

She took off the scarf to reveal her delicate and adorable face, panting heavily as she said, "That was so suffocating! It's a good thing that we weren't found out, Pete!"

Then, she saw her brother pause and slowly lift his head.

Cherry turned around and also slowly lifted her head. At once, she saw Chester standing there in disbelief with his eyes wide.

The hallway outside was bustling with all kinds of noise.

However, the three in the stairwell were silent.

At last, after a full half a minute, Chester pointed at Cherry as if he had seen a ghost and stammered, “Y-you... You...”

Pete pressed his lips together and sighed. “Since you’ve seen us, then I won’t keep it a secret anymore.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I have a superpower—I can create clones. If you don’t believe me, close your eyes. I’ll withdraw my clone.”

Chester was perplexed.

The corners of his lips spasmed. “Do you really think I’m that stupid, Pete? I’m not going to believe that!”

Cherry cupped her hands around her mouth and leaned toward her brother. She looked like she wanted to whisper, but her voice was in no way soft as she asked, “So, Uncle Chester does have a brain after all?”

Pete was also puzzled. “I’ll look it up when I get back. Can single-celled organisms think?”

Chester was speechless. He felt humiliated!

But right after that, he said triumphantly, “There are too many loopholes in your superpower. Can you really make a little girl version of yourself just because you can make a clone of yourself? Are you a hermaphrodite?”

That child wearing the Spider-Man outfit might look like a little boy, but she was Nora Smith’s daughter!

Cherry was confused.

Pete was perplexed.

As expected, single-celled organisms really do think differently!

The two little cuties looked at each other. Cherry tilted her head and asked, “What do we do, Pete? Do we silence him?”

Pete hesitated. “He’s my uncle. We shouldn’t do that.”

“Oh.” Cherry was a little disappointed.

The corners of Chester's lips spasmed again. He said, "I'm going to tell Justin that apart from a son, he also has a daughter!"

He ran out after saying that.

Pete hurriedly called out, "Uncle Chester!"

However, Chester didn't stop.

Cherry panicked. She placed her hands on her hips and yelled, "Don't you dare move, Chesty!"

Chester's instinct to obey instructions whenever he played games made him freeze instantly, and he even remained in a running stance.

"Come back here!"

Chester obediently returned to the stairwell. He squatted down like a silly puppy and exclaimed, "So, you're my leader!"

Cherry held her cheeks and tilted her head. "Yes, that's right! I'm sweetcherry!"

... As it turned out, not only was his leader a five-year-old, but she was also a little girl!

Chester felt very deceived.

Pete said, "You mustn't tell Daddy what happened today, Uncle Chester!"

Chester was puzzled. "Why is that?"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then, he said, "Think about it. If Daddy knew Cherry's mom was the one who gave birth to me, what will he do?"

Chester felt as if his brain cells weren't working. He said, "Her mom? The one who gave birth to you... Sh\*t! You mean Nora Smith is that damned biological mother of yours?"

" ... "

Chester finally understood why the two children didn't want him to tell the truth.

Five years ago, Justin had suddenly brought a baby back and said that it was his son. When everyone asked who the child's mother was, he had flown into a rage and strictly forbidden everyone at home from ever mentioning the child's mother.

At that time, the few of them were even secretly wondering what exactly the woman, who had given birth to Pete, had done. Justin had looked as if he wanted to rip that woman into pieces...

Cherry said adorably, "Chesty, I want a father and a brother, but I also want Mommy. So, I want them to fall in love first before we acknowledge each other. This way, our family of four can be together. Can you keep this a secret?"

Chester shook his head. "No, I can't keep this a secret from Justin."

Cherry instantly transformed into a grumpy little ogre. "If you tell Daddy, I won't bring you along in our raids anymore!"

Chester was speechless. That was a rather serious threat!

—

Meanwhile, in the VVIP room.

The three people who had returned sat there quietly. Melissa looked a little embarrassed as she explained: "I don't mean anything by that, Justin. I was just forced by the circumstances to say that just now. Please don't misunderstand."

Although the Hunts were family friends with the Andersons, Justin's identity wasn't as simple as just the head of the Hunts.

Moreover, he hated being involved with women the most. Melissa didn't want to offend him with what she said just now.

Justin was staring at Nora.



The woman's eyes were downcast as she stirred the water in the glass in boredom. Her dazzling features and the icy aura around her made one unable to dislike her.

Not only was he not angry, but there was even a smile at the corner of his eyes. "It's alright."

Melissa and Justin chatted politely. When she realized that Nora was going to New York with him the day after tomorrow, Melissa smiled and said, "Nora, your uncle and I were also thinking of having you stay with us in New York."

Her eyes reddened as she went on. "Your grandmother has been crying so much ever since your mother's disappearance that she has gone blind. She has been talking about your mother all these years. She'll definitely be overjoyed to see you."

Nora had originally intended to refuse the offer. She was already an adult; she didn't need to stay with them. But when she heard that, she paused and said, "...Okay."

Food was served after that, and the three of them began to eat.

Justin observed the woman in front of him. He realized that the way she ate was very interesting. She liked stuffing large pieces of meat into her mouth and chewing on them, yet her casual movements didn't appear crude.

Most women that Justin had met chewed slowly, but she finished the steak on the plate in just a few bites in an extremely efficient manner.

How would he possibly know that Nora just didn't want to waste time on anything apart from spending time with Cherry?

Melissa had only just taken four bites when Nora placed her cutlery down. "Aunt Melissa, I have something on in a while, so I'll go first."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Nora left the private room after saying that. When she saw Mrs. Lewis's text message saying that Cherry had already returned, she didn't bother going upstairs. She hailed a cab and went out instead.

Although she knew that it wasn't appropriate to leave the meal midway, she really did have something on. Two days ago, she had already made an appointment with Wayne Myers, the acting director of Idealian Pharmaceuticals. Back then, her mother had entrusted him with the company, and he had managed it for over 20 years now.

When Nora arrived at the cafe, Wayne was already there.

He stood up excitedly and said, "You've returned to the States, Nora! You must be 24 years old by now? If your mother could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

Wayne managed the company wholeheartedly. Despite so many years passing, he hadn't developed any thoughts that he shouldn't have.

Nora nodded slightly. Then, she took a seat and asked, "Wayne, I asked you out today because I wanted to ask you if my mother has left me anything apart from the company? Or whether she left me anything in the company?"

She had already looked into it.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals really was just a small company with an annual income of \$5,000,000. Over the years, they even moved and changed their company address a few times.

She didn't quite understand why the Grays and the Smiths were so hung up over such a small company?

Wayne solemnly nodded and answered, "Yes, she did!"

Nora looked up at him. "What did she leave me?"

So, the company really was hiding something?

Just as she thought so, Wayne answered, "Love and company."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Wayne went on. "Although she left us early, she has paved the way for you. She may not be around anymore, but her heart has always been with you."

"..."

After listening to Wayne blabber on and on about maternal love for over an hour, Nora, who had just eaten, couldn't help but yawn.

It was only then that Wayne realized that he was being too long-winded. He said, "You're already a grown-up now, Nora. When do you plan to take over the company?"

Although he had already come to care for and developed a sense of belonging to the company, the business was Nora's. He had to return it to her.

Nora replied detachedly, "You're taking care of it pretty well, so just continue with it."

A small company didn't have the usual few departments. The owner had to basically see to everything themselves. This took up too much time that she could spend sleeping!

Wayne was confused.

Nora asked, "Have the Grays shown any interest in buying over the company?"

If what the Grays were interested in was really the company's development potential, then there was no need to use Anthony's marital bliss as a bargaining chip. They could just buy over the company at a high price. It wasn't like they didn't have the money.

However, Wayne shook his head. "No, they haven't."

Nora frowned. However, since she couldn't figure it out, she decided that she won't think about it anymore. "If you ever think of anything that my mom instructed you to hand over to me, give me a call."

"Sure." Then, Wayne said, "Can I get your bank account number, Nora? I'll transfer all the company dividends directly to you in the future."

Back then, Nora was still a child. But when she grew up, she had gone abroad. That was why Wayne had paid the dividends to her guardian instead.

It was just five million dollars. While it was nothing to Nora, why should she give it to the Smiths?

She gave him her bank account number and left.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Howard Hunt sat on the sofa arrogantly and watched Pete, who was in the study, contemptuously.

By this generation, the only direct descendants of the Hunts left were Justin's immediate family, as well as Howard's immediate family in New York.

As the head of the family's direct descendant and the eldest son, Justin had also inherited the position. However, his second uncle refused to accept this and ended up causing a lot of incidents.

The Hunts living in the family home didn't participate in the family's business disputes. They were only responsible for presiding over family issues. As for Howard, he was obsessed with martial arts.

He despised his family's ways and also admired Justin from the bottom of his heart. However, he simply disliked that child of unknown origin. It was him who brought shame to Justin's glorious life!

Moreover, not only was he mentally ill, but he was so small and weak. How could a child like that be worthy of becoming Justin's successor?

Howard snorted and withdrew his gaze disdainfully.

The door opened at this point—Justin was back.

As the man entered the room, his almost-solid presence rushed toward Howard, causing him to sit up in a hurry. He greeted him respectfully. "Justin."

Justin made a sound of acknowledgment and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Howard touched his hooked nose nervously and replied, "Grandpa heard that you're going to New York to have your grandma's condition treated, so he wants me to go with you and act as a witness. At the same time, I also

thought I would see if the old Mr. Quinn would be willing to take me in and teach me some traditional martial arts techniques.”

It might seem like traditional martial arts were falling into decline as time went by, but in fact, there were still mysterious masters of the art among regular folks.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts ranked top in traditional martial arts. It was Howard’s dream to become their apprentice.

Justin glanced at him. He knew that the part about him wanting to join the school was true, but not so much the part about him being a witness. But joining the Quinn School of Martial Arts and learning martial arts there?

His deep-set eyes looked toward the study. Dim light flickered in his eyes and he said, “Take Pete with you. Mr. Quinn is strict when it comes to enrollment, though. You may not meet his requirements. Pete, on the other hand, has a chance. ”

He had already checked Pete’s body when he was a toddler. Pete was very suitable to learn martial arts. However, he was reluctant to have his son go through hardship at that time, so he hadn’t taught him any martial arts.

His son was behaving rather ‘uniquely’ lately, so it would be good to send him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up some martial arts. This way, he could ‘straighten’ him out!

Howard curled his lip disdainfully. “Him?”

However, when he made eye contact with Justin’s sharp eyes, he shut up and swallowed whatever he wanted to say next.

Deep down, he was scoffing, though. With that small and weak body of his, why would Mr. Quinn ever pick him?

Nora returned to the hotel at this time.

Her cell phone started to ring. After she changed into slippers, leaned on the sofa, and picked up lazily, she heard an angry shout from the other end. “You little rascal, have you been slacking off again?! And skipping practice?!”

Nora rubbed her ears that were stinging from his volume. "I have to sleep, Quinn. I don't have time."

"Send me Cherry, then! She's your daughter, so her body must be even more suitable than yours. I'll take her as my apprentice and have her succeed me! Have you found your son yet? Our style ultimately still suits boys better. Bring them both if you've found him!"

Nora replied lazily, "Has the Quinn School of Martial Arts become that destitute that they have to rely on a five-year-old to breathe new life into the school?"

Quinn yelled, "...And who's to blame for that? It's all because I was blind enough to take someone as lazy as you as my apprentice! That Irvin fellow keeps showing off his apprentices to me. My apprentices can't fall behind, either! Come to New York and have a showdown with his apprentices if you're free!"

Quinn and Irvin were lifetime rivals.

Nora replied unhurriedly, "I'm not free."

Then, before Quinn got mad, she added, "But I am indeed coming to New York. I'll bring Cherry over and visit you."

"When, and what time? I'll send someone to pick you up!"

After Quinn eagerly said that, he immediately heard Nora's soft chuckle. The elderly man then said awkwardly, "The one I miss is Cherry, not you!"

Nora chuckled again. Then, she hung up after informing him about her arrival date and time.

She picked up a glass of water from the coffee table, took a couple of sips, and then went to take a bath.

Outside the house.

When Cherry, who was holding her cell phone, saw all this through the gap at the door, she said into the voice chat, "Chesty, Mommy's back!"

Pete said, "Hide, Cherry. Daddy's gone downstairs to look for Mommy!"

Cherry darted into the stairwell. Sure enough, she spotted her handsome Daddy coming out of the elevator. When he reached their suite and saw that the door was open, he went straight in.

As soon as he entered, Chester dashed over and locked the doors with a huge metal padlock.

After that, he sneaked into the stairwell and asked, "Did you make them drink what I gave you?"

Cherry replied, "Yes, she drank it! I put it in her glass of water!"

Pete also replied, "The tyrant also drank it."

Chester then said, "Perfect! Cherry, your mission now is to prevent Mrs. Lewis from coming back. Things will definitely heat up between your dad and mom tonight!"

Cherry asked suspiciously, "What kind of drug did you give to Mommy?"

Chester grinned. "Children shouldn't ask about things like that!"

It was that type of drug, of course! Additionally, because he knew that Justin had good self-control, he had given them a luxurious, upgraded version!

Inside the room.

Nora was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a sound outside. She walked out in a bath towel and asked lazily, "Cherry, Mrs. Lewis, are you back?"

As she spoke, she noticed the man sitting on the sofa.

"..."

Justin had immediately realized that something was amiss when he heard someone locking the door. A short while later, when he started feeling unwell, he realized that he had been drugged.

There were a lot of people in New York who wanted to become his woman, and they had tried various methods one after another over the years. It was hard for him to guard against all of them. During a moment of negligence half

a year ago, someone had also successfully drugged him with the most potent drug in the world.

However, he had been practicing martial arts since he was a child, so his physical fitness was stronger than most. Thus, he had managed to stubbornly suppress it with his willpower.

Therefore, he was confident that everything would be fine this time as well.

With the door locked, when he heard the sound of splashing water coming from the bathroom, he simply sat on the sofa, intending to see what exactly that woman planned to do.

To be honest, he didn't quite understand her.

She frequently made contact with Pete and even allowed him to call her Mommy. It stood to reason that she intended to use his son to get near to him, yet every time she was faced with him, she would adopt an indifferent attitude. It almost made him think that he really was misunderstanding her!

But in the end, she suddenly colluded with his son this evening by drugging him first and then sending him a message asking him to come down. And now, the two of them were locked in here. Was she finally intending to go all the way and have the final showdown with him?

For some reason, he was actually looking forward to it a little.

Just as he thought so, the bathroom door opened and a woman walked out surrounded by mist and moisture. Through the portière, what entered his sight first was a pair of delicate feet.

Her feet were bare, and her toes were round and fair. They looked a little cute.

Justin felt his mouth going dry. The desire that he had suppressed emerged a little.

Next, he saw her slender ankles and her straight and fair calves. The portière was pushed aside, and the woman stood there wrapped in a white bath towel.



Perhaps because she had just come out of a warm bath, her cheeks were flushed and her hair was damp. They stuck to her fair and slender shoulders as water droplets slid down from her face to her collarbones before sliding further down and seeping into the bath towel...

In that instant, he felt a sudden surge of warmth in his lower abdomen, which made his brows draw together. He felt as if all the blood in him was surging into a certain place!

He clenched his fists and lost control a little for a moment.

His abnormal behavior also entered Nora's eyes.

The cheeks of the man on the sofa were abnormally red, and his deep-set eyes were stained with desire. He seemed a little less cold and standoffish than usual, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave him a bewitching allure that wasn't usually there. The sight of him slumped on the sofa was actually exuding a sense of enticement?

Nora frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

She had only just spoken when the man on the sofa abruptly dived toward her. The huge force pushed her straight onto the wall behind!

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "Since Miss Smith has already taken a bath and is exhibiting such enthusiasm, then I..."

Before he finished, he had already lowered his head and started kissing her neck. His scalding hot breath made Nora shiver.

The man's domineering pheromones entered her nose forcefully. As he was very tall and had pressed right up against her, his back was slightly arched as he bent over.

An indescribable heat permeated her whole body, making her mouth gradually feel dry and hot.

As a doctor, she instantly understood something.

She tried to push the man away, only to find that he was very strong. He was still kissing her neck haphazardly. Nora suddenly lifted her right knee and attacked the most delicate part of the man.

However, the man's large, scalding-hot hands grabbed her ankles the next moment. His voice was hoarse and he sounded puzzled as he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Nora snorted coldly. She leaped nimbly into the air and gave him a roundhouse kick with her left leg!

Bam!

Justin reached out his arm and blocked the blow.

Nora came at him again with a punch.

Upon feeling the sharp momentum of her fist coming toward him, Justin turned and ducked. The woman's other fist then came toward him with a whoosh, scraping past his ear.

What speed!

In the blink of an eye, both of them backed away after exchanging a few blows and put some distance between themselves.

Nora frowned. There was concealed anger in her cat-like eyes. She was about to say something when the bath towel suddenly slipped off and she felt a chill all over her body.

"..."

Nora's brain stopped working for a second. Then, she quickly squatted down to pick up the bath towel, only to find that it was twisted into a clump and couldn't be straightened out quickly.

Seeing the man looking over in astonishment, Nora picked up the bath towel in a split second and flung it onto Justin's face.

Justin was about to grab the bath towel and remove it when he heard her shout coldly, "I won't let you out of this room alive if you take it off!"

Justin was astounded.

No one had ever threatened him like that in his whole life! However, the anger in the woman's voice made him pause his movements. She... didn't want to do it with him?

Nora took the opportunity to hurriedly pick up a nightgown from the side. With her back to him, she put it on while saying, "I've also been drugged."

Justin, who had keen senses, could hear the sounds. Judging from them, the other party had already put on her clothes. He took off the bath towel and stared at her with a frown. "Are you trying to say that it wasn't you?"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. Her gaze swept across a certain part of his body as she replied, "Don't be too confident of yourself, Mr. Hunt."

Justin was rendered speechless.

He used the bath towel, which he was holding with both hands, to block his body in a seemingly casual manner as he asked hesitantly, "If you weren't the one that did it, then who did?"

Seeing that he was no longer being impulsive, Nora turned and went to the study. "Wait a minute."

She dug out a set of clothes from the study and put it on. Then, she picked up her laptop and walked to the living room.

By the time she saw him again, the man had already returned to the sofa and sat back down. Apart from his cheeks that were still a little red, he looked fine. If it weren't for the bulge at the bath towel around his waist, the man would have seemed like his usual self.

An impressed Nora secretly sighed and thought—'What powerful self-control.'

If it weren't because she had been taking a lot of medicine since she was a child, making her immune to most drugs, Nora would probably have lost control!

Yet he had actually suppressed those distracting thoughts in just two minutes.

Justin's deep-set eyes flickered with dim light when he glimpsed the look in her eyes. He said, "You still have time to change your mind, Miss Smith."

Nora was puzzled.

That man was really overconfident of himself.

She said sarcastically, "I'm really not interested in you, Mr. Hunt. Even if both you and I fall victim to someone's schemes and you're standing completely naked in front of me, I still won't feel anything."

It really wasn't her?

Justin actually felt a vague sense of regret. In spite of that, he showed no verbal mercy. "... It seems that you were the one who was completely naked just now."

Nora was dumbfounded.

Her face tensed up instantly and she walked straight over. She placed her laptop on the table, opened it, and pushed it in front of him.

Justin was taken aback. "What?"

Nora slowly said, "Enter your account password and check the surveillance cameras, of course! Even if we don't know who the person that drugged us was, surely we can find out who locked the door just now?"

Seeing how sure she was, Justin became increasingly displeased. He tapped a few keys at random and then tapped the Enter key. Real-time surveillance camera footage instantly appeared on the computer.

Three people were currently standing at the door.

Their faces were nearly all pressed against the door, seemingly trying to hear what was going on inside...

## **Chapter 34 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

When the thought formed, Melissa, whose eyes were shining brightly, looked at Justin. "I may have to trouble you with something, Justin. Can you help me look up some information about Miss Smith whom we met just now?"

An unaware Simon asked, "What's going on?"

A smile formed on Melissa's face. "If I'm not wrong, your niece is probably the one that saved your life!"

"..."

When Justin heard this, he said to Lawrence who was standing behind him, "Bring a copy of Miss Smith's information to Uncle Simon and Aunt Melissa."

After Lawrence brought the investigation report over, both parties cross-referenced the data. An overjoyed Melissa exclaimed, "It really is her!"

Simon's eyes were all red. "Nora... What a nice name. Call her over and let me have a look at her..."

If it wasn't because he had just had an operation and couldn't get out of bed, he would have raced over right away.

Unfortunately, when Lawrence went to the VIP ward next door to look for Nora, she had already left after giving Irene a checkup and ensuring that she was fine.

However, he managed to get Henry's number.

Justin's help wasn't needed anymore after that, so he returned to the hotel to spend some time with his son.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Pete was in the study and talking to Cherry on the phone.

Cherry was as sweet as honey when she spoke. "You're so smart, Pete! If Mommy does that, she'll be able to clear your name!"

Praised by his sister, Pete, who had never openly shown his emotions, blushed. "You're great, too."

Cherry grinned. In a sweet and cute voice, she then said, “You went off while wearing Little Pink yesterday, Pete. Remember to return it to me next time, okay?”

Pete, who was holding some books, paused. “Little Pink?”

“Uh-huh! You know, the pink princess dress!”

His sister even gave her clothes names. What an adorable little princess she was.

As soon as the thought formed, he heard Cherry saying adorably, “Wait a second, Pete. I gotta tell my teammate something, okie?”

Pete nodded. “Okay.”

Then, he heard Cherry go on a sudden rampage: “Do you really know how to play as a support? Have you used your ultimate skill correctly even once? And, the open world fights! Do you have a feud with the wild monsters or something? Why are you staring only at that patch of grass there?! Do you even know what support is... Also, ##%¥%&\*@...”

Pete was dumbfounded. “...” That really came out of nowhere.

After dissing her teammate for a whole two minutes, Cherry finally turned off the game voice chat and said, “Don’t forget Little Pink, okie? It’s my favorite dress!”

“...”

After hanging up, Pete immediately placed his books down, got up, and went to the bedroom to search for the dress.

He remembered taking it off the day before and tossing it on the sofa. Why was it gone?

While he was looking for it, the door opened and Justin strode in. The tall figure stopped in front of him. “What are you looking for, Pete?”

Pete replied casually, “The princess dress.”

Justin stiffened in the midst of taking off his jacket. With mixed emotions, he replied, "Oh. Don't bother anymore. I might have tossed it."

Tossed it?

Pete thought of his sister's verbal might and panicked. "Why did you throw it away without asking me?!"

Justin frowned. A resolute look flashed across his deep-set eyes and he said solemnly, "You're a boy. Don't ever wear dresses again!"

This was his absolute limit!

Pete's face tensed up and he said angrily, "You're such a despot and a dictator! No wonder Mommy hates you!"

Justin handed his jacket to the nanny, walked over to his son, and squatted gracefully.

He always looked at Pete at his eye level whenever he talked to him. This way, the child would feel like they were being respected. Seeing how his son was glaring at him with his big round eyes, he suddenly asked, "Did Miss Smith say she hates me?"

Pete replied, "...Yes!"

Justin let out a low chuckle. Even the mole at the corner of his eye exuded a bit of charisma as he said, "Women sure are creatures that say one thing but mean another."

If she really disliked him, why would she approach his son again and again?

Pete was perplexed.

He took a silent step back. "Have you seen a psychiatrist, Daddy?"

"..."

Justin got up and said, "I have a dinner appointment with a family friend tonight. Let's go together."

Pete didn't answer, but Chester, who was sprawled on the sofa and playing games as if no one had noticed his presence, said, "Okay!"

Meanwhile, Nora just received a call from her father. Her eyes widened. "My uncle? Really?"

Henry sneered, "They even know your mother's name is and what she looks like. How can it be fake? They've arranged to come over at 3 pm today. Come back and receive them."

Nora frowned after hanging up.

To be honest, her mother was quite a distant concept to her. Ever since she could remember, the only impression she had of her mother was her last words to her. It was a voice recording. The person had a gentle voice, and had told her to stay low-profile...

However, her family had never had any contact with her mother's family. Even her aunt abroad was just her mother's god-sister.

The sudden mention of her uncle today made her very curious—what kind of person was that mysterious mother of hers, exactly?

She took a cab back to the Smiths.

As soon as she entered, she heard Wendy ask, "Did Nora's mother ever mention her family, Henry?"

Henry replied disdainfully, "I asked her about them before. She said that her family lives in the mountains and is very poor. She escaped from there, so she never made any contact with them after that."

When Wendy heard that, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "What? Will Nora's uncle pester us after he comes, then?"

Henry was also troubled over the same thing. "Just now, they specially mentioned that her uncle was sick and hospitalized, so her aunt will be coming by herself. She won't ask to borrow money for medical expenses as soon as she enters, will she?"



Wendy curled her lip. “Do we lend it to her if she does?”

Henry immediately sneered, “That’s Nora’s uncle. What does he have to do with the Smiths? If there’s anyone who should be lending them money, it’s her!”

Outside the door, Nora, who was listening to their conversation, cast her eyes down. Her clenched fists suddenly loosened and she let out a scoff of laughter. Only then did she finally step forward and enter the house.

Angela was leaning on Henry’s shoulder and acting like a baby. The family of three looked happy and blissful.

At the sight of Nora, Angela curled her lip and said smugly, “Tsk, no wonder you’ve never mentioned anything about your mother’s family. So, it’s because they’re such an embarrassment! But Nora, you shouldn’t forget your roots. They are your mother’s family; surely you should still acknowledge those penniless relatives of yours?”

With her eyes down and as if she didn’t hear her at all, Nora walked over to the one-seater sofa and casually took a seat. She ignored them completely.

Despite that, Angela spoke with a sense of superiority and said, “My uncle just bought me a handbag some time back. I wonder if your uncle will buy anything for you, Nora? Oh dear, I forgot. He’s currently sick and hospitalized, so he probably can’t even afford his own medical expenses. Mom, Dad, let’s show them some pity later and give them a few hundred dollars.”

After saying that, she frowned again and called out, “Mrs. Lane, get the disinfectant and air purifiers ready. I heard that people from the countryside smell!”

At this moment, Mrs. Lane called out, “They’re here!”

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn’t care about the guest.

She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.

When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."

She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, “Dad, Mom. Who is she?”

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn’t looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn’t recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry’s arm and said, “Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I’ve heard that there aren’t many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists.”

Angela curled her lip. “So that’s what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora’s mother’s family were rich, her mother wouldn’t have been so down and out!”

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora’s mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, “Nora’s mother’s last name is Anderson, right? That’s an unusual last name in our circle. There isn’t any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York.”

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren’t important people.

He snorted and said, “They are probably just putting on an act. I’m just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!”

Wendy smiled and said, “Alright, that’s enough. Don’t we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let’s get ready, lest we be late.”

Henry nodded. “Yes, that’s more important.”

Angela grumbled, “Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest’s VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!”

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn’t ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, “To Hotel Finest.”

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, “You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora.”

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn’t that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn’t want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

“By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?”

Nora didn’t mind, so she nodded. “Okay.”

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, “Don’t you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?”

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, "I heard the Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let's see if we can talk to them later."

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite's exclusive elevator.

The other elevator's doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.

The presidential suite's exclusive elevator and the normal elevator were built side by side. The former was slightly more toward the inside, so Justin and the other two would have to walk past the normal elevator to reach the restaurant.

Justin's movements were very purposeful, so he always kept his gaze straight while walking. He stood straight and tall like a tower and had a chilly air around him when he walked. His countenance was covered with a layer of frost and that iconic mole of his exuded nobility and alienation toward others.

Next to him, Pete, who was a miniature of Justin, had the exact same expression. It was just that that he was too young, so his young visage looked a little cuter.

Overshadowed by them, Chester, who was a little less dazzling, walked beside them energetically. He was overjoyed that he could tag along with his leader and freeloader.

He was a cheerful and animated person and looked around when he walked. When he glimpsed at the person in the elevator, he suddenly froze. When he looked again, he saw the face that was identical to Pete's!

He swallowed hard and slowly looked down, only to see his nephew right next to him. He was so shocked that he exclaimed, "Justin!"

Justin turned and looked at him unhurriedly, his deep and bottomless gaze landing with dissatisfaction on the person making a ruckus. Chester pointed to the normal elevator and said, "There are two Petes!"

Chester looked at the elevator again after his exclamation. This time, however, he only saw a few adults inside. The child that he saw just now was nowhere in sight.

He rubbed his eyes and looked over again, but there still wasn't any child in the elevator. Puzzled, he said, "I really saw Pete in the elevator just now. Why is he gone..."

A look of worry appeared on his face. "Oh no, has my condition gotten worse? Should I get my eyes checked?"

He was actually seeing things...

Justin said coldly, "You should be getting your brain checked instead."

Chester looked aghast. That was such a harmless but insulting comment!

After the three of them walked past the elevator and turned into the hallway to the restaurant, Cherry, who was hiding behind a few hotel guests, finally peeked out and patted her chest in relief.

She had almost been discovered!

She darted out of the elevator and secretly ran over to the corner. She was just in time to hear the service staff saying respectfully, "Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The VVIP room is this way."

The VVIP room?

That was exactly what Mommy had told her to go when she called just now!

If Pete went in, wouldn't everything be exposed?

They had already reached the door to the VVIP room and were about to open the door. It was too late even if she called her brother now!

Cherry hurriedly shouted, "Hey!"

Pete was about to follow the tyrant into the room when he suddenly heard her voice. His heart suddenly skipped a beat and he hurriedly turned around. The corner of his mouth spasmed a little when he saw the little runt running toward him.

Cherry had a scarf wrapped all around her head and was wearing a pair of sunglasses, which made her look very comical.

However, Cherry didn't have the luxury of caring that much. She grabbed Pete's hand and said, "You're the boy that stays upstairs, right? Is your father here to have dinner with Mommy? Let's go and play at the playground!"

It was only when Pete heard what she said that he understood why his sister had suddenly appeared.

It was fortunate that he hadn't entered yet, otherwise, everything would have been exposed!

He reacted very quickly and nodded. "Okay."

Justin, who was about to open the door, looked down. His eyes narrowed when he saw the child who had wrapped the scarf all around her head.

So, she's that woman's daughter?



Sure enough, she was just as weird as her.

After seeing his son silently asking for permission with his eyes, Justin, who had never liked Pete associating with outsiders, paused. At last, he said, "Go ahead."

He didn't know why, but he subconsciously felt that it would be nice for the two children to play together.

There was a small children's playground inside the restaurant that was specially meant for the restaurant's young guests. There was also special service staff there that watched over the place.

There were absolutely no issues with Hotel Finest's service and safety standards. This was also the reason why Nora dared to let Cherry come downstairs by herself.

After the two children ran off, Justin opened the door to the private room and strode in, leaving only Chester who was still standing there and staring at the two children from the back.

It seemed like the child he saw in the normal elevator just now who looked identical to Pete was wearing that exact same Spider-Man outfit?

When he thought of that, Chester said, "Go on inside, Justin. I'll go and look after Pete."

He quickly walked toward the children's playground after saying that.

Inside the private room.

Although there was a door separating them, Nora could still hear what was happening outside. That young voice just now was probably Cherry, right?

Nora stood up. She was about to go out and take a look when the door opened to reveal Justin outside.

The man's exquisite facial features were flawless. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly upon making eye contact with her. The corners of his thin

lips quirked slightly and the icy aura around him slowly melted. He said, "We meet again, Miss Smith."

Nora looked down nonchalantly. Was he the person that her uncle wanted to treat to a meal?

The boy that Cherry invited to play with her just now was his son?

Judging from that man's numerous warnings to her, it was obvious that he was very protective of his son. Cherry was mischievous and had an unforgiving tongue. She'd best not thoughtlessly make the boy cry and bring them more unnecessary trouble.

In a slightly deep voice, Nora said, "Let me go over and talk to Cherry a little, Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, she went past him and then straight out.

With his eyes downcast, the smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened. So, her daughter's name was Cherry? His son's name was Pete. If one connected the names, it would sound like... What a coincidence!

In the hallway.

Anthony paced about anxiously with his hands behind his back as he thought about how he could create a chance to meet with the Andersons and make their acquaintance. But while he didn't meet any of the Andersons, he did spy a familiar figure.

The girl wore a simple T-shirt and jeans and was dragging her feet lazily as she walked. She looked half-asleep, but even that raw and unpolished appearance couldn't hide how attractive she was.

It was actually Nora!

Anthony clenched his fists. During these past few days, her form had kept popping up in his mind. Upon meeting her again, his gaze continued to subconsciously be captured by her.

It was then that Anthony finally realized that he had really fallen in love with her.

He took a step forward and stood in front of Nora. "Why are you here, Nora?"

Nora, who found her path suddenly blocked, frowned. The look in her eyes was a little cold when she saw Anthony. She replied, "Surely I don't have to explain my whereabouts to you?"

Seeing how distant she was being, Anthony suddenly lifted his chin and said arrogantly, "Do you know what I'm doing here, Nora?"

His words puzzled Nora. She wasn't interested in knowing.

However, without waiting for her response, Anthony continued and said, "The Andersons from New York are also here today. I'm here for a business meeting with them! When the Grays form a connection with the Andersons, we'll definitely become even bigger and become the wealthiest family in California. If you do what I say, I can choose to forgive you."

Nora wasn't listening to what he was babbling on and on about at all. However, when she heard what he said at the end, she looked up in surprise. "What?"

Anthony, who looked a little bashful, said, "While I can forgive you, your reputation is already a mess. If I marry you, it'll embarrass the Grays. But I can buy you a mansion elsewhere and take care of you for the rest of your life."

Nora found him hilarious. Her voice dispassionate, she said sarcastically, "You want me to be your mistress? I'm afraid you can't afford it."

Anthony hurriedly said, "I'm rich! I can give you \$15,000 as living expenses every month. You can buy whatever you want with it."

\$15,000 wasn't even enough for her to buy Cherry's clothes.

Nora found him annoying and went around him from the left as she said, "I'm not interested in being someone's mistress."

Anthony also stopped her from the left. "You want to marry me? That's not impossible, either!"

He gritted his teeth and went on. "Grandpa keeps forcing me to take you as my wife anyway. Besides, you only have a daughter, so we can just give her some money and marry her off somewhere in the future. As long as she's obedient and refrains from fighting or arguing with her younger siblings in the future, the Grays can take her in, even if we're reluctant."

He felt that his conditions were lenient enough. Any woman would probably be grateful to him, right?

Unexpectedly, a look of displeasure appeared in Nora's eyes and a chilly aura formed all around her. "I will not let my daughter suffer any injustice."

Anthony frowned and said, "Don't push your luck, Nora! You can't possibly want us to let your daughter take our last name and enjoy the same treatment as our children? That's impossible!"

At this moment, a sharp voice suddenly reached them. "Nora! You're trying to seduce Anthony again!"

Together with the voice, Angela also rushed over. Her arms flailed in the air as she rushed toward Nora. "I'm going to kill you!"

Anthony stopped her and shouted angrily, "What are you doing?!"

In the private room, Henry, Wendy, and Anthony's father heard the commotion and came out. Upon seeing the three of them, Henry yelled, "Nora, are you bullying your sister again? Apologize to her!"

Wendy also spoke up. "Nora, your sister and Anthony are discussing their engagement today. I know you're unhappy about it, but that doesn't mean you can come over and make trouble... You were the one that did something wrong to the Grays by getting pregnant before your marriage and damaging both families' reputation!"

Anthony stepped forward. "Uncle Henry, Aunt Wendy. Nora isn't to be blamed for that. The two of us are truly in love with each other. I'm willing to accept her."

Angela's eyes widened. Hurt and sad, she took a step back.

Henry was shocked. “Anthony, my daughter has been stubborn and contrary since she was a child. Don’t be fooled by her! She got herself pregnant before marriage. It’ll sully your name if you marry her!”

Wendy also nodded and said, “Besides, her maternal grandparents’ family is also very poor. They live in the mountains and even begged us for money today. These relatives are trouble!”

After speaking, when she saw how Anthony was still looking at Nora like a young man in love, Wendy turned to Anthony’s father and said, “Mr. Gray, you have to think carefully about this! We don’t want the Grays to be implicated.”

Anthony’s father’s gaze fell on Nora when he heard what she said.

She was leaning against the wall, her posture lazy and sloppy. Her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, and she seemed to have a half-amused smile on her lips. She looked as if she was being entertained by what was going on. That sense of detachment was as if the dispute here had nothing to do with her.

Anthony’s father was someone who had been immersed in the world of commerce for many years. His deep and unfathomable eyes darkened and he suddenly said, “Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Let’s have the children make their own decisions instead. Miss Smith, do you really want to be Anthony’s wife?”

His words caused everyone to shift their gazes to Nora.

Tsk, they were finally willing to listen to her.

Nora lifted her head, raised her eyebrows, and her lips curled up in a smile. She replied, “No, I don’t.”

“…”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Anthony was the first to react. Furious, he demanded, “What do you mean by that, Nora?”

Nora straightened her back and said clearly, "It means I'm not interested in you."

Anthony looked at her incredulously as if he still didn't understand what she was saying.

Angela, however, shouted, "What makes you think you can be disinterested in Anthony, Nora? You make it sound like he's beneath you. Not only do you come with baggage, but your daughter is even a little bastard. Is a woman like you even worthy of being picky?!"

Anthony finally came back to his senses. In his anger, his choice of words was also very malicious. He said, "Nora, who are you interested in, if not me? The entire California knows that you got yourself pregnant before marriage. Apart from me, who else would marry a wanton woman like you whose reputation is in shambles?!"

Wendy sighed and said, "How can you say that, Nora? You shouldn't reach for something beyond your grasp. Do you really think you can do the same thing as your mom? It was sheer dumb luck that someone like her, who came from the mountains, could marry your father. Even if you're a little prettier than most, anyone with a decent family background will never take you as their wife."

Wendy then changed the subject again and asked, "By the way, are you here for dinner with your aunt? Where is she? Your uncle needs money for his hospitalization fees, right? Are you short of money?"

Sure enough, Anthony's father frowned when he heard her.

At this moment, a gentle voice reached them: "Who says we don't have enough money for medical expenses?"

The few of them looked into the distance and saw the approaching Melissa. The smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She said, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. You don't have to worry about the hospitalization fees. Also, you don't need to bother yourselves with matters regarding Nora's marriage in the future, either. The Andersons will take care of it!"

Shocked, Anthony's father asked, "The Andersons? Which Andersons?"

Melissa's lips curled up into a smile. Her voice was gentle, but what she said ringed like a thunderclap: "The Andersons from New York."

Anthony's father's eyes widened immediately!

Even Henry and Wendy were so astounded that they couldn't say anything!

The Andersons from New York... Were they really the ones they were thinking of?

While they were hesitating, Melissa looked at Anthony again. After looking him up and down, she shook his head and said, "Let's go back to the private room, Nora. Don't keep your blind date waiting. "

She deliberately emphasized the words "blind date".

Nora knew that her aunt was trying to back her up, so she went along with her wishes and nodded. "Okay."

The two finally turned around, only to immediately see Justin standing behind them. His deep-set eyes were raised and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be smiling. With an emphasis on each syllable, he repeated, "Blind date?"

—

While the few of them were arguing, Cherry dragged Pete with her and sneaked into the stairwell.

She took off the scarf to reveal her delicate and adorable face, panting heavily as she said, "That was so suffocating! It's a good thing that we weren't found out, Pete!"

Then, she saw her brother pause and slowly lift his head.

Cherry turned around and also slowly lifted her head. At once, she saw Chester standing there in disbelief with his eyes wide.

The hallway outside was bustling with all kinds of noise.

However, the three in the stairwell were silent.

At last, after a full half a minute, Chester pointed at Cherry as if he had seen a ghost and stammered, “Y-you... You...”

Pete pressed his lips together and sighed. “Since you’ve seen us, then I won’t keep it a secret anymore.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I have a superpower—I can create clones. If you don’t believe me, close your eyes. I’ll withdraw my clone.”

Chester was perplexed.

The corners of his lips spasmed. “Do you really think I’m that stupid, Pete? I’m not going to believe that!”

Cherry cupped her hands around her mouth and leaned toward her brother. She looked like she wanted to whisper, but her voice was in no way soft as she asked, “So, Uncle Chester does have a brain after all?”

Pete was also puzzled. “I’ll look it up when I get back. Can single-celled organisms think?”

Chester was speechless. He felt humiliated!

But right after that, he said triumphantly, “There are too many loopholes in your superpower. Can you really make a little girl version of yourself just because you can make a clone of yourself? Are you a hermaphrodite?”

That child wearing the Spider-Man outfit might look like a little boy, but she was Nora Smith’s daughter!

Cherry was confused.

Pete was perplexed.

As expected, single-celled organisms really do think differently!

The two little cuties looked at each other. Cherry tilted her head and asked, “What do we do, Pete? Do we silence him?”

Pete hesitated. “He’s my uncle. We shouldn’t do that.”

“Oh.” Cherry was a little disappointed.



The corners of Chester's lips spasmed again. He said, "I'm going to tell Justin that apart from a son, he also has a daughter!"

He ran out after saying that.

Pete hurriedly called out, "Uncle Chester!"

However, Chester didn't stop.

Cherry panicked. She placed her hands on her hips and yelled, "Don't you dare move, Chesty!"

Chester's instinct to obey instructions whenever he played games made him freeze instantly, and he even remained in a running stance.

"Come back here!"

Chester obediently returned to the stairwell. He squatted down like a silly puppy and exclaimed, "So, you're my leader!"

Cherry held her cheeks and tilted her head. "Yes, that's right! I'm sweetcherry!"

... As it turned out, not only was his leader a five-year-old, but she was also a little girl!

Chester felt very deceived.

Pete said, "You mustn't tell Daddy what happened today, Uncle Chester!"

Chester was puzzled. "Why is that?"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then, he said, "Think about it. If Daddy knew Cherry's mom was the one who gave birth to me, what will he do?"

Chester felt as if his brain cells weren't working. He said, "Her mom? The one who gave birth to you... Sh\*t! You mean Nora Smith is that damned biological mother of yours?"

" ... "

Chester finally understood why the two children didn't want him to tell the truth.

Five years ago, Justin had suddenly brought a baby back and said that it was his son. When everyone asked who the child's mother was, he had flown into a rage and strictly forbidden everyone at home from ever mentioning the child's mother.

At that time, the few of them were even secretly wondering what exactly the woman, who had given birth to Pete, had done. Justin had looked as if he wanted to rip that woman into pieces...

Cherry said adorably, "Chesty, I want a father and a brother, but I also want Mommy. So, I want them to fall in love first before we acknowledge each other. This way, our family of four can be together. Can you keep this a secret?"

Chester shook his head. "No, I can't keep this a secret from Justin."

Cherry instantly transformed into a grumpy little ogre. "If you tell Daddy, I won't bring you along in our raids anymore!"

Chester was speechless. That was a rather serious threat!

—

Meanwhile, in the VVIP room.

The three people who had returned sat there quietly. Melissa looked a little embarrassed as she explained: "I don't mean anything by that, Justin. I was just forced by the circumstances to say that just now. Please don't misunderstand."

Although the Hunts were family friends with the Andersons, Justin's identity wasn't as simple as just the head of the Hunts.

Moreover, he hated being involved with women the most. Melissa didn't want to offend him with what she said just now.

Justin was staring at Nora.

The woman's eyes were downcast as she stirred the water in the glass in boredom. Her dazzling features and the icy aura around her made one unable to dislike her.

Not only was he not angry, but there was even a smile at the corner of his eyes. "It's alright."

Melissa and Justin chatted politely. When she realized that Nora was going to New York with him the day after tomorrow, Melissa smiled and said, "Nora, your uncle and I were also thinking of having you stay with us in New York."

Her eyes reddened as she went on. "Your grandmother has been crying so much ever since your mother's disappearance that she has gone blind. She has been talking about your mother all these years. She'll definitely be overjoyed to see you."

Nora had originally intended to refuse the offer. She was already an adult; she didn't need to stay with them. But when she heard that, she paused and said, "...Okay."

Food was served after that, and the three of them began to eat.

Justin observed the woman in front of him. He realized that the way she ate was very interesting. She liked stuffing large pieces of meat into her mouth and chewing on them, yet her casual movements didn't appear crude.

Most women that Justin had met chewed slowly, but she finished the steak on the plate in just a few bites in an extremely efficient manner.

How would he possibly know that Nora just didn't want to waste time on anything apart from spending time with Cherry?

Melissa had only just taken four bites when Nora placed her cutlery down. "Aunt Melissa, I have something on in a while, so I'll go first."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Nora left the private room after saying that. When she saw Mrs. Lewis's text message saying that Cherry had already returned, she didn't bother going upstairs. She hailed a cab and went out instead.

Although she knew that it wasn't appropriate to leave the meal midway, she really did have something on. Two days ago, she had already made an appointment with Wayne Myers, the acting director of Idealian Pharmaceuticals. Back then, her mother had entrusted him with the company, and he had managed it for over 20 years now.

When Nora arrived at the cafe, Wayne was already there.

He stood up excitedly and said, "You've returned to the States, Nora! You must be 24 years old by now? If your mother could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

Wayne managed the company wholeheartedly. Despite so many years passing, he hadn't developed any thoughts that he shouldn't have.

Nora nodded slightly. Then, she took a seat and asked, "Wayne, I asked you out today because I wanted to ask you if my mother has left me anything apart from the company? Or whether she left me anything in the company?"

She had already looked into it.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals really was just a small company with an annual income of \$5,000,000. Over the years, they even moved and changed their company address a few times.

She didn't quite understand why the Grays and the Smiths were so hung up over such a small company?

Wayne solemnly nodded and answered, "Yes, she did!"

Nora looked up at him. "What did she leave me?"

So, the company really was hiding something?

Just as she thought so, Wayne answered, "Love and company."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Wayne went on. "Although she left us early, she has paved the way for you. She may not be around anymore, but her heart has always been with you."

"..."

After listening to Wayne blabber on and on about maternal love for over an hour, Nora, who had just eaten, couldn't help but yawn.

It was only then that Wayne realized that he was being too long-winded. He said, "You're already a grown-up now, Nora. When do you plan to take over the company?"

Although he had already come to care for and developed a sense of belonging to the company, the business was Nora's. He had to return it to her.

Nora replied detachedly, "You're taking care of it pretty well, so just continue with it."

A small company didn't have the usual few departments. The owner had to basically see to everything themselves. This took up too much time that she could spend sleeping!

Wayne was confused.

Nora asked, "Have the Grays shown any interest in buying over the company?"

If what the Grays were interested in was really the company's development potential, then there was no need to use Anthony's marital bliss as a bargaining chip. They could just buy over the company at a high price. It wasn't like they didn't have the money.

However, Wayne shook his head. "No, they haven't."

Nora frowned. However, since she couldn't figure it out, she decided that she won't think about it anymore. "If you ever think of anything that my mom instructed you to hand over to me, give me a call."

"Sure." Then, Wayne said, "Can I get your bank account number, Nora? I'll transfer all the company dividends directly to you in the future."

Back then, Nora was still a child. But when she grew up, she had gone abroad. That was why Wayne had paid the dividends to her guardian instead.

It was just five million dollars. While it was nothing to Nora, why should she give it to the Smiths?

She gave him her bank account number and left.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Howard Hunt sat on the sofa arrogantly and watched Pete, who was in the study, contemptuously.

By this generation, the only direct descendants of the Hunts left were Justin's immediate family, as well as Howard's immediate family in New York.

As the head of the family's direct descendant and the eldest son, Justin had also inherited the position. However, his second uncle refused to accept this and ended up causing a lot of incidents.

The Hunts living in the family home didn't participate in the family's business disputes. They were only responsible for presiding over family issues. As for Howard, he was obsessed with martial arts.

He despised his family's ways and also admired Justin from the bottom of his heart. However, he simply disliked that child of unknown origin. It was him who brought shame to Justin's glorious life!

Moreover, not only was he mentally ill, but he was so small and weak. How could a child like that be worthy of becoming Justin's successor?

Howard snorted and withdrew his gaze disdainfully.

The door opened at this point—Justin was back.

As the man entered the room, his almost-solid presence rushed toward Howard, causing him to sit up in a hurry. He greeted him respectfully. "Justin."

Justin made a sound of acknowledgment and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Howard touched his hooked nose nervously and replied, "Grandpa heard that you're going to New York to have your grandma's condition treated, so he wants me to go with you and act as a witness. At the same time, I also

thought I would see if the old Mr. Quinn would be willing to take me in and teach me some traditional martial arts techniques.”

It might seem like traditional martial arts were falling into decline as time went by, but in fact, there were still mysterious masters of the art among regular folks.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts ranked top in traditional martial arts. It was Howard’s dream to become their apprentice.

Justin glanced at him. He knew that the part about him wanting to join the school was true, but not so much the part about him being a witness. But joining the Quinn School of Martial Arts and learning martial arts there?

His deep-set eyes looked toward the study. Dim light flickered in his eyes and he said, “Take Pete with you. Mr. Quinn is strict when it comes to enrollment, though. You may not meet his requirements. Pete, on the other hand, has a chance. ”

He had already checked Pete’s body when he was a toddler. Pete was very suitable to learn martial arts. However, he was reluctant to have his son go through hardship at that time, so he hadn’t taught him any martial arts.

His son was behaving rather ‘uniquely’ lately, so it would be good to send him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up some martial arts. This way, he could ‘straighten’ him out!

Howard curled his lip disdainfully. “Him?”

However, when he made eye contact with Justin’s sharp eyes, he shut up and swallowed whatever he wanted to say next.

Deep down, he was scoffing, though. With that small and weak body of his, why would Mr. Quinn ever pick him?

Nora returned to the hotel at this time.

Her cell phone started to ring. After she changed into slippers, leaned on the sofa, and picked up lazily, she heard an angry shout from the other end. “You little rascal, have you been slacking off again?! And skipping practice?!”

Nora rubbed her ears that were stinging from his volume. "I have to sleep, Quinn. I don't have time."

"Send me Cherry, then! She's your daughter, so her body must be even more suitable than yours. I'll take her as my apprentice and have her succeed me! Have you found your son yet? Our style ultimately still suits boys better. Bring them both if you've found him!"

Nora replied lazily, "Has the Quinn School of Martial Arts become that destitute that they have to rely on a five-year-old to breathe new life into the school?"

Quinn yelled, "...And who's to blame for that? It's all because I was blind enough to take someone as lazy as you as my apprentice! That Irvin fellow keeps showing off his apprentices to me. My apprentices can't fall behind, either! Come to New York and have a showdown with his apprentices if you're free!"

Quinn and Irvin were lifetime rivals.

Nora replied unhurriedly, "I'm not free."

Then, before Quinn got mad, she added, "But I am indeed coming to New York. I'll bring Cherry over and visit you."

"When, and what time? I'll send someone to pick you up!"

After Quinn eagerly said that, he immediately heard Nora's soft chuckle. The elderly man then said awkwardly, "The one I miss is Cherry, not you!"

Nora chuckled again. Then, she hung up after informing him about her arrival date and time.

She picked up a glass of water from the coffee table, took a couple of sips, and then went to take a bath.

Outside the house.

When Cherry, who was holding her cell phone, saw all this through the gap at the door, she said into the voice chat, "Chesty, Mommy's back!"

Pete said, "Hide, Cherry. Daddy's gone downstairs to look for Mommy!"



Cherry darted into the stairwell. Sure enough, she spotted her handsome Daddy coming out of the elevator. When he reached their suite and saw that the door was open, he went straight in.

As soon as he entered, Chester dashed over and locked the doors with a huge metal padlock.

After that, he sneaked into the stairwell and asked, "Did you make them drink what I gave you?"

Cherry replied, "Yes, she drank it! I put it in her glass of water!"

Pete also replied, "The tyrant also drank it."

Chester then said, "Perfect! Cherry, your mission now is to prevent Mrs. Lewis from coming back. Things will definitely heat up between your dad and mom tonight!"

Cherry asked suspiciously, "What kind of drug did you give to Mommy?"

Chester grinned. "Children shouldn't ask about things like that!"

It was that type of drug, of course! Additionally, because he knew that Justin had good self-control, he had given them a luxurious, upgraded version!

Inside the room.

Nora was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a sound outside. She walked out in a bath towel and asked lazily, "Cherry, Mrs. Lewis, are you back?"

As she spoke, she noticed the man sitting on the sofa.

"..."

Justin had immediately realized that something was amiss when he heard someone locking the door. A short while later, when he started feeling unwell, he realized that he had been drugged.

There were a lot of people in New York who wanted to become his woman, and they had tried various methods one after another over the years. It was hard for him to guard against all of them. During a moment of negligence half

a year ago, someone had also successfully drugged him with the most potent drug in the world.

However, he had been practicing martial arts since he was a child, so his physical fitness was stronger than most. Thus, he had managed to stubbornly suppress it with his willpower.

Therefore, he was confident that everything would be fine this time as well.

With the door locked, when he heard the sound of splashing water coming from the bathroom, he simply sat on the sofa, intending to see what exactly that woman planned to do.

To be honest, he didn't quite understand her.

She frequently made contact with Pete and even allowed him to call her Mommy. It stood to reason that she intended to use his son to get near to him, yet every time she was faced with him, she would adopt an indifferent attitude. It almost made him think that he really was misunderstanding her!

But in the end, she suddenly colluded with his son this evening by drugging him first and then sending him a message asking him to come down. And now, the two of them were locked in here. Was she finally intending to go all the way and have the final showdown with him?

For some reason, he was actually looking forward to it a little.

Just as he thought so, the bathroom door opened and a woman walked out surrounded by mist and moisture. Through the portière, what entered his sight first was a pair of delicate feet.

Her feet were bare, and her toes were round and fair. They looked a little cute.

Justin felt his mouth going dry. The desire that he had suppressed emerged a little.

Next, he saw her slender ankles and her straight and fair calves. The portière was pushed aside, and the woman stood there wrapped in a white bath towel.

Perhaps because she had just come out of a warm bath, her cheeks were flushed and her hair was damp. They stuck to her fair and slender shoulders as water droplets slid down from her face to her collarbones before sliding further down and seeping into the bath towel...

In that instant, he felt a sudden surge of warmth in his lower abdomen, which made his brows draw together. He felt as if all the blood in him was surging into a certain place!

He clenched his fists and lost control a little for a moment.

His abnormal behavior also entered Nora's eyes.

The cheeks of the man on the sofa were abnormally red, and his deep-set eyes were stained with desire. He seemed a little less cold and standoffish than usual, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave him a bewitching allure that wasn't usually there. The sight of him slumped on the sofa was actually exuding a sense of enticement?

Nora frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

She had only just spoken when the man on the sofa abruptly dived toward her. The huge force pushed her straight onto the wall behind!

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "Since Miss Smith has already taken a bath and is exhibiting such enthusiasm, then I..."

Before he finished, he had already lowered his head and started kissing her neck. His scalding hot breath made Nora shiver.

The man's domineering pheromones entered her nose forcefully. As he was very tall and had pressed right up against her, his back was slightly arched as he bent over.

An indescribable heat permeated her whole body, making her mouth gradually feel dry and hot.

As a doctor, she instantly understood something.

She tried to push the man away, only to find that he was very strong. He was still kissing her neck haphazardly. Nora suddenly lifted her right knee and attacked the most delicate part of the man.

However, the man's large, scalding-hot hands grabbed her ankles the next moment. His voice was hoarse and he sounded puzzled as he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Nora snorted coldly. She leaped nimbly into the air and gave him a roundhouse kick with her left leg!

Bam!

Justin reached out his arm and blocked the blow.

Nora came at him again with a punch.

Upon feeling the sharp momentum of her fist coming toward him, Justin turned and ducked. The woman's other fist then came toward him with a whoosh, scraping past his ear.

What speed!

In the blink of an eye, both of them backed away after exchanging a few blows and put some distance between themselves.

Nora frowned. There was concealed anger in her cat-like eyes. She was about to say something when the bath towel suddenly slipped off and she felt a chill all over her body.

"..."

Nora's brain stopped working for a second. Then, she quickly squatted down to pick up the bath towel, only to find that it was twisted into a clump and couldn't be straightened out quickly.

Seeing the man looking over in astonishment, Nora picked up the bath towel in a split second and flung it onto Justin's face.

Justin was about to grab the bath towel and remove it when he heard her shout coldly, "I won't let you out of this room alive if you take it off!"

Justin was astounded.

No one had ever threatened him like that in his whole life! However, the anger in the woman's voice made him pause his movements. She... didn't want to do it with him?

Nora took the opportunity to hurriedly pick up a nightgown from the side. With her back to him, she put it on while saying, "I've also been drugged."

Justin, who had keen senses, could hear the sounds. Judging from them, the other party had already put on her clothes. He took off the bath towel and stared at her with a frown. "Are you trying to say that it wasn't you?"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. Her gaze swept across a certain part of his body as she replied, "Don't be too confident of yourself, Mr. Hunt."

Justin was rendered speechless.

He used the bath towel, which he was holding with both hands, to block his body in a seemingly casual manner as he asked hesitantly, "If you weren't the one that did it, then who did?"

Seeing that he was no longer being impulsive, Nora turned and went to the study. "Wait a minute."

She dug out a set of clothes from the study and put it on. Then, she picked up her laptop and walked to the living room.

By the time she saw him again, the man had already returned to the sofa and sat back down. Apart from his cheeks that were still a little red, he looked fine. If it weren't for the bulge at the bath towel around his waist, the man would have seemed like his usual self.

An impressed Nora secretly sighed and thought—'What powerful self-control.'

If it weren't because she had been taking a lot of medicine since she was a child, making her immune to most drugs, Nora would probably have lost control!

Yet he had actually suppressed those distracting thoughts in just two minutes.

Justin's deep-set eyes flickered with dim light when he glimpsed the look in her eyes. He said, "You still have time to change your mind, Miss Smith."

Nora was puzzled.

That man was really overconfident of himself.

She said sarcastically, "I'm really not interested in you, Mr. Hunt. Even if both you and I fall victim to someone's schemes and you're standing completely naked in front of me, I still won't feel anything."

It really wasn't her?

Justin actually felt a vague sense of regret. In spite of that, he showed no verbal mercy. "... It seems that you were the one who was completely naked just now."

Nora was dumbfounded.

Her face tensed up instantly and she walked straight over. She placed her laptop on the table, opened it, and pushed it in front of him.

Justin was taken aback. "What?"

Nora slowly said, "Enter your account password and check the surveillance cameras, of course! Even if we don't know who the person that drugged us was, surely we can find out who locked the door just now?"

Seeing how sure she was, Justin became increasingly displeased. He tapped a few keys at random and then tapped the Enter key. Real-time surveillance camera footage instantly appeared on the computer.

Three people were currently standing at the door.

Their faces were nearly all pressed against the door, seemingly trying to hear what was going on inside...

## **Chapter 35 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams**

Nora stood up and got ready to head out to receive the guest.

However, after she took a couple of steps, she saw that Henry and the others were still seated with their noses in the air and putting on an arrogant display. It was obvious that they didn't care about the guest.

She ignored them and went straight out. At once, she saw an elegant and presentable middle-aged woman standing at the door.

The woman was well-maintained and wore a classy long-sleeved dress. It seemed as if a beauty had walked straight out of a painting, and there was a kind of serene and composed charm around her that was found only in a scholarly family.

Mrs. Lane, who was holding disinfectant spray, originally thought that she would see a meek and dirty country bumpkin entering. Little did she think that the guest would actually look like that instead. For a moment, she didn't even dare to spray the disinfectant she was holding anymore.

Melissa Anderson smiled gently and said, "We meet again, Nora!"

Nora didn't expect to meet her here. Rather surprised, she said, "You..."

Melissa came forward a couple of steps quickly and grabbed her hand. "This is fate, child! It was your own uncle who you saved!"

Inside the house, Angela, who was dying to mock them, couldn't wait anymore. When she saw the two of them speaking at the door, she walked straight toward the door while saying, "Have you disinfected the place, Mrs. Lane? We mustn't just let any random person into the h—"

Her words came to an abrupt end when she saw Melissa!

After a three-second pause, her voice instantly became much louder and she exclaimed sharply, "You're Nora's aunt?!"

Upon hearing her reaction, Wendy and Henry also stood up and walked toward the door.

Wendy whispered, "Angela is still too young and inexperienced. It's because she's never seen a country bumpkin before that she's overreacting so badly. Sigh."

With a look of smugness all over her face, she straightened her back quietly.

When she married Henry back then, everyone had said that she wasn't as pretty as his deceased wife, so she had been holding a huge grudge all these years. But now, she could finally hold her head up high when it came to the family background!

She would show Nora's poor relative what she was made of!

The next moment, she immediately spotted Melissa.

Wendy came from an average family. When she married Henry, she was considered as having married someone of a higher social status. During all these years of socializing with rich men's wives, she had worked hard to learn and copy their style and mannerisms.

She had originally thought that she was doing pretty well, but little did she think that the air around Melissa and her presence when she was merely standing there would already give her a crushing defeat!

For a while, none of them spoke.

Melissa had grown up in a wealthy family. Her emotions had overwhelmed her when she first saw Nora, but now that she had calmed down, she immediately sensed something amiss.

The corners of her lips curled up into a smile. She ignored Wendy and looked at Henry instead as she asked, "You must be my brother-in-law?"

Henry had already recovered from his surprise by then. The arrogance on his face had completely disappeared. Instead, he gave her an ingratiating smile and asked, "You're...?"

Melissa cast her eyes down and said, "Oh, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm an artist."

After glossing over the topic, she said, "It doesn't look like I came at a good time, Nora. Let's find somewhere else to talk instead."

Nora nodded. "Sure."



She took the lead. Her voice sounded a little deep as she said, "Slow down."

Angela only dared to speak again after the two of them got in the car and left. She asked, "Dad, Mom. Who is she?"

During the emergency at Hotel Finest the other time, Melissa hadn't looked her usual self because she was crying very badly due to worry, so Angela didn't recognize her just now.

Wendy gritted her teeth. Then, she immediately took Henry's arm and said, "Oh you know, artists. No wonder she looks so classy. But I've heard that there aren't many artists who are making money nowadays. Instead, there are a lot of people that try to scam others by calling themselves artists."

Angela curled her lip. "So that's what it is. I thought she was from a wealthy family because of how she had behaved! That makes sense, though. If Nora's mother's family were rich, her mother wouldn't have been so down and out!"

Henry, however, was staring at the doorway and looking very distracted.

All the outsiders thought that Nora's mother was destitute and had only managed to survive because she married him. But actually, she had a company under her name back then...

While he was lost in thought, Wendy spoke up and said, "Nora's mother's last name is Anderson, right? That's an unusual last name in our circle. There isn't any distinguished family with that last name apart from the Andersons in New York."

Her words made Henry come back to his senses.

She was right. Apart from the Andersons in New York, all the other businessmen with the last name Anderson weren't important people.

He snorted and said, "They are probably just putting on an act. I'm just afraid that Nora is stupid enough to let them trick her!"

Wendy smiled and said, "Alright, that's enough. Don't we have a dinner appointment with the Grays tonight? Let's get ready, lest we be late."

Henry nodded. "Yes, that's more important."

Angela grumbled, "Someone has already reserved Hotel Finest's VVIP room. Otherwise, how nice would it be to have dinner there? Sigh!"

Outside the house.

Nora saw an understated black Cayenne parked there.

The car was a high-end model and its estimated value in the domestic market was around \$700,000.

For her aunt to be able to afford such a car... Was she really just an artist?

However, she didn't ask about it and just followed Melissa into the car. Melissa instructed the chauffeur, "To Hotel Finest."

After the car started, Melissa observed the girl next to her. Her cat-like eyes were downcast and she had long eyelashes. Although she was beautiful, she was unusually pale.

She sighed and said, "You must have suffered a lot all these years, Nora."

Nora thought to herself, ... Actually, it wasn't that bad. After all, it makes no difference where you sleep.

When Melissa saw her keeping quiet, she knew immediately that she didn't want to talk about the Smiths.

The report that Justin had sent them was more detailed than what they could see on the surface. She felt sorry for her niece, so she changed the subject and said,

"By the way, your uncle is still in the hospital. The reason why we were able to find you was because someone helped us greatly, so your uncle wants us to treat them to dinner tonight as thanks. Is that alright with you?"

Nora didn't mind, so she nodded. "Okay."

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief.

When they arrived at Hotel Finest, Melissa said, “Don’t you have a daughter, Nora? Can I meet her?”

Nora could sense that Melissa was a kind person, so she agreed. She called Mrs. Lewis and told her to bring Cherry to the restaurant on the third floor.

The two headed to the restaurant first, intending to have a good chat with each other after entering the private room.

Half an hour later, the Smiths arrived just in time to see a distracted Anthony coming over to pick them up. After meeting up with them, he said, “I heard the Andersons from New York are in the VVIP room. Let’s see if we can talk to them later.”

The Andersons from New York?

An indescribable feeling suddenly arose in Henry as if he had just let something slip by him.

At the same time, at the elevator hall on the third floor.

The presidential suite on the top floor had an exclusive elevator while the rest of the floors used public elevators.

Ding!

Ding!

The doors to both elevators opened at the same time.

Justin, together with Pete and Chester, came out of the presidential suite’s exclusive elevator.

The other elevator’s doors slowly opened to reveal Cherry standing inside.

The presidential suite’s exclusive elevator and the normal elevator were built side by side. The former was slightly more toward the inside, so Justin and the other two would have to walk past the normal elevator to reach the restaurant.

Justin’s movements were very purposeful, so he always kept his gaze straight while walking. He stood straight and tall like a tower and had a chilly air

around him when he walked. His countenance was covered with a layer of frost and that iconic mole of his exuded nobility and alienation toward others.

Next to him, Pete, who was a miniature of Justin, had the exact same expression. It was just that that he was too young, so his young visage looked a little cuter.

Overshadowed by them, Chester, who was a little less dazzling, walked beside them energetically. He was overjoyed that he could tag along with his leader and freeloader.

He was a cheerful and animated person and looked around when he walked. When he glimpsed at the person in the elevator, he suddenly froze. When he looked again, he saw the face that was identical to Pete's!

He swallowed hard and slowly looked down, only to see his nephew right next to him. He was so shocked that he exclaimed, "Justin!"

Justin turned and looked at him unhurriedly, his deep and bottomless gaze landing with dissatisfaction on the person making a ruckus. Chester pointed to the normal elevator and said, "There are two Petes!"

Chester looked at the elevator again after his exclamation. This time, however, he only saw a few adults inside. The child that he saw just now was nowhere in sight.

He rubbed his eyes and looked over again, but there still wasn't any child in the elevator. Puzzled, he said, "I really saw Pete in the elevator just now. Why is he gone..."

A look of worry appeared on his face. "Oh no, has my condition gotten worse? Should I get my eyes checked?"

He was actually seeing things...

Justin said coldly, "You should be getting your brain checked instead."

Chester looked aghast. That was such a harmless but insulting comment!

After the three of them walked past the elevator and turned into the hallway to

the restaurant, Cherry, who was hiding behind a few hotel guests, finally peeked out and patted her chest in relief.

She had almost been discovered!

She darted out of the elevator and secretly ran over to the corner. She was just in time to hear the service staff saying respectfully, “Good evening, Mr. Hunt. The VVIP room is this way.”

The VVIP room?

That was exactly what Mommy had told her to go when she called just now!

If Pete went in, wouldn't everything be exposed?

They had already reached the door to the VVIP room and were about to open the door. It was too late even if she called her brother now!

Cherry hurriedly shouted, “Hey!”

Pete was about to follow the tyrant into the room when he suddenly heard her voice. His heart suddenly skipped a beat and he hurriedly turned around. The corner of his mouth spasmed a little when he saw the little runt running toward him.

Cherry had a scarf wrapped all around her head and was wearing a pair of sunglasses, which made her look very comical.

However, Cherry didn't have the luxury of caring that much. She grabbed Pete's hand and said, “You're the boy that stays upstairs, right? Is your father here to have dinner with Mommy? Let's go and play at the playground!”

It was only when Pete heard what she said that he understood why his sister had suddenly appeared.

It was fortunate that he hadn't entered yet, otherwise, everything would have been exposed!

He reacted very quickly and nodded. “Okay.”

Justin, who was about to open the door, looked down. His eyes narrowed when he saw the child who had wrapped the scarf all around her head.

So, she's that woman's daughter?

Sure enough, she was just as weird as her.

After seeing his son silently asking for permission with his eyes, Justin, who had never liked Pete associating with outsiders, paused. At last, he said, "Go ahead."

He didn't know why, but he subconsciously felt that it would be nice for the two children to play together.

There was a small children's playground inside the restaurant that was specially meant for the restaurant's young guests. There was also special service staff there that watched over the place.

There were absolutely no issues with Hotel Finest's service and safety standards. This was also the reason why Nora dared to let Cherry come downstairs by herself.

After the two children ran off, Justin opened the door to the private room and strode in, leaving only Chester who was still standing there and staring at the two children from the back.

It seemed like the child he saw in the normal elevator just now who looked identical to Pete was wearing that exact same Spider-Man outfit?

When he thought of that, Chester said, "Go on inside, Justin. I'll go and look after Pete."

He quickly walked toward the children's playground after saying that.

Inside the private room.

Although there was a door separating them, Nora could still hear what was happening outside. That young voice just now was probably Cherry, right?

Nora stood up. She was about to go out and take a look when the door opened to reveal Justin outside.

The man's exquisite facial features were flawless. His deep-set eyes narrowed slightly upon making eye contact with her. The corners of his thin

lips quirked slightly and the icy aura around him slowly melted. He said, "We meet again, Miss Smith."

Nora looked down nonchalantly. Was he the person that her uncle wanted to treat to a meal?

The boy that Cherry invited to play with her just now was his son?

Judging from that man's numerous warnings to her, it was obvious that he was very protective of his son. Cherry was mischievous and had an unforgiving tongue. She'd best not thoughtlessly make the boy cry and bring them more unnecessary trouble.

In a slightly deep voice, Nora said, "Let me go over and talk to Cherry a little, Mr. Hunt."

After she spoke, she went past him and then straight out.

With his eyes downcast, the smile at the corners of Justin's lips widened. So, her daughter's name was Cherry? His son's name was Pete. If one connected the names, it would sound like... What a coincidence!

In the hallway.

Anthony paced about anxiously with his hands behind his back as he thought about how he could create a chance to meet with the Andersons and make their acquaintance. But while he didn't meet any of the Andersons, he did spy a familiar figure.

The girl wore a simple T-shirt and jeans and was dragging her feet lazily as she walked. She looked half-asleep, but even that raw and unpolished appearance couldn't hide how attractive she was.

It was actually Nora!

Anthony clenched his fists. During these past few days, her form had kept popping up in his mind. Upon meeting her again, his gaze continued to subconsciously be captured by her.

It was then that Anthony finally realized that he had really fallen in love with her.

He took a step forward and stood in front of Nora. "Why are you here, Nora?"

Nora, who found her path suddenly blocked, frowned. The look in her eyes was a little cold when she saw Anthony. She replied, "Surely I don't have to explain my whereabouts to you?"

Seeing how distant she was being, Anthony suddenly lifted his chin and said arrogantly, "Do you know what I'm doing here, Nora?"

His words puzzled Nora. She wasn't interested in knowing.

However, without waiting for her response, Anthony continued and said, "The Andersons from New York are also here today. I'm here for a business meeting with them! When the Grays form a connection with the Andersons, we'll definitely become even bigger and become the wealthiest family in California. If you do what I say, I can choose to forgive you."

Nora wasn't listening to what he was babbling on and on about at all. However, when she heard what he said at the end, she looked up in surprise. "What?"

Anthony, who looked a little bashful, said, "While I can forgive you, your reputation is already a mess. If I marry you, it'll embarrass the Grays. But I can buy you a mansion elsewhere and take care of you for the rest of your life."

Nora found him hilarious. Her voice dispassionate, she said sarcastically, "You want me to be your mistress? I'm afraid you can't afford it."

Anthony hurriedly said, "I'm rich! I can give you \$15,000 as living expenses every month. You can buy whatever you want with it."

\$15,000 wasn't even enough for her to buy Cherry's clothes.

Nora found him annoying and went around him from the left as she said, "I'm not interested in being someone's mistress."

Anthony also stopped her from the left. "You want to marry me? That's not impossible, either!"



He gritted his teeth and went on. "Grandpa keeps forcing me to take you as my wife anyway. Besides, you only have a daughter, so we can just give her some money and marry her off somewhere in the future. As long as she's obedient and refrains from fighting or arguing with her younger siblings in the future, the Grays can take her in, even if we're reluctant."

He felt that his conditions were lenient enough. Any woman would probably be grateful to him, right?

Unexpectedly, a look of displeasure appeared in Nora's eyes and a chilly aura formed all around her. "I will not let my daughter suffer any injustice."

Anthony frowned and said, "Don't push your luck, Nora! You can't possibly want us to let your daughter take our last name and enjoy the same treatment as our children? That's impossible!"

At this moment, a sharp voice suddenly reached them. "Nora! You're trying to seduce Anthony again!"

Together with the voice, Angela also rushed over. Her arms flailed in the air as she rushed toward Nora. "I'm going to kill you!"

Anthony stopped her and shouted angrily, "What are you doing?!"

In the private room, Henry, Wendy, and Anthony's father heard the commotion and came out. Upon seeing the three of them, Henry yelled, "Nora, are you bullying your sister again? Apologize to her!"

Wendy also spoke up. "Nora, your sister and Anthony are discussing their engagement today. I know you're unhappy about it, but that doesn't mean you can come over and make trouble... You were the one that did something wrong to the Grays by getting pregnant before your marriage and damaging both families' reputation!"

Anthony stepped forward. "Uncle Henry, Aunt Wendy. Nora isn't to be blamed for that. The two of us are truly in love with each other. I'm willing to accept her."

Angela's eyes widened. Hurt and sad, she took a step back.

Henry was shocked. “Anthony, my daughter has been stubborn and contrary since she was a child. Don’t be fooled by her! She got herself pregnant before marriage. It’ll sully your name if you marry her!”

Wendy also nodded and said, “Besides, her maternal grandparents’ family is also very poor. They live in the mountains and even begged us for money today. These relatives are trouble!”

After speaking, when she saw how Anthony was still looking at Nora like a young man in love, Wendy turned to Anthony’s father and said, “Mr. Gray, you have to think carefully about this! We don’t want the Grays to be implicated.”

Anthony’s father’s gaze fell on Nora when he heard what she said.

She was leaning against the wall, her posture lazy and sloppy. Her cat-like eyes were slightly downcast, and she seemed to have a half-amused smile on her lips. She looked as if she was being entertained by what was going on. That sense of detachment was as if the dispute here had nothing to do with her.

Anthony’s father was someone who had been immersed in the world of commerce for many years. His deep and unfathomable eyes darkened and he suddenly said, “Marriage is a lifelong commitment. Let’s have the children make their own decisions instead. Miss Smith, do you really want to be Anthony’s wife?”

His words caused everyone to shift their gazes to Nora.

Tsk, they were finally willing to listen to her.

Nora lifted her head, raised her eyebrows, and her lips curled up in a smile. She replied, “No, I don’t.”

“...”

Everyone was dumbfounded.

Anthony was the first to react. Furious, he demanded, “What do you mean by that, Nora?”

Nora straightened her back and said clearly, "It means I'm not interested in you."

Anthony looked at her incredulously as if he still didn't understand what she was saying.

Angela, however, shouted, "What makes you think you can be disinterested in Anthony, Nora? You make it sound like he's beneath you. Not only do you come with baggage, but your daughter is even a little bastard. Is a woman like you even worthy of being picky?!"

Anthony finally came back to his senses. In his anger, his choice of words was also very malicious. He said, "Nora, who are you interested in, if not me? The entire California knows that you got yourself pregnant before marriage. Apart from me, who else would marry a wanton woman like you whose reputation is in shambles?!"

Wendy sighed and said, "How can you say that, Nora? You shouldn't reach for something beyond your grasp. Do you really think you can do the same thing as your mom? It was sheer dumb luck that someone like her, who came from the mountains, could marry your father. Even if you're a little prettier than most, anyone with a decent family background will never take you as their wife."

Wendy then changed the subject again and asked, "By the way, are you here for dinner with your aunt? Where is she? Your uncle needs money for his hospitalization fees, right? Are you short of money?"

Sure enough, Anthony's father frowned when he heard her.

At this moment, a gentle voice reached them: "Who says we don't have enough money for medical expenses?"

The few of them looked into the distance and saw the approaching Melissa. The smile on her face didn't reach her eyes. She said, "Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. You don't have to worry about the hospitalization fees. Also, you don't need to bother yourselves with matters regarding Nora's marriage in the future, either. The Andersons will take care of it!"

Shocked, Anthony's father asked, "The Andersons? Which Andersons?"

Melissa's lips curled up into a smile. Her voice was gentle, but what she said ringed like a thunderclap: "The Andersons from New York."

Anthony's father's eyes widened immediately!

Even Henry and Wendy were so astounded that they couldn't say anything!

The Andersons from New York... Were they really the ones they were thinking of?

While they were hesitating, Melissa looked at Anthony again. After looking him up and down, she shook his head and said, "Let's go back to the private room, Nora. Don't keep your blind date waiting. "

She deliberately emphasized the words "blind date".

Nora knew that her aunt was trying to back her up, so she went along with her wishes and nodded. "Okay."

The two finally turned around, only to immediately see Justin standing behind them. His deep-set eyes were raised and even the mole at the corner of his eye seemed to be smiling. With an emphasis on each syllable, he repeated, "Blind date?"

—

While the few of them were arguing, Cherry dragged Pete with her and sneaked into the stairwell.

She took off the scarf to reveal her delicate and adorable face, panting heavily as she said, "That was so suffocating! It's a good thing that we weren't found out, Pete!"

Then, she saw her brother pause and slowly lift his head.

Cherry turned around and also slowly lifted her head. At once, she saw Chester standing there in disbelief with his eyes wide.

The hallway outside was bustling with all kinds of noise.

However, the three in the stairwell were silent.

At last, after a full half a minute, Chester pointed at Cherry as if he had seen a ghost and stammered, “Y-you... You...”

Pete pressed his lips together and sighed. “Since you’ve seen us, then I won’t keep it a secret anymore.”

He said solemnly, “Actually, I have a superpower—I can create clones. If you don’t believe me, close your eyes. I’ll withdraw my clone.”

Chester was perplexed.

The corners of his lips spasmed. “Do you really think I’m that stupid, Pete? I’m not going to believe that!”

Cherry cupped her hands around her mouth and leaned toward her brother. She looked like she wanted to whisper, but her voice was in no way soft as she asked, “So, Uncle Chester does have a brain after all?”

Pete was also puzzled. “I’ll look it up when I get back. Can single-celled organisms think?”

Chester was speechless. He felt humiliated!

But right after that, he said triumphantly, “There are too many loopholes in your superpower. Can you really make a little girl version of yourself just because you can make a clone of yourself? Are you a hermaphrodite?”

That child wearing the Spider-Man outfit might look like a little boy, but she was Nora Smith’s daughter!

Cherry was confused.

Pete was perplexed.

As expected, single-celled organisms really do think differently!

The two little cuties looked at each other. Cherry tilted her head and asked, “What do we do, Pete? Do we silence him?”

Pete hesitated. “He’s my uncle. We shouldn’t do that.”

“Oh.” Cherry was a little disappointed.

The corners of Chester's lips spasmed again. He said, "I'm going to tell Justin that apart from a son, he also has a daughter!"

He ran out after saying that.

Pete hurriedly called out, "Uncle Chester!"

However, Chester didn't stop.

Cherry panicked. She placed her hands on her hips and yelled, "Don't you dare move, Chesty!"

Chester's instinct to obey instructions whenever he played games made him freeze instantly, and he even remained in a running stance.

"Come back here!"

Chester obediently returned to the stairwell. He squatted down like a silly puppy and exclaimed, "So, you're my leader!"

Cherry held her cheeks and tilted her head. "Yes, that's right! I'm sweetcherry!"

... As it turned out, not only was his leader a five-year-old, but she was also a little girl!

Chester felt very deceived.

Pete said, "You mustn't tell Daddy what happened today, Uncle Chester!"

Chester was puzzled. "Why is that?"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then, he said, "Think about it. If Daddy knew Cherry's mom was the one who gave birth to me, what will he do?"

Chester felt as if his brain cells weren't working. He said, "Her mom? The one who gave birth to you... Sh\*t! You mean Nora Smith is that damned biological mother of yours?"

" ... "

Chester finally understood why the two children didn't want him to tell the truth.

Five years ago, Justin had suddenly brought a baby back and said that it was his son. When everyone asked who the child's mother was, he had flown into a rage and strictly forbidden everyone at home from ever mentioning the child's mother.

At that time, the few of them were even secretly wondering what exactly the woman, who had given birth to Pete, had done. Justin had looked as if he wanted to rip that woman into pieces...

Cherry said adorably, "Chesty, I want a father and a brother, but I also want Mommy. So, I want them to fall in love first before we acknowledge each other. This way, our family of four can be together. Can you keep this a secret?"

Chester shook his head. "No, I can't keep this a secret from Justin."

Cherry instantly transformed into a grumpy little ogre. "If you tell Daddy, I won't bring you along in our raids anymore!"

Chester was speechless. That was a rather serious threat!

—

Meanwhile, in the VVIP room.

The three people who had returned sat there quietly. Melissa looked a little embarrassed as she explained: "I don't mean anything by that, Justin. I was just forced by the circumstances to say that just now. Please don't misunderstand."

Although the Hunts were family friends with the Andersons, Justin's identity wasn't as simple as just the head of the Hunts.

Moreover, he hated being involved with women the most. Melissa didn't want to offend him with what she said just now.

Justin was staring at Nora.

The woman's eyes were downcast as she stirred the water in the glass in boredom. Her dazzling features and the icy aura around her made one unable to dislike her.

Not only was he not angry, but there was even a smile at the corner of his eyes. "It's alright."

Melissa and Justin chatted politely. When she realized that Nora was going to New York with him the day after tomorrow, Melissa smiled and said, "Nora, your uncle and I were also thinking of having you stay with us in New York."

Her eyes reddened as she went on. "Your grandmother has been crying so much ever since your mother's disappearance that she has gone blind. She has been talking about your mother all these years. She'll definitely be overjoyed to see you."

Nora had originally intended to refuse the offer. She was already an adult; she didn't need to stay with them. But when she heard that, she paused and said, "...Okay."

Food was served after that, and the three of them began to eat.

Justin observed the woman in front of him. He realized that the way she ate was very interesting. She liked stuffing large pieces of meat into her mouth and chewing on them, yet her casual movements didn't appear crude.

Most women that Justin had met chewed slowly, but she finished the steak on the plate in just a few bites in an extremely efficient manner.

How would he possibly know that Nora just didn't want to waste time on anything apart from spending time with Cherry?

Melissa had only just taken four bites when Nora placed her cutlery down. "Aunt Melissa, I have something on in a while, so I'll go first."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Nora left the private room after saying that. When she saw Mrs. Lewis's text message saying that Cherry had already returned, she didn't bother going upstairs. She hailed a cab and went out instead.



Although she knew that it wasn't appropriate to leave the meal midway, she really did have something on. Two days ago, she had already made an appointment with Wayne Myers, the acting director of Idealian Pharmaceuticals. Back then, her mother had entrusted him with the company, and he had managed it for over 20 years now.

When Nora arrived at the cafe, Wayne was already there.

He stood up excitedly and said, "You've returned to the States, Nora! You must be 24 years old by now? If your mother could see you now, she would definitely be very happy."

Wayne managed the company wholeheartedly. Despite so many years passing, he hadn't developed any thoughts that he shouldn't have.

Nora nodded slightly. Then, she took a seat and asked, "Wayne, I asked you out today because I wanted to ask you if my mother has left me anything apart from the company? Or whether she left me anything in the company?"

She had already looked into it.

Idealian Pharmaceuticals really was just a small company with an annual income of \$5,000,000. Over the years, they even moved and changed their company address a few times.

She didn't quite understand why the Grays and the Smiths were so hung up over such a small company?

Wayne solemnly nodded and answered, "Yes, she did!"

Nora looked up at him. "What did she leave me?"

So, the company really was hiding something?

Just as she thought so, Wayne answered, "Love and company."

Nora was rendered speechless.

Wayne went on. "Although she left us early, she has paved the way for you. She may not be around anymore, but her heart has always been with you."

"..."

After listening to Wayne blabber on and on about maternal love for over an hour, Nora, who had just eaten, couldn't help but yawn.

It was only then that Wayne realized that he was being too long-winded. He said, "You're already a grown-up now, Nora. When do you plan to take over the company?"

Although he had already come to care for and developed a sense of belonging to the company, the business was Nora's. He had to return it to her.

Nora replied detachedly, "You're taking care of it pretty well, so just continue with it."

A small company didn't have the usual few departments. The owner had to basically see to everything themselves. This took up too much time that she could spend sleeping!

Wayne was confused.

Nora asked, "Have the Grays shown any interest in buying over the company?"

If what the Grays were interested in was really the company's development potential, then there was no need to use Anthony's marital bliss as a bargaining chip. They could just buy over the company at a high price. It wasn't like they didn't have the money.

However, Wayne shook his head. "No, they haven't."

Nora frowned. However, since she couldn't figure it out, she decided that she won't think about it anymore. "If you ever think of anything that my mom instructed you to hand over to me, give me a call."

"Sure." Then, Wayne said, "Can I get your bank account number, Nora? I'll transfer all the company dividends directly to you in the future."

Back then, Nora was still a child. But when she grew up, she had gone abroad. That was why Wayne had paid the dividends to her guardian instead.

It was just five million dollars. While it was nothing to Nora, why should she give it to the Smiths?

She gave him her bank account number and left.

On the top floor of Hotel Finest.

Howard Hunt sat on the sofa arrogantly and watched Pete, who was in the study, contemptuously.

By this generation, the only direct descendants of the Hunts left were Justin's immediate family, as well as Howard's immediate family in New York.

As the head of the family's direct descendant and the eldest son, Justin had also inherited the position. However, his second uncle refused to accept this and ended up causing a lot of incidents.

The Hunts living in the family home didn't participate in the family's business disputes. They were only responsible for presiding over family issues. As for Howard, he was obsessed with martial arts.

He despised his family's ways and also admired Justin from the bottom of his heart. However, he simply disliked that child of unknown origin. It was him who brought shame to Justin's glorious life!

Moreover, not only was he mentally ill, but he was so small and weak. How could a child like that be worthy of becoming Justin's successor?

Howard snorted and withdrew his gaze disdainfully.

The door opened at this point—Justin was back.

As the man entered the room, his almost-solid presence rushed toward Howard, causing him to sit up in a hurry. He greeted him respectfully. "Justin."

Justin made a sound of acknowledgment and asked, "What are you doing here?"

Howard touched his hooked nose nervously and replied, "Grandpa heard that you're going to New York to have your grandma's condition treated, so he wants me to go with you and act as a witness. At the same time, I also

thought I would see if the old Mr. Quinn would be willing to take me in and teach me some traditional martial arts techniques.”

It might seem like traditional martial arts were falling into decline as time went by, but in fact, there were still mysterious masters of the art among regular folks.

The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts ranked top in traditional martial arts. It was Howard’s dream to become their apprentice.

Justin glanced at him. He knew that the part about him wanting to join the school was true, but not so much the part about him being a witness. But joining the Quinn School of Martial Arts and learning martial arts there?

His deep-set eyes looked toward the study. Dim light flickered in his eyes and he said, “Take Pete with you. Mr. Quinn is strict when it comes to enrollment, though. You may not meet his requirements. Pete, on the other hand, has a chance. ”

He had already checked Pete’s body when he was a toddler. Pete was very suitable to learn martial arts. However, he was reluctant to have his son go through hardship at that time, so he hadn’t taught him any martial arts.

His son was behaving rather ‘uniquely’ lately, so it would be good to send him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up some martial arts. This way, he could ‘straighten’ him out!

Howard curled his lip disdainfully. “Him?”

However, when he made eye contact with Justin’s sharp eyes, he shut up and swallowed whatever he wanted to say next.

Deep down, he was scoffing, though. With that small and weak body of his, why would Mr. Quinn ever pick him?

Nora returned to the hotel at this time.

Her cell phone started to ring. After she changed into slippers, leaned on the sofa, and picked up lazily, she heard an angry shout from the other end. “You little rascal, have you been slacking off again?! And skipping practice?!”

Nora rubbed her ears that were stinging from his volume. "I have to sleep, Quinn. I don't have time."

"Send me Cherry, then! She's your daughter, so her body must be even more suitable than yours. I'll take her as my apprentice and have her succeed me! Have you found your son yet? Our style ultimately still suits boys better. Bring them both if you've found him!"

Nora replied lazily, "Has the Quinn School of Martial Arts become that destitute that they have to rely on a five-year-old to breathe new life into the school?"

Quinn yelled, "...And who's to blame for that? It's all because I was blind enough to take someone as lazy as you as my apprentice! That Irvin fellow keeps showing off his apprentices to me. My apprentices can't fall behind, either! Come to New York and have a showdown with his apprentices if you're free!"

Quinn and Irvin were lifetime rivals.

Nora replied unhurriedly, "I'm not free."

Then, before Quinn got mad, she added, "But I am indeed coming to New York. I'll bring Cherry over and visit you."

"When, and what time? I'll send someone to pick you up!"

After Quinn eagerly said that, he immediately heard Nora's soft chuckle. The elderly man then said awkwardly, "The one I miss is Cherry, not you!"

Nora chuckled again. Then, she hung up after informing him about her arrival date and time.

She picked up a glass of water from the coffee table, took a couple of sips, and then went to take a bath.

Outside the house.

When Cherry, who was holding her cell phone, saw all this through the gap at the door, she said into the voice chat, "Chesty, Mommy's back!"

Pete said, "Hide, Cherry. Daddy's gone downstairs to look for Mommy!"

Cherry darted into the stairwell. Sure enough, she spotted her handsome Daddy coming out of the elevator. When he reached their suite and saw that the door was open, he went straight in.

As soon as he entered, Chester dashed over and locked the doors with a huge metal padlock.

After that, he sneaked into the stairwell and asked, "Did you make them drink what I gave you?"

Cherry replied, "Yes, she drank it! I put it in her glass of water!"

Pete also replied, "The tyrant also drank it."

Chester then said, "Perfect! Cherry, your mission now is to prevent Mrs. Lewis from coming back. Things will definitely heat up between your dad and mom tonight!"

Cherry asked suspiciously, "What kind of drug did you give to Mommy?"

Chester grinned. "Children shouldn't ask about things like that!"

It was that type of drug, of course! Additionally, because he knew that Justin had good self-control, he had given them a luxurious, upgraded version!

Inside the room.

Nora was taking a bath when she suddenly heard a sound outside. She walked out in a bath towel and asked lazily, "Cherry, Mrs. Lewis, are you back?"

As she spoke, she noticed the man sitting on the sofa.

"..."

Justin had immediately realized that something was amiss when he heard someone locking the door. A short while later, when he started feeling unwell, he realized that he had been drugged.

There were a lot of people in New York who wanted to become his woman, and they had tried various methods one after another over the years. It was hard for him to guard against all of them. During a moment of negligence half

a year ago, someone had also successfully drugged him with the most potent drug in the world.

However, he had been practicing martial arts since he was a child, so his physical fitness was stronger than most. Thus, he had managed to stubbornly suppress it with his willpower.

Therefore, he was confident that everything would be fine this time as well.

With the door locked, when he heard the sound of splashing water coming from the bathroom, he simply sat on the sofa, intending to see what exactly that woman planned to do.

To be honest, he didn't quite understand her.

She frequently made contact with Pete and even allowed him to call her Mommy. It stood to reason that she intended to use his son to get near to him, yet every time she was faced with him, she would adopt an indifferent attitude. It almost made him think that he really was misunderstanding her!

But in the end, she suddenly colluded with his son this evening by drugging him first and then sending him a message asking him to come down. And now, the two of them were locked in here. Was she finally intending to go all the way and have the final showdown with him?

For some reason, he was actually looking forward to it a little.

Just as he thought so, the bathroom door opened and a woman walked out surrounded by mist and moisture. Through the portière, what entered his sight first was a pair of delicate feet.

Her feet were bare, and her toes were round and fair. They looked a little cute.

Justin felt his mouth going dry. The desire that he had suppressed emerged a little.

Next, he saw her slender ankles and her straight and fair calves. The portière was pushed aside, and the woman stood there wrapped in a white bath towel.

Perhaps because she had just come out of a warm bath, her cheeks were flushed and her hair was damp. They stuck to her fair and slender shoulders as water droplets slid down from her face to her collarbones before sliding further down and seeping into the bath towel...

In that instant, he felt a sudden surge of warmth in his lower abdomen, which made his brows draw together. He felt as if all the blood in him was surging into a certain place!

He clenched his fists and lost control a little for a moment.

His abnormal behavior also entered Nora's eyes.

The cheeks of the man on the sofa were abnormally red, and his deep-set eyes were stained with desire. He seemed a little less cold and standoffish than usual, and the mole at the corner of his eye gave him a bewitching allure that wasn't usually there. The sight of him slumped on the sofa was actually exuding a sense of enticement?

Nora frowned and asked, "Why are you here?"

She had only just spoken when the man on the sofa abruptly dived toward her. The huge force pushed her straight onto the wall behind!

Then, he suppressed his voice and said, "Since Miss Smith has already taken a bath and is exhibiting such enthusiasm, then I..."

Before he finished, he had already lowered his head and started kissing her neck. His scalding hot breath made Nora shiver.

The man's domineering pheromones entered her nose forcefully. As he was very tall and had pressed right up against her, his back was slightly arched as he bent over.

An indescribable heat permeated her whole body, making her mouth gradually feel dry and hot.

As a doctor, she instantly understood something.



She tried to push the man away, only to find that he was very strong. He was still kissing her neck haphazardly. Nora suddenly lifted her right knee and attacked the most delicate part of the man.

However, the man's large, scalding-hot hands grabbed her ankles the next moment. His voice was hoarse and he sounded puzzled as he asked, "What's the meaning of this?"

Nora snorted coldly. She leaped nimbly into the air and gave him a roundhouse kick with her left leg!

Bam!

Justin reached out his arm and blocked the blow.

Nora came at him again with a punch.

Upon feeling the sharp momentum of her fist coming toward him, Justin turned and ducked. The woman's other fist then came toward him with a whoosh, scraping past his ear.

What speed!

In the blink of an eye, both of them backed away after exchanging a few blows and put some distance between themselves.

Nora frowned. There was concealed anger in her cat-like eyes. She was about to say something when the bath towel suddenly slipped off and she felt a chill all over her body.

"..."

Nora's brain stopped working for a second. Then, she quickly squatted down to pick up the bath towel, only to find that it was twisted into a clump and couldn't be straightened out quickly.

Seeing the man looking over in astonishment, Nora picked up the bath towel in a split second and flung it onto Justin's face.

Justin was about to grab the bath towel and remove it when he heard her shout coldly, "I won't let you out of this room alive if you take it off!"

Justin was astounded.

No one had ever threatened him like that in his whole life! However, the anger in the woman's voice made him pause his movements. She... didn't want to do it with him?

Nora took the opportunity to hurriedly pick up a nightgown from the side. With her back to him, she put it on while saying, "I've also been drugged."

Justin, who had keen senses, could hear the sounds. Judging from them, the other party had already put on her clothes. He took off the bath towel and stared at her with a frown. "Are you trying to say that it wasn't you?"

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed. Her gaze swept across a certain part of his body as she replied, "Don't be too confident of yourself, Mr. Hunt."

Justin was rendered speechless.

He used the bath towel, which he was holding with both hands, to block his body in a seemingly casual manner as he asked hesitantly, "If you weren't the one that did it, then who did?"

Seeing that he was no longer being impulsive, Nora turned and went to the study. "Wait a minute."

She dug out a set of clothes from the study and put it on. Then, she picked up her laptop and walked to the living room.

By the time she saw him again, the man had already returned to the sofa and sat back down. Apart from his cheeks that were still a little red, he looked fine. If it weren't for the bulge at the bath towel around his waist, the man would have seemed like his usual self.

An impressed Nora secretly sighed and thought—'What powerful self-control.'

If it weren't because she had been taking a lot of medicine since she was a child, making her immune to most drugs, Nora would probably have lost control!

Yet he had actually suppressed those distracting thoughts in just two minutes.

Justin's deep-set eyes flickered with dim light when he glimpsed the look in her eyes. He said, "You still have time to change your mind, Miss Smith."

Nora was puzzled.

That man was really overconfident of himself.

She said sarcastically, "I'm really not interested in you, Mr. Hunt. Even if both you and I fall victim to someone's schemes and you're standing completely naked in front of me, I still won't feel anything."

It really wasn't her?

Justin actually felt a vague sense of regret. In spite of that, he showed no verbal mercy. "... It seems that you were the one who was completely naked just now."

Nora was dumbfounded.

Her face tensed up instantly and she walked straight over. She placed her laptop on the table, opened it, and pushed it in front of him.

Justin was taken aback. "What?"

Nora slowly said, "Enter your account password and check the surveillance cameras, of course! Even if we don't know who the person that drugged us was, surely we can find out who locked the door just now?"

Seeing how sure she was, Justin became increasingly displeased. He tapped a few keys at random and then tapped the Enter key. Real-time surveillance camera footage instantly appeared on the computer.

Three people were currently standing at the door.

Their faces were nearly all pressed against the door, seemingly trying to hear what was going on inside...