

## Chapter 311 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

The confusion in Old Maddy's eyes had lessened a little. He touched his head and frowned, seemingly pondering about something.

The butler immediately became excited when he saw his reaction.

Although everyone had heard of acupuncture, they were still shocked and astonished when they actually saw it for themselves. After all, few people practiced it. Also, the needle was so long that it felt like it could penetrate right through someone's entire brain.

That was why they were so shocked by Nora's actions.

However, when the butler saw that Old Maddy's condition really did seem to have improved, he swallowed again and asked, "How do you feel?"

Old Maddy took a bite of the hamburger and slowly said, "I wanna sleep."

Pretty much right after he said that, his grip loosened and the hamburger dropped onto the floor. The man also lay down on the bed.

He had fallen asleep.

This was an aftereffect of acupuncture and was very normal.

With that in mind, Nora picked up the needle and pierced him with it another two times.

Alternative medicine took effect very slowly. Given the extent of Old Maddy's illness, if she wanted to stimulate his nerves, it would take at least half a month before significant effects showed.

This was just the first day of treatment, so it wasn't suitable to go too far.

Nora put the needles away after piercing him with them thrice.

Next to her, the butler, who saw Old Maddy fall asleep, couldn't help but ask, "Ms. Nora, what's the matter with him?"

Nora replied, "He's alright. He'll be fine after he wakes up."

She stood up straight and stretched.

To other people, all she did was just jab Old Maddy with a needle thrice.

However, she was the only one who knew just how tiring the process was. Not only was a high degree of concentration required, but she also had to be accurate in locating the acupoints.

Old Maddy's head was covered in burns, which made the acupoints really hard to find.

After piercing the needles into his head, she also had to control the needle's force and depth. All of these were factors that she had to respond to and adjust on-site.

She yawned and left, planning to go to the tournament.

The two matches today were still as boring as ever.

All of Nora, Justin, and Quentin's opponents were Class B and Class C martial artists, so they easily gave them a thrashing and bulldozed their way.

There was no doubt about their victory. After winning the two matches, Nora and Justin walked out of the venue with Cherry in the latter's arms.

Quentin followed behind them. As they walked, he asked, "Who exactly are you guys? What are you taking part in the tournament for? There aren't that many married couples in New York who are as strong as the two of you, and you even have a daughter..."

Quentin didn't think that they might be Nora and Justin at all.

Nora needed his protection, so she was likely at home at the moment.

As for Justin, he was the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother. Even though not many knew about it, there were still quite a few people who were aware of it. He should be in the lounge waiting to take photos with people at the moment!

Quentin didn't think that it was beneath Justin for him to take photos with people, either. After all, even a genius like him craved success and basking in the limelight.

After the last few matches, he had also gained fans of his own. Having people look for him to take photos with him made him feel as if he was on cloud nine.

Besides, while Justin had a son, he didn't have a daughter!

Nora and Justin exchanged a look and ignored Quentin.

Nora asked Justin, "Where are you going?"

"Home, I guess. What about you?"

"Home, too."

Justin took the opportunity to ask, "Let's have dinner together before we go back?"

"Nah," Nora replied casually, "We can't abandon the other one."

Pete was still at home. Never mind that the three of them didn't bring him along when they came here every day to have fun, but if they also dined together without him, they would be going too far.

Although Justin wanted very much to spend more time with Nora, he could only abandon the idea when he heard her reply.

The two chatted and went to the car park while ignoring Quentin.

Quentin: "..."

Nora went home. When she reached the Smith manor's entrance in her car, she happened to bump into Quentin, who had been extremely bored at the arena.

At the sight of her returning home from outside, Quentin frowned and stopped behind Nora silently. He said, "Didn't I tell you not to go out if there's nothing important? I'm busy lately, so I don't have the time to follow you around."

Nora: "?"

Quentin sighed. "If you had half of No. 028's skill, I wouldn't have to do this for you anymore. You've taken up all my time, so I don't have any time to practice building rapport with No. 028 at all."

Nora: “???”

Nora was terribly amused. It seemed like the right time to have a good chat with the young man, and let him know how strong she was.

She said calmly, “You don’t have to follow me around.”

Then, without waiting for Quentin’s response, she went up the stairs.

Quentin: “…”

He stared angrily after Nora. He was about to say something mean when, for some reason, he suddenly found her kinda familiar to the eye.

Although she was wearing trousers whereas No. 028 was always in either a long black or red dress, the two of them actually looked somewhat similar from the back.

He must be mistaken.

No. 028 was such a frank and straightforward person. How could she possibly be Nora?

Just like how No. 820’s physique was similar to Big Brother’s, there were a ton of people in the world with similar body builds!

Quentin shook his head and dispelled the thought. At this point, someone walked over from a short distance away, giving Quentin such a shock that he hurriedly hid into the dark.

He had become so accustomed to being in the limelight at the underground arena that he had actually forgotten to hide, causing himself to almost expose his existence to the Smiths’ servants.

After Nora entered the living room, she had pretty much rid herself of Quentin. He would never openly show up in front of others.

Pete was already home and was currently playing blocks with Mia.

Mia spoke softly, so even though Pete felt that what she was playing with was very boring, he nevertheless accompanied her with a frown.

The simple-minded Brandon circled around the two. He said, "Mia, why are you so stupid?! You can't do that there... Ah! It collapsed!"

Mia pouted and stared at Brandon in silence.

Brandon panicked. "Hey, don't cry. Little crybaby, please don't cry. I won't touch your things anymore, okay?"

Pete heaved a sigh. He slowly bent over and easily arranged Mia's blocks back into the previous state for her.

Mia cheered up and said, "Thank you, Cherry."

Pete replied stoically and habitually, "You're welcome... yeah."

Nora: "..."

Why was her son talking so weirdly? Cough.

While she was thinking about it, Pete, who seemingly sensed her looking at him, looked over. The little boy's dark eyes lit up at once and he called out, "Mommy."

He sounded a bit like he was wheedling.

Nora raised her eyebrows, immediately realizing that the little fellow must have something to ask of her. She nodded and went up the stairs.

When she entered the bedroom on the upper floor and looked behind her, sure enough, she saw Pete closing the door.

Nora sat on the sofa casually. "What's the matter?"

Pete walked up to her at a snail's pace. The hesitant boy observed her facial expression again and again before he finally asked, "Mommy, can you ask God-mom to teach Mia how to dance?"

Nora was surprised. "You want Tanya to teach Mia how to dance?"

"Yeah."

Pete frowned and said, "Mia likes dancing very much. Whenever we have dance classes, she always hides outside the door and secretly learns how to

dance together with us. God-mom has already spotted her several times, but she just doesn't take her as a student."

Nora licked her lips. "Okay, I'll ask her about it."

"Okay." Pete smiled and said, "I'll go out and play with Mia."

"Go ahead."

After Pete left, Nora decided to call Tanya. However, just as she was about to do so, she instead received a video call from Tanya herself.

As soon as she picked up, she saw Tanya's face taking up the entire screen. Her loud voice also rang out. "Little Nora, do you miss me?"

Nora: "..."

"Your mother-in-law is asking you to come over and visit when you're free. Hasn't it been really long since you last came over to my place?" Tanya continued to holler, her voice so loud that it made Nora's temples throb.

Nora kept quiet for a while. Then, she suddenly asked, "How have you been lately?"

At the mention of the topic, Tanya heaved a huge sigh and said, "I found someone with great potential for dancing recently. She's even the first person I've developed an interest in, apart from Cherry. Do you think I should take her as an apprentice?"

Tanya propped her chin on her hand. She looked like she was in a dilemma as she said, "But I don't really get along with her parents. On the one hand, I really want to take her as an apprentice, but on the other, I also want to stay away from her. I'm so troubled about this..."

This was exactly the reason why Nora had wanted to call her.

She would never give her close friend trouble just because of her son's request, of course. After all, Joel had Mia with someone else.

She could tell that Mia had great potential for dancing, and she also knew that Tanya had been searching for a successor all these years.

After she had reached a certain level in her dancing and started her own dance brand, it was simply too difficult for her to find a suitable successor.

Although Nora hadn't had much contact with Mia, she could tell that she was a kind little girl.

That was why she had decided to bring it up.

Tanya must be referring to Mia, right?

She hesitated for a moment before she asked, "How do you feel about it?"

Tanya bit her lip and sighed. She replied, "I don't know what to do, either. She likes dancing very much. Whenever I hold dance classes, she would secretly come over and learn, but I pretend not to know anything about it. Sometimes, when I see her dancing by herself without my guidance, I find myself somewhat in a daze as if I'm looking at myself when I was younger..."

She had once walked past an area where few people went after class. There, she had seen Mia wearing a white princess dress tiptoeing, her form lithe and graceful.

Mia was born with a small frame. Like Tanya, the girl also had a tall and thin body shape.

It was a pity for someone with a body build like hers not to dance.

She cherished talent, but whenever she thought of Mia's mother, she couldn't help but feel that she couldn't afford to mess with them.

The more Tanya thought about it, the more fed up she became. "Forget it, I'll just wait and see for a little longer!"

Nora stared at her. Suddenly, she said, "Sometimes, if you wait and see, the opportunity may pass you by."

Tanya was satisfied with Mia for sure. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so troubled and said so much to her. She had always been a direct and straightforward person, able to go with the flow.

Till now, Nora had never seen Tanya unable to let go of anything.

The fact that she was in such an internal struggle about Mia went to show just how much Tanya liked Mia.

To be honest, Tanya had made up her mind a long time ago to teach Mia dancing. She was just missing that last push.

Therefore, when Nora said that, after keeping quiet for a while, Tanya suddenly said, "You're right. I'll start teaching her tomorrow! Or at least, I'll let her join the dance class!"

She won't take her as an apprentice first. She would just teach her like she was just a normal student for now!

Seeing that the troubled look on her had disappeared, Nora nodded. "That works."

After the two chatted a little more, Tanya finally hung up.

Nora didn't tell Pete and Mia about it. Taking Mia as a student and teaching her how to dance was Tanya's decision, and had nothing to do with her. She didn't need to go to the children and tell them about it to gain favors.

The day passed quickly.

Early next morning, Nora got out of bed and went to perform acupuncture on Old Maddy again.

Barring any accidents, she would be visiting Old Maddy and treating his illness for the next half a month.

Unexpectedly, though, as soon as she reached the small house in the backyard, she saw the butler standing outside the house in a dilemma. At the sight of her, he immediately panicked and said, "Ms. Nora, Old Maddy is still unconscious. Surely nothing has gone wrong, right?"

The fact that he was still unconscious... showed that his health had suffered a lot and that he had been in a highly tense mental state over the years. Thus, after she had performed acupuncture on him, thereby allowing him to relax, he had fallen into a deep sleep.

Nora entered the house and checked Old Maddy's pulse.

The butler watched them from the side.



The sight of Ms. Nora checking Old Maddy's pulse like an alternative medicine practitioner surprised him. After all, alternative medicine practitioners were generally more advanced in age. Could someone as young as her... really do it?

The butler once again questioned Nora's medical skills.

This was especially because, since the day before, Old Maddy had only woken up once halfway because of hunger. After eating a little something, he had fallen asleep again.

Surely Ms. Nora's medical treatment wouldn't really cause Old Maddy's death, right?

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora brandish the extra-long needle and stick it into Old Maddy's head again. A few jabs later, Nora got onto her feet and said, "He's fine. He'll recover after he sleeps for a few more days."

Then, she turned and left.

The butler: "..."

Was there anyone who slept for 23.5 hours out of 24 a day?!

While walking back to the main house after leaving Old Maddy's residence, Nora received a call from Lily. Lily said, "I've received the DNA sample you sent. I'll start the test now.. The results will be out in eight hours."

Eight hours?

Nora glanced behind her at Old Maddy's residence and nodded. "Okay," she said.

After hanging up, she went out and drove to the underground arena. Her only task during this period of time was to advance to Class F as quickly as possible so that she could spar with Big Brother.

As usual, she changed into the red tight-fitting dress in the car. Then, she entered the underground arena.

As soon as she went in, she heard people deep in discussion next to her.

"Who do you think will be stronger this year? Big Brother or Big Sister?"

“Both of them are very strong. It’s just that Big Brother participated in the last martial arts tournament, so he has already displayed his strength for all to see, whereas Big Sister didn’t.”

“She’s still amazing even if she’s never participated in it before. Big Sister is of equal repute as Big Brother.”

“That’s right. Also, have you guys seen Big Sister’s first few matches? I wonder just how exciting the final match will be!”

“I did, I did! Compared to Big Sister, Big Brother’s build is a little too weak!”

“Hahaha! When the time comes for them to compete, will Big Sister hold Big Brother down just by sitting on him?”

“ ... ”

Amidst comments like theirs, a voice traveled over. “All of you are such good-for-nothings. How could the champion possibly emerge only from those two sects?”

The person’s words took everyone who was talking by surprise.

Even Nora, who was about to pass by them, stopped and looked at the person speaking.

The person who had spoken was from a small four-man team. None of them had masks on, and they were wearing clothes specific to a certain sect.

Those clothes...

“You guys are from Benevolence Hall?”

Benevolence Hall was a martial arts sect.

It was also a sect that someone had established out of the blue in recent years. This was their first time participating in the martial arts tournament, so people weren’t very optimistic about them.

Someone laughed and said, “Who else could it be, if not Big Sister or Big Brother? Well, certainly not someone from the Benevolence Hall, right?”

The person who had spoken just now nodded. He puffed his chest out and sneered, "That's right. Even though it hasn't been long since the Benevolence Hall was established, our first senior disciple, Victor, can crush Big Brother and Big Sister for sure!"

The man laughed. "Victor? Who the hell is that? Why haven't I heard of him before?"

The others echoed him. They asked, "The name Benevolence Hall sounds so weak. Whose disciples are you guys?"

The Benevolence Hall disciples laughed and replied, "Our trainer's name will scare you to death! He's the internationally renowned boxing champion, Abigail!"

Abigail was a strong and muscular African man.

He was the champion of the previous year's international boxing competition. When he won, he had said on stage that he would love to have the opportunity to witness the level of martial arts in the States.

In particular, he held great interest in the Quinn School of Martial Arts, which was famous for its training in physical strength. He had even questioned why the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't sent anyone to participate in the boxing competition and wondered if it was because they were afraid of being embarrassed if they lost the match. If so, then he would have to come over and personally challenge them to a duel.

Quinn had been outraged when the news reached him.

He had raved and ranted about him for three days straight in the training gym and said that his was an internal style of martial arts that was occupied with spiritual and mental aspects. How could it possibly be the same as that loud's style of martial arts?!

Who knew just how that devious old Irvin might be laughing at him behind his back because of this?!

Little did they expect that the sect with a name as elegant as the Benevolence Hall was actually established by Abigail, though? On top of that, he had really come to the States!

While a frowning Nora was musing over this, a random member of the audience had already curled his lips disdainfully and scoffed, "What's the big deal about a boxing champion? Is he even comparable to the martial artists in the States? The martial artists here are very powerful! We'll beat you guys up no matter how many people you throw at us! We'll knock all your teeth out, and beat you up so bad that even your mom won't recognize you!"

Victor was a big and tall man. He had a sullen look on his face at the moment. When he heard what the man said, he sneered, "Then get Big Brother or Big Sister to come out here and fight with me."

The members of the audience immediately retorted, "Oh my, do you think they'll fight you just because you say so? Big Brother and Big Sister are very busy people. Who would have that much time to deal with you? Why should Big Brother and Big Sister show you that much courtesy when everyone wants to challenge the two of them to make a name for themselves?"

"Exactly! Why should they show you that much courtesy?!"

Victor frowned at what they said.. Before he could say anything, the people behind him shouted, "Tsk, as if they are that awesome. If they are that great, then why don't they come and teach us a lesson? I bet they don't even live up to their reputations!"

The others clenched their fists.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had always been respected in the pugilistic world, especially in the past few years. In peaceful times, the pugilistic world had weakened and everyone had returned to normal.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had instead become a form of spiritual sustenance for martial artists.

Although there had been people who had questioned Big Brother and Big Sister's strength, Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother had won the championship at the age of 15 with an absolute advantage 10 years ago, silencing everyone.

Everyone was obsessed with Big Brother and Big Sister. This was also the reason why so many people asked to take a photo with them at the martial arts seminar.

Now, Victor had provoked the two of them right away, causing everyone to glare angrily at them.

“What are you doing?”

The person behind Victor said, “If you have the ability, get Big Brother or Big Sister to come out and fight openly. Otherwise, if you cause trouble and provoke us here, you’ll be chased out of the martial arts competition!”

The martial arts competition was only held to give the martial artists a sense of belonging. It was not to select the real champion but to give all the martial artists a goal.

If there was no martial arts competition, the sects would probably not want to practice martial arts anymore. They would only want to accumulate wealth and strengthen their bodies.

Therefore, there was a rule in the martial arts competition that all members were restricted from provoking or attacking in private. Once they were discovered, the person who attacked would be eliminated.

When those people heard this, they did not dare to move.

Victor glanced at them and clearly felt that it was a little boring. He turned around and walked towards the entrance.

Nora stood there and happened to block the intersection.

Seeing that Victor was getting closer and closer, Nora retracted her gaze and stepped into the martial arts competition first.

Nora, Justin, and Quentin met up. The three people, who were playing Class C today, did so effortlessly. After the match, the three of them sat on the sofa and waited for the next match. Suddenly, a bloodied and deformed person was carried down from a certain ring.

Someone carried a stretcher and walked past Nora and the other two.

There would definitely be injuries in the arena, so Nora did not notice it at first.

After a while, someone got off the stage and walked toward the food section. As he walked, everyone in the martial arts competition venue looked at him with resentment in their eyes.

“Victor.”

Suddenly, someone shouted.

Victor stopped in his tracks and looked over. He saw someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts walking over. “Although this is a martial arts competition, it’s just a competition between the various sects. There’s no need to fight so hard, right?”

As soon as he said this, Victor sneered. “Oh? In boxing competitions, the opponent has to be knocked unconscious. I didn’t know that New York loved peace so much.”

His words were filled with mockery. “No wonder all the sects are like this now.”

The disciple from Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his words, but he still said politely, “That’s not what I meant...”

Victor interrupted him again. “Then what do you mean? Are you blaming me for being too ruthless? Or should there be no casualties on the competition grounds?”

The disciple choked again. “No, casualties are inevitable. But you were too ruthless just now. The other party had already admitted defeat, so why were you still fighting? His life will be ruined if he continues like this!”

Victor sneered. “Oh, what does it have to do with me? Did I force him to participate in the martial arts competition?”

The disciple was speechless.

Every word that Victor said was aimed at the martial arts competition. His words held his disdain for the martial arts competition.

Everyone clenched their fists.

Victor swept the surroundings with his gaze and sneered. “In my opinion, the martial competition is the time to fight for the honor of the sect. If you can’t afford to play, then you should withdraw from the competition!”

Victor was very domineering.

With that, he walked straight to the food section with a vicious look on his face.

The disciple of Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his aura.

He took a deep breath and finally calmed down. He pointed at him angrily and scolded, "What a petty person! In the next match, you will be facing Quinn School of Martial Arts's Class D people! I'll wait for you to say this again!"

Quinn School of Martial Arts?

Victor paused in his footsteps and smiled.

However, he did not say anything. Instead, he picked up the beverage beside him and drank it.

The group quickly dispersed.

The people around them disliked the four people from Benevolence Hall very much. The four of them did not mind and found a place to sit and rest very freely.

Nora lowered her eyes. When her fingers touched the sofa gently, Cherry's voice was heard. "Mommy, Daddy, can the Class D people teach him a lesson?"

Before Nora and Justin could say anything, Quentin sneered. "Yes."

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at him.

Quentin pursed his lips in disdain. "I know this person."

He rolled his eyes. "There are a few branches of the dark forces in New York. Two years ago, this person was one of Scarface's subordinates. His name is Victor. Back then, he liked to gamble and was idling around all day. Later on, he separated from Scarface and the others and joined Benevolence Hall."

Nora asked curiously, "Does Benevolence Hall accept such people?"

Logically speaking, the recruitment of people in a martial arts club depended on their age.

No matter how one looked at it, Victor was already 27 or 28 years old. He was already 25 or 26 years old two years ago. Such a person's bones had already matured, so it was useless to practice anything else.

Why would Benevolence Hall take him in as a disciple?

While thinking, Quentin sneered. "What Benevolence Hall? Do you think anyone really joined it? Those four people are all hooligans. The kind who have nothing better to do."

Nora was curious. "Then are they very skilled?"

Quentin was even more disdainful. "How is that possible? Their skills aren't good, they're just ruthless. I guess the Class C fighter was too careless."

If he was weak, why would he say such harsh words?

Nora felt that Quentin's words were too one-sided.

Seeing that Victor was on stage again and preparing for the next competition, Nora suddenly stood up. "Let's go over and take a look."

She did not understand why she was interested in such a scum.

After the three of them walked over, they saw a Class D player from Quinn School of Martial Arts already standing on the stage. Nora knew this person. He was a disciple of the same generation as her. His name was Randy.

He was very skilled.

Furthermore, because he was in Quinn School of Martial Arts all year round, he did not hide his identity.

Obviously, Quentin also knew him. "So Victor is going up against Randy this time? There will definitely be no problem."

With that, he shouted, "Randy, beat him up!"

He turned around. The others who had just witnessed Victor beating someone up also began to shout, "Beat him up! Randy will definitely win!"

Randy raised his hand. After Victor went on stage, he cupped his hands and said, "I apologize in advance!"



With that, he raised his fist and punched Victor quickly and hatefully!

“Yes!”

The surrounding audience cried out. They all felt that this punch was steady and fast. Victor could not dodge it no matter what. However, just as the fist was about to reach his face, Victor suddenly turned to the side to dodge and kicked Randy in the stomach!

“Wow!”

The sudden turn of events shocked the entire scene.

Not to mention the others, even Quentin frowned. “How is this possible?!”

Nora looked at him.

Quentin was staring at the stage in shock. “This Victor was still a little hooligan two years ago. I could have beaten him with one hand, but he attacked too quickly just now! This doesn’t look like he has learned martial arts for just two years! No matter how talented he is, what can he learn in two years?”

Quentin asked himself, even if it was him, his speed could only be this fast! However, he had studied hard and practiced martial arts since he was young.

Quentin exclaimed, “He can’t be considered a genius, right? He’s simply a freak!”

Nora, who had learned all the techniques in the Quinn School of Martial Arts in two years: ?

Nora did not say anything and continued to watch the competition on the stage.

Quentin’s nagging kept ringing in her ears.

“F\*ck! He can dodge such a trick? Not only has his speed increased, but his strength has also increased a lot!”

“I think Randy is definitely going to lose!”

“I even bullied this kid before. Why didn’t I feel that he was so strong? That’s not right. Logically speaking, if he had talent in martial arts, he should have shown it two years ago!”

Quentin had been living in the dark all along and knew these forces very well.

He definitely knew where a powerful little hooligan came from in New York.

Looking at Victor’s current state, it was obvious that his ability was on par with his. However, it had to be known that among the seven boys of the Smith generation, Ian had only chosen him because he was naturally suited to practicing martial arts!

But he had been practicing for so many years, and someone else had used just two years to catch up?

Quentin was indignant!

“Randy, defeat him!”

Quentin led the surrounding audience and shouted.

Unfortunately, Randy was not Victor’s match. He was defeated in less than five minutes!

Randy fell onto the stage. His entire body hurt so much that he could not stand up. He stretched out his hand and planned to say, “I admit...”

Before he could say the word “defeat,” Victor took a step forward and kicked him in the abdomen, causing him to roll a few times on the ground.

Randy spat out a mouthful of blood from the pain.

Someone beside him shouted, “Victor, what are you doing? Randy has already admitted defeat!”

Victor stood on stage and grinned. “Is that so? Why didn’t I hear that? Did he say anything?”

“ ... ”

Randy did not finish his sentence!

Victor looked at Randy. "Did you admit defeat?"

Randy wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he spat out another mouthful of blood. Victor spread out his hands. "Did you see that? He didn't say anything at all. That means the competition will continue."

With that, he rushed in front of Randy and kicked him again. This time, Randy slammed into the railing at the edge.

Being blocked by the railing, Randy did not fall off the stage.

If he fell off the stage, the competition would end.

However, he did not. It only made his entire body hurt even more. He opened his mouth and coughed up blood. He could not speak at all. He raised his hand, intending to surrender. However, just as he stretched his trembling hand out, Victor grabbed it and pulled him hard.

Randy was thrown into the middle of the ring again!

Victor flexed his wrist and slowly walked in front of Randy. "What a tough nut. Since you're so tough, don't blame me for being rude!"

With that, he extended his leg and stepped on Randy's raised hand! Then, he crushed it!

Randy cried out in pain and fainted.

"Enough! He lost! Referee!"

As everyone shouted, the referee walked over. "Randy has already fainted. You won. Let him go..."

Victor raised his eyebrows. "Who said he fainted?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted more force with his feet.

The fingers were connected to the heart. Randy had actually woken up from the pain. His entire body was trembling, and he could no longer speak or use any strength.

"Referee, look. He's still awake. He must still want to fight me."

Victor said ruthlessly.

The referee was speechless.

This Victor had captured all the loopholes in the competition.

Randy was a disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Nora narrowed her eyes and revealed a fierce look.

She was about to attack when a voice sounded. "Stop!"

With this voice, the crowd automatically moved aside. Linda, who had been pretending to be her, rushed out. When she saw the stage, she frowned. "Are you challenging Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Victor lowered his eyes. "So it's Big Sister. Why? Do you want to fight me on his behalf? Sure. But do you dare?"

Linda choked on her words.

Would she dare?

On stage, Randy was Linda's martial uncle! He was more powerful than her!

Wouldn't it be even more embarrassing for the Quinn School of Martial Arts if she went on stage?

However, Victor was still provoking her. "Tsk, I think Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister is just an embroidered pillow, right? You don't even dare to do this?"

His words angered everyone.

Someone shouted, "Big Sister, teach him a lesson!"

The others immediately echoed, "That's right, Big Sister. Teach him a lesson! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!"

"I think he doesn't know the immensity of heaven and earth! Big Sister, you must help Randy take revenge!"

“Big Sister, even if you beat him up until he’s looking for his teeth all over the ground, we won’t think that Quinn School of Martial Arts is bullying him! He’s too arrogant. He’s simply too much!”

“Who do the people of Benevolence Hall think they are? How dare they tease Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

“ ... ”

Quentin was also furious and anxious by the side. He shouted anxiously, “Big Sister, attack! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

Linda, who was pretending to be Big Sister: “ ... ”

She looked anxiously at the crowd, not knowing what to do.

At this time, she would lose face if she went on stage. But if she did not go on stage, it would make people feel that Quinn School of Martial Arts was afraid.

For a moment, she was in a dilemma.

However, Victor was still sneering. “What? Big Sister, you still don’t dare to come up?”

Quentin pranced about. “Why isn’t Big Sister on stage yet? If I was a member of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, I would have gone up and taught him a lesson!”

The people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts had been bullied. Only when their own people went on stage could they be considered to have slapped the faces of the bullies. Otherwise, what would happen if word got out?

However, Randy was ranked in the top five of Quinn School of Martial Arts. Even so, he had lost. The rest of the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts did not dare to go on stage and embarrass themselves.

Nora narrowed her eyes and stared at the ring.

She took a step forward, but her arm was suddenly grabbed.

She turned around and saw Justin staring at her. “He’s doing it on purpose.”

Nora’s eyes darkened when she heard those words.

Yes.

She had also felt it earlier.

From the moment Victor entered, he had been constantly challenging the dignity of the Big Sister of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He had found someone from the Quinn School of Martial Arts to fight, and he was so vicious as to make ruthless remarks on the stage.

All of this proved that he had done it on purpose. His goal was to anger Big Sister into coming out.

She was aware of it...

However...

Nora looked at the stage again.

Linda's face was already steely with anger. She clenched her fists tightly and could not say a word.

At first, the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts all shouted for revenge. However, when they saw that Linda was not moving and that no one else was going on stage, their auras began to weaken.

If she did not make a move, it would probably be difficult for the people of Quinn School of Martial Arts to raise their heads in the future.

Nora took a deep breath and suddenly said, "I'll fight you."

As soon as these calm words were spoken, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

Everyone looked at Nora, who was wearing a silver mask.

Victor frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Quentin, who was filled with righteous indignation and wanted Big Sister to make a move, heard this and suddenly turned back to look at Nora in disbelief.

Then, he lowered his voice and said, "What are you doing? You don't need to show off at this time, this person is very strong!"

Nora ignored him and went on stage step by step.

Someone had already made way for her.

When Linda saw Nora, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

After Nora stood on stage, Victor said, "028, this is between me and Quinn School of Martial Arts. It has nothing to do with you."

Nora lowered her eyes and said calmly, "I'm also a member of Quinn School of Martial Arts. How could I have nothing to do with this?"

Everyone was shocked by her words.

"So she's from Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

"No wonder she's so powerful!"

However, after frowning, Victor sneered. "Among women, I only treat Big Sister as an opponent. I advise you to hurry down and not embarrass yourself."

Nora stretched out her fist. "Is Big Sister someone you can compete with just because you want to? You have to get past me first."

Victor stared at her with a dark gaze. After examining Nora from head to toe, he said coldly, "Alright. Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish! Don't think that I'll be merciful just because you're a woman!"

After saying that, he did not give Nora any time to react.. Without saying anything else, he rushed over and wanted to knock her down.

Victor did not want to waste too much time and wanted to end this quickly.

Therefore, he gathered all his strength in this punch. He did not care that the other party was a woman at all, nor did he have any intention of being gentle toward her.

The woman in front of him could still dodge with her thin body.

However, 028 did not dodge. She even stretched out her hand to block his punch!

“You’re really courting death!”

As Victor thought this, he sneered.

Their faction walked the path of strength. As the disciple of the boxing champion, he was definitely the strongest in terms of strength. This was also the reason why he had provoked Quinn School of Martial Arts. After all, Irvin School of Martial Arts’s movement techniques were agile, so he might not necessarily be able to compare.

However, Quinn School of Martial Arts fought with real strength.

But a woman was competing in strength with him?

Ha.

As Victor thought this, he increased his speed. The impact of his body and the strength he had originally accumulated made this punch reach the imposing aura of a mountain.

Those who were standing a little closer could feel the murderous intent in his fists. They looked at Nora worriedly.

Although Nora had won with one punch in the first few matches, they were still worried for her now.

The next moment, however...

The two fists had already collided in the air!

Bam!

When the heavy force hit each other, just hearing it made one feel like their bones were about to break.

Quentin could not help but frown. His mind was even beginning to wonder which hospital in New York had the best surgical skills. He could now help 028 reconnect her bones.

However, when he looked over, he saw the two standing there with their fists still clenched...



However, Nora's eyes under the silver mask did not change much. Instead, Victor's face was filled with surprise and hesitation. He stared at the two touching fists in disbelief.

10 seconds later, Victor's leg went soft and he took two steps back. His clenched hand had already drooped down weakly. It was obvious that he had broken a bone.

He stared at his hand in shock and looked at Nora again.

However, the woman, who had not taken the initiative all this while, suddenly rushed over. Her lips curled into a cold smile as she stretched out her slender and fair legs...

Everyone only saw Nora stretch out her leg. Her red dress fluttered up. Then, with a bang, Victor was kicked to the ground and could not get up no matter what.

While everyone was worried about Nora, Justin's bright eyes looked at that leg...

This woman was really... Why was she wearing a dress when she was fighting? It was fine if it affected her performance, but once she lifted her leg, her insides... As he thought about this, he saw Nora wearing safety pants that covered the scenery inside.

He finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

However...

Her fair thighs and calves were still too exposed.

Next time, he would prepare some pants for her!

As he thought this, the surrounding crowd had already erupted in applause!

Then, someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts shouted, "Quinn School of Martial Arts is mighty! Quinn School of Martial Arts is invincible!"

The others followed.

"Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Nora did not care about these voices. She only patted her fists lightly and immediately looked at Victor, who was lying on the ground and could not get up. She asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor’s abdomen had been kicked, and he felt as if his organs had shifted.

He was about to speak when Nora’s fist hit his face again!

He had nowhere to hide from this punch!

Bam!

Nora knocked out four of his front teeth.

The woman flexed her shoulders and asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor: “...”

For some reason, the red-dressed woman standing in front of him suddenly became terrifying.

In the end, Victor was carried off by the other three from Benevolence Hall. When they left in a hurry, the martial arts arena was filled with cheers.

Nora let Victor off.

After all, it was difficult to teach manners to a dead person.

However, this could also be considered revenge for Randy.

She gave Linda a comforting look. When she got off the stage, Quentin grabbed her arm.. He looked at her with a complicated expression. “Who are you?”

Just who exactly she was?

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, “A disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Quentin: “...”

Nora didn't pay any more attention to Quentin. Instead, she walked toward the exit.

Elsewhere.

Victor, who was carried out of the arena and into a car by three people, was sent to a villa in the suburbs.

Upon seeing Victor being carried into the living room, the big and tall green-eyed boxing champion Abigail, sitting on the sofa in the living room, slowly sat upright.

Abigail was 6'5" tall and weighed 220 pounds. He was strong and sturdy and had huge muscles all over him. His build was a little similar to Jordan Hoffman's, but the power in his bulging arm muscles was much, much greater than Jordan's.

He stared at Victor and scoffed, "What a useless piece of trash! I've invested so many resources in you, yet you can't even force Big Sister out of hiding? On top of that, you even let a nobody female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts injure you this badly!"

If anyone other than Victor had suffered such injuries, he would already have passed out cold and been unable to speak.

However, Victor had already somewhat gotten over the initial pain and discomfort after resting on the way here. His physical resilience was astonishingly good.

His lips trembled as he slowly said, "I'm sorry, sir. Give me some more time, I'll definitely defeat Big Sister in the finals!"

Abigail sneered, "You'd best remember what you just said!"

He gave a wave after he spoke. Only then did the rest of the people there carry Victor upstairs.

There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

"Yes, that's right."

"... Big Sister hasn't taken any action?"

"No."

"It seems that Victor isn't strong enough, then."

Abigail's voice deepened. "Do you need me to take action?"

"Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister's mask in the finals!"

Abigail was taken aback. "Her mask? Big Sister hasn't been wearing a mask at all, though..."

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. "You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?"

Abigail figured it out again at this point. "It's No. 028!" He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, "So, you're not that stupid, after all."

Then, he said, "I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor's appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn't even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, "Nora..."

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, "Old Maddy still hasn't woken up yet."

Nora nodded. "That's normal."

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, "Let's take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won't do for him to continue sleeping like he's comatose. By the time something really happens, it'll be terrible."

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, "I just told you it's normal. Didn't you hear me?"

Yvonne: "?"

She bit her lip and said, "Nora, you mustn't treat Old Maddy's illness like that. Although he doesn't have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths' manor for so long, he's pretty much already family... You shouldn't abuse his body like that..."

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. "Has anyone ever told you that you're very irritating?"

Although Nora's voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone's ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn't expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, "Nora, I know you're irritated because I'm so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can't! You mustn't treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?"

Nora stared at her. "Yeah, I will."

"..."

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn't dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. "Nora, you—"

Nora, however, didn't pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, "Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn't bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let's see how she's going to answer for it!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, "Mdm. Florence, I'm not trying to interfere with her affairs. I'm just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend..."

Florence frowned. "Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time..."

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. “Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?”

Florence immediately waved and said, “No, you mustn’t. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he’ll definitely become anxious. I think it’s better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead.”

Yvonne said, “But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy’s illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don’t want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt’s life!”

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. “Isn’t that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, “I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one’s mind. I’m sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore.”

Florence was still rather hesitant. “Can the pill be taken so casually?”

Yvonne shook her head. “I don’t know. I’ve heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one’s body, but I don’t dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we’ll talk to Dad about it!”

After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn’t leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn’t have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn't need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.



In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

"Okay."

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons' Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette's betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti's email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn't as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn't seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “?????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“ ... ”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028’s martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He'd originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, "Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?"

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn't notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, "Yeah, I really don't know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn't take first place, she's at least in second place, alright?"

"Yeah, life practically can't get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister's coattails!"

"What a shame that the others don't know about it."

"Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin's team. Now that's the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

"Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it."

Quentin: "!!!"

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World' ... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

"Yeah." Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. "Has the match started?"

"It's starting soon." Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, "Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late."

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: “?”

She took a step forward and said, “Sorry, I’m a little late.”

She’d thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, “It’s okay! I’ll wait, no matter how late you are!”

Nora: “??”

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: “??”

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn’t notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, “I’ve found out your true identity, Big Sister.”

“...”

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, “Which identity are you talking about?”

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, “Y’know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I’d never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister...”

Nora coughed. “Yeah.”

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn’t been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: “...”

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, "Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?"

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin's words, however, pierced his ego. "You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?"

Quentin: "!!"

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies? Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, “Wait for me, Mom.”



'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, "The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He's very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!"

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. "Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?"

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. "I told you, I'm treating him."

Yvonne bit her lip. "Don't worry. The Smiths won't just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you're Mr. Hunt's girlfriend. The Hunts won't ignore you either."

When she said this, Nora's eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. "No need. I believe the police will clear my name."

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn't their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, "Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn't do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!"

Her eyes were red from agitation. "Old Maddy is Mr. Smith's friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You're too much!!"

Florence's words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. "That's right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We've all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We're not being used casually!"

"Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy's life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!"

"You say you're a doctor, but aren't you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you're just a quack!"

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths' lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn't the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy's room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. "Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths' main gate?"

The butler hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn't block them."

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, "The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn't expect them to say that Miss Nora can't be bailed out."

Joel's pupils shrank at these words. "Why?"

The butler shook his head. "I don't know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora's matter



must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time.”

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, “Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?”

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. “There’s no need. We’ll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!”

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. “Old Maddy’s nerves have been damaged. We can’t find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There’s nothing we can do!”

Joel frowned. “Haven’t you seen such a situation before?”

The attending doctor shook his head. “No... but I’ve heard of it!”

Joel looked at the attending doctor. “Where have you heard of it?”

The attending doctor said, “Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her.

Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine...”

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. “Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!”

“... Yes!” said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist’s consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy’s life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

“Alright, help me find out. Thanks.”

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, “Joel, what can I help you with?”

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, "Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti's help."

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne's pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. "Okay, answer the call first."

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin's private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin's number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin's deep voice resounded, "Yvonne, is something the matter?"

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora's phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne's phone to call him.

Yvonne's heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, "Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths' servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police."

Justin sensitively caught the main point. "How's Old Maddy?"

Yvonne replied ambiguously, "All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they're treating him as we speak."

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, "I'll go to the police station."

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel's first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. "Who did you say won't bail her out?"

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. "It's Captain Ford."

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## **Chapter 312 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

"Okay." Pete smiled and said, "I'll go out and play with Mia."

"Go ahead."

After Pete left, Nora decided to call Tanya. However, just as she was about to do so, she instead received a video call from Tanya herself.

As soon as she picked up, she saw Tanya's face taking up the entire screen. Her loud voice also rang out. "Little Nora, do you miss me?"

Nora: "..."

"Your mother-in-law is asking you to come over and visit when you're free. Hasn't it been really long since you last came over to my place?" Tanya continued to holler, her voice so loud that it made Nora's temples throb.

Nora kept quiet for a while. Then, she suddenly asked, "How have you been lately?"

At the mention of the topic, Tanya heaved a huge sigh and said, "I found someone with great potential for dancing recently. She's even the first person I've developed an interest in, apart from Cherry. Do you think I should take her as an apprentice?"

Tanya propped her chin on her hand. She looked like she was in a dilemma as she said, "But I don't really get along with her parents. On the one hand, I really want to take her as an apprentice, but on the other, I also want to stay away from her. I'm so troubled about this..."

This was exactly the reason why Nora had wanted to call her.

She would never give her close friend trouble just because of her son's request, of course. After all, Joel had Mia with someone else.

She could tell that Mia had great potential for dancing, and she also knew that Tanya had been searching for a successor all these years.

After she had reached a certain level in her dancing and started her own dance brand, it was simply too difficult for her to find a suitable successor.

Although Nora hadn't had much contact with Mia, she could tell that she was a kind little girl.

That was why she had decided to bring it up.

Tanya must be referring to Mia, right?

She hesitated for a moment before she asked, "How do you feel about it?"

Tanya bit her lip and sighed. She replied, "I don't know what to do, either. She likes dancing very much. Whenever I hold dance classes, she would secretly come over and learn, but I pretend not to know anything about it. Sometimes, when I see her dancing by herself without my guidance, I find myself somewhat in a daze as if I'm looking at myself when I was younger..."

She had once walked past an area where few people went after class. There, she had seen Mia wearing a white princess dress tiptoeing, her form lithe and graceful.

Mia was born with a small frame. Like Tanya, the girl also had a tall and thin body shape.

It was a pity for someone with a body build like hers not to dance.

She cherished talent, but whenever she thought of Mia's mother, she couldn't help but feel that she couldn't afford to mess with them.

The more Tanya thought about it, the more fed up she became. "Forget it, I'll just wait and see for a little longer!"

Nora stared at her. Suddenly, she said, "Sometimes, if you wait and see, the opportunity may pass you by."

Tanya was satisfied with Mia for sure. Otherwise, she wouldn't have been so troubled and said so much to her. She had always been a direct and straightforward person, able to go with the flow.

Till now, Nora had never seen Tanya unable to let go of anything.

The fact that she was in such an internal struggle about Mia went to show just how much Tanya liked Mia.

To be honest, Tanya had made up her mind a long time ago to teach Mia dancing. She was just missing that last push.

Therefore, when Nora said that, after keeping quiet for a while, Tanya suddenly said, "You're right. I'll start teaching her tomorrow! Or at least, I'll let her join the dance class!"

She won't take her as an apprentice first. She would just teach her like she was just a normal student for now!

Seeing that the troubled look on her had disappeared, Nora nodded. "That works."

After the two chatted a little more, Tanya finally hung up.

Nora didn't tell Pete and Mia about it. Taking Mia as a student and teaching her how to dance was Tanya's decision, and had nothing to do with her. She didn't need to go to the children and tell them about it to gain favors.

The day passed quickly.

Early next morning, Nora got out of bed and went to perform acupuncture on Old Maddy again.

Barring any accidents, she would be visiting Old Maddy and treating his illness for the next half a month.

Unexpectedly, though, as soon as she reached the small house in the backyard, she saw the butler standing outside the house in a dilemma. At the sight of her, he immediately panicked and said, "Ms. Nora, Old Maddy is still unconscious. Surely nothing has gone wrong, right?"

The fact that he was still unconscious... showed that his health had suffered a lot and that he had been in a highly tense mental state over the years. Thus, after she had performed acupuncture on him, thereby allowing him to relax, he had fallen into a deep sleep.

Nora entered the house and checked Old Maddy's pulse.

The butler watched them from the side.

The sight of Ms. Nora checking Old Maddy's pulse like an alternative medicine practitioner surprised him. After all, alternative medicine practitioners were generally more advanced in age. Could someone as young as her... really do it?

The butler once again questioned Nora's medical skills.



This was especially because, since the day before, Old Maddy had only woken up once halfway because of hunger. After eating a little something, he had fallen asleep again.

Surely Ms. Nora's medical treatment wouldn't really cause Old Maddy's death, right?

While he was thinking about it, he saw Nora brandish the extra-long needle and stick it into Old Maddy's head again. A few jabs later, Nora got onto her feet and said, "He's fine. He'll recover after he sleeps for a few more days."

Then, she turned and left.

The butler: "..."

Was there anyone who slept for 23.5 hours out of 24 a day?!

While walking back to the main house after leaving Old Maddy's residence, Nora received a call from Lily. Lily said, "I've received the DNA sample you sent. I'll start the test now.. The results will be out in eight hours."

Eight hours?

Nora glanced behind her at Old Maddy's residence and nodded. "Okay," she said.

After hanging up, she went out and drove to the underground arena. Her only task during this period of time was to advance to Class F as quickly as possible so that she could spar with Big Brother.

As usual, she changed into the red tight-fitting dress in the car. Then, she entered the underground arena.

As soon as she went in, she heard people deep in discussion next to her.

"Who do you think will be stronger this year? Big Brother or Big Sister?"

"Both of them are very strong. It's just that Big Brother participated in the last martial arts tournament, so he has already displayed his strength for all to see, whereas Big Sister didn't."

"She's still amazing even if she's never participated in it before. Big Sister is of equal repute as Big Brother."

“That’s right. Also, have you guys seen Big Sister’s first few matches? I wonder just how exciting the final match will be!”

“I did, I did! Compared to Big Sister, Big Brother’s build is a little too weak!”

“Hahaha! When the time comes for them to compete, will Big Sister hold Big Brother down just by sitting on him?”

“ ... ”

Amidst comments like theirs, a voice traveled over. “All of you are such good-for-nothings. How could the champion possibly emerge only from those two sects?”

The person’s words took everyone who was talking by surprise.

Even Nora, who was about to pass by them, stopped and looked at the person speaking.

The person who had spoken was from a small four-man team. None of them had masks on, and they were wearing clothes specific to a certain sect.

Those clothes...

“You guys are from Benevolence Hall?”

Benevolence Hall was a martial arts sect.

It was also a sect that someone had established out of the blue in recent years. This was their first time participating in the martial arts tournament, so people weren’t very optimistic about them.

Someone laughed and said, “Who else could it be, if not Big Sister or Big Brother? Well, certainly not someone from the Benevolence Hall, right?”

The person who had spoken just now nodded. He puffed his chest out and sneered, “That’s right. Even though it hasn’t been long since the Benevolence Hall was established, our first senior disciple, Victor, can crush Big Brother and Big Sister for sure!”

The man laughed. “Victor? Who the hell is that? Why haven’t I heard of him before?”

The others echoed him. They asked, “The name Benevolence Hall sounds so weak. Whose disciples are you guys?”

The Benevolence Hall disciples laughed and replied, “Our trainer’s name will scare you to death! He’s the internationally renowned boxing champion, Abigail!”

Abigail was a strong and muscular African man.

He was the champion of the previous year’s international boxing competition. When he won, he had said on stage that he would love to have the opportunity to witness the level of martial arts in the States.

In particular, he held great interest in the Quinn School of Martial Arts, which was famous for its training in physical strength. He had even questioned why the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn’t sent anyone to participate in the boxing competition and wondered if it was because they were afraid of being embarrassed if they lost the match. If so, then he would have to come over and personally challenge them to a duel.

Quinn had been outraged when the news reached him.

He had raved and ranted about him for three days straight in the training gym and said that his was an internal style of martial arts that was occupied with spiritual and mental aspects. How could it possibly be the same as that lout’s style of martial arts?!

Who knew just how that devious old Irvin might be laughing at him behind his back because of this?!

Little did they expect that the sect with a name as elegant as the Benevolence Hall was actually established by Abigail, though? On top of that, he had really come to the States!

While a frowning Nora was musing over this, a random member of the audience had already curled his lips disdainfully and scoffed, “What’s the big deal about a boxing champion? Is he even comparable to the martial artists in the States? The martial artists here are very powerful! We’ll beat you guys up no matter how many people you throw at us! We’ll knock all your teeth out, and beat you up so bad that even your mom won’t recognize you!”

Victor was a big and tall man. He had a sullen look on his face at the moment. When he heard what the man said, he sneered, "Then get Big Brother or Big Sister to come out here and fight with me."

The members of the audience immediately retorted, "Oh my, do you think they'll fight you just because you say so? Big Brother and Big Sister are very busy people. Who would have that much time to deal with you? Why should Big Brother and Big Sister show you that much courtesy when everyone wants to challenge the two of them to make a name for themselves?"

"Exactly! Why should they show you that much courtesy?!"

Victor frowned at what they said.. Before he could say anything, the people behind him shouted, "Tsk, as if they are that awesome. If they are that great, then why don't they come and teach us a lesson? I bet they don't even live up to their reputations!"

The others clenched their fists.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had always been respected in the pugilistic world, especially in the past few years. In peaceful times, the pugilistic world had weakened and everyone had returned to normal.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had instead become a form of spiritual sustenance for martial artists.

Although there had been people who had questioned Big Brother and Big Sister's strength, Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother had won the championship at the age of 15 with an absolute advantage 10 years ago, silencing everyone.

Everyone was obsessed with Big Brother and Big Sister. This was also the reason why so many people asked to take a photo with them at the martial arts seminar.

Now, Victor had provoked the two of them right away, causing everyone to glare angrily at them.

"What are you doing?"

The person behind Victor said, "If you have the ability, get Big Brother or Big Sister to come out and fight openly. Otherwise, if you cause trouble and provoke us here, you'll be chased out of the martial arts competition!"

The martial arts competition was only held to give the martial artists a sense of belonging. It was not to select the real champion but to give all the martial artists a goal.

If there was no martial arts competition, the sects would probably not want to practice martial arts anymore. They would only want to accumulate wealth and strengthen their bodies.

Therefore, there was a rule in the martial arts competition that all members were restricted from provoking or attacking in private. Once they were discovered, the person who attacked would be eliminated.

When those people heard this, they did not dare to move.

Victor glanced at them and clearly felt that it was a little boring. He turned around and walked towards the entrance.

Nora stood there and happened to block the intersection.

Seeing that Victor was getting closer and closer, Nora retracted her gaze and stepped into the martial arts competition first.

Nora, Justin, and Quentin met up. The three people, who were playing Class C today, did so effortlessly. After the match, the three of them sat on the sofa and waited for the next match. Suddenly, a bloodied and deformed person was carried down from a certain ring.

Someone carried a stretcher and walked past Nora and the other two.

There would definitely be injuries in the arena, so Nora did not notice it at first.

After a while, someone got off the stage and walked toward the food section. As he walked, everyone in the martial arts competition venue looked at him with resentment in their eyes.

"Victor."

Suddenly, someone shouted.

Victor stopped in his tracks and looked over. He saw someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts walking over. "Although this is a martial arts competition, it's just a competition between the various sects. There's no need to fight so hard, right?"

As soon as he said this, Victor sneered. "Oh? In boxing competitions, the opponent has to be knocked unconscious. I didn't know that New York loved peace so much."

His words were filled with mockery. "No wonder all the sects are like this now."

The disciple from Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his words, but he still said politely, "That's not what I meant..."

Victor interrupted him again. "Then what do you mean? Are you blaming me for being too ruthless? Or should there be no casualties on the competition grounds?"

The disciple choked again. "No, casualties are inevitable. But you were too ruthless just now. The other party had already admitted defeat, so why were you still fighting? His life will be ruined if he continues like this!"

Victor sneered. "Oh, what does it have to do with me? Did I force him to participate in the martial arts competition?"

The disciple was speechless.

Every word that Victor said was aimed at the martial arts competition. His words held his disdain for the martial arts competition.

Everyone clenched their fists.

Victor swept the surroundings with his gaze and sneered. "In my opinion, the martial competition is the time to fight for the honor of the sect. If you can't afford to play, then you should withdraw from the competition!"

Victor was very domineering.

With that, he walked straight to the food section with a vicious look on his face.

The disciple of Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his aura.

He took a deep breath and finally calmed down. He pointed at him angrily and scolded, "What a petty person! In the next match, you will be facing Quinn School of Martial Arts's Class D people! I'll wait for you to say this again!"

Quinn School of Martial Arts?

Victor paused in his footsteps and smiled.

However, he did not say anything. Instead, he picked up the beverage beside him and drank it.

The group quickly dispersed.

The people around them disliked the four people from Benevolence Hall very much. The four of them did not mind and found a place to sit and rest very freely.

Nora lowered her eyes. When her fingers touched the sofa gently, Cherry's voice was heard. "Mommy, Daddy, can the Class D people teach him a lesson?"

Before Nora and Justin could say anything, Quentin sneered. "Yes."

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at him.

Quentin pursed his lips in disdain. "I know this person."

He rolled his eyes. "There are a few branches of the dark forces in New York. Two years ago, this person was one of Scarface's subordinates. His name is Victor. Back then, he liked to gamble and was idling around all day. Later on, he separated from Scarface and the others and joined Benevolence Hall."

Nora asked curiously, "Does Benevolence Hall accept such people?"

Logically speaking, the recruitment of people in a martial arts club depended on their age.

No matter how one looked at it, Victor was already 27 or 28 years old. He was already 25 or 26 years old two years ago. Such a person's bones had already matured, so it was useless to practice anything else.

Why would Benevolence Hall take him in as a disciple?

While thinking, Quentin sneered. "What Benevolence Hall? Do you think anyone really joined it? Those four people are all hooligans. The kind who have nothing better to do."

Nora was curious. "Then are they very skilled?"

Quentin was even more disdainful. "How is that possible? Their skills aren't good, they're just ruthless. I guess the Class C fighter was too careless."

If he was weak, why would he say such harsh words?

Nora felt that Quentin's words were too one-sided.

Seeing that Victor was on stage again and preparing for the next competition, Nora suddenly stood up. "Let's go over and take a look."

She did not understand why she was interested in such a scum.

After the three of them walked over, they saw a Class D player from Quinn School of Martial Arts already standing on the stage. Nora knew this person. He was a disciple of the same generation as her. His name was Randy.

He was very skilled.

Furthermore, because he was in Quinn School of Martial Arts all year round, he did not hide his identity.

Obviously, Quentin also knew him. "So Victor is going up against Randy this time? There will definitely be no problem."

With that, he shouted, "Randy, beat him up!"

He turned around. The others who had just witnessed Victor beating someone up also began to shout, "Beat him up! Randy will definitely win!"

Randy raised his hand. After Victor went on stage, he cupped his hands and said, "I apologize in advance!"

With that, he raised his fist and punched Victor quickly and hatefully!

"Yes!"



The surrounding audience cried out. They all felt that this punch was steady and fast. Victor could not dodge it no matter what. However, just as the fist was about to reach his face, Victor suddenly turned to the side to dodge and kicked Randy in the stomach!

“Wow!”

The sudden turn of events shocked the entire scene.

Not to mention the others, even Quentin frowned. “How is this possible?!”

Nora looked at him.

Quentin was staring at the stage in shock. “This Victor was still a little hooligan two years ago. I could have beaten him with one hand, but he attacked too quickly just now! This doesn’t look like he has learned martial arts for just two years! No matter how talented he is, what can he learn in two years?”

Quentin asked himself, even if it was him, his speed could only be this fast! However, he had studied hard and practiced martial arts since he was young.

Quentin exclaimed, “He can’t be considered a genius, right? He’s simply a freak!”

Nora, who had learned all the techniques in the Quinn School of Martial Arts in two years: ?

Nora did not say anything and continued to watch the competition on the stage.

Quentin’s nagging kept ringing in her ears.

“F\*ck! He can dodge such a trick? Not only has his speed increased, but his strength has also increased a lot!”

“I think Randy is definitely going to lose!”

“I even bullied this kid before. Why didn’t I feel that he was so strong? That’s not right. Logically speaking, if he had talent in martial arts, he should have shown it two years ago!”

Quentin had been living in the dark all along and knew these forces very well.

He definitely knew where a powerful little hooligan came from in New York.

Looking at Victor's current state, it was obvious that his ability was on par with his. However, it had to be known that among the seven boys of the Smith generation, Ian had only chosen him because he was naturally suited to practicing martial arts!

But he had been practicing for so many years, and someone else had used just two years to catch up?

Quentin was indignant!

"Randy, defeat him!"

Quentin led the surrounding audience and shouted.

Unfortunately, Randy was not Victor's match. He was defeated in less than five minutes!

Randy fell onto the stage. His entire body hurt so much that he could not stand up. He stretched out his hand and planned to say, "I admit..."

Before he could say the word "defeat," Victor took a step forward and kicked him in the abdomen, causing him to roll a few times on the ground.

Randy spat out a mouthful of blood from the pain.

Someone beside him shouted, "Victor, what are you doing? Randy has already admitted defeat!"

Victor stood on stage and grinned. "Is that so? Why didn't I hear that? Did he say anything?"

"..."

Randy did not finish his sentence!

Victor looked at Randy. "Did you admit defeat?"

Randy wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he spat out another mouthful of blood. Victor spread out his hands. "Did you see that? He didn't say anything at all. That means the competition will continue."

With that, he rushed in front of Randy and kicked him again. This time, Randy slammed into the railing at the edge.

Being blocked by the railing, Randy did not fall off the stage.

If he fell off the stage, the competition would end.

However, he did not. It only made his entire body hurt even more. He opened his mouth and coughed up blood. He could not speak at all. He raised his hand, intending to surrender. However, just as he stretched his trembling hand out, Victor grabbed it and pulled him hard.

Randy was thrown into the middle of the ring again!

Victor flexed his wrist and slowly walked in front of Randy. "What a tough nut. Since you're so tough, don't blame me for being rude!"

With that, he extended his leg and stepped on Randy's raised hand! Then, he crushed it!

Randy cried out in pain and fainted.

"Enough! He lost! Referee!"

As everyone shouted, the referee walked over. "Randy has already fainted. You won. Let him go..."

Victor raised his eyebrows. "Who said he fainted?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted more force with his feet.

The fingers were connected to the heart. Randy had actually woken up from the pain. His entire body was trembling, and he could no longer speak or use any strength.

"Referee, look. He's still awake. He must still want to fight me."

Victor said ruthlessly.

The referee was speechless.

This Victor had captured all the loopholes in the competition.

Randy was a disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Nora narrowed her eyes and revealed a fierce look.

She was about to attack when a voice sounded. “Stop!”

With this voice, the crowd automatically moved aside. Linda, who had been pretending to be her, rushed out. When she saw the stage, she frowned. “Are you challenging Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

Victor lowered his eyes. “So it’s Big Sister. Why? Do you want to fight me on his behalf? Sure. But do you dare?”

Linda choked on her words.

Would she dare?

On stage, Randy was Linda’s martial uncle! He was more powerful than her!

Wouldn’t it be even more embarrassing for the Quinn School of Martial Arts if she went on stage?

However, Victor was still provoking her. “Tsk, I think Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister is just an embroidered pillow, right? You don’t even dare to do this?”

His words angered everyone.

Someone shouted, “Big Sister, teach him a lesson!”

The others immediately echoed, “That’s right, Big Sister. Teach him a lesson! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

“I think he doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth! Big Sister, you must help Randy take revenge!”

“Big Sister, even if you beat him up until he’s looking for his teeth all over the ground, we won’t think that Quinn School of Martial Arts is bullying him! He’s too arrogant. He’s simply too much!”

“Who do the people of Benevolence Hall think they are? How dare they tease Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

“ ... ”

Quentin was also furious and anxious by the side. He shouted anxiously, “Big Sister, attack! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

Linda, who was pretending to be Big Sister: “...”

She looked anxiously at the crowd, not knowing what to do.

At this time, she would lose face if she went on stage. But if she did not go on stage, it would make people feel that Quinn School of Martial Arts was afraid.

For a moment, she was in a dilemma.

However, Victor was still sneering. “What? Big Sister, you still don’t dare to come up?”

Quentin pranced about. “Why isn’t Big Sister on stage yet? If I was a member of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, I would have gone up and taught him a lesson!”

The people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts had been bullied. Only when their own people went on stage could they be considered to have slapped the faces of the bullies. Otherwise, what would happen if word got out?

However, Randy was ranked in the top five of Quinn School of Martial Arts. Even so, he had lost. The rest of the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts did not dare to go on stage and embarrass themselves.

Nora narrowed her eyes and stared at the ring.

She took a step forward, but her arm was suddenly grabbed.

She turned around and saw Justin staring at her. “He’s doing it on purpose.”

Nora’s eyes darkened when she heard those words.

Yes.

She had also felt it earlier.

From the moment Victor entered, he had been constantly challenging the dignity of the Big Sister of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He had found someone from the Quinn School of Martial Arts to fight, and he was so vicious as to make ruthless remarks on the stage.

All of this proved that he had done it on purpose. His goal was to anger Big Sister into coming out.

She was aware of it...

However...

Nora looked at the stage again.

Linda's face was already steely with anger. She clenched her fists tightly and could not say a word.

At first, the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts all shouted for revenge. However, when they saw that Linda was not moving and that no one else was going on stage, their auras began to weaken.

If she did not make a move, it would probably be difficult for the people of Quinn School of Martial Arts to raise their heads in the future.

Nora took a deep breath and suddenly said, "I'll fight you."

As soon as these calm words were spoken, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

Everyone looked at Nora, who was wearing a silver mask.

Victor frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Quentin, who was filled with righteous indignation and wanted Big Sister to make a move, heard this and suddenly turned back to look at Nora in disbelief.

Then, he lowered his voice and said, "What are you doing? You don't need to show off at this time, this person is very strong!"

Nora ignored him and went on stage step by step.

Someone had already made way for her.

When Linda saw Nora, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

After Nora stood on stage, Victor said, "028, this is between me and Quinn School of Martial Arts. It has nothing to do with you."

Nora lowered her eyes and said calmly, "I'm also a member of Quinn School of Martial Arts. How could I have nothing to do with this?"

Everyone was shocked by her words.

"So she's from Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

"No wonder she's so powerful!"

However, after frowning, Victor sneered. "Among women, I only treat Big Sister as an opponent. I advise you to hurry down and not embarrass yourself."

Nora stretched out her fist. "Is Big Sister someone you can compete with just because you want to? You have to get past me first."

Victor stared at her with a dark gaze. After examining Nora from head to toe, he said coldly, "Alright. Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish! Don't think that I'll be merciful just because you're a woman!"

After saying that, he did not give Nora any time to react.. Without saying anything else, he rushed over and wanted to knock her down.

Victor did not want to waste too much time and wanted to end this quickly.

Therefore, he gathered all his strength in this punch. He did not care that the other party was a woman at all, nor did he have any intention of being gentle toward her.

The woman in front of him could still dodge with her thin body.

However, 028 did not dodge. She even stretched out her hand to block his punch!

"You're really courting death!"

As Victor thought this, he sneered.

Their faction walked the path of strength. As the disciple of the boxing champion, he was definitely the strongest in terms of strength. This was also the reason why he had provoked Quinn School of Martial Arts. After all, Irvin School of Martial Arts's movement techniques were agile, so he might not necessarily be able to compare.

However, Quinn School of Martial Arts fought with real strength.

But a woman was competing in strength with him?

Ha.

As Victor thought this, he increased his speed. The impact of his body and the strength he had originally accumulated made this punch reach the imposing aura of a mountain.

Those who were standing a little closer could feel the murderous intent in his fists. They looked at Nora worriedly.

Although Nora had won with one punch in the first few matches, they were still worried for her now.

The next moment, however...

The two fists had already collided in the air!

Bam!

When the heavy force hit each other, just hearing it made one feel like their bones were about to break.

Quentin could not help but frown. His mind was even beginning to wonder which hospital in New York had the best surgical skills. He could now help 028 reconnect her bones.

However, when he looked over, he saw the two standing there with their fists still clenched...

However, Nora's eyes under the silver mask did not change much. Instead, Victor's face was filled with surprise and hesitation. He stared at the two touching fists in disbelief.

10 seconds later, Victor's leg went soft and he took two steps back. His clenched hand had already drooped down weakly. It was obvious that he had broken a bone.

He stared at his hand in shock and looked at Nora again.



However, the woman, who had not taken the initiative all this while, suddenly rushed over. Her lips curled into a cold smile as she stretched out her slender and fair legs...

Everyone only saw Nora stretch out her leg. Her red dress fluttered up. Then, with a bang, Victor was kicked to the ground and could not get up no matter what.

While everyone was worried about Nora, Justin's bright eyes looked at that leg...

This woman was really... Why was she wearing a dress when she was fighting? It was fine if it affected her performance, but once she lifted her leg, her insides... As he thought about this, he saw Nora wearing safety pants that covered the scenery inside.

He finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

However...

Her fair thighs and calves were still too exposed.

Next time, he would prepare some pants for her!

As he thought this, the surrounding crowd had already erupted in applause!

Then, someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts shouted, "Quinn School of Martial Arts is mighty! Quinn School of Martial Arts is invincible!"

The others followed.

"Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

"Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

Nora did not care about these voices. She only patted her fists lightly and immediately looked at Victor, who was lying on the ground and could not get up. She asked, "Do you admit defeat?"

Victor's abdomen had been kicked, and he felt as if his organs had shifted.

He was about to speak when Nora's fist hit his face again!

He had nowhere to hide from this punch!

Bam!

Nora knocked out four of his front teeth.

The woman flexed her shoulders and asked, "Do you admit defeat?"

Victor: "..."

For some reason, the red-dressed woman standing in front of him suddenly became terrifying.

In the end, Victor was carried off by the other three from Benevolence Hall. When they left in a hurry, the martial arts arena was filled with cheers.

Nora let Victor off.

After all, it was difficult to teach manners to a dead person.

However, this could also be considered revenge for Randy.

She gave Linda a comforting look. When she got off the stage, Quentin grabbed her arm.. He looked at her with a complicated expression. "Who are you?"

Just who exactly she was?

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "A disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Quentin: "..."

Nora didn't pay any more attention to Quentin. Instead, she walked toward the exit.

Elsewhere.

Victor, who was carried out of the arena and into a car by three people, was sent to a villa in the suburbs.

Upon seeing Victor being carried into the living room, the big and tall green-eyed boxing champion Abigail, sitting on the sofa in the living room, slowly sat upright.

Abigail was 6'5" tall and weighed 220 pounds. He was strong and sturdy and had huge muscles all over him. His build was a little similar to Jordan Hoffman's, but the power in his bulging arm muscles was much, much greater than Jordan's.

He stared at Victor and scoffed, "What a useless piece of trash! I've invested so many resources in you, yet you can't even force Big Sister out of hiding? On top of that, you even let a nobody female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts injure you this badly!"

If anyone other than Victor had suffered such injuries, he would already have passed out cold and been unable to speak.

However, Victor had already somewhat gotten over the initial pain and discomfort after resting on the way here. His physical resilience was astonishingly good.

His lips trembled as he slowly said, "I'm sorry, sir. Give me some more time, I'll definitely defeat Big Sister in the finals!"

Abigail sneered, "You'd best remember what you just said!"

He gave a wave after he spoke. Only then did the rest of the people there carry Victor upstairs.

There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

“Yes, that’s right.”

“... Big Sister hasn’t taken any action?”

“No.”

“It seems that Victor isn’t strong enough, then.”

Abigail’s voice deepened. “Do you need me to take action?”

“Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister’s mask in the finals!”

Abigail was taken aback. “Her mask? Big Sister hasn’t been wearing a mask at all, though...”

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. “You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?”

Abigail figured it out again at this point. “It’s No. 028!” He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, “So, you’re not that stupid, after all.”

Then, he said, “I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often.”

“Yes, sir.”

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor’s appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn’t even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, “Nora...”

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, “Old Maddy still hasn’t woken up yet.”

Nora nodded. “That’s normal.”

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, “Let’s take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won’t do for him to continue sleeping like he’s comatose. By the time something really happens, it’ll be terrible.”

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, “I just told you it’s normal. Didn’t you hear me?”

Yvonne: “?”

She bit her lip and said, “Nora, you mustn’t treat Old Maddy’s illness like that. Although he doesn’t have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths’ manor for so long, he’s pretty much already family... You shouldn’t abuse his body like that...”

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re very irritating?”

Although Nora’s voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone’s ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn’t expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, “Nora, I know you’re irritated because I’m so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can’t! You mustn’t treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused

him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?”

Nora stared at her. “Yeah, I will.”

“ ... ”

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn't dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. “Nora, you—”

Nora, however, didn't pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, “Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn't bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let's see how she's going to answer for it!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, “Mdm. Florence, I'm not trying to interfere with her affairs. I'm just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend...”

Florence frowned. “Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!”

Yvonne sighed. “Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time...”

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. “Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?”

Florence immediately waved and said, “No, you mustn’t. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he’ll definitely become anxious. I think it’s better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead.”

Yvonne said, “But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy’s illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don’t want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt’s life!”

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. “Isn’t that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, “I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one’s mind. I’m sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore.”

Florence was still rather hesitant. “Can the pill be taken so casually?”

Yvonne shook her head. “I don’t know. I’ve heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one’s body, but I don’t dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we’ll talk to Dad about it!”

After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn’t leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn’t have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn’t need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.



The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

"Okay."

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons' Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette's betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti's email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn't as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn't seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “?????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“...”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028’s martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He'd originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, "Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?"

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn't notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, "Yeah, I really don't know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn't take first place, she's at least in second place, alright?"

"Yeah, life practically can't get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister's coattails!"

"What a shame that the others don't know about it."

"Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin's team. Now that's the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

"Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it."

Quentin: "!!!"

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful

not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

"Yeah." Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. "Has the match started?"

"It's starting soon." Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, "Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late."

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: "?"

She took a step forward and said, "Sorry, I'm a little late."

She'd thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, "It's okay! I'll wait, no matter how late you are!"

Nora: "??"

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: "??"

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn't notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, "I've found out your true identity, Big Sister."

"..."

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, "Which identity are you talking about?"

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, "Y'know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I'd never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister..."

Nora coughed. "Yeah."

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn't been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, "Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?"

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin's words, however, pierced his ego. "You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?"

Quentin: "!!"

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies? Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, “Wait for me, Mom.”



'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, "The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He's very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!"

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. "Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?"

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. "I told you, I'm treating him."

Yvonne bit her lip. "Don't worry. The Smiths won't just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you're Mr. Hunt's girlfriend. The Hunts won't ignore you either."

When she said this, Nora's eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. "No need. I believe the police will clear my name."

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn't their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, "Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn't do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!"

Her eyes were red from agitation. "Old Maddy is Mr. Smith's friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You're too much!!"

Florence's words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. "That's right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We've all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We're not being used casually!"

"Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy's life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!"

"You say you're a doctor, but aren't you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you're just a quack!"

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths' lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn't the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy's room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. "Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths' main gate?"

The butler hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn't block them."

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, "The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn't expect them to say that Miss Nora can't be bailed out."

Joel's pupils shrank at these words. "Why?"

The butler shook his head. "I don't know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora's matter



must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time.”

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, “Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?”

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. “There’s no need. We’ll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!”

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. “Old Maddy’s nerves have been damaged. We can’t find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There’s nothing we can do!”

Joel frowned. “Haven’t you seen such a situation before?”

The attending doctor shook his head. “No... but I’ve heard of it!”

Joel looked at the attending doctor. “Where have you heard of it?”

The attending doctor said, “Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her.

Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine...”

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. “Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!”

“... Yes!” said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist’s consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy’s life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

“Alright, help me find out. Thanks.”

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, “Joel, what can I help you with?”

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, "Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti's help."

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne's pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. "Okay, answer the call first."

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin's private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin's number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin's deep voice resounded, "Yvonne, is something the matter?"

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora's phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne's phone to call him.

Yvonne's heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, "Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths' servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police."

Justin sensitively caught the main point. "How's Old Maddy?"

Yvonne replied ambiguously, "All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they're treating him as we speak."

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, "I'll go to the police station."

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel's first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. "Who did you say won't bail her out?"

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. "It's Captain Ford."

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## **Chapter 313 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

The others clenched their fists.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had always been respected in the pugilistic world, especially in the past few years. In peaceful

times, the pugilistic world had weakened and everyone had returned to normal.

Irvin School of Martial Arts and Quinn School of Martial Arts had instead become a form of spiritual sustenance for martial artists.

Although there had been people who had questioned Big Brother and Big Sister's strength, Irvin School of Martial Arts's Big Brother had won the championship at the age of 15 with an absolute advantage 10 years ago, silencing everyone.

Everyone was obsessed with Big Brother and Big Sister. This was also the reason why so many people asked to take a photo with them at the martial arts seminar.

Now, Victor had provoked the two of them right away, causing everyone to glare angrily at them.

"What are you doing?"

The person behind Victor said, "If you have the ability, get Big Brother or Big Sister to come out and fight openly. Otherwise, if you cause trouble and provoke us here, you'll be chased out of the martial arts competition!"

The martial arts competition was only held to give the martial artists a sense of belonging. It was not to select the real champion but to give all the martial artists a goal.

If there was no martial arts competition, the sects would probably not want to practice martial arts anymore. They would only want to accumulate wealth and strengthen their bodies.

Therefore, there was a rule in the martial arts competition that all members were restricted from provoking or attacking in private. Once they were discovered, the person who attacked would be eliminated.

When those people heard this, they did not dare to move.

Victor glanced at them and clearly felt that it was a little boring. He turned around and walked towards the entrance.

Nora stood there and happened to block the intersection.

Seeing that Victor was getting closer and closer, Nora retracted her gaze and stepped into the martial arts competition first.

Nora, Justin, and Quentin met up. The three people, who were playing Class C today, did so effortlessly. After the match, the three of them sat on the sofa and waited for the next match. Suddenly, a bloodied and deformed person was carried down from a certain ring.

Someone carried a stretcher and walked past Nora and the other two.

There would definitely be injuries in the arena, so Nora did not notice it at first.

After a while, someone got off the stage and walked toward the food section. As he walked, everyone in the martial arts competition venue looked at him with resentment in their eyes.

“Victor.”

Suddenly, someone shouted.

Victor stopped in his tracks and looked over. He saw someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts walking over. “Although this is a martial arts competition, it’s just a competition between the various sects. There’s no need to fight so hard, right?”

As soon as he said this, Victor sneered. “Oh? In boxing competitions, the opponent has to be knocked unconscious. I didn’t know that New York loved peace so much.”

His words were filled with mockery. “No wonder all the sects are like this now.”

The disciple from Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his words, but he still said politely, “That’s not what I meant...”

Victor interrupted him again. “Then what do you mean? Are you blaming me for being too ruthless? Or should there be no casualties on the competition grounds?”

The disciple choked again. “No, casualties are inevitable. But you were too ruthless just now. The other party had already admitted defeat, so why were you still fighting? His life will be ruined if he continues like this!”

Victor sneered. “Oh, what does it have to do with me? Did I force him to participate in the martial arts competition?”

The disciple was speechless.

Every word that Victor said was aimed at the martial arts competition. His words held his disdain for the martial arts competition.

Everyone clenched their fists.

Victor swept the surroundings with his gaze and sneered. “In my opinion, the martial competition is the time to fight for the honor of the sect. If you can’t afford to play, then you should withdraw from the competition!”

Victor was very domineering.

With that, he walked straight to the food section with a vicious look on his face.

The disciple of Quinn School of Martial Arts was stunned by his aura.

He took a deep breath and finally calmed down. He pointed at him angrily and scolded, “What a petty person! In the next match, you will be facing Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Class D people! I’ll wait for you to say this again!”

Quinn School of Martial Arts?

Victor paused in his footsteps and smiled.

However, he did not say anything. Instead, he picked up the beverage beside him and drank it.

The group quickly dispersed.

The people around them disliked the four people from Benevolence Hall very much. The four of them did not mind and found a place to sit and rest very freely.

Nora lowered her eyes. When her fingers touched the sofa gently, Cherry’s voice was heard. “Mommy, Daddy, can the Class D people teach him a lesson?”

Before Nora and Justin could say anything, Quentin sneered. “Yes.”



Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at him.

Quentin pursed his lips in disdain. "I know this person."

He rolled his eyes. "There are a few branches of the dark forces in New York. Two years ago, this person was one of Scarface's subordinates. His name is Victor. Back then, he liked to gamble and was idling around all day. Later on, he separated from Scarface and the others and joined Benevolence Hall."

Nora asked curiously, "Does Benevolence Hall accept such people?"

Logically speaking, the recruitment of people in a martial arts club depended on their age.

No matter how one looked at it, Victor was already 27 or 28 years old. He was already 25 or 26 years old two years ago. Such a person's bones had already matured, so it was useless to practice anything else.

Why would Benevolence Hall take him in as a disciple?

While thinking, Quentin sneered. "What Benevolence Hall? Do you think anyone really joined it? Those four people are all hooligans. The kind who have nothing better to do."

Nora was curious. "Then are they very skilled?"

Quentin was even more disdainful. "How is that possible? Their skills aren't good, they're just ruthless. I guess the Class C fighter was too careless."

If he was weak, why would he say such harsh words?

Nora felt that Quentin's words were too one-sided.

Seeing that Victor was on stage again and preparing for the next competition, Nora suddenly stood up. "Let's go over and take a look."

She did not understand why she was interested in such a scum.

After the three of them walked over, they saw a Class D player from Quinn School of Martial Arts already standing on the stage. Nora knew this person. He was a disciple of the same generation as her. His name was Randy.

He was very skilled.

Furthermore, because he was in Quinn School of Martial Arts all year round, he did not hide his identity.

Obviously, Quentin also knew him. "So Victor is going up against Randy this time? There will definitely be no problem."

With that, he shouted, "Randy, beat him up!"

He turned around. The others who had just witnessed Victor beating someone up also began to shout, "Beat him up! Randy will definitely win!"

Randy raised his hand. After Victor went on stage, he cupped his hands and said, "I apologize in advance!"

With that, he raised his fist and punched Victor quickly and hatefully!

"Yes!"

The surrounding audience cried out. They all felt that this punch was steady and fast. Victor could not dodge it no matter what. However, just as the fist was about to reach his face, Victor suddenly turned to the side to dodge and kicked Randy in the stomach!

"Wow!"

The sudden turn of events shocked the entire scene.

Not to mention the others, even Quentin frowned. "How is this possible?!"

Nora looked at him.

Quentin was staring at the stage in shock. "This Victor was still a little hooligan two years ago. I could have beaten him with one hand, but he attacked too quickly just now! This doesn't look like he has learned martial arts for just two years! No matter how talented he is, what can he learn in two years?"

Quentin asked himself, even if it was him, his speed could only be this fast! However, he had studied hard and practiced martial arts since he was young.

Quentin exclaimed, "He can't be considered a genius, right? He's simply a freak!"

Nora, who had learned all the techniques in the Quinn School of Martial Arts in two years: ?

Nora did not say anything and continued to watch the competition on the stage.

Quentin's nagging kept ringing in her ears.

"F\*ck! He can dodge such a trick? Not only has his speed increased, but his strength has also increased a lot!"

"I think Randy is definitely going to lose!"

"I even bullied this kid before. Why didn't I feel that he was so strong? That's not right. Logically speaking, if he had talent in martial arts, he should have shown it two years ago!"

Quentin had been living in the dark all along and knew these forces very well.

He definitely knew where a powerful little hooligan came from in New York.

Looking at Victor's current state, it was obvious that his ability was on par with his. However, it had to be known that among the seven boys of the Smith generation, Ian had only chosen him because he was naturally suited to practicing martial arts!

But he had been practicing for so many years, and someone else had used just two years to catch up?

Quentin was indignant!

"Randy, defeat him!"

Quentin led the surrounding audience and shouted.

Unfortunately, Randy was not Victor's match. He was defeated in less than five minutes!

Randy fell onto the stage. His entire body hurt so much that he could not stand up. He stretched out his hand and planned to say, "I admit..."

Before he could say the word "defeat," Victor took a step forward and kicked him in the abdomen, causing him to roll a few times on the ground.

Randy spat out a mouthful of blood from the pain.

Someone beside him shouted, "Victor, what are you doing? Randy has already admitted defeat!"

Victor stood on stage and grinned. "Is that so? Why didn't I hear that? Did he say anything?"

"..."

Randy did not finish his sentence!

Victor looked at Randy. "Did you admit defeat?"

Randy wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he spat out another mouthful of blood. Victor spread out his hands. "Did you see that? He didn't say anything at all. That means the competition will continue."

With that, he rushed in front of Randy and kicked him again. This time, Randy slammed into the railing at the edge.

Being blocked by the railing, Randy did not fall off the stage.

If he fell off the stage, the competition would end.

However, he did not. It only made his entire body hurt even more. He opened his mouth and coughed up blood. He could not speak at all. He raised his hand, intending to surrender. However, just as he stretched his trembling hand out, Victor grabbed it and pulled him hard.

Randy was thrown into the middle of the ring again!

Victor flexed his wrist and slowly walked in front of Randy. "What a tough nut. Since you're so tough, don't blame me for being rude!"

With that, he extended his leg and stepped on Randy's raised hand! Then, he crushed it!

Randy cried out in pain and fainted.

"Enough! He lost! Referee!"

As everyone shouted, the referee walked over. "Randy has already fainted. You won. Let him go..."

Victor raised his eyebrows. "Who said he fainted?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted more force with his feet.

The fingers were connected to the heart. Randy had actually woken up from the pain. His entire body was trembling, and he could no longer speak or use any strength.

"Referee, look. He's still awake. He must still want to fight me."

Victor said ruthlessly.

The referee was speechless.

This Victor had captured all the loopholes in the competition.

Randy was a disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Nora narrowed her eyes and revealed a fierce look.

She was about to attack when a voice sounded. "Stop!"

With this voice, the crowd automatically moved aside. Linda, who had been pretending to be her, rushed out. When she saw the stage, she frowned. "Are you challenging Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Victor lowered his eyes. "So it's Big Sister. Why? Do you want to fight me on his behalf? Sure. But do you dare?"

Linda choked on her words.

Would she dare?

On stage, Randy was Linda's martial uncle! He was more powerful than her!

Wouldn't it be even more embarrassing for the Quinn School of Martial Arts if she went on stage?

However, Victor was still provoking her. "Tsk, I think Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister is just an embroidered pillow, right? You don't even dare to do this?"

His words angered everyone.

Someone shouted, “Big Sister, teach him a lesson!”

The others immediately echoed, “That’s right, Big Sister. Teach him a lesson! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

“I think he doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth! Big Sister, you must help Randy take revenge!”

“Big Sister, even if you beat him up until he’s looking for his teeth all over the ground, we won’t think that Quinn School of Martial Arts is bullying him! He’s too arrogant. He’s simply too much!”

“Who do the people of Benevolence Hall think they are? How dare they tease Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

“ ... ”

Quentin was also furious and anxious by the side. He shouted anxiously, “Big Sister, attack! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

Linda, who was pretending to be Big Sister: “ ... ”

She looked anxiously at the crowd, not knowing what to do.

At this time, she would lose face if she went on stage. But if she did not go on stage, it would make people feel that Quinn School of Martial Arts was afraid.

For a moment, she was in a dilemma.

However, Victor was still sneering. “What? Big Sister, you still don’t dare to come up?”

Quentin pranced about. “Why isn’t Big Sister on stage yet? If I was a member of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, I would have gone up and taught him a lesson!”

The people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts had been bullied. Only when their own people went on stage could they be considered to have slapped the faces of the bullies. Otherwise, what would happen if word got out?

However, Randy was ranked in the top five of Quinn School of Martial Arts. Even so, he had lost. The rest of the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts did not dare to go on stage and embarrass themselves.

Nora narrowed her eyes and stared at the ring.

She took a step forward, but her arm was suddenly grabbed.

She turned around and saw Justin staring at her. "He's doing it on purpose."

Nora's eyes darkened when she heard those words.

Yes.

She had also felt it earlier.

From the moment Victor entered, he had been constantly challenging the dignity of the Big Sister of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He had found someone from the Quinn School of Martial Arts to fight, and he was so vicious as to make ruthless remarks on the stage.

All of this proved that he had done it on purpose. His goal was to anger Big Sister into coming out.

She was aware of it...

However...

Nora looked at the stage again.

Linda's face was already steely with anger. She clenched her fists tightly and could not say a word.

At first, the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts all shouted for revenge. However, when they saw that Linda was not moving and that no one else was going on stage, their auras began to weaken.

If she did not make a move, it would probably be difficult for the people of Quinn School of Martial Arts to raise their heads in the future.

Nora took a deep breath and suddenly said, "I'll fight you."

As soon as these calm words were spoken, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

Everyone looked at Nora, who was wearing a silver mask.

Victor frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Quentin, who was filled with righteous indignation and wanted Big Sister to make a move, heard this and suddenly turned back to look at Nora in disbelief.

Then, he lowered his voice and said, "What are you doing? You don't need to show off at this time, this person is very strong!"

Nora ignored him and went on stage step by step.

Someone had already made way for her.

When Linda saw Nora, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

After Nora stood on stage, Victor said, "028, this is between me and Quinn School of Martial Arts. It has nothing to do with you."

Nora lowered her eyes and said calmly, "I'm also a member of Quinn School of Martial Arts. How could I have nothing to do with this?"

Everyone was shocked by her words.

"So she's from Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

"No wonder she's so powerful!"

However, after frowning, Victor sneered. "Among women, I only treat Big Sister as an opponent. I advise you to hurry down and not embarrass yourself."

Nora stretched out her fist. "Is Big Sister someone you can compete with just because you want to? You have to get past me first."

Victor stared at her with a dark gaze. After examining Nora from head to toe, he said coldly, "Alright. Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish! Don't think that I'll be merciful just because you're a woman!"



After saying that, he did not give Nora any time to react.. Without saying anything else, he rushed over and wanted to knock her down.

Victor did not want to waste too much time and wanted to end this quickly.

Therefore, he gathered all his strength in this punch. He did not care that the other party was a woman at all, nor did he have any intention of being gentle toward her.

The woman in front of him could still dodge with her thin body.

However, 028 did not dodge. She even stretched out her hand to block his punch!

“You’re really courting death!”

As Victor thought this, he sneered.

Their faction walked the path of strength. As the disciple of the boxing champion, he was definitely the strongest in terms of strength. This was also the reason why he had provoked Quinn School of Martial Arts. After all, Irvin School of Martial Arts’s movement techniques were agile, so he might not necessarily be able to compare.

However, Quinn School of Martial Arts fought with real strength.

But a woman was competing in strength with him?

Ha.

As Victor thought this, he increased his speed. The impact of his body and the strength he had originally accumulated made this punch reach the imposing aura of a mountain.

Those who were standing a little closer could feel the murderous intent in his fists. They looked at Nora worriedly.

Although Nora had won with one punch in the first few matches, they were still worried for her now.

The next moment, however...

The two fists had already collided in the air!

Bam!

When the heavy force hit each other, just hearing it made one feel like their bones were about to break.

Quentin could not help but frown. His mind was even beginning to wonder which hospital in New York had the best surgical skills. He could now help 028 reconnect her bones.

However, when he looked over, he saw the two standing there with their fists still clenched...

However, Nora's eyes under the silver mask did not change much. Instead, Victor's face was filled with surprise and hesitation. He stared at the two touching fists in disbelief.

10 seconds later, Victor's leg went soft and he took two steps back. His clenched hand had already drooped down weakly. It was obvious that he had broken a bone.

He stared at his hand in shock and looked at Nora again.

However, the woman, who had not taken the initiative all this while, suddenly rushed over. Her lips curled into a cold smile as she stretched out her slender and fair legs...

Everyone only saw Nora stretch out her leg. Her red dress fluttered up. Then, with a bang, Victor was kicked to the ground and could not get up no matter what.

While everyone was worried about Nora, Justin's bright eyes looked at that leg...

This woman was really... Why was she wearing a dress when she was fighting? It was fine if it affected her performance, but once she lifted her leg, her insides... As he thought about this, he saw Nora wearing safety pants that covered the scenery inside.

He finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

However...

Her fair thighs and calves were still too exposed.

Next time, he would prepare some pants for her!

As he thought this, the surrounding crowd had already erupted in applause!

Then, someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts shouted, “Quinn School of Martial Arts is mighty! Quinn School of Martial Arts is invincible!”

The others followed.

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Nora did not care about these voices. She only patted her fists lightly and immediately looked at Victor, who was lying on the ground and could not get up. She asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor’s abdomen had been kicked, and he felt as if his organs had shifted.

He was about to speak when Nora’s fist hit his face again!

He had nowhere to hide from this punch!

Bam!

Nora knocked out four of his front teeth.

The woman flexed her shoulders and asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor: “...”

For some reason, the red-dressed woman standing in front of him suddenly became terrifying.

In the end, Victor was carried off by the other three from Benevolence Hall. When they left in a hurry, the martial arts arena was filled with cheers.

Nora let Victor off.

After all, it was difficult to teach manners to a dead person.

However, this could also be considered revenge for Randy.

She gave Linda a comforting look. When she got off the stage, Quentin grabbed her arm.. He looked at her with a complicated expression. "Who are you?"

Just who exactly she was?

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, "A disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Quentin: "..."

Nora didn't pay any more attention to Quentin. Instead, she walked toward the exit.

Elsewhere.

Victor, who was carried out of the arena and into a car by three people, was sent to a villa in the suburbs.

Upon seeing Victor being carried into the living room, the big and tall green-eyed boxing champion Abigail, sitting on the sofa in the living room, slowly sat upright.

Abigail was 6'5" tall and weighed 220 pounds. He was strong and sturdy and had huge muscles all over him. His build was a little similar to Jordan Hoffman's, but the power in his bulging arm muscles was much, much greater than Jordan's.

He stared at Victor and scoffed, "What a useless piece of trash! I've invested so many resources in you, yet you can't even force Big Sister out of hiding? On top of that, you even let a nobody female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts injure you this badly!"

If anyone other than Victor had suffered such injuries, he would already have passed out cold and been unable to speak.

However, Victor had already somewhat gotten over the initial pain and discomfort after resting on the way here. His physical resilience was astonishingly good.

His lips trembled as he slowly said, "I'm sorry, sir. Give me some more time, I'll definitely defeat Big Sister in the finals!"

Abigail sneered, "You'd best remember what you just said!"

He gave a wave after he spoke. Only then did the rest of the people there carry Victor upstairs.

There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

"Yes, that's right."

"... Big Sister hasn't taken any action?"

"No."

"It seems that Victor isn't strong enough, then."

Abigail's voice deepened. "Do you need me to take action?"

"Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister's mask in the finals!"

Abigail was taken aback. "Her mask? Big Sister hasn't been wearing a mask at all, though..."

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. "You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?"

Abigail figured it out again at this point. "It's No. 028!" He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, "So, you're not that stupid, after all."

Then, he said, "I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor's appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn't even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, "Nora..."

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, "Old Maddy still hasn't woken up yet."

Nora nodded. "That's normal."

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, "Let's take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won't do for him to continue sleeping like he's comatose. By the time something really happens, it'll be terrible."

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, "I just told you it's normal. Didn't you hear me?"

Yvonne: "?"

She bit her lip and said, "Nora, you mustn't treat Old Maddy's illness like that. Although he doesn't have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths' manor for so long, he's pretty much already family... You shouldn't abuse his body like that..."

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re very irritating?”

Although Nora’s voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone’s ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn’t expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, “Nora, I know you’re irritated because I’m so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can’t! You mustn’t treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?”

Nora stared at her. “Yeah, I will.”

“ ... ”

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn’t dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. “Nora, you—”

Nora, however, didn’t pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, “Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn’t bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let’s see how she’s going to answer for it!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, “Mdm. Florence, I’m not trying to interfere with her affairs. I’m just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may

not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend..."

Florence frowned. "Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time..."

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. "Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?"

Florence immediately waved and said, "No, you mustn't. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he'll definitely become anxious. I think it's better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead."

Yvonne said, "But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy's illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don't want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt's life!"

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. "Isn't that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Yes, that's right."

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, "I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one's mind. I'm sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore."

Florence was still rather hesitant. "Can the pill be taken so casually?"

Yvonne shook her head. "I don't know. I've heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one's body, but I don't dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we'll talk to Dad about it!"



After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn't leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn't have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn't need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

“Okay.”

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons’ Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette’s betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti’s email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn’t as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn’t seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “?????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“...”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028’s martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He’d originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, “Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?”

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn’t notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, “Yeah, I really don’t know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn’t take first place, she’s at least in second place, alright?”

“Yeah, life practically can’t get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister’s coattails!”

“What a shame that the others don’t know about it.”

“Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin’s team. Now that’s the biggest joke I’ve heard this year!”

“Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it.”

Quentin: “!!!”

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

"Yeah." Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. "Has the match started?"

"It's starting soon." Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, "Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late."

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: "?"

She took a step forward and said, "Sorry, I'm a little late."

She'd thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, "It's okay! I'll wait, no matter how late you are!"

Nora: "??"

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: "??"

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn't notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, "I've found out your true identity, Big Sister."

"..."

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, "Which identity are you talking about?"

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, "Y'know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I'd never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister..."

Nora coughed. "Yeah."

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn't been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!



Justin paused again. Then, he asked, “Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?”

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin’s words, however, pierced his ego. “You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?”

Quentin: “!!”

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies?

Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, "Wait for me, Mom."

'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel

unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, “The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He’s very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!”

Old Maddy?

Nora’s pupils shrank. “That’s impossible!”

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy’s pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. “I want to go to the hospital!”

“Miss Smith.”

The police stopped her. “Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now.”

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. “Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!”

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, “OK, I’ll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?”

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. “Yes, please.”

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. “No need. I believe the police will clear my name.”

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn’t their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, “Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn’t do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!”

Her eyes were red from agitation. “Old Maddy is Mr. Smith’s friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You’re too much!!”

Florence’s words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths’ lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn’t the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy’s room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. “Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths’ main gate?”

The butler hurriedly apologized. “Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn’t block them.”

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.



If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, "The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn't expect them to say that Miss Nora can't be bailed out."

Joel's pupils shrank at these words. "Why?"

The butler shook his head. "I don't know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora's matter must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time."

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, "Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?"

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. "There's no need. We'll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!"

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. "Old Maddy's nerves have been damaged. We can't find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There's nothing we can do!"

Joel frowned. "Haven't you seen such a situation before?"

The attending doctor shook his head. "No... but I've heard of it!"

Joel looked at the attending doctor. "Where have you heard of it?"

The attending doctor said, "Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her. Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine..."

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. "Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!"

"... Yes!" said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist's consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy's life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

"Alright, help me find out. Thanks."

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, "Joel, what can I help you with?"

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, "Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti's help."

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne's pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. "Okay, answer the call first."

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin's private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin's number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin's deep voice resounded, "Yvonne, is something the matter?"

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora's phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne's phone to call him.

Yvonne's heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, “Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths’ servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police.”

Justin sensitively caught the main point. “How’s Old Maddy?”

Yvonne replied ambiguously, “All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they’re treating him as we speak.”

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, “I’ll go to the police station.”

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel’s first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. “Who did you say won’t bail her out?”

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. “It’s Captain Ford.”

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## **Chapter 314 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

“I think Randy is definitely going to lose!”

“I even bullied this kid before. Why didn’t I feel that he was so strong? That’s not right. Logically speaking, if he had talent in martial arts, he should have shown it two years ago!”

Quentin had been living in the dark all along and knew these forces very well.

He definitely knew where a powerful little hooligan came from in New York.

Looking at Victor’s current state, it was obvious that his ability was on par with his. However, it had to be known that among the seven boys of the Smith generation, Ian had only chosen him because he was naturally suited to practicing martial arts!

But he had been practicing for so many years, and someone else had used just two years to catch up?

Quentin was indignant!

“Randy, defeat him!”

Quentin led the surrounding audience and shouted.

Unfortunately, Randy was not Victor’s match. He was defeated in less than five minutes!

Randy fell onto the stage. His entire body hurt so much that he could not stand up. He stretched out his hand and planned to say, “I admit...”

Before he could say the word “defeat,” Victor took a step forward and kicked him in the abdomen, causing him to roll a few times on the ground.

Randy spat out a mouthful of blood from the pain.

Someone beside him shouted, "Victor, what are you doing? Randy has already admitted defeat!"

Victor stood on stage and grinned. "Is that so? Why didn't I hear that? Did he say anything?"

"..."

Randy did not finish his sentence!

Victor looked at Randy. "Did you admit defeat?"

Randy wanted to say something, but when he opened his mouth, he spat out another mouthful of blood. Victor spread out his hands. "Did you see that? He didn't say anything at all. That means the competition will continue."

With that, he rushed in front of Randy and kicked him again. This time, Randy slammed into the railing at the edge.

Being blocked by the railing, Randy did not fall off the stage.

If he fell off the stage, the competition would end.

However, he did not. It only made his entire body hurt even more. He opened his mouth and coughed up blood. He could not speak at all. He raised his hand, intending to surrender. However, just as he stretched his trembling hand out, Victor grabbed it and pulled him hard.

Randy was thrown into the middle of the ring again!

Victor flexed his wrist and slowly walked in front of Randy. "What a tough nut. Since you're so tough, don't blame me for being rude!"

With that, he extended his leg and stepped on Randy's raised hand! Then, he crushed it!

Randy cried out in pain and fainted.

"Enough! He lost! Referee!"

As everyone shouted, the referee walked over. "Randy has already fainted. You won. Let him go..."



Victor raised his eyebrows. "Who said he fainted?"

As soon as he finished speaking, he exerted more force with his feet.

The fingers were connected to the heart. Randy had actually woken up from the pain. His entire body was trembling, and he could no longer speak or use any strength.

"Referee, look. He's still awake. He must still want to fight me."

Victor said ruthlessly.

The referee was speechless.

This Victor had captured all the loopholes in the competition.

Randy was a disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Nora narrowed her eyes and revealed a fierce look.

She was about to attack when a voice sounded. "Stop!"

With this voice, the crowd automatically moved aside. Linda, who had been pretending to be her, rushed out. When she saw the stage, she frowned. "Are you challenging Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Victor lowered his eyes. "So it's Big Sister. Why? Do you want to fight me on his behalf? Sure. But do you dare?"

Linda choked on her words.

Would she dare?

On stage, Randy was Linda's martial uncle! He was more powerful than her!

Wouldn't it be even more embarrassing for the Quinn School of Martial Arts if she went on stage?

However, Victor was still provoking her. "Tsk, I think Quinn School of Martial Arts's Big Sister is just an embroidered pillow, right? You don't even dare to do this?"

His words angered everyone.

Someone shouted, “Big Sister, teach him a lesson!”

The others immediately echoed, “That’s right, Big Sister. Teach him a lesson! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

“I think he doesn’t know the immensity of heaven and earth! Big Sister, you must help Randy take revenge!”

“Big Sister, even if you beat him up until he’s looking for his teeth all over the ground, we won’t think that Quinn School of Martial Arts is bullying him! He’s too arrogant. He’s simply too much!”

“Who do the people of Benevolence Hall think they are? How dare they tease Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

“ ... ”

Quentin was also furious and anxious by the side. He shouted anxiously, “Big Sister, attack! Let him know how powerful Quinn School of Martial Arts is!”

Linda, who was pretending to be Big Sister: “ ... ”

She looked anxiously at the crowd, not knowing what to do.

At this time, she would lose face if she went on stage. But if she did not go on stage, it would make people feel that Quinn School of Martial Arts was afraid.

For a moment, she was in a dilemma.

However, Victor was still sneering. “What? Big Sister, you still don’t dare to come up?”

Quentin pranced about. “Why isn’t Big Sister on stage yet? If I was a member of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, I would have gone up and taught him a lesson!”

The people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts had been bullied. Only when their own people went on stage could they be considered to have slapped the faces of the bullies. Otherwise, what would happen if word got out?

However, Randy was ranked in the top five of Quinn School of Martial Arts. Even so, he had lost. The rest of the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts did not dare to go on stage and embarrass themselves.

Nora narrowed her eyes and stared at the ring.

She took a step forward, but her arm was suddenly grabbed.

She turned around and saw Justin staring at her. "He's doing it on purpose."

Nora's eyes darkened when she heard those words.

Yes.

She had also felt it earlier.

From the moment Victor entered, he had been constantly challenging the dignity of the Big Sister of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He had found someone from the Quinn School of Martial Arts to fight, and he was so vicious as to make ruthless remarks on the stage.

All of this proved that he had done it on purpose. His goal was to anger Big Sister into coming out.

She was aware of it...

However...

Nora looked at the stage again.

Linda's face was already steely with anger. She clenched her fists tightly and could not say a word.

At first, the people from Quinn School of Martial Arts all shouted for revenge. However, when they saw that Linda was not moving and that no one else was going on stage, their auras began to weaken.

If she did not make a move, it would probably be difficult for the people of Quinn School of Martial Arts to raise their heads in the future.

Nora took a deep breath and suddenly said, "I'll fight you."

As soon as these calm words were spoken, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

Everyone looked at Nora, who was wearing a silver mask.

Victor frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Quentin, who was filled with righteous indignation and wanted Big Sister to make a move, heard this and suddenly turned back to look at Nora in disbelief.

Then, he lowered his voice and said, “What are you doing? You don’t need to show off at this time, this person is very strong!”

Nora ignored him and went on stage step by step.

Someone had already made way for her.

When Linda saw Nora, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

After Nora stood on stage, Victor said, “028, this is between me and Quinn School of Martial Arts. It has nothing to do with you.”

Nora lowered her eyes and said calmly, “I’m also a member of Quinn School of Martial Arts. How could I have nothing to do with this?”

Everyone was shocked by her words.

“So she’s from Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

“No wonder she’s so powerful!”

However, after frowning, Victor sneered. “Among women, I only treat Big Sister as an opponent. I advise you to hurry down and not embarrass yourself.”

Nora stretched out her fist. “Is Big Sister someone you can compete with just because you want to? You have to get past me first.”

Victor stared at her with a dark gaze. After examining Nora from head to toe, he said coldly, “Alright. Since you want to die, I’ll fulfill your wish! Don’t think that I’ll be merciful just because you’re a woman!”

After saying that, he did not give Nora any time to react.. Without saying anything else, he rushed over and wanted to knock her down.

Victor did not want to waste too much time and wanted to end this quickly.

Therefore, he gathered all his strength in this punch. He did not care that the other party was a woman at all, nor did he have any intention of being gentle toward her.

The woman in front of him could still dodge with her thin body.

However, 028 did not dodge. She even stretched out her hand to block his punch!

“You’re really courting death!”

As Victor thought this, he sneered.

Their faction walked the path of strength. As the disciple of the boxing champion, he was definitely the strongest in terms of strength. This was also the reason why he had provoked Quinn School of Martial Arts. After all, Irvin School of Martial Arts’s movement techniques were agile, so he might not necessarily be able to compare.

However, Quinn School of Martial Arts fought with real strength.

But a woman was competing in strength with him?

Ha.

As Victor thought this, he increased his speed. The impact of his body and the strength he had originally accumulated made this punch reach the imposing aura of a mountain.

Those who were standing a little closer could feel the murderous intent in his fists. They looked at Nora worriedly.

Although Nora had won with one punch in the first few matches, they were still worried for her now.

The next moment, however...

The two fists had already collided in the air!

Bam!

When the heavy force hit each other, just hearing it made one feel like their bones were about to break.

Quentin could not help but frown. His mind was even beginning to wonder which hospital in New York had the best surgical skills. He could now help 028 reconnect her bones.

However, when he looked over, he saw the two standing there with their fists still clenched...

However, Nora's eyes under the silver mask did not change much. Instead, Victor's face was filled with surprise and hesitation. He stared at the two touching fists in disbelief.

10 seconds later, Victor's leg went soft and he took two steps back. His clenched hand had already drooped down weakly. It was obvious that he had broken a bone.

He stared at his hand in shock and looked at Nora again.

However, the woman, who had not taken the initiative all this while, suddenly rushed over. Her lips curled into a cold smile as she stretched out her slender and fair legs...

Everyone only saw Nora stretch out her leg. Her red dress fluttered up. Then, with a bang, Victor was kicked to the ground and could not get up no matter what.

While everyone was worried about Nora, Justin's bright eyes looked at that leg...

This woman was really... Why was she wearing a dress when she was fighting? It was fine if it affected her performance, but once she lifted her leg, her insides... As he thought about this, he saw Nora wearing safety pants that covered the scenery inside.

He finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

However...

Her fair thighs and calves were still too exposed.

Next time, he would prepare some pants for her!

As he thought this, the surrounding crowd had already erupted in applause!

Then, someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts shouted, “Quinn School of Martial Arts is mighty! Quinn School of Martial Arts is invincible!”

The others followed.

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Nora did not care about these voices. She only patted her fists lightly and immediately looked at Victor, who was lying on the ground and could not get up. She asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor’s abdomen had been kicked, and he felt as if his organs had shifted.

He was about to speak when Nora’s fist hit his face again!

He had nowhere to hide from this punch!

Bam!

Nora knocked out four of his front teeth.

The woman flexed her shoulders and asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor: “...”

For some reason, the red-dressed woman standing in front of him suddenly became terrifying.

In the end, Victor was carried off by the other three from Benevolence Hall. When they left in a hurry, the martial arts arena was filled with cheers.

Nora let Victor off.

After all, it was difficult to teach manners to a dead person.

However, this could also be considered revenge for Randy.

She gave Linda a comforting look. When she got off the stage, Quentin grabbed her arm.. He looked at her with a complicated expression. “Who are you?”

Just who exactly she was?

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, “A disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Quentin: “...”

Nora didn't pay any more attention to Quentin. Instead, she walked toward the exit.

Elsewhere.

Victor, who was carried out of the arena and into a car by three people, was sent to a villa in the suburbs.

Upon seeing Victor being carried into the living room, the big and tall green-eyed boxing champion Abigail, sitting on the sofa in the living room, slowly sat upright.

Abigail was 6'5" tall and weighed 220 pounds. He was strong and sturdy and had huge muscles all over him. His build was a little similar to Jordan Hoffman's, but the power in his bulging arm muscles was much, much greater than Jordan's.

He stared at Victor and scoffed, “What a useless piece of trash! I've invested so many resources in you, yet you can't even force Big Sister out of hiding? On top of that, you even let a nobody female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts injure you this badly!”

If anyone other than Victor had suffered such injuries, he would already have passed out cold and been unable to speak.

However, Victor had already somewhat gotten over the initial pain and discomfort after resting on the way here. His physical resilience was astonishingly good.

His lips trembled as he slowly said, “I'm sorry, sir. Give me some more time, I'll definitely defeat Big Sister in the finals!”

Abigail sneered, “You'd best remember what you just said!”

He gave a wave after he spoke. Only then did the rest of the people there carry Victor upstairs.



There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

"Yes, that's right."

"... Big Sister hasn't taken any action?"

"No."

"It seems that Victor isn't strong enough, then."

Abigail's voice deepened. "Do you need me to take action?"

"Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister's mask in the finals!"

Abigail was taken aback. "Her mask? Big Sister hasn't been wearing a mask at all, though..."

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. "You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?"

Abigail figured it out again at this point. "It's No. 028!" He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, "So, you're not that stupid, after all."

Then, he said, "I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor's appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn't even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, "Nora..."

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, "Old Maddy still hasn't woken up yet."

Nora nodded. "That's normal."

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, "Let's take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won't do for him to continue sleeping like he's comatose. By the time something really happens, it'll be terrible."

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, "I just told you it's normal. Didn't you hear me?"

Yvonne: "?"

She bit her lip and said, "Nora, you mustn't treat Old Maddy's illness like that. Although he doesn't have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths' manor for so long, he's pretty much already family... You shouldn't abuse his body like that..."

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. "Has anyone ever told you that you're very irritating?"

Although Nora's voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone's ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn't expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, "Nora, I know you're irritated because I'm so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can't! You mustn't treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?"

Nora stared at her. "Yeah, I will."

"..."

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn't dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. "Nora, you—"

Nora, however, didn't pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, "Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn't bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let's see how she's going to answer for it!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, "Mdm. Florence, I'm not trying to interfere with her affairs. I'm just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend..."

Florence frowned. "Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time..."

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. "Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?"

Florence immediately waved and said, "No, you mustn't. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he'll definitely become anxious. I think it's better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead."

Yvonne said, "But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy's illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don't want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt's life!"

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. "Isn't that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Yes, that's right."

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, "I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one's mind. I'm sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore."

Florence was still rather hesitant. "Can the pill be taken so casually?"

Yvonne shook her head. "I don't know. I've heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one's body, but I don't dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we'll talk to Dad about it!"

After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn't leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn't have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn't need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

"Okay."

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons' Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette's betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti's email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn't as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn't seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”



“ ... ”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028's martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He'd originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, “Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?”

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn't notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, “Yeah, I really don't know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn't take first place, she's at least in second place, alright?”

“Yeah, life practically can't get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister's coattails!”

“What a shame that the others don't know about it.”

“Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin's team. Now that's the biggest joke I've heard this year!”

“Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it.”

Quentin: “!!!”

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he

succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

“Yeah.” Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. “Has the match started?”

“It’s starting soon.” Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, “Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late.”

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: “?”

She took a step forward and said, “Sorry, I’m a little late.”

She’d thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, “It’s okay! I’ll wait, no matter how late you are!”

Nora: “??”

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: “??”

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn’t notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, “I’ve found out your true identity, Big Sister.”

“ ... ”

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, “Which identity are you talking about?”

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, “Y’know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I’d never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister...”

Nora coughed. “Yeah.”

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn’t been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, "Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?"

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin's words, however, pierced his ego. "You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?"

Quentin: "!!"

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, "Yes, I'm indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there's someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!"

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, "Then do you know who I am?"

Quentin asked scornfully, "Who are you?"

He couldn't possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn't possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, "I'm Big Brother."

Quentin: "!!"

He suddenly sneered, "Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That's so unrealistic!"

Was there anyone who didn't know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother were mortal enemies? Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, "Wait for me, Mom."

'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, “What a load of trouble. She’s thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is.”

Upon hearing that, Nora’s words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she’d better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn’t succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths’ one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn’t pinpoint Quentin’s location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, “You are under suspicion of endangering a person’s life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation.”

Nora: “?”

She frowned and asked, “Whose life did I endanger?”

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, “The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He’s very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!”



Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. “No need. I believe the police will clear my name.”

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn’t their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, “Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn’t do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!”

Her eyes were red from agitation. “Old Maddy is Mr. Smith’s friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You’re too much!!”

Florence’s words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths' lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn't the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy's room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. "Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths' main gate?"

The butler hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn't block them."

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the

old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, “The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn’t expect them to say that Miss Nora can’t be bailed out.”

Joel’s pupils shrank at these words. “Why?”

The butler shook his head. “I don’t know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora’s matter must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time.”

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, “Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?”

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. “There’s no need. We’ll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!”

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. “Old Maddy’s nerves have been damaged. We can’t find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There’s nothing we can do!”

Joel frowned. “Haven’t you seen such a situation before?”

The attending doctor shook his head. “No... but I’ve heard of it!”

Joel looked at the attending doctor. “Where have you heard of it?”

The attending doctor said, “Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her. Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine...”

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. “Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!”

“... Yes!” said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist’s consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy’s life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

“Alright, help me find out. Thanks.”

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, “Joel, what can I help you with?”

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, “Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti’s help.”

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne’s pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. “Okay, answer the call first.”

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin’s private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin’s number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin’s deep voice resounded, “Yvonne, is something the matter?”

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora’s phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne’s phone to call him.

Yvonne’s heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, “Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths’ servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police.”

Justin sensitively caught the main point. “How’s Old Maddy?”



Yvonne replied ambiguously, "All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they're treating him as we speak."

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, "I'll go to the police station."

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel's first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. "Who did you say won't bail her out?"

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. "It's Captain Ford."

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## Chapter 315 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Victor frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Quentin, who was filled with righteous indignation and wanted Big Sister to make a move, heard this and suddenly turned back to look at Nora in disbelief.

Then, he lowered his voice and said, "What are you doing? You don't need to show off at this time, this person is very strong!"

Nora ignored him and went on stage step by step.

Someone had already made way for her.

When Linda saw Nora, she heaved a deep sigh of relief.

After Nora stood on stage, Victor said, "028, this is between me and Quinn School of Martial Arts. It has nothing to do with you."

Nora lowered her eyes and said calmly, "I'm also a member of Quinn School of Martial Arts. How could I have nothing to do with this?"

Everyone was shocked by her words.

"So she's from Quinn School of Martial Arts!"

"No wonder she's so powerful!"

However, after frowning, Victor sneered. "Among women, I only treat Big Sister as an opponent. I advise you to hurry down and not embarrass yourself."

Nora stretched out her fist. "Is Big Sister someone you can compete with just because you want to? You have to get past me first."

Victor stared at her with a dark gaze. After examining Nora from head to toe, he said coldly, "Alright. Since you want to die, I'll fulfill your wish! Don't think that I'll be merciful just because you're a woman!"

After saying that, he did not give Nora any time to react.. Without saying anything else, he rushed over and wanted to knock her down.

Victor did not want to waste too much time and wanted to end this quickly.

Therefore, he gathered all his strength in this punch. He did not care that the other party was a woman at all, nor did he have any intention of being gentle toward her.

The woman in front of him could still dodge with her thin body.

However, 028 did not dodge. She even stretched out her hand to block his punch!

“You’re really courting death!”

As Victor thought this, he sneered.

Their faction walked the path of strength. As the disciple of the boxing champion, he was definitely the strongest in terms of strength. This was also the reason why he had provoked Quinn School of Martial Arts. After all, Irvin School of Martial Arts’s movement techniques were agile, so he might not necessarily be able to compare.

However, Quinn School of Martial Arts fought with real strength.

But a woman was competing in strength with him?

Ha.

As Victor thought this, he increased his speed. The impact of his body and the strength he had originally accumulated made this punch reach the imposing aura of a mountain.

Those who were standing a little closer could feel the murderous intent in his fists. They looked at Nora worriedly.

Although Nora had won with one punch in the first few matches, they were still worried for her now.

The next moment, however...

The two fists had already collided in the air!

Bam!

When the heavy force hit each other, just hearing it made one feel like their bones were about to break.

Quentin could not help but frown. His mind was even beginning to wonder which hospital in New York had the best surgical skills. He could now help 028 reconnect her bones.

However, when he looked over, he saw the two standing there with their fists still clenched...

However, Nora's eyes under the silver mask did not change much. Instead, Victor's face was filled with surprise and hesitation. He stared at the two touching fists in disbelief.

10 seconds later, Victor's leg went soft and he took two steps back. His clenched hand had already drooped down weakly. It was obvious that he had broken a bone.

He stared at his hand in shock and looked at Nora again.

However, the woman, who had not taken the initiative all this while, suddenly rushed over. Her lips curled into a cold smile as she stretched out her slender and fair legs...

Everyone only saw Nora stretch out her leg. Her red dress fluttered up. Then, with a bang, Victor was kicked to the ground and could not get up no matter what.

While everyone was worried about Nora, Justin's bright eyes looked at that leg...

This woman was really... Why was she wearing a dress when she was fighting? It was fine if it affected her performance, but once she lifted her leg, her insides... As he thought about this, he saw Nora wearing safety pants that covered the scenery inside.

He finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief.

However...

Her fair thighs and calves were still too exposed.

Next time, he would prepare some pants for her!

As he thought this, the surrounding crowd had already erupted in applause!

Then, someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts shouted, “Quinn School of Martial Arts is mighty! Quinn School of Martial Arts is invincible!”

The others followed.

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

“Invincible Quinn School of Martial Arts!”

Nora did not care about these voices. She only patted her fists lightly and immediately looked at Victor, who was lying on the ground and could not get up. She asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor’s abdomen had been kicked, and he felt as if his organs had shifted.

He was about to speak when Nora’s fist hit his face again!

He had nowhere to hide from this punch!

Bam!

Nora knocked out four of his front teeth.

The woman flexed her shoulders and asked, “Do you admit defeat?”

Victor: “...”

For some reason, the red-dressed woman standing in front of him suddenly became terrifying.

In the end, Victor was carried off by the other three from Benevolence Hall. When they left in a hurry, the martial arts arena was filled with cheers.

Nora let Victor off.

After all, it was difficult to teach manners to a dead person.

However, this could also be considered revenge for Randy.

She gave Linda a comforting look. When she got off the stage, Quentin grabbed her arm.. He looked at her with a complicated expression. “Who are you?”

Just who exactly she was?

Nora raised her eyebrows and replied, “A disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Quentin: “...”

Nora didn't pay any more attention to Quentin. Instead, she walked toward the exit.

Elsewhere.

Victor, who was carried out of the arena and into a car by three people, was sent to a villa in the suburbs.

Upon seeing Victor being carried into the living room, the big and tall green-eyed boxing champion Abigail, sitting on the sofa in the living room, slowly sat upright.

Abigail was 6'5" tall and weighed 220 pounds. He was strong and sturdy and had huge muscles all over him. His build was a little similar to Jordan Hoffman's, but the power in his bulging arm muscles was much, much greater than Jordan's.

He stared at Victor and scoffed, “What a useless piece of trash! I've invested so many resources in you, yet you can't even force Big Sister out of hiding? On top of that, you even let a nobody female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts injure you this badly!”

If anyone other than Victor had suffered such injuries, he would already have passed out cold and been unable to speak.

However, Victor had already somewhat gotten over the initial pain and discomfort after resting on the way here. His physical resilience was astonishingly good.

His lips trembled as he slowly said, “I'm sorry, sir. Give me some more time, I'll definitely defeat Big Sister in the finals!”

Abigail sneered, "You'd best remember what you just said!"

He gave a wave after he spoke. Only then did the rest of the people there carry Victor upstairs.

There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

"Yes, that's right."

"... Big Sister hasn't taken any action?"

"No."

"It seems that Victor isn't strong enough, then."

Abigail's voice deepened. "Do you need me to take action?"

"Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister's mask in the finals!"

Abigail was taken aback. "Her mask? Big Sister hasn't been wearing a mask at all, though..."

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. "You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?"

Abigail figured it out again at this point. "It's No. 028!" He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, "So, you're not that stupid, after all."



Then, he said, "I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor's appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn't even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, "Nora..."

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, "Old Maddy still hasn't woken up yet."

Nora nodded. "That's normal."

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, "Let's take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won't do for him to continue sleeping like he's comatose. By the time something really happens, it'll be terrible."

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, "I just told you it's normal. Didn't you hear me?"

Yvonne: "?"

She bit her lip and said, "Nora, you mustn't treat Old Maddy's illness like that. Although he doesn't have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths' manor for so long, he's pretty much already family... You shouldn't abuse his body like that..."

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re very irritating?”

Although Nora’s voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone’s ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn’t expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, “Nora, I know you’re irritated because I’m so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can’t! You mustn’t treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?”

Nora stared at her. “Yeah, I will.”

“ ... ”

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn’t dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. “Nora, you—”

Nora, however, didn’t pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, “Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn’t bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let’s see how she’s going to answer for it!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, “Mdm. Florence, I’m not trying to interfere with her affairs. I’m just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may

not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend..."

Florence frowned. "Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time..."

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. "Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?"

Florence immediately waved and said, "No, you mustn't. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he'll definitely become anxious. I think it's better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead."

Yvonne said, "But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy's illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don't want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt's life!"

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. "Isn't that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Yes, that's right."

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, "I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one's mind. I'm sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore."

Florence was still rather hesitant. "Can the pill be taken so casually?"

Yvonne shook her head. "I don't know. I've heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one's body, but I don't dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we'll talk to Dad about it!"

After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn't leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn't have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn't need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

“Okay.”

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons’ Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette’s betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti’s email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn’t as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn’t seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “?????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“...”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028’s martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He’d originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, “Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?”

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn’t notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, “Yeah, I really don’t know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn’t take first place, she’s at least in second place, alright?”

“Yeah, life practically can’t get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister’s coattails!”

“What a shame that the others don’t know about it.”

“Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin’s team. Now that’s the biggest joke I’ve heard this year!”

“Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it.”

Quentin: “!!!”

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.



One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

"Yeah." Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. "Has the match started?"

"It's starting soon." Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, "Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late."

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: "?"

She took a step forward and said, "Sorry, I'm a little late."

She'd thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, "It's okay! I'll wait, no matter how late you are!"

Nora: "??"

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: "??"

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn't notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, "I've found out your true identity, Big Sister."

"..."

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, "Which identity are you talking about?"

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, "Y'know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I'd never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister..."

Nora coughed. "Yeah."

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn't been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, “Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?”

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin’s words, however, pierced his ego. “You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?”

Quentin: “!!”

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies?

Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, "Wait for me, Mom."

'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel

unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, "The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He's very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!"

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.



After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. “No need. I believe the police will clear my name.”

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn’t their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, “Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn’t do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!”

Her eyes were red from agitation. “Old Maddy is Mr. Smith’s friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You’re too much!!”

Florence’s words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths’ lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn’t the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy’s room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. “Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths’ main gate?”

The butler hurriedly apologized. “Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn’t block them.”

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, "The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn't expect them to say that Miss Nora can't be bailed out."

Joel's pupils shrank at these words. "Why?"

The butler shook his head. "I don't know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora's matter must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time."

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, "Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?"

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. "There's no need. We'll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!"

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. "Old Maddy's nerves have been damaged. We can't find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There's nothing we can do!"

Joel frowned. "Haven't you seen such a situation before?"

The attending doctor shook his head. "No... but I've heard of it!"

Joel looked at the attending doctor. "Where have you heard of it?"

The attending doctor said, "Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her. Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine..."

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. "Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!"

"... Yes!" said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist's consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy's life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

"Alright, help me find out. Thanks."

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, "Joel, what can I help you with?"

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, "Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti's help."

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne's pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. "Okay, answer the call first."

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin's private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin's number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin's deep voice resounded, "Yvonne, is something the matter?"

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora's phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne's phone to call him.

Yvonne's heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, “Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths’ servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police.”

Justin sensitively caught the main point. “How’s Old Maddy?”

Yvonne replied ambiguously, “All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they’re treating him as we speak.”

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, “I’ll go to the police station.”

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel’s first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. “Who did you say won’t bail her out?”

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. “It’s Captain Ford.”

Captain Ford... Morris?



It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## **Chapter 316 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

There was no medical equipment upstairs.

In spite of that, they left immediately after throwing Victor onto the bed in the room. No one mentioned anything about going to the hospital.

It seemed like they had already become accustomed to it long ago.

Downstairs, Abigail had already picked up his cell phone and was making a call. He said, "Sir, we didn't manage to force Big Sister to take any action. Victor lost to a young female disciple from the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

The other party kept quiet for a moment before they asked, "A female disciple?"

"Yes, that's right."

"... Big Sister hasn't taken any action?"

"No."

"It seems that Victor isn't strong enough, then."

Abigail's voice deepened. "Do you need me to take action?"

"Let the juniors solve their problems themselves, but be sure to take off Big Sister's mask in the finals!"

Abigail was taken aback. "Her mask? Big Sister hasn't been wearing a mask at all, though..."

But as soon as he said that, Abigail himself was dumbfounded. "You mean the woman claiming to be Big Sister is a fake? Then who is the real Big Sister?"

Abigail figured it out again at this point. "It's No. 028!" He exclaimed.

The other party scoffed, "So, you're not that stupid, after all."

Then, he said, "I heard that Caleb Gray is in New York? Keep an eye on him and see what he has been up to recently, as well as who he has contacted more often."

"Yes, sir."

After hanging up, Abigail looked upstairs with a cold look in his eyes.

Who on earth was investigating her? And who would pose such a threat to her that her mother would leave such last words behind?

Nora kept thinking about these two questions as she drove home.

Victor's appearance kept giving her the feeling that a conspiracy was slowly surfacing into the open, yet all of it was beyond her reach. In fact, she didn't even know who the other party was.

Nora returned to the Smiths with those doubts on her mind.

As soon as she entered the house, she saw Yvonne sitting on the sofa looking troubled and worried. When Yvonne saw her, she said, "Nora..."

Nora looked at her.

The servants in the living room also looked at her.

Yvonne bit her lip and said, "Old Maddy still hasn't woken up yet."

Nora nodded. "That's normal."

Yvonne, however, sighed and said, "Let's take Old Maddy to the hospital, Nora. It won't do for him to continue sleeping like he's comatose. By the time something really happens, it'll be terrible."

Nora frowned and said distantly and indifferently, "I just told you it's normal. Didn't you hear me?"

Yvonne: "?"

She bit her lip and said, "Nora, you mustn't treat Old Maddy's illness like that. Although he doesn't have any children and is all alone, after staying here in the Smiths' manor for so long, he's pretty much already family... You shouldn't abuse his body like that..."

Nora walked straight upstairs.

Yvonne followed behind her. She was about to continue when Nora suddenly stopped and looked back at her. “Has anyone ever told you that you’re very irritating?”

Although Nora’s voice was low and hoarse, it was clear. With so many people present, her words reached everyone’s ears.

All the nannies and servants looked at one another. In the end, all of them lowered their heads in silence.

Yvonne suddenly flushed. She hadn’t expected Nora to speak so bluntly. Nevertheless, she had great mental resilience, so she immediately replied, “Nora, I know you’re irritated because I’m so long-winded, but there are some things that the Smiths can do, and some things that they can’t! You mustn’t treat Old Maddy so inhumanely! Your medical treatment has already caused him to become comatose! Are you going to bear the responsibility if he really dies?”

Nora stared at her. “Yeah, I will.”

“ ... ”

Her words made Yvonne choke.

Even a doctor wouldn’t dare to say that, yet Nora had actually said it.

She took a deep breath. “Nora, you—”

Nora, however, didn’t pay her any more attention. She went straight into her bedroom and slammed the door shut, isolating herself from the commotion outside.

Her actions put Yvonne in a particularly awkward situation.

Florence, who was standing behind her, said angrily, “Ms. Yvonne, you shouldn’t bother yourself with her! If something really happens, let’s see how she’s going to answer for it!”

Yvonne took a deep breath and said pretentiously, “Mdm. Florence, I’m not trying to interfere with her affairs. I’m just worried about Dad! Dad was the one who personally allowed Old Maddy to live here, after all. Besides—others may

not know this, but I'm sure you do—Dad occasionally visits Old Maddy like he's visiting an old friend..."

Florence frowned. "Yes, we all treat Old Maddy like he's family. I just didn't expect a certain someone to be so cruel as to use him as a guinea pig for their experiments!"

Yvonne sighed. "Yes, that's why I've been worried about Old Maddy's safety all this time..."

The two of them entered the study while they spoke.

Yvonne closed the door and sighed. "Mdm. Florence, what if I give Dad a call now and tell him about this?"

Florence immediately waved and said, "No, you mustn't. The old sir is in the midst of recuperation right now. If you tell him about it, he'll definitely become anxious. I think it's better to tell Mr. Joel about it instead."

Yvonne said, "But Joel has already agreed to let Nora treat Old Maddy's illness. Dad is the only one who can stop her now, but I don't want to disturb him, either. How about this? If Old Maddy continues to be comatose... I have a pill here called the Carefree Pill that can treat brain problems. This pill is said to have saved Mrs. Hunt's life!"

The Carefree Pill?

Florence was taken aback. "Isn't that a creation by Harmonia Pharmacy?"

"Yes, that's right."

Yvonne cast her eyes down and said, "I heard that the pill can refresh and invigorate one's mind. I'm sure Old Maddy will wake up once he consumes a pill as expensive as this. That way, nothing will happen to him anymore."

Florence was still rather hesitant. "Can the pill be taken so casually?"

Yvonne shook her head. "I don't know. I've heard that traditional medicine is meant to nourish one's body, but I don't dare to let him take it, either. Forget it, Mdm. Florence, if Old Maddy continues to be comatose after another two days, then we'll talk to Dad about it!"

After saying that, Yvonne placed the Carefree Pill in her hand on the desk, got up, and left the study.

However, she didn't leave after she went out. Instead, she stood at the door and looked into the study.

Florence was staring at the Carefree Pill on the desk.

If she gave the pill to Old Maddy, he would recover, right? This way, they wouldn't have to disturb the old sir anymore.

The old sir was in poor health, so no one dared to disturb him with the affairs at home.

Not only would it cure Old Maddy, but they also wouldn't need to disturb the old sir...

Florence picked up the pill and went straight to Old Maddy's residence.

Seeing her leave, Yvonne lowered her head. A small smile appeared at the corners of her lips.

The next day, Nora went to Old Maddy's residence and performed acupuncture on him as per usual.

After watching Old Maddy fall asleep again at the end of the acupuncture session, she got up and walked out of the house.

Lily called her at this point. "The DNA test results are out!" she said.

Nora asked nervously, "Is he Ryan Smith?"

Lily's answer was straightforward. "I compared his DNA with yours, as well as with Ian's. The results show that he is unrelated to either of you."

He was unrelated to either of them?

So, he wasn't Ryan Smith at all?

Nora frowned. It seemed like her guess had been off the mark.

But if Old Maddy wasn't Ryan, then who was he?

While she was thinking about it, Lily added, "His DNA is kinda strange, though. Is he mentally ill?"

Nora was taken aback. "What's the matter?"

"From his DNA, it seems that he has genetic psychosis."

Nora cast her eyes down. "Yeah, he's a madman."

"No wonder, then."

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. "Are you still unable to reach Anti?"

The attending doctor nodded. "Yes, Anti rarely checks her email."

Joel heaved a huge sigh. "In that case, Uncle Ian's condition..."

"The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia."

Joel's voice turned cold. "Then keep looking for him."

“Okay.”

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons’ Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette’s betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti’s email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn’t as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn’t seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?



Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “?????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“...”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028’s martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He’d originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, “Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?”

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn’t notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, “Yeah, I really don’t know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn’t take first place, she’s at least in second place, alright?”

“Yeah, life practically can’t get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister’s coattails!”

“What a shame that the others don’t know about it.”

“Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin’s team. Now that’s the biggest joke I’ve heard this year!”

“Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it.”

Quentin: “!!!”

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"

"Yeah." Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. "Has the match started?"

"It's starting soon." Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, "Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late."

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: "?"

She took a step forward and said, "Sorry, I'm a little late."

She'd thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, "It's okay! I'll wait, no matter how late you are!"

Nora: "??"

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: "??"

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn't notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, "I've found out your true identity, Big Sister."

"..."

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, "Which identity are you talking about?"

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, "Y'know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I'd never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister..."

Nora coughed. "Yeah."

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn't been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, “Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?”

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin’s words, however, pierced his ego. “You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?”

Quentin: “!!”

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies?

Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, "Wait for me, Mom."

'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel



unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, "The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He's very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!"

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. “No need. I believe the police will clear my name.”

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn’t their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, “Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn’t do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!”

Her eyes were red from agitation. “Old Maddy is Mr. Smith’s friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You’re too much!!”

Florence’s words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths’ lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn’t the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy’s room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. “Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths’ main gate?”

The butler hurriedly apologized. “Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn’t block them.”

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, "The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn't expect them to say that Miss Nora can't be bailed out."

Joel's pupils shrank at these words. "Why?"

The butler shook his head. "I don't know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora's matter must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time."

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, "Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?"

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. "There's no need. We'll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!"

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. "Old Maddy's nerves have been damaged. We can't find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There's nothing we can do!"

Joel frowned. "Haven't you seen such a situation before?"

The attending doctor shook his head. "No... but I've heard of it!"

Joel looked at the attending doctor. "Where have you heard of it?"

The attending doctor said, "Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her. Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine..."

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. "Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!"

"... Yes!" said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist's consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy's life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

"Alright, help me find out. Thanks."

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.



Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, “Joel, what can I help you with?”

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, “Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti’s help.”

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne’s pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. “Okay, answer the call first.”

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin’s private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin’s number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin’s deep voice resounded, “Yvonne, is something the matter?”

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora’s phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne’s phone to call him.

Yvonne’s heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, “Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths’ servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police.”

Justin sensitively caught the main point. “How’s Old Maddy?”

Yvonne replied ambiguously, “All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they’re treating him as we speak.”

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, “I’ll go to the police station.”

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel’s first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. “Who did you say won’t bail her out?”

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. “It’s Captain Ford.”

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.

## **Chapter 317 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

“No wonder, then.”

Lily hung up after voicing her objective observations.

Nora stared at the phone for a while.

In the end, she tossed it into her pocket.

The solution was actually very simple. She would know who Old Maddy was once she cured his illness, right?

Besides, curing him would only take her half a month.

Her martial arts tournament match that night was rather late, so Nora decided to go to the hospital to visit Ian first.

Ian was staying at a private hospital with excellent facilities. Nora had a lot of self-awareness; she knew that her existence was a disgrace to Ian, so she didn't go to his ward. Instead, she was planning to approach his attending doctor to ask about his condition.

As soon as she arrived at the door to Ian's attending doctor's office, she heard Joel's voice coming from inside. “Are you still unable to reach Anti?”

The attending doctor nodded. “Yes, Anti rarely checks her email.”

Joel heaved a huge sigh. “In that case, Uncle Ian's condition...”

“The hemangiomas in his brain are very hard to remove. On top of that, he is in very poor health, so we don't recommend surgery. Anti is the only one whose hands are fast enough to control the bleeding and the anesthesia.”

Joel's voice turned cold. “Then keep looking for him.”

“Okay.”

Nora slowly took a few steps backward as she listened to their conversation. She raised her eyebrows and her lips curled into a smile.

Ian had refused to take the Andersons' Carefree Pills all this time because he held a grudge against them for Yvette's betrayal.

He had probably never thought that he would ultimately still need her to save his life.

Nora picked up her phone, opened Anti's email inbox, and searched through it. Sure enough, she found the SOS email that the Smiths had sent.

When Nora was quietly leaving the hospital, Yvonne, who had come to visit Ian, happened to be getting out of the car.

Yvonne frowned as she gazed at Nora from the back.

It seemed like Nora wasn't as dumb as she looked, after all. She had actually thought of coming to the hospital to please Dad?

She would never give Nora the opportunity, though!

At the martial arts tournament arena.

Neither Nora nor Justin had arrived yet. Quentin had arrived early, so he was sitting on the sofa in the dining area in boredom and thinking about the moves that Nora had used the day before.

No. 028 undoubtedly had remarkable skills.

It didn't seem like much when she defeated the others with just a single move—after all, Quentin was also capable of doing the same—but when she was up against Victor the day before, she had still defeated him with one move all the same. Now, that was difficult.

Just who exactly was No. 028?

When had someone like her appeared in New York?

Had he become at risk of losing his position as third in the world?

Quentin thought about it with a great sense of crisis. At the same time, he also developed a sort of hostility toward No. 028.

An opponent like that would shake his position!

Quentin was still thinking about it when he suddenly spotted Big Sister and a few disciples from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. They had gathered and were talking in hushed voices.

Quentin immediately tossed No. 028 to the back of his mind, pretended to be nonchalant, and went toward Big Sister.

Linda was sitting with the rest of the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples and talking to them. She was completely unaware that someone had suddenly come up behind her.

“Linda, it’s been some time since you started impersonating Big Sister. When do you intend to come clean about it?”

Linda scratched her head. “I should have confessed about it yesterday. After all, my opponents will only get stronger and stronger, and I won’t be able to cope anymore. If Big Sister hadn’t stepped forward and helped me out yesterday, I really don’t know how I would’ve dealt with Victor!”

Quentin: “????”

Quentin was dumbfounded.

He listened to them in disbelief.

“Big Sister sure is awesome, though. Even when she was up against Victor, she still won with just one move.”

The tall and thick Linda was still chatting softly with her companions. She said, “I’d originally thought that even Big Sister would have to use a few moves, no matter what. Also, when Lucas told me to impersonate Big Sister, I had thought that there wasn’t such a big gap between Big Sister’s and my abilities, but unexpectedly, it’s actually this huge! I admit to Big Sister’s superiority from the bottom of my heart now!”

“Me too! Big Sister is simply amazing! To her, Big Brother is probably the only one who is a match for her.”

“Say, if Big Sister encounters Big Brother, which of the two do you think will be stronger?”

“ ... ”

Quentin felt like his ears were ringing.

He subconsciously thought No. 028's martial prowess—she was indeed very impressive. He had been worried just a moment ago that she would pose a threat to his position as third in the world, but unexpectedly, she was actually his idol, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

But if she was Big Sister, why would she team up with him?

He'd originally thought that what she had seen in him were his abilities! He had even wanted to take the two of them to the finals and let them piggyback off him!

That was what he thought, and that was what he said. He asked, “Since Big Sister is so strong, why did she join a team?”

The disciples were busy gossiping, so they didn't notice that it was someone else who had asked the question. They immediately replied, “Yeah, I really don't know what kind of sheer dumb luck Smithin has to actually be able to form a team with Big Sister. Their team name is too weak, though. Third In The World...? Even if Big Sister doesn't take first place, she's at least in second place, alright?”

“Yeah, life practically can't get any easier for Smithin now that he can actually ride on Big Sister's coattails!”

“What a shame that the others don't know about it.”

“Speaking of which, there are actually people saying that No. 028 is lucky to be able to tag along with Smithin's team. Now that's the biggest joke I've heard this year!”

“Big Sister probably finds it too troublesome. But since teaming up can save her half of the time required, she will definitely do it.”

Quentin: “!!!”

He swallowed again and stared at the few of them in disbelief.

One of the reasons why he had invited a woman to join his team was that he'd thought that that would make it easier for him to show off—after all, if he

succeeded in bringing a 'weak and frail woman' into Class F, he would probably become a legend in the tournament, right?

But unexpectedly, the teammate whom he had casually approached was actually Big Sister?

'Third In The World'... That indeed lowered Big Sister's ranking, didn't it?

While he was in a daze, someone said, "Let's not say any more. If we go on, Big Sister's identity will be exposed. The surroundings are so dark, be careful not to let outsiders come near. If that happens, Linda's true identity will be given away!"

Linda said casually, "We're all from the Quinn School of Martial Arts here. What are you so scared of? There aren't any outsiders here."

After saying that, Linda and the rest looked around them. When their gazes swept across Quentin, they skipped him out of habit.

Ten seconds later.

Linda's head abruptly whipped toward Quentin, who was still standing there in a daze.

Oh no!

Lately, Quentin had been following her around whenever he wasn't in a match, which caused the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples to become accustomed to seeing him around. In that instant just now, they had straight-up thought of him as one of their own!

But!

Linda jumped onto her feet at once. "Y-you... you..."

Quentin looked at the group of disciples in front of him. He felt deeply deceived.

Nora came late today.

When Justin saw her outside the entrance, he raised his eyebrows. "You just got here?"



“Yeah.” Nora locked the car door and tossed the car key into her pocket. “Has the match started?”

“It’s starting soon.” Justin followed behind her and said with a smile, “Quentin is definitely going to nag at you again for coming so late.”

Nora gave an indifferent shrug. She was about to speak when she spotted Quentin standing in front of them in a daze, his eyes practically stuck on her.

Nora: “?”

She took a step forward and said, “Sorry, I’m a little late.”

She’d thought that Quentin would definitely take that as an excuse to lecture her a little, but unexpectedly...

A starry-eyed Quentin actually said, “It’s okay! I’ll wait, no matter how late you are!”

Nora: “??”

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: “??”

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn’t notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, “I’ve found out your true identity, Big Sister.”

“ ... ”

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, “Which identity are you talking about?”

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, “Y’know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I’d never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister...”

Nora coughed. “Yeah.”

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn’t been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: "..."

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, "You're not worthy of Big Sister."

Justin: "?"

Quentin sneered, "You're a man, yet you're always taking care of the child at home. Don't you feel that you're not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister's sparring partner when she wants to spar?"

"..."

The corners of Justin's lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, "It can't be helped."

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, "She likes pretty boys like me."

Nora walking in front: "..."

Quentin, who heard his reply: "!!!"

That guy wasn't ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, "Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?"

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin's words, however, pierced his ego. "You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?"

Quentin: "!!"

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, "Yes, I'm indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there's someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!"

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, "Then do you know who I am?"

Quentin asked scornfully, "Who are you?"

He couldn't possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn't possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, "I'm Big Brother."

Quentin: "!!"

He suddenly sneered, "Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That's so unrealistic!"

Was there anyone who didn't know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother were mortal enemies? Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, "Wait for me, Mom."

'Mom'...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. "Shall I take you home, Big Sister?"

"... No, it's okay," said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. "No, it's not. Let me take you home."

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. "No, it's really okay."

Wouldn't he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn't see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin's car, too. She couldn't help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, “What a load of trouble. She’s thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is.”

Upon hearing that, Nora’s words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she’d better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn’t succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths’ one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn’t pinpoint Quentin’s location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, “You are under suspicion of endangering a person’s life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation.”

Nora: “?”

She frowned and asked, “Whose life did I endanger?”

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, “The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He’s very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!”

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

"Miss Smith."

The police stopped her. "Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now."

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. "Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!"

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, "OK, I'll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?"

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. "Yes, please."

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. “No need. I believe the police will clear my name.”

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn’t their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, “Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn’t do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!”

Her eyes were red from agitation. “Old Maddy is Mr. Smith’s friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You’re too much!!”

Florence’s words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”



The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths' lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn't the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy's room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. "Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths' main gate?"

The butler hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn't block them."

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the

old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

The butler looked at Joel and coughed. "I think we shouldn't be too anxious about Miss Nora's matter. If Old Maddy recovers, then Miss Nora will naturally be fine and will be acquitted. But if something happens to Old Maddy, we can think of a way to save Miss Nora. Besides, this would also let the old sir vent his anger."

In other words, locking Nora in the police station was a form of punishment.

Even if she was a Smith, she should be held responsible for causing the death of a patient!

The Smiths could not break the law. This was a rule that had been set since Ian's time. Therefore, no matter how rowdy the others were, like Warren and Louis, they did not dare to commit any crimes!

Because if they were confirmed to have done something wrong, Ian would not care!

When Joel heard this, he was silent for a while.

If Nora was Ian's daughter, even if she really made a mistake, he would immediately bail her out and wait for the case to be confirmed.

But she was not.

As he was thinking about this, his phone suddenly rang. He lowered his head to take a look and was suddenly stunned when he saw the number.

It was a number he had memorized by heart all these years.

He frowned and picked up the call.

As soon as the call went through, Tanya's voice came from the other end. "Mr. Joel, I called you to ask what happened to Nora. I was in class just now. After seeing her message, I couldn't get through to her."

Joel's eyes darkened slightly as he briefly explained the situation.

Tanya was silent for a long time before saying, "Nora's medical skills are indeed very impressive. It's impossible for such a medical accident to happen. This is definitely an accident. No matter what happens to her, Mr. Smith, you have to ensure her safety!"

After saying that, she hesitated for a moment before saying, "If you can save Nora, I can teach Mia how to dance!"

The words Joel was about to say were stuck in his throat.

In Tanya's eyes, was he such a man who did not even care about his cousin's life?

A bitter smile appeared on his lips. "Don't worry. I won't let anything happen to her."

After hanging up, Joel looked at the butler. "Contact the lawyer and bail Nora out first!"

The butler lowered his eyes in disappointment and obediently said, "Yes."

Yvonne bit her lips.

She was already like this, yet he still wanted to bail her out... It seemed like blood relations were indeed different.

However, no one expected that the butler would return half an hour later with unexpected news.

With a complicated expression, he stared at Joel and said, “The lawyer went to the police station, but he didn’t expect them to say that Miss Nora can’t be bailed out.”

Joel’s pupils shrank at these words. “Why?”

The butler shook his head. “I don’t know. It seems like some power is involved. When the lawyer gets the medical test results, Miss Nora’s matter must go according to the normal procedures. Unless Old Maddy survives, it will be difficult for Miss Nora to be released this time.”

There were other forces?

In New York, other than the Hunts, was there anyone more powerful than the Smiths?

Joel was certain that there was not.

At least not openly.

Unless the other party was...

As he was thinking, the butler said, “Sir, do you think we should go through other channels or find someone?”

The Smiths had a lot of connections.

However, Joel seemed to have thought of something. His pupils constricted. “There’s no need. We’ll go to the hospital to see Old Maddy!”

If that person had made a move, they would have to follow the proper procedures.

When they arrived at the hospital, they realized that Old Maddy was still undergoing surgery. The lights were still on and he had not come out yet.

The attending doctor waiting outside was very anxious. “Old Maddy’s nerves have been damaged. We can’t find the reason for his nose and mouth bleeding, but all his physical signs are going downhill. There’s nothing we can do!”

Joel frowned. “Haven’t you seen such a situation before?”

The attending doctor shook his head. “No... but I’ve heard of it!”

Joel looked at the attending doctor. “Where have you heard of it?”

The attending doctor said, “Many years ago, there was a woman overseas who was also bleeding from her mouth and nose for no reason. She was on her last breath. In the hospital, they had also checked all parts of her body, but they could not find any problems. In the end, it was Anti who saved her. Later on, Anti could not explain the reason either. It seemed to be caused by some imbalance in medicine...”

Anti?

It was this Anti again!

Joel looked at the butler. “Contact Anti immediately and tell her to come and save Old Maddy!”

“... Yes!” said the butler.

When the butler went to contact Anti, Joel frowned and stared at the operation theater.

He made another call and invited all the specialists he could get from New York.

During the specialist’s consultation, Joel stood at the side and did not interfere. This was not within his ability. His greatest strength was that he did not dabble in things he did not understand.

After handing Old Maddy’s life to a trustworthy doctor, he picked up his phone and contacted the police. He wanted to find out what was going on with Nora and why she could not be bailed out.

“Alright, help me find out. Thanks.”

After hanging up another call, Joel took out his phone and prepared to call Justin.

Since the Hunts could invite Anti, even if Joel did not want to admit that he was inferior to Justin, he had no choice but to ask the Hunts for help at this moment.

But at this moment, Yvonne walked over. She looked at Joel and asked, “Joel, what can I help you with?”

Joel looked at her and frowned. He was about to say that he did not need her for the time being when his phone suddenly rang. It was a friend he had asked for help. He had found out the reason why Nora could not be bailed out.

Both sides were anxious, so he looked at Yvonne and said, “Contact Mr. Hunt immediately and tell him that Old Maddy is being treated and needs Anti’s help.”

He subconsciously felt that if Nora could inform Tanya before she was taken away by the police, then she must have also informed Justin.

Yvonne’s pupils shrank at the mention of Justin.

She nodded immediately. “Okay, answer the call first.”

When Joel walked to the side to answer the call, she took out her phone and dialed Justin’s private number.

Back then, the Hunts and the Smiths had both wanted to matchmake them, so it was very normal for her to have Justin’s number.

The call was quickly picked up and she rejoiced secretly. She felt that Justin still had his eyes on her. Otherwise, why would he pick up her call? Justin’s deep voice resounded, “Yvonne, is something the matter?”

When Justin saw the phone number, he did not want to pick it up.

After all, he did not want to have anything to do with her.

However, after thinking about it, he still picked up the call. He was afraid that Nora’s phone had run out of battery, and she was just borrowing Yvonne’s phone to call him.

Yvonne’s heart sank at his distant words.

She lowered her eyes and said slowly, “Yes, something happened. Nora treated the Smiths’ servant, Old Maddy, but he had an accident. Now, she has been taken away by the police.”

Justin sensitively caught the main point. “How’s Old Maddy?”

Yvonne replied ambiguously, "All the medical teams of the Smiths are here, they're treating him as we speak."

When Justin heard this, he said bluntly, "I'll go to the police station."

With that, he hung up.

Yvonne stared at her phone.

Actually, the most important thing now was not to bail Nora out. It was just like when he first heard that Nora had been taken away, Joel's first reaction was not to bail her out.

As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. "Who did you say won't bail her out?"

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. "It's Captain Ford."

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.



## Chapter 318 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Nora: “??”

Justin, who was carrying Cherry and about to step through the door: “??”

Justin looked over, his dark eyes fixing themselves sinisterly on Quentin. As though he didn't notice Justin staring at him at all, Quentin leaned toward Nora and said, “I've found out your true identity, Big Sister.”

“...”

Nora fell silent for a moment. Her true identity? Which? Did he find out that Nora Smith was Big Sister? Or that No. 028 was Big Sister?

She coughed and asked tentatively, “Which identity are you talking about?”

Quentin lowered his head. His face was as red as a tomato, just like someone who had become embarrassed upon meeting their idol. He replied, “Y'know, your identity as Big Sister! I heard about it from Linda and the others just now. I'd never thought that my comrade in battle would actually turn out to be Big Sister...”

Nora coughed. “Yeah.”

It seemed that her Nora Smith identity hadn't been given away.

Her lips curled into a smile and she walked in front.

Quentin subconsciously followed behind her. He was about to say something to her again when Justin, who was carrying Cherry, inserted himself between the two of them.

Quentin: “...”

He looked at the big and tall man. When he thought of how the two of them were husband and wife, Quentin suddenly grabbed Justin's arm, lowered his voice, and said, “You're not worthy of Big Sister.”

Justin: “?”

Quentin sneered, “You’re a man, yet you’re always taking care of the child at home. Don’t you feel that you’re not worthy of Big Sister at all? In the ring, you always let Big Sister take action while you hide at the back instead... How did Big Sister fall in love with a wimp like you? Do the two of you even have common topics to talk about? Can you even be Big Sister’s sparring partner when she wants to spar?”

“...”

The corners of Justin’s lips spasmed as he stared at how Quentin was behaving. Suddenly, his lips curled into a smile and he said, “It can’t be helped.”

Quentin stopped talking and looked at him, wondering what he would say next. Little did he expect Justin to simply reply calmly, “She likes pretty boys like me.”

Nora walking in front: “...”

Quentin, who heard his reply: “!!!”

That guy wasn’t ashamed at all! On the contrary, he was proud of it!

He was too much!

Justin paused again. Then, he asked, “Besides, who do you think can be worthy of someone like her?”

Quentin puffed his chest out.

Justin’s words, however, pierced his ego. “You? How many moves can you last in a fight with her?”

Quentin: “!!”

He was just a little stronger than Victor.

In spite of that, Quentin refused to admit defeat. He said, “Yes, I’m indeed not worthy of Big Sister, but there’s someone who is! Big Brother can definitely fight on par with Big Sister! The two of them are a perfect match!”

Upon hearing that, Justin glanced at Nora, who was a little away from them. He suddenly lowered his head, leaned into his ear, and asked, “Then do you know who I am?”

Quentin asked scornfully, “Who are you?”

He couldn’t possibly be Big Brother, right?

He could understand why the Big Sister shown to the public was a fake—No. 028, aka Big Sister, wanted to keep her identity a secret. Judging from her personality, she seemed like a relatively low-key person.

But surely the Big Brother in the lounge couldn’t possibly be fake as well, right?

... even if the man in front of him did look a bit like Big Brother!

While Quentin was thinking about it, Justin withdrew his gaze. Instead, he smiled and said, “I’m Big Brother.”

Quentin: “!!”

He suddenly sneered, “Can you make up a more reliable identity for yourself if you really have to make one up? What a braggart! That’s so unrealistic!”

Was there anyone who didn’t know that the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother were mortal enemies? Quinn and Irvin always fought whenever they met, which caused the two schools to be at constant loggerheads.

Surely there was no way Big Sister would have a baby with Big Brother, right?

Besides, he had merely casually dragged someone to form a team with him, and then randomly got another person to make up the numbers. Surely there was no way both Big Sister and Big Brother were in his team, right?

Yet Justin neither argued nor explained any further. Instead, he followed after Nora and called out, “Wait for me, Mom.”

‘Mom’...

He must be showing off that Big Sister had borne him a child, right?

There was no doubt about it—he was definitely a man who had gotten to where he was by relying on his kid!

Quentin followed Justin huffily, finding his entire self an eyesore.

That night, Quentin fought extra hard.

In addition, he also finally stopped caring about being in the limelight—just so he could perform well in front of Big Sister!

After the two matches, Nora and Justin got ready to go home.

Quentin followed Nora eagerly. “Shall I take you home, Big Sister?”

“... No, it’s okay,” said Nora.

For the first time, Quentin followed her out the door. “No, it’s not. Let me take you home.”

Nora stopped and gave him a half-amused look. “No, it’s really okay.”

Wouldn’t he see her car if he went to the car park?

Although she disguised herself every time she came over, the car license plate number would still give her away if he were to see it.

Seeing how firmly she was refusing his offer, Quentin could only see her off obediently.

After separating from Justin at the entrance, Nora found an inconspicuous area, changed back into her usual outfit, and took off her mask. Only then did she walk to her car.

As soon as she reached the car park, she spotted Quentin looking at the front surreptitiously.

Justin had already gotten into the car with Cherry. However, he didn’t see Big Sister even after he craned his neck...

Nora stood behind him and looked at Justin’s car, too. She couldn’t help but click her tongue.

She hadn't noticed before, but Justin had actually driven over in an ordinary Volkswagen. The car was very inconspicuous, and the two of them kept their masks on even after they got into the car.

Well, that made sense. He had to be cautious since he had brought the child here.

But...

Nora stroked her chin. It seemed like she should also disguise herself while she was out. There was always a risk of exposure here.

Of course, the main reason was that she had been too lazy to change to a different car, ahem.

While she was thinking about it, Quentin stood up straight. He even lowered his gaze and muttered to himself, "Just who exactly is Big Sister?"

He turned to reenter the arena, but the moment he did, he instead saw Nora standing behind him. He got a huge shock at once.

He panicked. "Why are you here?"

Nora raised her brows.

Quentin straightened his back at once and went back to his usual dimwit self. He raised his chin and said proudly, "Are you looking for me? Do you feel unsafe just because I'm not at home? But do you know? It's even more dangerous here!"

Then, Quentin said, "Forget it, let's go. I'll take you home."

Nora: "..."

When she followed Quentin to the car, she even heard him muttering, "What a load of trouble. She's thrown a spanner in my works now. I wanted to tail that car in front to see who Big Sister is."

Upon hearing that, Nora's words of rejection did a U-turn and she swallowed them back down.

Mm, she'd better let Quentin escort her back home instead, lest he had the spare energy to tail Justin.

... even though she was sure that Quentin wouldn't succeed in tracking Justin, given his abilities.

Nora drove her big black jeep, whereas Quentin hid amongst the crowd in an unknown car. The two returned to the Smiths' one after the other.

One must admit that Quentin was indeed skilled at tailing. Even someone like Nora could only sense that she was being tailed, yet couldn't pinpoint Quentin's location.

After parking the car, Nora got out and went upstairs. Then, she took a shower and went to bed with Pete.

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."

Nora: "?"

She frowned and asked, "Whose life did I endanger?"

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, "The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He's very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!"

Old Maddy?

Nora's pupils shrank. "That's impossible!"

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy's pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. "I want to go to the hospital!"

“Miss Smith.”

The police stopped her. “Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now.”

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. “Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!”

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, “OK, I’ll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?”

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. “Yes, please.”

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. “Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?”

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. “I told you, I’m treating him.”

Yvonne bit her lip. “Don’t worry. The Smiths won’t just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you’re Mr. Hunt’s girlfriend. The Hunts won’t ignore you either.”

When she said this, Nora’s eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. "No need. I believe the police will clear my name."

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn't their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, "Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn't do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!"

Her eyes were red from agitation. "Old Maddy is Mr. Smith's friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You're too much!!"

Florence's words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. "That's right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We've all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We're not being used casually!"

"Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy's life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!"

"You say you're a doctor, but aren't you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you're just a quack!"

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths' lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn't the Smiths lose face?!



However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy's room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. "Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths' main gate?"

The butler hurriedly apologized. "Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn't block them."

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a

mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

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## **Chapter 319 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free**

Unexpectedly, she heard a sharp cry early the next morning!

Nora sat up abruptly. Before she even realized what was going on, someone suddenly knocked on her bedroom door.

She frowned, got up unhappily, and went out. When she opened the door, she saw two police officers standing outside. One of them took out his badge and showed it to her. He said, "You are under suspicion of endangering a person's life, Ms. Smith. Please follow us to the station and aid in our investigation."



Nora: “?”

She frowned and asked, “Whose life did I endanger?”

Seeing how calm she was, the police officers exchanged a look. Then, they said, “The victim is Old Maddy, who lives in your home. He was found on his last breath in his room this morning. He’s very weak now, and has already been sent to the hospital! Someone called the police and said that it was caused by you practicing medicine without a license!”

Old Maddy?

Nora’s pupils shrank. “That’s impossible!”

Yesterday morning, when she took Old Maddy’s pulse, it was still normal. Everything was under her control. How could he suddenly be on his last breath?

She walked out and frowned. “I want to go to the hospital!”

“Miss Smith.”

The police stopped her. “Please cooperate with our investigation. You need to come to the police station with us right now.”

Nora still wanted to say something, but the other person had already placed his hand on the gun at his waist. “Miss Smith, please come with us immediately. Otherwise, you will be interfering with our operations! We have the right to arrest you!”

Nora clenched her fists and took a deep breath.

Nora lowered her eyes and slowly said, “OK, I’ll come with you, but can I change my clothes first?”

She was still wearing pajamas.

The police officer nodded. “Yes, please.”

After Nora closed the door, she took out her phone and sent Lily a message, asking her to come immediately. She contacted the doctor to look for the hospital where Old Maddy was and to ensure his safety.

After sending it, she called Tanya and told her to pick up Pete after school and take him to her place, in case Pete returned to the Smiths and found out that something had happened to her.

After settling the two matters, she changed into her usual clothes and went out.

When she went downstairs with the police, the hall was already filled with the servants. When they saw her, their eyes became furious.

Yvonne looked worried as she looked at her. "Nora, I told you long ago not to experiment on Old Maddy. Did something happen?"

Nora glanced at her and retracted her gaze. "I told you, I'm treating him."

Yvonne bit her lip. "Don't worry. The Smiths won't just watch you get into trouble. Besides, you're Mr. Hunt's girlfriend. The Hunts won't ignore you either."

When she said this, Nora's eyes instantly became sharp.

No matter how she looked at it, this meant that the two families would fish her out. Was this confirming her crimes?

She smiled mockingly. "No need. I believe the police will clear my name."

Yvonne choked on her words.

When ordinary people were caught by the police, shouldn't their first reaction be to cry for help?

Why was Nora so calm?

While Yvonne was stunned, Florence pointed at her and cursed, "Miss Nora, why are you saying this to Miss Yvonne? This matter happened because of your treatment. Miss Yvonne is also concerned about you! If you didn't do anything, how could anything have happened to Old Maddy?!"

Her eyes were red from agitation. "Old Maddy is Mr. Smith's friend! If anything happens to him, Mr. Smith will not let you off! You're too much!!"

Florence's words made the servants at home feel sad.

Everyone pointed at her. “That’s right. Old Maddy is also a member of the family! We’ve all worked for the Smiths for many years. The Smiths have always treated us like family. We’re not being used casually!”

“Miss Yvonne has always treated us as humans too. How could she treat Old Maddy like that?! Does she know that Old Maddy’s life is important too! We should let the police investigate her!”

“You say you’re a doctor, but aren’t you trying to make a name for yourself by using Old Maddy? But in the end, you’re just a quack!”

The butler stood outside the door and looked at everything in the house.

Logically speaking, after this matter happened, the butler should have immediately contacted Joel and the Smiths’ lawyer and gotten them to come over. They should have protected the daughter of the Smiths first.

How could the daughter of the Smiths be taken away before the situation was clear?

Then wouldn’t the Smiths lose face?!

However, the butler clenched his fists.

He recalled going to Old Maddy’s room today and seeing that he was still in a deep sleep. When he walked over, he saw that his mouth and nose were bleeding, and his breathing was almost gone!

The butler outside lowered his head for a moment.. He did not look for anyone and just let the police take Nora away.

After the police took Nora away, Joel received the news and left the company to return home.

As soon as he entered, he took the lead to shout at the butler. “Is anyone allowed to enter the Smiths’ main gate?”

The butler hurriedly apologized. “Mr. Joel, Old Maddy almost died at that time. I was also worried about him, so I didn’t block them.”

Joel glanced at him.

Knowing that the butler usually had a good relationship with Old Maddy, he did not refute because he always felt that a home had to look like a home and not be cold as if everyone was a robot.

He approved of the butler on this point.

Joel asked, "How's Old Maddy?"

Without waiting for the butler to speak, Florence said anxiously, "He has been sent to the hospital. He's still in the midst of emergency treatment, but he might not wake up. No one knows! Mr. Joel, what should we do now? If the old sir finds out about this, he'll definitely be sad! He values Old Maddy very much!"

Florence did not mention anything about Nora being taken away. Her mind was only filled with Ian's safety.

Joel lowered his eyes.

Yvonne asked, "Joel, what about Nora?"

At the mention of her, Florence immediately said resentfully, "What can we do? We should let her suffer! That wild girl from California made such a mistake! That's a life she was messing with! How dare she? If the old sir finds out about this, he definitely won't let her off!"

These words made Joel's eyes turn cold.

No matter how bad she was, she was still a member of the Smiths.

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As the police station was the safest place, nothing would happen to her if she stayed there.

Old Maddy was the most important thing.

After Joel found out about the entire matter, he quickly sent a doctor to the hospital. Otherwise, Old Maddy would have died long ago.

Only if Old Maddy was alive, would Nora be released.

Even if Justin went to the police station to deal with them, it might not be of much use! Instead, it would waste time!

Yvonne clenched her hands into fists and lowered her gaze, hiding the viciousness and hatred in her eyes.

Elsewhere.

Joel was picking up the call. "Who did you say won't bail her out?"

His contact was on the other end of the line, and his voice was very low. "It's Captain Ford."

Captain Ford... Morris?

It was as he had expected.

Only Morris had the ability to do so!

But why would Morris target Nora?

Joel narrowed his eyes. "What's going on?"

The other party sighed secretly. "This is confidential. Forget it, I'll tell you.. Captain Ford has given an order to the police station. He will personally investigate all the cases involving Miss Nora! Especially when it involves..."

The person on the other end paused before continuing, "... When a life is on the line, bail cannot be granted. He's worried that Miss Nora will escape after being bailed out."

Escape...

Joel frowned.

This order should not have been given for an ordinary girl. It was more suitable to be given to fugitives and murderers!

They were afraid that she would find an opportunity to escape. Once she was arrested, she would be detained for 24 hours and would not be let go of.

What was Nora's identity?

The interrogation room in the police station was cold. It was surrounded by metal walls and doors.

The two police officers stared at the woman sitting opposite them. One of them slowly said, "Miss Nora, even if you don't admit it, Old Maddy is indeed on the verge of death. If something happens to him, you won't have a good time!"

However, the woman was lying on the chair made for interrogation. She had her head tilted and her eyes closed as she pretended to sleep.

The two police officers looked at each other. One of them couldn't help but frown. "I know. Are you stalling for time? Waiting for the Smiths' lawyer to bail you out? But even so, you hurt his life. Don't you have anything to say?"

As a police officer, he hated these people from wealthy families who treated human lives as nothing.

The two police officers were very righteous.