

Chapter 81 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

The few of them turned and looked at Nora.

She stood quietly beside Sheril, her eyes drooping a little, making her look very sleepy.

She looked at Sheril casually and said, "I'll give her a call when she returns to the States and have her come over to the Andersons to give you some guidance."

"..."

The few of them fell silent for a while.

Caden was the first to recover. He asked eagerly, "Can the Andersons really invite Tanya Turner over?"

He really did like Sheril quite a fair bit.

Among the wealthy young ladies who were there to dance, not only was Sheril the prettiest, but she also had a gentle aura around her.

In particular, she had both a good personality and good values, and had never once looked down on him despite her background.

Even when he bought a necklace worth about \$150 with the money he earned from his part-time job and gave it to Sheril to test her reaction, she had immediately taken off the four-leaf clover motif Van Cleef & Arpels necklace she was wearing and put on the necklace he gave her instead.

She liked dancing, but only as a hobby. She wasn't addicted to it.

Instead, she preferred to stay in the laboratory to carry out pharmaceutical experiments, and was a typical technology geek.

Caden had once taken her to his rental apartment before. It was just a 430 square feet studio apartment that might not even be as big as her bedroom.

But she had sat on the sofa with a cushion, smiled, and said, "A smaller place feels cozier."

She had such a good personality. Even though she did occasionally show a bit of a rich young lady's temperament like how she had gotten angry just now when he refused to dance with Nora, she usually cheered up after he coaxed her a little.

Therefore, if the Andersons really were capable of getting Tanya over, why should he make her angry?

But as soon as he said that, Rachel laughed softly. She looked at Sheril with a faint smile and asked, "Sheril, does your cousin not know who Tanya Turner is?"

She looked at Nora again and said dispassionately, "Ms. Turner will only be back in the States for a few days to take part in a dance program's filming. Her schedule is very packed. Even the Woods only managed to contact her after asking a lot of people for favors..."

Several people next to Rachel who were trying to curry favor with her also chimed in:

"Yeah, do you really think that Ms. Turner is that easy to invite over? When she was overseas, she only held classes for nobles and aristocrats!"

"I heard that even Whitney Lowe invited her to give her daughter guidance during her return to the States this time! Tanya Turner and Whitney Lowe participated in the international ballroom dancing competition together. Tanya was the champion."

"We wanted to ask Whitney to hold a few classes here, but even she wasn't willing to, let alone Tanya..."

"That person probably thinks that they can get anyone over just because they are rich. Many of us here are richer than the Andersons, but even so, we don't make it sound as easy as she did..."

"..."

Amid their chatter, Rachel said, "Alright, let's not say any more. Sheril's cousin isn't from around these parts, so maybe she doesn't understand how things work in New York... Let's not gather around here anymore!"

She took Caden's arm and said, "Let's go and dance."

Caden glanced at Sheril again. When he saw that she was keeping quiet with an awful look on her face, he left with Rachel in disappointment.

When the music for the next dance started, Sheril grabbed Nora and led her out of the dance studio.

It was already evening by then.

The streets were full of traffic and neon lights flickered in the dark. The colorful lights at the dance studio's entrance shone on Sheril's face, and one could see the tears that she had been holding back finally rolling down her cheeks.

After staring at her for a while, Nora reached out and held her by her shoulders. Her eyes looked a little cold in the light. Suddenly, she turned around and started walking back to the dance studio.

Sheril grabbed her wrist. "What are you going back there for, Nora?"

A displeased Nora said, "I'm going to drag him out here and make him apologize to you."

Sheril shook her head. "No, it's okay. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. Besides, Tanya Turner is all he has on his mind. His heart isn't even with me anymore!"

Nora said, "Then I'll get Tanya over. He'll be willing to come over and apologize if I do that."

Sheril was stunned. "Are you able to get her here?"

Nora didn't keep it a secret from her. She nodded and replied, "We're friends. We met abroad."

Friends...

No wonder Nora had said just now that the Andersons could get Tanya over!

Sheril gave her a resigned smile and lowered her head. She said, "Even if we get Tanya over and he returns to me, what if it happens again? If he keeps being tempted by external factors all the time, what can I do the next time it happens?"

Nora frowned. She said clearly and bossily, "As long as you desire it, I can help you control him forever!"

When one was strong and capable enough, getting a man they wanted was as easy as ABC.

If being with Caden would make Sheril happy, then they would just need to make it such that he would never be able to leave her, right?

It was just a little troublesome in her case because Pete's father was Justin.

Had it been someone else, she would have already taken her son with her.

While Nora was secretly thinking about it, she noticed Sheril looking at her flabbergasted as if she was shocked by her theory. "Is that even possible?"

This instead puzzled Nora. She said, "You're rich and you're pretty. Isn't it something easily achievable for you?"

Sheril, "??"

She actually found herself a little convinced!

Seeing that she seemed to be moved by the idea, Nora asked, "Do you want to go back then?"

"No, it's fine."

Although Sheril wasn't crying anymore, she was still feeling very down. She said, "I already know that he's someone who'll sacrifice me for the sake of benefits, so why would I still want him? I may be sad now, but I'll meet better men in the future! Moreover, he isn't handsome anyway."

She cheered herself up and said, "Let's go to the bar, Nora."

"..."

Actually, what she wanted more was to go home and sleep.

But seeing how dull Sheril's usually bright eyes were, Nora sighed. "Alright."

Sheril looked very sweet and docile, and her straight bangs made her look even more student-like.

Therefore, Nora had thought that she would just drink a can of beer at most.

In the end, when they sat on the steps in the park, she instead took out a bottle of vodka and some pairing snacks from the plastic bag of stuff that she bought at the supermarket.

Nora, "..."

She suddenly found her very down to earth.

The night gradually got darker and moonlight shone brightly.

The sky looked as if it were wrapped in a layer of grayish gauze.

Most of the people exercising in the park had already gone home.

Nora rarely drank, so she didn't know how well she could hold her liquor. After having a couple of sips, she vaguely felt like she was seeing double.

Sheril took a big gulp from the bottle and popped a few snacks into her mouth. Then, she drank again...

A dizzy Nora tilted her head and asked, "Sheril, why are there two of you?"

Sheril chuckled and said, "You're so terrible at holding your liquor, Nora! You're drunk!"

Was she drunk?

Nora stood up. She suddenly picked up her cell phone, entered a series of numbers, and dialed it.

Someone quickly answered the call.

Justin's voice rang out on the phone. "Ms. Smith."

Nora's voice was low and cool. She said, "Mr. Hunt, I'm drunk, so..."

Justin had just come out of the bath. When he heard what she said, he paused and asked, "So?"

"Name your price!" The young woman slowly said, "I want to buy you..."

Justin suddenly tensed up all over.

He straightened his back, feeling as if all the blood in his body was about to rush straight to his face.

She wanted to buy him?

Hah.

That woman's way of confessing her love really was very unique.

His lip corners slowly curled up. However, it was at this moment that he heard the continuation of her words: "...r son!"

Justin was a little stunned. A look of surprise appeared in his dark blue eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little puzzled and confused.

"What?" He asked.

With the alcohol boosting her courage, Nora repeated, "I want to buy your son! Are eight hundred million dollars enough?"

However, the man fell silent after she said that.

Both of them held their cell phones to their ears and kept quiet for a very, very long while.

Nora looked at her cell phone hesitantly and muttered, "Huh? Is my cell phone out of range? Mr. Hunt, are you still there?"

"..."

There was still no response from the other side.

"How strange. Why isn't he speaking? ...Beep... beep... beep..."

Justin was still at a loss for words even when he heard the disconnected tone in the phone.

He stared at his cell phone hesitantly for quite a while, unable to understand what Nora was thinking at all.

Why was she so fixated on his son every day?

He dried his hair with the towel and changed into his pajamas. After walking out of the bedroom, he saw Sean, who had come to pass him some documents which required his signature.

Justin picked up the pen, signed the documents, and handed them back to Sean.

Sean reached out to receive them, but instead found that he couldn't move the papers at all—Justin was still holding on to them.

He hesitated for a moment before he asked, "Is there anything else you need me for, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin suddenly asked, "What might be the reason behind a woman constantly paying attention to my friend's son, and even offering to buy him for eight hundred million dollars?"

Sean replied, "... I remember Ms. Smith has a daughter herself. Is she trying to get close to you so that she can get the two children engaged to each other?"

Justin, "?"

After a long while, a deep voice said, "Get out."

Sean took the documents from him, turned around, and started walking unhurriedly to the door. He had only just taken a couple of steps when he heard Justin cough and say, "That question was a friend's, not mine. Also, the woman in question is not Ms. Smith."

Sean, who wisely didn't expose his lie, nodded and said, "Yes, Mr. Hunt."

—

The day of the dance party soon arrived.

Nora was still asleep when Sheril dragged her out of bed and placed her clothes on her bed. She said, "Hurry up and change, Nora. Even though the party starts in the afternoon, you'll need time to do your makeup."

Nora rubbed her eyes sleepily and asked, "Are you still going?"

Rachel and Caden would be dancing at the party, so she had thought that Sheril would definitely give up on attending it.

Sheril, however, was full of fighting spirit. She said, "He's the one who betrayed me, so why shouldn't I go? Come on, hurry and get up."

Then, she went out to do her makeup.

However, the moment she closed the door, the light in Sheril's eyes dimmed.

A breakup was something very painful. Even if one could think of it in a clear and logical manner, there was no way they could get over it so quickly.

However, Mom had said that the ones attending the dance party today would mostly be young people. At the same time, it was also an occasion with the most attendees in the near future. Thus, it was the best opportunity to introduce Nora, a young lady of the Andersons, to everyone.

She mustn't hold Nora back.

When she was done dressing up and about to go to Nora, Nora's bedroom door finally opened. Nora wore a white shirt and a pair of black trousers, and also had a black ladies' blazer on. The outfit was cinched slightly at the waist, making her look neat and dashing.

Sheril was taken aback. "Nora, why are you wearing that?"

Nora waved and answered, "If I dress like this, no one will ask me to dance for sure."

She didn't know how to dance. Should someone really ask her to dance, it would be too embarrassing to say that she didn't know how to dance, so she might as well dress up this way and make it clear that she didn't want to dance... Well, that was one way to go about it, too.

Sheril believed her.

The two went downstairs and got into the car to the dance party. Nora leaned against the window lazily. Suddenly, her cell phone vibrated.

When she picked it up and glanced at it, she realized that it was a text message from Tanya. It read: "Darling, I've arrived in New York! Where are you? I can't wait to give you a big hug!"

She sounded as if she was burning with passion.

Nora smiled and chuckled. Then, her long slender fingers tapped a few times on the cell phone casually and she sent her an address. She wrote: "There's a dance party here. Are you coming?"

Tanya replied: "I'll go, I'll go! Of course, I have to go! I'm going over right now! Wait for me~!"

She just knew that that woman loved joining in on the fun.

Nora put her cell phone down and tossed it into her pocket. A frosty look surfaced in her eyes.

Sheril had said that she would just take it that she was too blind to trust the wrong person, so she would just let the matter with Caden be. She was also thankful to Rachel for helping her screen her ex-boyfriend's character.

However, Nora had always been someone who gave tit for tat.

The dance party was bound to be a very exciting one tonight.

Soon, the car arrived at the party venue.

The dance party, which was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall, was regarded as a gathering of wealthy young ladies and socialites.

Sheril, who was wearing a red gown, held Nora's arm gracefully and entered the venue. As soon as they entered, she heard someone next to them say, "I reckon Rachel Wood will probably be the focus of the party tonight!"

"How can that be? There's also Ms. Smith!"

"Don't you know? Mr. Smith's condition has worsened. Although Ms. Smith is the one organizing the party, she isn't here today."

"..."

Upon hearing what they said, Sheril lowered her voice and explained, "This dance party is meant for young people. It's hosted every year by the one with the best family background among the young women of New York. The Hunts don't have any young women of suitable age, so the one with the highest status at present is the young lady from the Smiths. She's Mr. Ian Smith's

adopted daughter and is very doted on at home. She's the one who organized all the dance parties during the last few years. She has very good character and is fairly well-known in the circle!"

Ian Smith's adopted daughter...

Nora nodded.

Suddenly, Sheril stopped walking. Nora followed her line of sight and immediately saw Rachel holding Caden's arm and walking among the crowd.

Someone next to them also whispered, "Isn't Caden Sheril's dance partner? Why is he Rachel's now?"

"I heard it's because Rachel managed to invite Tanya to go over to her place to teach her dancing. He's aiming to be a professional dancer, so if Tanya can give him some pointers, he'll probably have a better chance of winning when he participates in international ballroom dancing competitions!"

"Huh? But what about Sheril? Poor girl..."

A stranger's pity was actually the biggest insult to Sheril.

She lowered her head and said, "Nora, let's go to the corner..."

However, before she could finish, Rachel spotted them from a distance and immediately called out with a smile, "Sheril! You're here!"

She dragged Caden with her and came up to Sheril. With a bright smile, she said, "Caden and you always took top place in the past because you had him leading you. I was even thinking of competing with you this year! By the way, where's your partner?"

Sheril clenched her fists.

At this point, the beep of a text message notification rang out.

Nora picked it up and glanced at it—it was a message from Tanya: "I'm reaching in a moment!"

After taking a look at the text message, Nora turned off the screen, and tossed the cell phone back into her pantsuit's pocket again. When she looked up, she

noticed that Rachel was looking at her. She said exaggeratedly, “Hey, Sheril, why isn’t your cousin wearing a dress? Doesn’t she dance?”

Nora’s pantsuit was actually a form of veiled rejection.

None of the wealthy and nobles liked being embarrassed, so they usually spoke tactfully and would never go too far.

However, what Rachel said was too direct.

The look in Nora’s eyes darkened slightly, but before she could say anything, Sheril said, “Neither of us is dancing tonight.”

“Why not?” asked Rachel, despite knowing exactly why. She asked, “Are you not going to dance just because you don’t have Caden with you now? Why don’t I lend him to you for a dance, then?”

She nudged Caden.

Sheril subconsciously glanced at Caden.

The man in the black tuxedo looked handsome and gentlemanly, but he didn’t dare to meet her eyes.

When Rachel pushed him forward, Caden automatically took a step back and stood next to her again. He said, “Rachel, we’ve already agreed that I’ll be your dance partner tonight. If I dance with Sheril, then what about you?”

Rachel raised her chin slightly and said, “Tsk, what’s the big deal? Men have the right to choose, right? You can choose between me and her, can’t you?”

Then, she cast her eyes down and said with a smile, “Sheril and I are cousins, so we’re real close. No matter who you choose, the other party won’t get mad. Right, Sheril?”

Caden looked at Sheril cautiously.

Sheril’s heart would always ache whenever he gave her such a fawning look in the past. He was clearly talented, yet he was always looked down upon because of his background.

Every time he made her angry, she would always relent whenever he looked at her like that.

But at this moment, all she felt was disgust.

She looked away and said, "I—"

Before she could finish, Nora interrupted her coolly and said, "No, it's fine. She has a dance partner."

"She does?" Rachel looked around and said, "Who is it? Why didn't you bring him over and show us?"

Nora cast her eyes down. In a seemingly half-amused manner, she said, "You'll see when the party starts, wouldn't you? What are you being so anxious for? Oh, I get it. Don't worry, Sheril won't take back someone that she's already thrown away."

Rachel, "!!"

She was originally intending to humiliate Sheril, but Nora's words in this instant infuriated her instead!

After Nora said that, she immediately led Sheril away in the opposite direction and deprived Rachel of the chance to say anything.

A vicious look flashed across Rachel's eyes as she stood where she was. However, she quickly adjusted her expression, took Caden's arm, and said, "Do your best when you dance later. I want everyone to see that she's nothing without you!"

With the exception of Ms. Smith, Sheril had been the most eye-catching person in all the previous dance parties.

Ms. Smith was a Smith, so it was only natural that she would outshine her, but why Sheril too? Obviously, it was just because she had hooked up with a good boyfriend!

Without Caden leading her this year, let's see how she's gonna dance!

Nora found a corner, sat down on the sofa, and rested on it.

She wanted to tell Sheril not to worry and that she would find her a dance partner, but when she looked over, she saw that her head was lowered and she was texting seriously: "Where are you, Logan? You said that we'll meet at the dance party tonight. Surely you came, right?"

The situation where Nora couldn't find a dance partner in the dance studio the other day was still fresh in Sheril's mind.

Thus, she had specially told Logan to also attend the dance party tonight, so that her cousin would have a dance partner if she wanted to dance.

Nora had worn a pantsuit when they left the house, so she hadn't said anything to Logan. However, she wanted Logan to be her own dance partner now.

However, he didn't respond even after she sent the message.

Sheril decided to call Logan. After it rang for a long time, he finally answered. It was just that he sounded terribly tired. He asked, "What is it?"

Sheril was taken aback for a moment. Then, she asked, "Are you not here yet?"

"... I'm reaching soon."

After he said that, Sheril seemed to hear someone else speaking there. However, she only heard the words "pay off your debt" and "how to run away" before the call was disconnected from the other side.

Sensing that she didn't look so good, Nora asked, "What's the matter?"

Sheril looked at her.

The young woman in front of her wasn't from New York. Mom said that she'd had a hard life and hadn't seen much of the world before, so she wanted her to spend a little more effort taking care of her. Her cat-like eyes were always downcast and she seemed disinterested in everything. She looked sleepy all day long, yet she had the power to reassure others.

Sheril said, "Something seems to have happened to Logan."

"Oh. Let me see."

After saying that, Nora lowered her head and started to use her cell phone.

Sheril, "?"

Had it been someone else, she might have found them a little unfeeling, but if it was Nora... Sheril leaned toward her and looked at her cell phone—the screen was completely dark.

Only a small red dot was moving.

During her moment of hesitation, Nora said, “He should be fine. He’s already at the party.”

As if to verify the authenticity of her words, almost immediately after she said that, Logan appeared around the corner.

He was a little pale and he was limping a little. His usually frosty expression looked even icier at the moment and he had an impatient look on his face. He exuded a cold and distant aura that screamed “Don’t come near me”.

Sheril stood up abruptly. “What happened to you?”

Logan glanced at her and replied, “I’m fine. I twisted my ankle, that’s all.”

“...”

Sheril was about to speak when Rachel’s loathsome voice rang out again. “Sheril, your dance partner must be Logan, right? Did he sprain his ankle?”

Her voice was a little loud, causing the people around them to look over again.

Rachel’s little sidekick next to her said, “Of all times to sprain his ankle, he simply had to do it now. Tsk, it’s okay if you don’t wanna dance, you know. You don’t have to make so many excuses... To be honest, your dancing is only so-so without Caden anyway!”

Rachel frowned. “Don’t say that. How could Sheril possibly have chickened out...? She’s always said that dancing is just a hobby to her. She’s not doing it as a means of livelihood.”

The sidekick went into mockery mode right away. She said, “Of course, she’s not doing it as a means of livelihood. I mean, how can she possibly compare with you, Rachel? She only got bonus points in the past because she had Caden leading her. You obviously dance better than her. It was just that your partner pulled you back.”

“We’re finally setting things right this year, though. With you and Caden teaming up, you’ll definitely be the dance queen this year! Sheril, just admit defeat if you’re scared. Why put on such a lofty act? Isn’t the purpose of coming to a dance party exactly to dance?”

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

The expression of Logan, who had just entered the venue, turned even icier.

He endured the discomfort at his ankle and said coldly, “Who says she’s not dancing?”

Sheril’s head whipped toward Logan. She frowned and said, “No, we’re not dancing anymore!”

He had sprained his ankle, so dancing would only aggravate the injury!

What was the big deal about suffering a little mockery anyway?

Logan, however, had a frosty look on his face. Then, before he could say anything, Nora stood up and said lazily, “Of course, she’s dancing. Why wouldn’t she?”

Taken aback, Sheril looked at her.

Logan rotated his ankle a little. The sprained area was already starting to go numb. He was about to speak when a young man who looked about 22 or 23 years old suddenly emerged from the crowd. He looked bright and cheerful and had big eyes and thick brows. His hair was dyed olive green.

Isaac Young grabbed Logan’s arm and demanded, “Do you have a death wish, Logan?”

Logan frowned. “Let go of me! Leave me alone!”

Isaac lowered his voice and said, “You can’t let your ankle’s condition worsen. This way, you’ll still have a chance to participate in the race three days later! You must understand that you’re not just racing for yourself! Unless you can find a better racer to help you out, you’re already at risk of bankruptcy this time! Will being embarrassed or not even matter at that point?!”

Logan clenched his fists and looked at Sheril.

Although she was his elder sister, she was only ten minutes older than him, so Logan had actually always been protective of her. Seeing her being humiliated by others now, how could he possibly ignore it?

Isaac spoke again. He said, “Besides, even if you insist, will you be able to dance well?”

Logan clenched his jaw.

He didn’t like dancing, so he had only learned a bit of international ballroom dancing.

During his hesitation, Sheril had already grabbed Nora by her wrist. She said, “Don’t say any more, Nora. I won’t dance anymore. I don’t have a partne—”

Nora smiled and said, “Who says you don’t have one?”

Sheril was stunned. The next moment, she saw the young woman reaching up and tying her long hair into a high ponytail.

Then, her cool and fair slender arm snaked around her waist and she pulled her toward herself. When Sheril jerked forward, she subconsciously held Nora’s shoulder for support.

Apart from her almond-shaped eyes, everything else about Sheril took after Melissa. She was petite and stood at about 5’3”.

Nora was 5’7”. In addition, she was already intending to dance with Sheril when they left home, so she had deliberately worn thick-soled shoes.

As a result, when they stood side by side, their height difference was actually perfect!

Sheril’s eyes suddenly widened. “You...”

“That’s right, I’ll dance with you!”

Nora’s lips curled into a smile as she spoke wildly and arrogantly.

Sheril looked at her. Suddenly, she smiled gently and said, “Okay!”

Since Nora wanted to dance, she would accompany her and have some fun. At most, she would just lead the dance later!

“ ... ”

Everyone around them heard their exchange.

They were stunned, but after a while, Rachel, who was the first to recover, chuckled softly and said, “Are you kidding me? Sheril, if you really lack a partner, why don’t I find one for you instead? Having your cousin dance with you... I mean, she’s never learned international ballroom dancing before, right?”

As soon as she said that, everyone else also started to talk among themselves.

“She’s never learned international ballroom dancing? Then what is she trying to be the hero for?”

“... But don’t you think she looked so alpha and so cool just now?! She’s so handsome!”

“It may feel good to act cool, but it’ll all go downhill when they dance later! Who doesn’t know how to talk tough?”

“Hahaha! What a huge joke this is! Just how down-and-out must Sheril be? To think she can’t even find a dance partner and has to resort to dancing with a woman instead?”

“Speaking of which, the dance queen today will definitely be Rachel! She’s been practicing very diligently. Moreover, she also has Caden with her this time...”

“I originally thought Sheril still had a chance, but I also think it’ll be Rachel now!”

“Rachel danced better than Sheril right from the start. Sheril used to rank better than her only because of Caden...”

Nora didn’t say anything even when she heard the mocking comments coming from everyone around them.

Action was a more powerful slap in the face. Words were only weak and powerless at moments like this.

Two minutes later, Nora and Sheril went to the dance floor. Both of them turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to everyone's speculative looks and words.

Because of the two of them, everyone gathered around.

After Rachel and Caden got into position, Rachel gave the two of them nearby a mocking look.

The first dance of the night was tango. Tango required power, otherwise, the dancers wouldn't be able to bring out its beauty. A woman competing with a man in terms of strength... She was pretty much just embarrassing herself!

The corners of her lips curled up.

The title of dance queen tonight was in the bag.

Just as she thought so, grand music started to play!

Rachel instantly got into the mood. She separated from Caden and then violently clashed against each other!

"Nice!"

The crowd burst into applause. Rachel kept a straight face on, but a smile nevertheless formed in her eyes.

However, when she looked out from the corner of her eye, she realized that the audience... actually wasn't watching her?

Taken aback, Rachel subconsciously turned her head and looked over.

All the other dancers were more or less already distracted—their gazes were all on the two young women, one in red and one in black.

When the music started, the looks in the two women's eyes had suddenly changed, and they separated from each other.

With her back to her partner, Sheril started to dance and sway to the beat. She was as agile as a snake. A shiver went through the fingertips of her left hand to her left shoulder, and then from her right shoulder to the fingertips of her right hand.

Then, she suddenly whipped her head back!

She had initially been worried that Nora hadn't done a good job at the starting steps, but when she saw Nora, a look of mild astonishment appeared in her eyes.

The young woman stood there casually, her posture straight and fit. The alluring look in her eyes was as if she were an elegant and noble knight asking her for a dance!

Sheril twirled right up to Nora in a rush. When she stopped, Nora had already reached out and held her waist.

The strong beat of the music was exciting and uplifting.

Their dance was steady and powerful.

The people around them could hardly see their movements. All they could see were their silhouettes, their speed, and a constantly changing center of gravity, which exuded a sense of decisiveness and clear, distinct edges and corners.

Both of them looked very serious, their gazes a little solemn when they made the occasional eye contact. Yet they also turned their bodies and whipped their heads to the side quickly every once in a while and looked around.

Their dance steps, which were occasionally still and occasionally moving, as well as the distant and unfamiliar music, cloaked them in a strange and mysterious veil.

They were the kings on the dance floor, and people couldn't tear their eyes away from them at all!

Even Rachel and Caden couldn't help but look over from time to time... causing them to make quite a few mistakes.

When the music came to an abrupt end, the hot and sexy dance also finally ended.

Five seconds of silence later, the party broke into fervent applause!

"She's so cool!"

"Oh my god, who's that young woman? She's making me gay!"

There were also people saying things such as...

“Sheril also looks great! She’s always been such a great dancer!”

“I wonder if Caden has regretted his actions...”

Amid the conversations, a livid Rachel looked at Caden, who was staring at Sheril with an unreadable and constantly changing look on his face. She couldn’t help but snap, “What are you looking at? Even if she dances well, can she help you get Tanya Turner to give you pointers?!”

Caden suddenly regained his senses.

At this point, there was suddenly a flurry of activity at the door!

Someone exclaimed, “Oh my god! Ms. Smith is so amazing! She’s actually invited Tanya Turner to the dance party!”

Rachel craned her neck and looked at the entrance. She saw that a group of people had already swarmed over.

She glanced at Sheril and Nora who had just finished dancing. A hint of arrogance and triumph flashed across her eyes. She neatened her dress, cast her eyes down, and said, “I’m going to go over and say hello to Ms. Turner.”

Caden’s eyes lit up. He said, “I’ll—”

Before he could say the words “go with you”, Rachel cut him off and said, “The people gathered around Tanya over there are all rich and famous young ladies. What are you going over there for? Just wait. Tanya will eventually have to come over to my house for classes. You’ll see her then.”

She turned and left immediately after saying that.

Rachel spoke imperiously and loudly, so everyone dancing nearby heard her, causing them to look at Caden in a half-amused manner.

Caden clenched his fists. He felt as if he had been given a few hard slaps across his cheeks.

Rachel simply didn’t respect him at all!

During the last few days where he practiced dancing with her, he had been lectured severely like a kid every day. She had such a bad temper!

He couldn't help but look into the distance—the woman in the red gown had already walked over to the sofa and sat down.

Caden, who was having an internal struggle, stood in place for a while. Then, he walked over.

Dancing tango was very tiring. An out-of-breath Sheril went over to the resting area with Nora and took a seat.

“You're amazing at dancing, Nora!” It had been a very long time since Sheril had last had such a good time dancing. A look of excitement came over her rosy cheeks.

Nora's lip corners slowly curled into a smile, though she kept quiet.

The flurry of activity at the door attracted their attention and they looked over to see that a huge crowd had gathered over there. They didn't know who had arrived, though.

While they were wondering about it, a few people next to them who were also trotting over to the entrance said, “Tanya Turner's here! My goodness! This year's dance party is totally worth coming!”

When she heard the name Tanya Turner, a taken aback Sheril immediately looked at Nora!

She remained comfortably seated on the sofa and didn't move. Instead, she said lazily, “That woman's the center of attention wherever she goes, so she'll probably be held up for a while. Don't worry, I'll introduce the two of you to each other later.”

Sheril immediately nodded. “Okay!”

Anyone who liked dancing would want to get acquainted with someone like Tanya.

She looked at the entrance excitedly...

However, a voice suddenly rang out beside her at this moment. “Come with me, Sheril.”

The familiar voice made Sheril's eyes dim.

When she turned and saw Caden standing next to her with his usual smile, she felt as if her heart had been pierced by a needle.

She cast her eyes down and asked coldly and distantly, "Is something the matter?"

Caden didn't expect her to treat him so coldly. In the past, whenever he came over to coax her after they got into an argument, even though she had also pulled a long face, she always treated him with respect and followed him to the corner to talk.

It seemed like she was pretty angry this time.

Caden let out a sigh. He half-squatted beside her and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Sheril."

"Don't be mad anymore"...

He spoke the same way as he had done in the past, like an innocent man with a low EQ who had no idea how he had made her angry. It made one not have the heart to lose their temper at him.

Sheril cast her eyes down and said, "Yeah, I'm not angry anymore."

Caden immediately brightened and reached out to take her hand. However, before he could, the girl avoided his touch. Sheril looked at him coldly and said, "We don't have anything to do with each other anymore, so why would I still be angry with you?"

Caden was stunned to the spot. His brows drew together as if he really didn't get it. He said, "Stop kicking up a fuss, Sheril. There's really nothing between Rachel and me. We're just working with each other!"

Kicking up a fuss?

Sheril smiled wryly, finding him really ridiculous. "Whatever your relationship with her is, it has nothing to do with me."

"Sheril, you just said that you aren't angry anymore, so why are you saying such things again?" Caden took a deep breath and said, "The only reason why I danced with Rachel is for Tanya's guidance. She does indeed have a

bad temper and is always saying things to shame and embarrass you, but can't you put up with it a little for the sake of my future?"

He had a smile on his face when he said that.

Sheril felt extremely disgusted.

Her expression turned icy and she said, "You're mistaken about something, Caden."

"What?"

Sheril sneered, "My mother didn't give birth to me and raise me in fine clothes and exquisite food to have me suffer with you and be bullied!"

'Suffer with you'...

Caden clenched his fists and said, "At the bottom of it all, it's just because you look down on me, right? You think you're a rich young lady while I'm a penniless pauper, right?"

Sheril, "?"

If she really were someone who cared about things like that, why would she date him for two years?

However, she couldn't be bothered to say any more. She immediately said, "Please stay away from me."

Caden, however, looked livid. He said, "That's enough, Sheril! Do you really think you're some rich young lady? Wake up! The Andersons have long since fallen into decline!"

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Caden's words were vicious and nasty. "Your family is about to fall out of the ranks of the rich soon! What are you still throwing a tantrum like a rich young woman here for?! Your family probably can't even talk to Tanya Turner, let alone ask her to hold classes!

"You always say that you're not interested in becoming a professional dancer and prefer to coop yourself up at home to study medicine, but in my opinion, it's not because you don't want to but because you can't!

“The only part about you that’s better than Rachel is that you have a better temper! But in terms of family background, how do you even compare to her? She’s the real princess here, alright? Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!”

While he was talking, Rachel had already squeezed her way to the front of the crowd.

Tanya was tall and slender. Dressed in a casual outfit and a baseball cap, she was currently signing autographs for others. She had a grin on her face and a hearty, outgoing personality.

When it was Rachel’s turn, she asked, “Tanya, do you still remember me? The Woods have made an appointment with you for a dance class.”

“The Woods?” Tanya blinked. “Oh, Rachel Wood, right?”

Nora had mentioned to her that she was living with the Andersons in New York.

Thus, she had asked someone to find out more about them. Melissa Anderson, the current mistress of the Andersons, was a daughter of the Woods, so the two families likely shared a very close relationship.

It just so happened that the Woods had also made an appointment with her for a dance class at a high price, so she had made an effort to remember a bit more about Rachel, lest she embarrasses Nora.

After the two chatted casually a little, Tanya said, “Sorry everyone, I’m here today to look for a close friend. Let’s do the autographs again another day!”

Everyone there was respectable people in the circle, so they stepped aside after she said that.

After Tanya left, they immediately surrounded Rachel.

“Wow, Rachel! Ms. Turner remembers your name!”

“Given the Woods’ status, coupled with how Rachel is indeed pretty talented in dancing, what’s so strange about Tanya remembering her? That’s the way it should be!”

As she listened to their flattery, a triumphant smile formed on Rachel's countenance.

So what even if Sheril had danced well just now?

Tanya probably didn't even know who she was!

It was just that, who exactly was Tanya looking for?

Rachel looked around but instead saw Tanya turning the corner and entering the bathroom at the side.

"Rachel, what's Caden doing over there?"

Her sidekick nudged her arm and said, "Surely, Sheril isn't trying to poach him while you're away?"

Rachel's eyes turned cold and she started walking over with her.

As soon as the two approached, they heard Caden say, "... Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!"

Rachel's lip corners curled upward.

Her sidekick said smugly, "It's not just that! Even a lofty person like Ms. Turner remembers Rachel's name!"

Caden turned and looked at her eagerly upon hearing what the sidekick said.

Rachel lifted her chin triumphantly and said, "I'll introduce you to Ms. Turner when we meet her again later."

Caden immediately nodded.

Rachel then looked at Sheril and Nora. She smiled and asked, "Sheril, Ms. Smith. Do you want me to introduce the two of you to her, too?"

Her sidekick immediately complimented her. "You're so nice to your cousin, Rachel!"

Rachel giggled. "We're family after all..."

Sheril looked straight at her. “No, it’s fine. I’m not going professional!”

Rachel’s expression immediately darkened.

Caden frowned and said, “Sheril, why are you still being so headstrong? Why are you refusing such a good opportunity?”

“Because she doesn’t need it.” A clear and cool voice interrupted Caden.

Nora stood up from the sofa, the corners of her lips curling up when she looked into the distance.

The few of them followed her gaze and looked over to see Tanya, who had just come out of the bathroom, waving at them and jogging over.

Rachel was taken aback.

Next to her, her sidekick immediately became excited. “Rachel, Ms. Turner is waving at you!”

Caden’s eyes also shone.

When Sheril had refused to reconcile with him just now, he had actually regretted his actions a little. But seeing how enthusiastic Tanya was toward them now... It seemed like the Woods’ connections were indeed very impressive!

The sidekick spoke very loudly, so everyone around them also looked over.

“My goodness, it seems like Ms. Turner really likes Rachel a lot! Is it because she dances well?”

“I heard that Ms. Turner is very well-respected in foreign aristocratic circles... But she’s being so friendly to Rachel?”

“...”

The remarks, which were full of envy, made Rachel lift her chin. She hadn’t expected Tanya to have such a good impression of her, either.

With a smile on her face, she took a couple of steps toward Tanya, ready to greet her.

Seeing Tanya coming closer and closer to her, Rachel stood still, straightened her back, and said, “Ms. Turner!”

Her expression was just right. It was neither overly flattering—which would make it look like she was fawning on the other party—nor too cold, which would make Tanya uncomfortable.

Surely she would become the center of attention after this, right?

But the next moment, her expression froze.

Tanya came toward her.

The two stood facing each other.

Then, Tanya suddenly turned sideways, bypassed her, and continued forward, passing her by.

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Then, she immediately heard a voice behind her. “Nora! I missed you so much!”

Rachel, “??”

She whipped her head around violently to see Tanya stretching out her arms to give Nora a huge hug. However, Nora bent over, stepped aside in disgust, and slid under her arm instead. Then, she pulled her arm and tossed it to Sheril. “Hug her instead. She’s my cousin.”

“Oh, that makes her my cousin, too! Little cousin, you’re so cute!”

Tanya gave Sheril, who was standing there stiffly, a big hug and pinched her face. She exclaimed, “Your eyes really look like Nora’s! I like them!”

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

Didn’t they say that Tanya was here to look for Rachel? But why didn’t the picture in front of them look quite right?

Rachel herself was also dumbfounded, especially because the looks of worship in the eyes of everyone around her had all changed to probing looks instead. It made her feel like burying herself in a hole right away!

With her eyes reddened, she clenched her fists tightly and took a couple of steps forward. She went up to the few of them. Unable to maintain her ladylike image anymore, she demanded rather sharply, "Sheril, do you all know Ms. Turner?!"

Sheril didn't say anything.

Tanya, on the other hand, looked at her hesitantly. "Of course! Nora here is my best friend! She is me and I am her! We're so close that we're pretty much inseparable!"

Then, she smiled and said, "You're a relative of my little cousin here, right? I wasn't intending to accept the Woods' class request initially; it was only because you guys are relatives that I took it up. How about this? I'm planning to stay at the Andersons. If you want classes, then come over to the Andersons!"

Rachel, "!!"

When Rachel's sidekick heard what she said, she hurriedly said, "But if you go to the Andersons for classes, can we still come along? Rachel, you promised!"

Tanya looked as if she had been put in a spot when she heard her. She said, "Ugh, it's very tiring to hold classes, so just come by yourself and don't bring anyone along!"

Then, she turned to Sheril and said, "Do you dance, little cousin? I can teach you! Also, it's the same whether I'm teaching just you or a group of your friends. So, if you have friends who wanna come along, you can bring them along!"

Sheril was already so dumbfounded that she was lost for words. She said weakly, "I-I don't need to learn..."

"Oh no, but that will make me look very useless! And Nora probably won't like me anymore!"

Nora's lip corner spasmed and she almost rolled her eyes. She said lazily, "Who agreed to you staying at the Andersons?"

Tanya immediately took Sheril's arm and said, "Little cousin, your cousin has a very weird temper and doesn't allow anyone to share her bed. Can I sleep with you tonight?"

Sheril, who still hadn't recovered from her shock yet, replied, "... Okay."

"Are you guys still gonna dance? If not, let's go? I'm so tired after being on a plane for a whole day!"

Tanya started dragging Nora toward the exit after saying that.

Nora avoided her pulling and walked lazily at the side while Tanya took Sheril's arm. Everyone watched as the three of them went to the underground car park.

"I really thought the Andersons have fallen into decline! I didn't expect that the Woods were only able to ask Tanya to hold lessons because of their relationship with the Andersons?"

"No wonder we couldn't get an appointment with Tanya while Rachel was the only one who managed to!"

"When you think about it carefully, Sheril actually dances very beautifully! The way her cousin dances the male role is also so cool! I really like it..."

Everyone's words made Rachel too embarrassed to stay. She suddenly stomped her foot and ran out crying!

Only the stupefied Caden continued to stand there stupidly, feeling as if he had missed the chance of a lifetime.

—

In the underground car park.

Tanya and Sheril were walking in front while Nora trailed behind them lazily with both hands behind her head.

As she walked, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her over to a black Land Rover!

She subconsciously threw a punch in defense, but her fist was caught by the man instead. He said, "It's me."

The familiar voice took Nora aback for a moment. It was only then that she realized that the man in front of her, who was a head taller, was actually Justin Hunt?

She raised her eyebrows. “What are you trying to do, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin trapped her in between himself and the car and let out a playful laugh. His voice was low and rich as he said, “I just want to ask Ms. Smith a question.”

“What?”

The man narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Why are you so interested in my son?”

Ever since the night that Nora became drunk and gave him a ridiculous call to offer to buy his son, for some strange reason, Justin had been in a rather bad mood the last few days.

This continued until he came to Hotel Finest today for a meal. The gossipy Chester had live-broadcasted the dance party taking place downstairs.

He even sent him a video of that woman dancing.

Seeing the sensational sight of her holding someone else’s waist and dancing, attracting the attention of all the men around her, Justin suddenly became a little angry.

He was feeling so troubled here, yet that woman was on a roll at the dance party and winning over both men and women?

Thus, he had saved the dance video along the way and left the restaurant while counting the time. Going by how she didn’t like doing more than necessary, he reckoned that she would probably leave right after she was done dancing.

Then, he found her jeep in the car park.

Sure enough, it didn’t take long before the three women came down.

Nora was a little dazed at the moment.

Her nose was filled with the man's grassy scent. His breath tickled her face when he spoke, making the mood rather suggestive.

The lighting in the basement was dim, but the close-up view of the man's visage was as if it was lit up on its own, especially the cold look in his eyes and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye that exuded a sense of abstinence. It actually made her feel like conquering him.

She raised her eyebrows and chuckled softly. "What are you talking about, Mr. Hunt?"

At the sight of her denial, Justin lowered his head and leaned into her ear. "Have you already forgotten, Ms. Smith? I'm afraid you can't afford to buy my son with just eight hundred million dollars."

Afraid of being discovered by Sheril and Tanya, they both lowered their voices as if they were having a word in private.

Nora leaned back, but her back was already against the Land Rover, so she had nowhere to retreat to. As such, she could only sigh and say, "Is that so? How much are you willing to sell him for, then? Name your price?"

Justin held her waist with his large hand and chuckled softly. "Have you ever considered a way that won't require a single cent from you?"

Nora's eyes lit up, but right after, she said disappointedly, "... Stealing? It doesn't seem like a very good idea."

After all, Justin's strength was right there for all to see.

Justin, "..."

He discovered that the woman had actually looked rather serious when she said that. So, she had actually really considered stealing his son?

Stealing someone else's son? What kind of weird habit was that?

Justin frowned. "You..."

Before he could finish, however, Tanya's voice traveled over. "Huh? Where's Nora? Where did she go?"

Together with their voices, the other two women started to walk back.

When she heard them about to come right next to the two of them, for some reason, Nora became a little flustered. She suddenly pushed Justin away forcefully and pushed him to a darker place further inside.

She immediately walked out and said, "I'm over here."

Tanya came over and circled around her. "What are you doing here? Surely you're not hiding some stray man over here, right?"

... She really was hiding one, though.

Nora's cheeks turned a little red and she let out an awkward cough. She gave her a light push and said, "Are we going or not?"

Afraid that Nora would really leave her here, Tanya hurriedly turned around. "What are you being so cocky for, Nora? I may just fall in love with you, you know~"

Nora picked at her ears. "Your love is too cheap. I don't want it."

"..."

It was only after the three women walked off while bantering with one another that Justin finally came out from behind the Land Rover with a cold look on his face. When he thought of how the woman had pushed him away just now as if he wasn't fit to be seen, he suddenly felt a little as if they were... having an affair?

He chuckled softly. He saw the woman get into the car's back seat without any hesitation and then, she immediately leaned against it.

After loading her luggage into the car, a tall and slender woman then returned to the front of the car. She immediately exclaimed, "Nora, you're too much! I was stuck on the plane the whole time, yet you're still making me drive?"

With her eyes already closed, Nora leaned against the window and said coolly, "I want to sleep."

The other woman could only get in the driver's seat. Soon, the car started moving.

It was only after they left the car park that Justin realized that he, a man who had always taken full control of his time and never easily wasted it, had

actually spent ten minutes standing there and watching her banter with her friend?

However, when he thought of how she had looked when she pushed him away in a panic just now, his frustrations disappeared.

Nora leaned against the car seat in a rare moment of insomnia, unable to sleep.

She thought back to what she had done just now. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling guilty?

While she was thinking about it, her cell phone beeped.

She looked down to see that it was Justin's number. He had sent her a text message: 'What were you being so shy about?'

Nora was bewildered.

She immediately replied: "I wasn't."

After she sent the text message, another beep sounded.

Nora picked up her cell phone again and looked at it. The message read: "Tell me why on earth you're so interested in my son. I can help you think of a solution that won't cost you any money."

Nora was puzzled.

She slowly replied: 'I just find him very cute. I wonder if Mr. Hunt is willing to part with him?'

Beep.

Nora lowered her head and saw another message from him: 'Are you thinking of becoming his mother?'

Nora curled her lip.

She was his mother herself. What did he mean by 'becoming his mother'?

Wait a minute. Didn't something seem a little wrong here?

Nora looked at her cell phone again and saw that the man had sent her another message: "Ms. Smith has a very unique way of confessing her love."

Nora, "!!"

As expected, that man was being narcissistic again!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she immediately sent him three agitated replies:

"You're mistaken."

"I'm not the one who wants to raise him."

"It's a friend of mine."

After sending the messages, Nora touched her cheeks, which felt a little hot.

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile and he let out a deep chuckle as he read the three messages on his cell phone.

Ms. Smith was totally pulling a friend out of thin air!

At the same time, at the kindergarten.

At 4:30 pm in the afternoon, children who'd had their afternoon snack were allowed to play for some time while they waited for the rest of the children to finish eating before they would leave together.

Cherry had always been a very picky eater. After she was done eating, she carried her little plate over and handed it to the teacher. Her big round eyes blinked as she said, "Ms. Lynn, you've lost so much weight again today. You should eat a little more. Cherry has especially left you some of her vegetables."

Ms. Lynn was on a diet, so Cherry's words had undoubtedly hit the spot.

She was such a cute little girl. Was there anyone who could resist her flattery?

Ms. Lynn rubbed her head gently and said, "Little Cherry is so smart! People on a diet can't eat any meat, so I can only eat more vegetables."

The other children looked at her enviously.

Sob! Why was Cherry allowed to skip her veggies?! They also wanted to be picky eaters!

Cherry ran over happily to the play area to wait. She was about to pick up a Barbie when someone snatched it away.

Sinead stood in front of her with her hands on her hips and said loudly, "Cheryl, didn't your mother say that she's going to get a more professional dancer to do an evaluation for you?"

"It's already been a week, but she still hasn't gotten anyone over. You're a liar! And a braggart!"

All the other children looked over.

To them, lying was a very bad habit!

Sinead rebuked, "You're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

Children also had their own social circle.

As Sinead's mother was a dance teacher, there were a few children in the class who liked playing with her very much.

Thus, when Sinead said that, three to four other children immediately stood behind her in support.

"Yes, you're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

"Liar, liar, pants on fire! Your nose is gonna grow longer!"

"..."

Sinead immediately looked at Cheryl excitedly, especially now that she also had the support of her friends.

The last kid who went against her had burst into tears after they bullied him the same way. After that, he had even bought them a lot of gifts and begged them to play with him.

Cherry was a newcomer, so she didn't have many friends in the first place. Therefore, she would definitely become so scared that she would cry, right?

She was just thinking about it when she saw Cherry, whom she had scolded, lift her head and glance at her. Surprise flashed across her big round eyes as she said, "I didn't want to play with a selfish, rude, and uncultured child like you in the first place. You're thinking too much."

Sinead, "?"

The next moment, she burst into tears and started to wail.

Ms. Lynn had already noticed the two little girls arguing. She hurriedly placed the plate down and rushed over, for fear that Cherry would be bullied.

As soon as she approached, she heard the bawling Sinead yell, "You're the uncultured one! You're the rude one! You're the selfish one!"

A puzzled Cherry asked, "Why are you crying when you're obviously the one scolding me?"

Sinead suddenly choked on her sobs and even hiccuped.

Ms. Lynn was rendered speechless.

Why was she suddenly feeling like she had rushed over for nothing?

The school bell suddenly rang. Parents were already picking up their children at the door one after another. Sinead cried as she said, "You're a liar and your mom is a braggart! My mom said that if your mom still can't get anyone by tomorrow, you can forget about joining the dance performance! Hmph!"

She immediately ran out after saying that.

Ms. Lynn held Cherry's hand and asked worriedly, "Will your Mommy be able to find a more professional dance teacher?"

Cherry nodded. She sighed seriously and said, "Ms. Lynn, when Mommy's looking for someone, she'll keep sending them private messages on Facebook. She says she'll never stop until they reply! So, Mommy will definitely be able to find someone more professional for me!"

Ms. Lynn, "..."

The picture of a single mother in ill health who looked weak and frail, yet was extremely stubborn, suddenly formed in her mind. In order to prevent her

daughter from being bullied and developing low self-esteem, she was determined to find her a more professional dance teacher.

It was getting dark, yet she refused to eat or drink. She didn't dare to sleep, nor did she even dare to cough, lest she woke up her adorable daughter. She sat in front of the computer and constantly sent private messages to people in the dancing field who were more well-respected than Whitney Lowe, begging them to save her daughter...

Sob, how touching!

Ms. Lynn squatted down, hugged Cherry, and said, "Little Cherry's mom is so amazing!"

Cherry's eyes brightened.

Yes, she also found Mommy very amazing!

When they were abroad back then, Mommy was once looking for someone, but the other party kept ignoring her. So, she had written a program that sent a private message to them every second, and even hacked their cell phone so that they couldn't block or mute her. She had no intentions of stopping until she successfully forced them to reply to her!

As for herself, she had instead happily gone to bed. By the time she woke up, the other party was already close to changing their cell phone altogether! Was there anyone who wouldn't break down after 16 hours of constant harassment?

The teacher sent Cherry out. Nora and the others weren't back from the dance party yet, so it was Melissa who came to pick her up.

When Ms. Lynn handed Cherry to Melissa, she said with her eyes red, "Cherry's mom's life is too hard!"

Melissa, who strongly agreed with her, nodded. She held Ms. Lynn's hand and said, "Yes, her mom has a hard life. It really isn't easy to raise a child all alone!"

The two looked at each other, both feeling as though they had found someone who understood how they felt!

Ms. Lynn sighed silently and said, "Please tell her not to overdo it if she really can't find a dance teacher who's more professional than Whitney. I'll think of something!"

Melissa was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Ms. Lynn was also surprised by her reaction. She asked, "Don't you know what happened?"

She gave her a brief account of what had happened. Melissa frowned and heaved a sigh. "That girl is just too considerate. She must have been afraid that I would be put in a spot if I knew what had happened. But how are we going to find a more professional dance teacher than Whitney Lowe in the States?"

Whitney was one of the rare few dancers in the States who had won in an international ballroom dancing competition.

It was a very prestigious competition, and few from the States had achieved high rankings even after so many years.

Ms. Lynn sighed. "You'll need the champions if you want to suppress her. It'll be the most ideal if you can find the champion who competed in the same year as her. I've already asked around; the champion of that year is named Tanya Turner. She's also a very outstanding dancer. It'll be best if you can get her to help. If not, even if you find someone else, with Mrs. Lowe's authority, no one will dare to go against her. After all, she has the Lowes backing her up."

Apart from top-class giants like the Hunts and the Smiths, the Lowes weren't afraid of anyone else at all.

Melissa looked thoughtful after she heard what she said.

Meanwhile, the 'tolerant and understanding' Nora Smith who had 'endured a lot of hardships' had just reached home.

Tanya stood at the bedroom door and looked at Nora pitifully. "Nora, are you really not gonna let me sleep with you?"

Nora responded by closing the door with a loud bam.

Tanya, "..."

There was a hint of worry in her eyes.

It seemed like Nora was still very insecure.

There mustn't be anyone else in the room when she slept. Otherwise, she would suffer from insomnia. This habit of hers still hadn't changed.

Beep, beep!

She heard a car stopping outside.

It was Cherry who had just returned from school. Tanya immediately became excited. She left her suitcase in the hallway, went straight downstairs, and rushed out of the door happily.

"Cherry!"

Cherry, who was carrying a big schoolbag on her back, was carried down from the car. When she saw her, the little girl's eyes brightened and she raced over. "Wah! Aunt Tanya! You're here!"

Tanya said, "Who's Aunt Tanya? Call me God-mom!"

Melissa also got off the car. Her mind was fully occupied by thoughts of Tanya at the moment. She had made several phone calls on the way back, but she couldn't get Tanya's contact information at all.

Should she call her elder brother and ask him for help?

Nora had saved Harmonia Pharmacy with the Carefree Pill after she came to the Andersons.

She had given the Andersons so much help. There was no way she would allow Cherry to be bullied in school.

Melissa raised her head with great resolve.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed her brother's number.

The phone rang for a while before someone answered. An impatient voice came from the other end of the call. "What's the matter this time?"

“ ... ”

Melissa fell silent for a moment. Then, she cast her eyes down and asked gently, “Farrell, can you contact Ms. Tanya Turner for me?”

However, while she was speaking, she suddenly noticed that there was a female stranger in the house.

She was currently pointing at herself frantically.

Melissa, “?”

While Melissa was hesitating, Miranda, her sister-in-law, had already taken over the phone. “What’s all that pretense for, Melissa? Rachel has already come home and told me everything that happened at the dance party! Why is Sheril fighting with Rachel for every little thing?”

Melissa didn’t have time to respond to the guest. She said anxiously, “What’s the matter, Miranda? I’m just asking for Tanya’s contact informat—”

Miranda scoffed and said, “Her contact information? Do you even need it when she’s already in your house? You’re doing this deliberately, aren’t you? What’s the big deal? You’re just acquainted with Tanya, that’s all. Has that made you so full of yourself?”

“Know your place, Melissa. You’re no longer a young lady from the Woods but Mrs. Anderson now! Even if you have Tanya on your side, it’ll never change the Andersons’ and the Woods’ social statuses! Sheril had better not fight with Rachel for every single thing. It’s more important for one to know their place!”

Miranda hung up immediately after ranting fiercely at her.

Melissa’s grip on her cell phone tightened, causing her fingertips to turn a little pale.

What did Miranda mean by “she’s already in your house”?

While she was in a daze, Tanya came up to her and said, “Hi Auntie. Barring any accidents, I should be the Tanya whom you’re looking for.”

“ ... ”

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Tanya said very politely, "I'm Nora's friend. Can I stay at your house temporarily while I'm back in the States?"

"... Sure."

Melissa watched the cheerful Tanya take Cherry's hand and lead her into the living room, feeling as if she was dreaming.

Did Tanya just say that she was Nora's friend?

It seemed like none of Nora's friends were simple people?

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Tanya was playing with Cherry. She tossed her high into the air before she caught her again. Cherry was so excited that she couldn't stop giggling.

"Again, God-mom!"

"Again!"

Next to them, Sheril was watching them in horror, terribly afraid that Tanya would miss and cause Cherry to fall.

After several rounds, a tuckered-out Tanya slumped onto the sofa. She rubbed her sore arms and said, "I haven't seen you for only half a year, but why am I having difficulty picking you up now?"

Cherry climbed onto the sofa and massaged her shoulders with her small hands. "It must be because God-mom has become weaker rather than because I became heavier!"

"..."

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed.

"You guys are so noisy." Nora, who was lying on the bed, tossed and turned repeatedly, unable to sleep. She buried her head with a pillow and said, "Can't you guys play outside? I still have to send Cherry to school early in the morning tomorrow."

It was currently only 6 o'clock in the evening while she only needed to wake up at 7:40 in the morning...

However, the few of them who were familiar with her biological clock didn't find anything wrong with what she said.

Tanya even gave a grand wave and said, "Now that I'm here, do you still think you won't get enough sleep? I'll take Cherry to school tomorrow morning!"

As soon as she said that, Nora immediately flipped the quilt aside and sat up. Then, she stretched and walked to the study as she said, "In that case, I'll go and do a bit of work."

Tanya was bewildered.

She finally realized something and exclaimed, "Were you waiting for me to say that?!"

Nora yawned. "Uh-huh. It would've been nice if you had said it earlier. I had to stay in bed for so long because of that."

Then, she entered the study and closed the door right away.

Everyone was speechless.

Sheril looked at Tanya cautiously. However, she didn't see any signs of anger on her face. Rather, there was even a sort of... joy at being exploited??

Then, she saw Tanya hug Cherry and say very gently, "Cherry, shall God-mom bathe you? Let's sleep together tonight!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

As Cherry blinked with her big round eyes, she hugged Tanya around her neck and said, "God-mom, you must take me to school tomorrow, okie?"

"No problem!"

The Andersons' residence was a villa with guest rooms, so they definitely wouldn't let Tanya and Sheril squeeze with each other in a room.

When Sheril was taking Tanya to the guest room, she asked, "Tanya, how did you meet Nora?"

How did she meet Nora?

The light in Tanya's eyes dimmed a little. She lowered her head and looked at Cherry gently before she slowly answered, "We met at a gathering."

A gathering?

Sheril could clearly sense that she was in low spirits, so she very thoughtfully didn't ask any further.

Tanya, however, held her arm and asked, "Sheril, are you thinking that Nora treats me too coldly, so you're afraid that I'll be mad?"

Upon having her thoughts exposed, Sheril immediately felt rather embarrassed.

Be it at the dance party or in Nora's bedroom just now, there was no way that anyone would say that Nora's attitude toward Tanya had been warm or enthusiastic. Thus, she really was a little worried.

Tanya suddenly burst into laughter. She picked up Cherry and pressed her cheek against hers. "Don't worry, she's really nice to me! Look, she even gave me little Cherry!"

Sheril, "???"

Tanya then added, "Besides, you don't have to worry. She and I are so close that we're pretty much inseparable, because... We used to be in the same boat."

Toward the end, she sounded a little dejected. However, she quickly recovered and gave her a wry smile. "Nora's luckier than me, though. She found hers shortly after she came back to the States... But I'm still looking for mine..."

Cherry immediately puckered her lips and kissed Tanya on her cheek. She said, "Don't be sad, Mom!"

The word 'Mom' made Tanya freeze.

Her eyes reddened and she hugged the soft and tender Cherry tightly. "Little Cherry, you're really God-mom's precious little baby!"

She then entered the guest room with Cherry.

The two of them played and had fun for quite a while. Before going to bed, Cherry suddenly sat upright and said, "Wait a minute, God-mom. I almost forgot! My spark of friendship is going to go out!"

After saying that, she got off the bed, ran to Nora's room, and picked up her cell phone. She was about to leave when she realized that there was no one on the bed and that the lights in the study were still on.

Cherry slowed down and walked back to the bedroom. Then, she logged on to Facebook and sent 'Old Ian' a sticker wishing him goodnight.

Old Ian also replied to her with a sticker wishing her goodnight.

Only then did Cherry gain peace of mind and put down her cell phone with a smile.

When she looked back, she saw Tanya staring at her. "Cherry, 'fess up! Do you have a boyfriend?!"

Cherry replied, "No, I don't! It's Grandpa! Sponsor Grandpa!"

"..."

The night passed peacefully.

Whenever Nora took Cherry to school, she basically woke up at 7:35 and got out of bed at 7:40. Then, she would brush her teeth and leave the house with a baseball cap on without rinsing her face or combing her hair.

Unlike her, Tanya got up at half-past six.

She secretly put on exquisite makeup and even mock-snobbishly put on a pair of sunglasses before finally taking Cherry to school happily.

When they reached the school gates, Cherry just so happened to see Whitney and Sinead also entering when she got off the car.

Whitney stopped in her tracks when she spotted her.

Sinead yelled, "A liar is not allowed to go into the school!"

Whitney also said dispassionately, "Cheryl Smith, it's not good to lie. As punishment, you are to stand at the school gates and shout a hundred times 'I

was wrong. I won't ever lie again'. You can only enter after you've reflected upon your actions!"

As a dance teacher in the school, Whitney was authorized to punish students.

However, her humiliating approach was such that even Ms. Lynn, who was receiving the schoolchildren at the school gates, couldn't stand it anymore.

She said, "Mrs. Lowe, let's not do that. There are a lot of people coming and going here. It won't be nice if other parents misunderstand that we're carrying out corporal punishment."

Whitney scoffed, "Why would that be? It's only when the school is strict with their students that we'll be able to show off how good of an international school this is! It's precisely because of people like you who spoil the children that Cheryl Smith has developed the bad habit of lying!"

Her lecturing made Ms. Lynn's cheeks burn. She was about to say something when Whitney added, "I know, they're all children from wealthy families, so you don't dare to scold them. Since I'm the one lecturing them now, you can stop being so meddlesome!"

The teachers in international schools were all doctoral students from prestigious schools!

They were fluent in at least three languages, so they were able to communicate with the children without any obstacles.

After they were hired, they even had to study psychology, early childhood education courses, and undergo other kinds of professional training before they could officially commence work there.

Of course, the salaries were also scarily high.

Ms. Lynn came from an ordinary family, so the fact that she was a teacher in the kindergarten went to show that she was an outstanding talent. She narrowed her eyes and said, "Mrs. Lowe, no matter what, corporal punishment is still against the law."

Whitney, however, remained unmoved. Instead, she even said, "Oh, feel free to call the police and have them arrest me, then."

Ms. Lynn, "..."

She clenched her fists. "Mrs. Lowe, let's not go too far! You were obviously the one who was being aggressive that day and insisted that Cherry wasn't suitable to dance. Her mother only said that she was going to find someone more professional because she was afraid that it would affect the child..."

Whitney had an icy-cold look on her face. With an air of arrogance unique to artists, she said, "Ms. Lynn, one mustn't make up excuses when they make mistakes. No matter what, the children must do what they say."

She looked at Cherry and said, "You can't unring the bell. People have to take responsibility for their actions. Cheryl Smith, go and stand at the gates!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and got ready to enter the school.

At this point, a voice reached their ears. "Tsk, Whitney. Have you already learned how to bully children during these few years that we haven't met?"

Tanya took off her sunglasses. She hadn't said anything just now because she wanted to see if there were any reasonable teachers in the school. If there weren't, then it would be better to withdraw as soon as possible.

Secondly, she was trying to gain an understanding of the situation through their exchange.

When she shot Cherry a glare, she immediately saw the little girl sticking out her tongue at her. At once, she became caught between laughter and tears. No wonder the little fellow had slept with her the night before and insisted that she took her to school today.

Here she was, thinking that the little fellow really missed her!

Tanya mentally dissed Cherry while she admired the look on Whitney's face, which looked as if she had just seen a ghost.

Tanya sneered, "You were just a bad dancer a few years ago, but unexpectedly, even your eyesight has become bad after a few years. Not only has Cherry's physique achieved the golden ratio, but her limbs are also long and slender. She clearly has great potential to be a dancer!"

“If it wasn’t because her mother dotes on her too much and didn’t have the heart to make her suffer the pain of training to do splits and leg stretches, I would’ve taken her as my student a long time ago. Who do you think you are? How dare you say that she doesn’t have any potential for dancing?”

“If she doesn’t have any potential for dancing, then who does? That chubby daughter of yours? This must be the biggest joke I’ve heard this year!”

Whitney, “!!”

She was already rendered speechless. The sight of Tanya made her feel as if she had returned to the competition from a few years ago!

Back then, she was young and high-spirited and didn’t know that there would always be someone better out there. On the eve of the competition, she had gone up to Tanya—who had already won two championships in a row—and declared, ‘I will definitely be the champion this year!’.

Tanya hadn’t said anything at the time, but right after that, she had used her own capabilities to make her eat her own words in the competition.

No one had managed to outshine Tanya after that!

To date, she was the only person in international ballroom dancing history who had successfully performed moves of the highest level of difficulty!

Back then, she had glanced at her after she finished dancing.

That glance of hers had exuded a champion’s contempt.

For so many years, Whitney had been hailed as the top dancer in the States, but every time in the dead of night, she would always see that contemptuous look in Tanya’s eyes...

And now, she was here! She was here again!

Whitney took a step back in fright. She suddenly pushed Sinead to Ms. Lynn, turned around, and got into her car as if she were fleeing. She slammed the door shut and gasped for air.

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

No one had expected Whitney to actually be so weak.

The corners of Tanya's lips were even spasming at the sight. She handed Cherry to Ms. Lynn and said, "Hello, I'm Tanya Turner. Cherry is very talented in dancing."

Ms. Lynn, "!!"

Oh my goodness!

Cherry's mom had really managed to get Tanya over!

Was this what they meant by 'faith will move mountains'?

She looked at Tanya all starry-eyed and said, "Ms. Smith has done so much! Good work!"

Tanya was bewildered.

Nora was still sleeping at home while she brought Cherry to school. On top of that, she even had to help her teach someone a lesson. 'Good work'? Yeah, right!

Seeing that Cherry had entered the school, Tanya turned and shot Whitney a sharp look.

In the car.

Whitney hurriedly shrank back in fear. While watching the video she had just recorded, she instructed the chauffeur, "To Mr. Lowe's office!"

"Yes, ma'am."

When Whitney arrived at the Lowes' company, her husband, Bob Lowe, was just about to head out. He was a little taken aback when he saw her. "Why are you here, darling?"

Whitney grabbed his hand and said, "Dear, I might be in trouble."

A smiling Bob asked, "What's the matter?"

Whitney took out her cell phone and started playing the video she had recorded. She pointed to the exquisite and adorable Cherry on the screen and recounted what had happened to him. She said, "... I've already checked her background. She's a child from a single-mother family and doesn't have a

father, so I bullied her a little without any reservations. But in the end, her mother actually got Tanya over! Dear, given how arrogant Tanya is, there's no way ordinary people can get her to help. Is there a chance that this child comes from some sort of influential background?"

Bob smiled and patted her hand reassuringly. "There are only a few families who are more powerful than us in New York. The Smiths' children are in school while the Hunts hire private tutors for all their children, so you don't have to worry. I reckon it's just a coincidence that she managed to get Tanya Turner to help."

It was only then that Whitney heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she realized that she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

She let out a cold laugh and said, "I can put my mind at ease now, then. Isn't the reason why she tried so hard to get Tanya over none other than to take the center position from Sinead? Hah! I'll definitely make it such that she won't be able to bear the consequences of her actions!"

She wanted to dance, right? One must know that there were many different kinds of ways to teach someone how to dance! For example, leg stretches... splits...

Bob comforted her a little more before he left.

He was going to discuss future partnership plans with Mr. Hunt today.

When he arrived at the Hunt Corporation, the secretary led him to the top floor.

As he observed the unique environment around him that was found nowhere else in New York, Bob's respect for Justin grew a little more.

When they arrived, Sean stopped them. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lowe. Please wait a moment. Mr. Hunt is currently keeping his child company while he does his homework. His work hours only start at ten."

It was said that Justin had a child whom he kept very well-protected. To date, there were very few who even knew whether his child was a boy or a girl.

Bob hurriedly replied ingratiatingly, "It's fine! Mr. Hunt is such a good father!"

At ten o'clock, the door to the office opened.

Bob and the others entered.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Justin. However, his gaze swept to the side out of the corner of his eye to see a small child sitting there doing their homework seriously.

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze.

However, the next moment, his head suddenly whipped back up.

Why did that child look so familiar to him? He actually looked exactly the same as the child in the video that Whitney had shown him just now!

Chapter 82 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Justin suddenly tensed up all over.

He straightened his back, feeling as if all the blood in his body was about to rush straight to his face.

She wanted to buy him?

Hah.

That woman's way of confessing her love really was very unique.

His lip corners slowly curled up. However, it was at this moment that he heard the continuation of her words: "...r son!"

Justin was a little stunned. A look of surprise appeared in his dark blue eyes, and even the beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed a little puzzled and confused.

"What?" He asked.

With the alcohol boosting her courage, Nora repeated, "I want to buy your son! Are eight hundred million dollars enough?"

However, the man fell silent after she said that.

Both of them held their cell phones to their ears and kept quiet for a very, very long while.

Nora looked at her cell phone hesitantly and muttered, “Huh? Is my cell phone out of range? Mr. Hunt, are you still there?”

“ ... ”

There was still no response from the other side.

“How strange. Why isn’t he speaking? ...Beep... beep... beep...”

Justin was still at a loss for words even when he heard the disconnected tone in the phone.

He stared at his cell phone hesitantly for quite a while, unable to understand what Nora was thinking at all.

Why was she so fixated on his son every day?

He dried his hair with the towel and changed into his pajamas. After walking out of the bedroom, he saw Sean, who had come to pass him some documents which required his signature.

Justin picked up the pen, signed the documents, and handed them back to Sean.

Sean reached out to receive them, but instead found that he couldn’t move the papers at all—Justin was still holding on to them.

He hesitated for a moment before he asked, “Is there anything else you need me for, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin suddenly asked, “What might be the reason behind a woman constantly paying attention to my friend’s son, and even offering to buy him for eight hundred million dollars?”

Sean replied, “ ... I remember Ms. Smith has a daughter herself. Is she trying to get close to you so that she can get the two children engaged to each other?”

Justin, “?”

After a long while, a deep voice said, "Get out."

Sean took the documents from him, turned around, and started walking unhurriedly to the door. He had only just taken a couple of steps when he heard Justin cough and say, "That question was a friend's, not mine. Also, the woman in question is not Ms. Smith."

Sean, who wisely didn't expose his lie, nodded and said, "Yes, Mr. Hunt."

—

The day of the dance party soon arrived.

Nora was still asleep when Sheril dragged her out of bed and placed her clothes on her bed. She said, "Hurry up and change, Nora. Even though the party starts in the afternoon, you'll need time to do your makeup."

Nora rubbed her eyes sleepily and asked, "Are you still going?"

Rachel and Caden would be dancing at the party, so she had thought that Sheril would definitely give up on attending it.

Sheril, however, was full of fighting spirit. She said, "He's the one who betrayed me, so why shouldn't I go? Come on, hurry and get up."

Then, she went out to do her makeup.

However, the moment she closed the door, the light in Sheril's eyes dimmed.

A breakup was something very painful. Even if one could think of it in a clear and logical manner, there was no way they could get over it so quickly.

However, Mom had said that the ones attending the dance party today would mostly be young people. At the same time, it was also an occasion with the most attendees in the near future. Thus, it was the best opportunity to introduce Nora, a young lady of the Andersons, to everyone.

She mustn't hold Nora back.

When she was done dressing up and about to go to Nora, Nora's bedroom door finally opened. Nora wore a white shirt and a pair of black trousers, and also had a black ladies' blazer on. The outfit was cinched slightly at the waist, making her look neat and dashing.

Sheril was taken aback. “Nora, why are you wearing that?”

Nora waved and answered, “If I dress like this, no one will ask me to dance for sure.”

She didn’t know how to dance. Should someone really ask her to dance, it would be too embarrassing to say that she didn’t know how to dance, so she might as well dress up this way and make it clear that she didn’t want to dance... Well, that was one way to go about it, too.

Sheril believed her.

The two went downstairs and got into the car to the dance party. Nora leaned against the window lazily. Suddenly, her cell phone vibrated.

When she picked it up and glanced at it, she realized that it was a text message from Tanya. It read: “Darling, I’ve arrived in New York! Where are you? I can’t wait to give you a big hug!”

She sounded as if she was burning with passion.

Nora smiled and chuckled. Then, her long slender fingers tapped a few times on the cell phone casually and she sent her an address. She wrote: “There’s a dance party here. Are you coming?”

Tanya replied: “I’ll go, I’ll go! Of course, I have to go! I’m going over right now! Wait for me~!”

She just knew that that woman loved joining in on the fun.

Nora put her cell phone down and tossed it into her pocket. A frosty look surfaced in her eyes.

Sheril had said that she would just take it that she was too blind to trust the wrong person, so she would just let the matter with Caden be. She was also thankful to Rachel for helping her screen her ex-boyfriend’s character.

However, Nora had always been someone who gave tit for tat.

The dance party was bound to be a very exciting one tonight.

Soon, the car arrived at the party venue.

The dance party, which was held in Hotel Finest's conference hall, was regarded as a gathering of wealthy young ladies and socialites.

Sheril, who was wearing a red gown, held Nora's arm gracefully and entered the venue. As soon as they entered, she heard someone next to them say, "I reckon Rachel Wood will probably be the focus of the party tonight!"

"How can that be? There's also Ms. Smith!"

"Don't you know? Mr. Smith's condition has worsened. Although Ms. Smith is the one organizing the party, she isn't here today."

"..."

Upon hearing what they said, Sheril lowered her voice and explained, "This dance party is meant for young people. It's hosted every year by the one with the best family background among the young women of New York. The Hunts don't have any young women of suitable age, so the one with the highest status at present is the young lady from the Smiths. She's Mr. Ian Smith's adopted daughter and is very doted on at home. She's the one who organized all the dance parties during the last few years. She has very good character and is fairly well-known in the circle!"

Ian Smith's adopted daughter...

Nora nodded.

Suddenly, Sheril stopped walking. Nora followed her line of sight and immediately saw Rachel holding Caden's arm and walking among the crowd.

Someone next to them also whispered, "Isn't Caden Sheril's dance partner? Why is he Rachel's now?"

"I heard it's because Rachel managed to invite Tanya to go over to her place to teach her dancing. He's aiming to be a professional dancer, so if Tanya can give him some pointers, he'll probably have a better chance of winning when he participates in international ballroom dancing competitions!"

"Huh? But what about Sheril? Poor girl..."

A stranger's pity was actually the biggest insult to Sheril.

She lowered her head and said, "Nora, let's go to the corner..."

However, before she could finish, Rachel spotted them from a distance and immediately called out with a smile, “Sheril! You’re here!”

She dragged Caden with her and came up to Sheril. With a bright smile, she said, “Caden and you always took top place in the past because you had him leading you. I was even thinking of competing with you this year! By the way, where’s your partner?”

Sheril clenched her fists.

At this point, the beep of a text message notification rang out.

Nora picked it up and glanced at it—it was a message from Tanya: “I’m reaching in a moment!”

After taking a look at the text message, Nora turned off the screen, and tossed the cell phone back into her pantsuit’s pocket again. When she looked up, she noticed that Rachel was looking at her. She said exaggeratedly, “Hey, Sheril, why isn’t your cousin wearing a dress? Doesn’t she dance?”

Nora’s pantsuit was actually a form of veiled rejection.

None of the wealthy and nobles liked being embarrassed, so they usually spoke tactfully and would never go too far.

However, what Rachel said was too direct.

The look in Nora’s eyes darkened slightly, but before she could say anything, Sheril said, “Neither of us is dancing tonight.”

“Why not?” asked Rachel, despite knowing exactly why. She asked, “Are you not going to dance just because you don’t have Caden with you now? Why don’t I lend him to you for a dance, then?”

She nudged Caden.

Sheril subconsciously glanced at Caden.

The man in the black tuxedo looked handsome and gentlemanly, but he didn’t dare to meet her eyes.

When Rachel pushed him forward, Caden automatically took a step back and stood next to her again. He said, "Rachel, we've already agreed that I'll be your dance partner tonight. If I dance with Sheril, then what about you?"

Rachel raised her chin slightly and said, "Tsk, what's the big deal? Men have the right to choose, right? You can choose between me and her, can't you?"

Then, she cast her eyes down and said with a smile, "Sheril and I are cousins, so we're real close. No matter who you choose, the other party won't get mad. Right, Sheril?"

Caden looked at Sheril cautiously.

Sheril's heart would always ache whenever he gave her such a fawning look in the past. He was clearly talented, yet he was always looked down upon because of his background.

Every time he made her angry, she would always relent whenever he looked at her like that.

But at this moment, all she felt was disgust.

She looked away and said, "I—"

Before she could finish, Nora interrupted her coolly and said, "No, it's fine. She has a dance partner."

"She does?" Rachel looked around and said, "Who is it? Why didn't you bring him over and show us?"

Nora cast her eyes down. In a seemingly half-amused manner, she said, "You'll see when the party starts, wouldn't you? What are you being so anxious for? Oh, I get it. Don't worry, Sheril won't take back someone that she's already thrown away."

Rachel, "!!"

She was originally intending to humiliate Sheril, but Nora's words in this instant infuriated her instead!

After Nora said that, she immediately led Sheril away in the opposite direction and deprived Rachel of the chance to say anything.

A vicious look flashed across Rachel's eyes as she stood where she was. However, she quickly adjusted her expression, took Caden's arm, and said, "Do your best when you dance later. I want everyone to see that she's nothing without you!"

With the exception of Ms. Smith, Sheril had been the most eye-catching person in all the previous dance parties.

Ms. Smith was a Smith, so it was only natural that she would outshine her, but why Sheril too? Obviously, it was just because she had hooked up with a good boyfriend!

Without Caden leading her this year, let's see how she's gonna dance!

Nora found a corner, sat down on the sofa, and rested on it.

She wanted to tell Sheril not to worry and that she would find her a dance partner, but when she looked over, she saw that her head was lowered and she was texting seriously: "Where are you, Logan? You said that we'll meet at the dance party tonight. Surely you came, right?"

The situation where Nora couldn't find a dance partner in the dance studio the other day was still fresh in Sheril's mind.

Thus, she had specially told Logan to also attend the dance party tonight, so that her cousin would have a dance partner if she wanted to dance.

Nora had worn a pantsuit when they left the house, so she hadn't said anything to Logan. However, she wanted Logan to be her own dance partner now.

However, he didn't respond even after she sent the message.

Sheril decided to call Logan. After it rang for a long time, he finally answered. It was just that he sounded terribly tired. He asked, "What is it?"

Sheril was taken aback for a moment. Then, she asked, "Are you not here yet?"

"... I'm reaching soon."

After he said that, Sheril seemed to hear someone else speaking there. However, she only heard the words “pay off your debt” and “how to run away” before the call was disconnected from the other side.

Sensing that she didn’t look so good, Nora asked, “What’s the matter?”

Sheril looked at her.

The young woman in front of her wasn’t from New York. Mom said that she’d had a hard life and hadn’t seen much of the world before, so she wanted her to spend a little more effort taking care of her. Her cat-like eyes were always downcast and she seemed disinterested in everything. She looked sleepy all day long, yet she had the power to reassure others.

Sheril said, “Something seems to have happened to Logan.”

“Oh. Let me see.”

After saying that, Nora lowered her head and started to use her cell phone.

Sheril, “?”

Had it been someone else, she might have found them a little unfeeling, but if it was Nora... Sheril leaned toward her and looked at her cell phone—the screen was completely dark.

Only a small red dot was moving.

During her moment of hesitation, Nora said, “He should be fine. He’s already at the party.”

As if to verify the authenticity of her words, almost immediately after she said that, Logan appeared around the corner.

He was a little pale and he was limping a little. His usually frosty expression looked even icier at the moment and he had an impatient look on his face. He exuded a cold and distant aura that screamed “Don’t come near me”.

Sheril stood up abruptly. “What happened to you?”

Logan glanced at her and replied, “I’m fine. I twisted my ankle, that’s all.”

“ ... ”

Sheril was about to speak when Rachel's loathsome voice rang out again. "Sheril, your dance partner must be Logan, right? Did he sprain his ankle?"

Her voice was a little loud, causing the people around them to look over again.

Rachel's little sidekick next to her said, "Of all times to sprain his ankle, he simply had to do it now. Tsk, it's okay if you don't wanna dance, you know. You don't have to make so many excuses... To be honest, your dancing is only so-so without Caden anyway!"

Rachel frowned. "Don't say that. How could Sheril possibly have chickened out...? She's always said that dancing is just a hobby to her. She's not doing it as a means of livelihood."

The sidekick went into mockery mode right away. She said, "Of course, she's not doing it as a means of livelihood. I mean, how can she possibly compare with you, Rachel? She only got bonus points in the past because she had Caden leading her. You obviously dance better than her. It was just that your partner pulled you back."

"We're finally setting things right this year, though. With you and Caden teaming up, you'll definitely be the dance queen this year! Sheril, just admit defeat if you're scared. Why put on such a lofty act? Isn't the purpose of coming to a dance party exactly to dance?"

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

The expression of Logan, who had just entered the venue, turned even icier.

He endured the discomfort at his ankle and said coldly, "Who says she's not dancing?"

Sheril's head whipped toward Logan. She frowned and said, "No, we're not dancing anymore!"

He had sprained his ankle, so dancing would only aggravate the injury!

What was the big deal about suffering a little mockery anyway?

Logan, however, had a frosty look on his face. Then, before he could say anything, Nora stood up and said lazily, "Of course, she's dancing. Why wouldn't she?"

Taken aback, Sheril looked at her.

Logan rotated his ankle a little. The sprained area was already starting to go numb. He was about to speak when a young man who looked about 22 or 23 years old suddenly emerged from the crowd. He looked bright and cheerful and had big eyes and thick brows. His hair was dyed olive green.

Isaac Young grabbed Logan's arm and demanded, "Do you have a death wish, Logan?"

Logan frowned. "Let go of me! Leave me alone!"

Isaac lowered his voice and said, "You can't let your ankle's condition worsen. This way, you'll still have a chance to participate in the race three days later! You must understand that you're not just racing for yourself! Unless you can find a better racer to help you out, you're already at risk of bankruptcy this time! Will being embarrassed or not even matter at that point?!"

Logan clenched his fists and looked at Sheril.

Although she was his elder sister, she was only ten minutes older than him, so Logan had actually always been protective of her. Seeing her being humiliated by others now, how could he possibly ignore it?

Isaac spoke again. He said, "Besides, even if you insist, will you be able to dance well?"

Logan clenched his jaw.

He didn't like dancing, so he had only learned a bit of international ballroom dancing.

During his hesitation, Sheril had already grabbed Nora by her wrist. She said, "Don't say any more, Nora. I won't dance anymore. I don't have a partner—"

Nora smiled and said, "Who says you don't have one?"

Sheril was stunned. The next moment, she saw the young woman reaching up and tying her long hair into a high ponytail.

Then, her cool and fair slender arm snaked around her waist and she pulled her toward herself. When Sheril jerked forward, she subconsciously held Nora's shoulder for support.

Apart from her almond-shaped eyes, everything else about Sheril took after Melissa. She was petite and stood at about 5'3".

Nora was 5'7". In addition, she was already intending to dance with Sheril when they left home, so she had deliberately worn thick-soled shoes.

As a result, when they stood side by side, their height difference was actually perfect!

Sheril's eyes suddenly widened. "You..."

"That's right, I'll dance with you!"

Nora's lips curled into a smile as she spoke wildly and arrogantly.

Sheril looked at her. Suddenly, she smiled gently and said, "Okay!"

Since Nora wanted to dance, she would accompany her and have some fun. At most, she would just lead the dance later!

"..."

Everyone around them heard their exchange.

They were stunned, but after a while, Rachel, who was the first to recover, chuckled softly and said, "Are you kidding me? Sheril, if you really lack a partner, why don't I find one for you instead? Having your cousin dance with you... I mean, she's never learned international ballroom dancing before, right?"

As soon as she said that, everyone else also started to talk among themselves.

"She's never learned international ballroom dancing? Then what is she trying to be the hero for?"

"... But don't you think she looked so alpha and so cool just now?! She's so handsome!"

"It may feel good to act cool, but it'll all go downhill when they dance later! Who doesn't know how to talk tough?"

“Hahaha! What a huge joke this is! Just how down-and-out must Sheril be? To think she can’t even find a dance partner and has to resort to dancing with a woman instead?”

“Speaking of which, the dance queen today will definitely be Rachel! She’s been practicing very diligently. Moreover, she also has Caden with her this time...”

“I originally thought Sheril still had a chance, but I also think it’ll be Rachel now!”

“Rachel danced better than Sheril right from the start. Sheril used to rank better than her only because of Caden...”

Nora didn’t say anything even when she heard the mocking comments coming from everyone around them.

Action was a more powerful slap in the face. Words were only weak and powerless at moments like this.

Two minutes later, Nora and Sheril went to the dance floor. Both of them turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to everyone’s speculative looks and words.

Because of the two of them, everyone gathered around.

After Rachel and Caden got into position, Rachel gave the two of them nearby a mocking look.

The first dance of the night was tango. Tango required power, otherwise, the dancers wouldn’t be able to bring out its beauty. A woman competing with a man in terms of strength... She was pretty much just embarrassing herself!

The corners of her lips curled up.

The title of dance queen tonight was in the bag.

Just as she thought so, grand music started to play!

Rachel instantly got into the mood. She separated from Caden and then violently clashed against each other!

“Nice!”

The crowd burst into applause. Rachel kept a straight face on, but a smile nevertheless formed in her eyes.

However, when she looked out from the corner of her eye, she realized that the audience... actually wasn't watching her?

Taken aback, Rachel subconsciously turned her head and looked over.

All the other dancers were more or less already distracted—their gazes were all on the two young women, one in red and one in black.

When the music started, the looks in the two women's eyes had suddenly changed, and they separated from each other.

With her back to her partner, Sheril started to dance and sway to the beat. She was as agile as a snake. A shiver went through the fingertips of her left hand to her left shoulder, and then from her right shoulder to the fingertips of her right hand.

Then, she suddenly whipped her head back!

She had initially been worried that Nora hadn't done a good job at the starting steps, but when she saw Nora, a look of mild astonishment appeared in her eyes.

The young woman stood there casually, her posture straight and fit. The alluring look in her eyes was as if she were an elegant and noble knight asking her for a dance!

Sheril twirled right up to Nora in a rush. When she stopped, Nora had already reached out and held her waist.

The strong beat of the music was exciting and uplifting.

Their dance was steady and powerful.

The people around them could hardly see their movements. All they could see were their silhouettes, their speed, and a constantly changing center of gravity, which exuded a sense of decisiveness and clear, distinct edges and corners.

Both of them looked very serious, their gazes a little solemn when they made the occasional eye contact. Yet they also turned their bodies and whipped their heads to the side quickly every once in a while and looked around.

Their dance steps, which were occasionally still and occasionally moving, as well as the distant and unfamiliar music, cloaked them in a strange and mysterious veil.

They were the kings on the dance floor, and people couldn't tear their eyes away from them at all!

Even Rachel and Caden couldn't help but look over from time to time... causing them to make quite a few mistakes.

When the music came to an abrupt end, the hot and sexy dance also finally ended.

Five seconds of silence later, the party broke into fervent applause!

"She's so cool!"

"Oh my god, who's that young woman? She's making me gay!"

There were also people saying things such as...

"Sheril also looks great! She's always been such a great dancer!"

"I wonder if Caden has regretted his actions..."

Amid the conversations, a livid Rachel looked at Caden, who was staring at Sheril with an unreadable and constantly changing look on his face. She couldn't help but snap, "What are you looking at? Even if she dances well, can she help you get Tanya Turner to give you pointers?!"

Caden suddenly regained his senses.

At this point, there was suddenly a flurry of activity at the door!

Someone exclaimed, "Oh my god! Ms. Smith is so amazing! She's actually invited Tanya Turner to the dance party!"

Rachel craned her neck and looked at the entrance. She saw that a group of people had already swarmed over.

She glanced at Sheril and Nora who had just finished dancing. A hint of arrogance and triumph flashed across her eyes. She neatened her dress, cast her eyes down, and said, "I'm going to go over and say hello to Ms. Turner."

Caden's eyes lit up. He said, "I'll—"

Before he could say the words "go with you", Rachel cut him off and said, "The people gathered around Tanya over there are all rich and famous young ladies. What are you going over there for? Just wait. Tanya will eventually have to come over to my house for classes. You'll see her then."

She turned and left immediately after saying that.

Rachel spoke imperiously and loudly, so everyone dancing nearby heard her, causing them to look at Caden in a half-amused manner.

Caden clenched his fists. He felt as if he had been given a few hard slaps across his cheeks.

Rachel simply didn't respect him at all!

During the last few days where he practiced dancing with her, he had been lectured severely like a kid every day. She had such a bad temper!

He couldn't help but look into the distance—the woman in the red gown had already walked over to the sofa and sat down.

Caden, who was having an internal struggle, stood in place for a while. Then, he walked over.

Dancing tango was very tiring. An out-of-breath Sheril went over to the resting area with Nora and took a seat.

"You're amazing at dancing, Nora!" It had been a very long time since Sheril had last had such a good time dancing. A look of excitement came over her rosy cheeks.

Nora's lip corners slowly curled into a smile, though she kept quiet.

The flurry of activity at the door attracted their attention and they looked over to see that a huge crowd had gathered over there. They didn't know who had arrived, though.

While they were wondering about it, a few people next to them who were also trotting over to the entrance said, "Tanya Turner's here! My goodness! This year's dance party is totally worth coming!"

When she heard the name Tanya Turner, a taken aback Sheril immediately looked at Nora!

She remained comfortably seated on the sofa and didn't move. Instead, she said lazily, "That woman's the center of attention wherever she goes, so she'll probably be held up for a while. Don't worry, I'll introduce the two of you to each other later."

Sheril immediately nodded. "Okay!"

Anyone who liked dancing would want to get acquainted with someone like Tanya.

She looked at the entrance excitedly...

However, a voice suddenly rang out beside her at this moment. "Come with me, Sheril."

The familiar voice made Sheril's eyes dim.

When she turned and saw Caden standing next to her with his usual smile, she felt as if her heart had been pierced by a needle.

She cast her eyes down and asked coldly and distantly, "Is something the matter?"

Caden didn't expect her to treat him so coldly. In the past, whenever he came over to coax her after they got into an argument, even though she had also pulled a long face, she always treated him with respect and followed him to the corner to talk.

It seemed like she was pretty angry this time.

Caden let out a sigh. He half-squatted beside her and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Sheril."

"Don't be mad anymore"...

He spoke the same way as he had done in the past, like an innocent man with a low EQ who had no idea how he had made her angry. It made one not have the heart to lose their temper at him.

Sheril cast her eyes down and said, "Yeah, I'm not angry anymore."

Caden immediately brightened and reached out to take her hand. However, before he could, the girl avoided his touch. Sheril looked at him coldly and said, "We don't have anything to do with each other anymore, so why would I still be angry with you?"

Caden was stunned to the spot. His brows drew together as if he really didn't get it. He said, "Stop kicking up a fuss, Sheril. There's really nothing between Rachel and me. We're just working with each other!"

Kicking up a fuss?

Sheril smiled wryly, finding him really ridiculous. "Whatever your relationship with her is, it has nothing to do with me."

"Sheril, you just said that you aren't angry anymore, so why are you saying such things again?" Caden took a deep breath and said, "The only reason why I danced with Rachel is for Tanya's guidance. She does indeed have a bad temper and is always saying things to shame and embarrass you, but can't you put up with it a little for the sake of my future?"

He had a smile on his face when he said that.

Sheril felt extremely disgusted.

Her expression turned icy and she said, "You're mistaken about something, Caden."

"What?"

Sheril sneered, "My mother didn't give birth to me and raise me in fine clothes and exquisite food to have me suffer with you and be bullied!"

'Suffer with you'...

Caden clenched his fists and said, "At the bottom of it all, it's just because you look down on me, right? You think you're a rich young lady while I'm a penniless pauper, right?"

Sheril, “?”

If she really were someone who cared about things like that, why would she date him for two years?

However, she couldn't be bothered to say any more. She immediately said, “Please stay away from me.”

Caden, however, looked livid. He said, “That's enough, Sheril! Do you really think you're some rich young lady? Wake up! The Andersons have long since fallen into decline!”

Sheril's eyes widened. “What?”

Caden's words were vicious and nasty. “Your family is about to fall out of the ranks of the rich soon! What are you still throwing a tantrum like a rich young woman here for?! Your family probably can't even talk to Tanya Turner, let alone ask her to hold classes!

“You always say that you're not interested in becoming a professional dancer and prefer to coop yourself up at home to study medicine, but in my opinion, it's not because you don't want to but because you can't!

“The only part about you that's better than Rachel is that you have a better temper! But in terms of family background, how do you even compare to her? She's the real princess here, alright? Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!”

While he was talking, Rachel had already squeezed her way to the front of the crowd.

Tanya was tall and slender. Dressed in a casual outfit and a baseball cap, she was currently signing autographs for others. She had a grin on her face and a hearty, outgoing personality.

When it was Rachel's turn, she asked, “Tanya, do you still remember me? The Woods have made an appointment with you for a dance class.”

“The Woods?” Tanya blinked. “Oh, Rachel Wood, right?”

Nora had mentioned to her that she was living with the Andersons in New York.

Thus, she had asked someone to find out more about them. Melissa Anderson, the current mistress of the Andersons, was a daughter of the Woods, so the two families likely shared a very close relationship.

It just so happened that the Woods had also made an appointment with her for a dance class at a high price, so she had made an effort to remember a bit more about Rachel, lest she embarrasses Nora.

After the two chatted casually a little, Tanya said, "Sorry everyone, I'm here today to look for a close friend. Let's do the autographs again another day!"

Everyone there was respectable people in the circle, so they stepped aside after she said that.

After Tanya left, they immediately surrounded Rachel.

"Wow, Rachel! Ms. Turner remembers your name!"

"Given the Woods' status, coupled with how Rachel is indeed pretty talented in dancing, what's so strange about Tanya remembering her? That's the way it should be!"

As she listened to their flattery, a triumphant smile formed on Rachel's countenance.

So what even if Sheril had danced well just now?

Tanya probably didn't even know who she was!

It was just that, who exactly was Tanya looking for?

Rachel looked around but instead saw Tanya turning the corner and entering the bathroom at the side.

"Rachel, what's Caden doing over there?"

Her sidekick nudged her arm and said, "Surely, Sheril isn't trying to poach him while you're away?"

Rachel's eyes turned cold and she started walking over with her.

As soon as the two approached, they heard Caden say, "... Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!"

Rachel's lip corners curled upward.

Her sidekick said smugly, "It's not just that! Even a lofty person like Ms. Turner remembers Rachel's name!"

Caden turned and looked at her eagerly upon hearing what the sidekick said.

Rachel lifted her chin triumphantly and said, "I'll introduce you to Ms. Turner when we meet her again later."

Caden immediately nodded.

Rachel then looked at Sheril and Nora. She smiled and asked, "Sheril, Ms. Smith. Do you want me to introduce the two of you to her, too?"

Her sidekick immediately complimented her. "You're so nice to your cousin, Rachel!"

Rachel giggled. "We're family after all..."

Sheril looked straight at her. "No, it's fine. I'm not going professional!"

Rachel's expression immediately darkened.

Caden frowned and said, "Sheril, why are you still being so headstrong? Why are you refusing such a good opportunity?"

"Because she doesn't need it." A clear and cool voice interrupted Caden.

Nora stood up from the sofa, the corners of her lips curling up when she looked into the distance.

The few of them followed her gaze and looked over to see Tanya, who had just come out of the bathroom, waving at them and jogging over.

Rachel was taken aback.

Next to her, her sidekick immediately became excited. "Rachel, Ms. Turner is waving at you!"

Caden's eyes also shone.

When Sheril had refused to reconcile with him just now, he had actually regretted his actions a little. But seeing how enthusiastic Tanya was toward them now... It seemed like the Woods' connections were indeed very impressive!

The sidekick spoke very loudly, so everyone around them also looked over.

"My goodness, it seems like Ms. Turner really likes Rachel a lot! Is it because she dances well?"

"I heard that Ms. Turner is very well-respected in foreign aristocratic circles... But she's being so friendly to Rachel?"

"..."

The remarks, which were full of envy, made Rachel lift her chin. She hadn't expected Tanya to have such a good impression of her, either.

With a smile on her face, she took a couple of steps toward Tanya, ready to greet her.

Seeing Tanya coming closer and closer to her, Rachel stood still, straightened her back, and said, "Ms. Turner!"

Her expression was just right. It was neither overly flattering—which would make it look like she was fawning on the other party—nor too cold, which would make Tanya uncomfortable.

Surely she would become the center of attention after this, right?

But the next moment, her expression froze.

Tanya came toward her.

The two stood facing each other.

Then, Tanya suddenly turned sideways, bypassed her, and continued forward, passing her by.

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Then, she immediately heard a voice behind her. “Nora! I missed you so much!”

Rachel, “??”

She whipped her head around violently to see Tanya stretching out her arms to give Nora a huge hug. However, Nora bent over, stepped aside in disgust, and slid under her arm instead. Then, she pulled her arm and tossed it to Sheril. “Hug her instead. She’s my cousin.”

“Oh, that makes her my cousin, too! Little cousin, you’re so cute!”

Tanya gave Sheril, who was standing there stiffly, a big hug and pinched her face. She exclaimed, “Your eyes really look like Nora’s! I like them!”

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

Didn’t they say that Tanya was here to look for Rachel? But why didn’t the picture in front of them look quite right?

Rachel herself was also dumbfounded, especially because the looks of worship in the eyes of everyone around her had all changed to probing looks instead. It made her feel like burying herself in a hole right away!

With her eyes reddened, she clenched her fists tightly and took a couple of steps forward. She went up to the few of them. Unable to maintain her ladylike image anymore, she demanded rather sharply, “Sheril, do you all know Ms. Turner?!”

Sheril didn’t say anything.

Tanya, on the other hand, looked at her hesitantly. “Of course! Nora here is my best friend! She is me and I am her! We’re so close that we’re pretty much inseparable!”

Then, she smiled and said, “You’re a relative of my little cousin here, right? I wasn’t intending to accept the Woods’ class request initially; it was only because you guys are relatives that I took it up. How about this? I’m planning to stay at the Andersons. If you want classes, then come over to the Andersons!”

Rachel, “!!”

When Rachel's sidekick heard what she said, she hurriedly said, "But if you go to the Andersons for classes, can we still come along? Rachel, you promised!"

Tanya looked as if she had been put in a spot when she heard her. She said, "Ugh, it's very tiring to hold classes, so just come by yourself and don't bring anyone along!"

Then, she turned to Sheril and said, "Do you dance, little cousin? I can teach you! Also, it's the same whether I'm teaching just you or a group of your friends. So, if you have friends who wanna come along, you can bring them along!"

Sheril was already so dumbfounded that she was lost for words. She said weakly, "I-I don't need to learn..."

"Oh no, but that will make me look very useless! And Nora probably won't like me anymore!"

Nora's lip corner spasmed and she almost rolled her eyes. She said lazily, "Who agreed to you staying at the Andersons?"

Tanya immediately took Sheril's arm and said, "Little cousin, your cousin has a very weird temper and doesn't allow anyone to share her bed. Can I sleep with you tonight?"

Sheril, who still hadn't recovered from her shock yet, replied, "... Okay."

"Are you guys still gonna dance? If not, let's go? I'm so tired after being on a plane for a whole day!"

Tanya started dragging Nora toward the exit after saying that.

Nora avoided her pulling and walked lazily at the side while Tanya took Sheril's arm. Everyone watched as the three of them went to the underground car park.

"I really thought the Andersons have fallen into decline! I didn't expect that the Woods were only able to ask Tanya to hold lessons because of their relationship with the Andersons?"

"No wonder we couldn't get an appointment with Tanya while Rachel was the only one who managed to!"

“When you think about it carefully, Sheril actually dances very beautifully! The way her cousin dances the male role is also so cool! I really like it...”

Everyone’s words made Rachel too embarrassed to stay. She suddenly stomped her foot and ran out crying!

Only the stupefied Caden continued to stand there stupidly, feeling as if he had missed the chance of a lifetime.

—

In the underground car park.

Tanya and Sheril were walking in front while Nora trailed behind them lazily with both hands behind her head.

As she walked, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her over to a black Land Rover!

She subconsciously threw a punch in defense, but her fist was caught by the man instead. He said, “It’s me.”

The familiar voice took Nora aback for a moment. It was only then that she realized that the man in front of her, who was a head taller, was actually Justin Hunt?

She raised her eyebrows. “What are you trying to do, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin trapped her in between himself and the car and let out a playful laugh. His voice was low and rich as he said, “I just want to ask Ms. Smith a question.”

“What?”

The man narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Why are you so interested in my son?”

Ever since the night that Nora became drunk and gave him a ridiculous call to offer to buy his son, for some strange reason, Justin had been in a rather bad mood the last few days.

This continued until he came to Hotel Finest today for a meal. The gossipy Chester had live-broadcasted the dance party taking place downstairs.

He even sent him a video of that woman dancing.

Seeing the sensational sight of her holding someone else's waist and dancing, attracting the attention of all the men around her, Justin suddenly became a little angry.

He was feeling so troubled here, yet that woman was on a roll at the dance party and winning over both men and women?

Thus, he had saved the dance video along the way and left the restaurant while counting the time. Going by how she didn't like doing more than necessary, he reckoned that she would probably leave right after she was done dancing.

Then, he found her jeep in the car park.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before the three women came down.

Nora was a little dazed at the moment.

Her nose was filled with the man's grassy scent. His breath tickled her face when he spoke, making the mood rather suggestive.

The lighting in the basement was dim, but the close-up view of the man's visage was as if it was lit up on its own, especially the cold look in his eyes and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye that exuded a sense of abstinence. It actually made her feel like conquering him.

She raised her eyebrows and chuckled softly. "What are you talking about, Mr. Hunt?"

At the sight of her denial, Justin lowered his head and leaned into her ear. "Have you already forgotten, Ms. Smith? I'm afraid you can't afford to buy my son with just eight hundred million dollars."

Afraid of being discovered by Sheril and Tanya, they both lowered their voices as if they were having a word in private.

Nora leaned back, but her back was already against the Land Rover, so she had nowhere to retreat to. As such, she could only sigh and say, "Is that so? How much are you willing to sell him for, then? Name your price?"

Justin held her waist with his large hand and chuckled softly. “Have you ever considered a way that won’t require a single cent from you?”

Nora’s eyes lit up, but right after, she said disappointedly, “... Stealing? It doesn’t seem like a very good idea.”

After all, Justin’s strength was right there for all to see.

Justin, “...”

He discovered that the woman had actually looked rather serious when she said that. So, she had actually really considered stealing his son?

Stealing someone else’s son? What kind of weird habit was that?

Justin frowned. “You...”

Before he could finish, however, Tanya’s voice traveled over. “Huh? Where’s Nora? Where did she go?”

Together with their voices, the other two women started to walk back.

When she heard them about to come right next to the two of them, for some reason, Nora became a little flustered. She suddenly pushed Justin away forcefully and pushed him to a darker place further inside.

She immediately walked out and said, “I’m over here.”

Tanya came over and circled around her. “What are you doing here? Surely you’re not hiding some stray man over here, right?”

... She really was hiding one, though.

Nora’s cheeks turned a little red and she let out an awkward cough. She gave her a light push and said, “Are we going or not?”

Afraid that Nora would really leave her here, Tanya hurriedly turned around. “What are you being so cocky for, Nora? I may just fall in love with you, you know~”

Nora picked at her ears. “Your love is too cheap. I don’t want it.”

“ ... ”

It was only after the three women walked off while bantering with one another that Justin finally came out from behind the Land Rover with a cold look on his face. When he thought of how the woman had pushed him away just now as if he wasn't fit to be seen, he suddenly felt a little as if they were... having an affair?

He chuckled softly. He saw the woman get into the car's back seat without any hesitation and then, she immediately leaned against it.

After loading her luggage into the car, a tall and slender woman then returned to the front of the car. She immediately exclaimed, "Nora, you're too much! I was stuck on the plane the whole time, yet you're still making me drive?"

With her eyes already closed, Nora leaned against the window and said coolly, "I want to sleep."

The other woman could only get in the driver's seat. Soon, the car started moving.

It was only after they left the car park that Justin realized that he, a man who had always taken full control of his time and never easily wasted it, had actually spent ten minutes standing there and watching her banter with her friend?

However, when he thought of how she had looked when she pushed him away in a panic just now, his frustrations disappeared.

Nora leaned against the car seat in a rare moment of insomnia, unable to sleep.

She thought back to what she had done just now. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling guilty?

While she was thinking about it, her cell phone beeped.

She looked down to see that it was Justin's number. He had sent her a text message: 'What were you being so shy about?'

Nora was bewildered.

She immediately replied: "I wasn't."

After she sent the text message, another beep sounded.

Nora picked up her cell phone again and looked at it. The message read: "Tell me why on earth you're so interested in my son. I can help you think of a solution that won't cost you any money."

Nora was puzzled.

She slowly replied: 'I just find him very cute. I wonder if Mr. Hunt is willing to part with him?'

Beep.

Nora lowered her head and saw another message from him: 'Are you thinking of becoming his mother?'

Nora curled her lip.

She was his mother herself. What did he mean by 'becoming his mother'?

Wait a minute. Didn't something seem a little wrong here?

Nora looked at her cell phone again and saw that the man had sent her another message: "Ms. Smith has a very unique way of confessing her love."

Nora, "!!"

As expected, that man was being narcissistic again!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she immediately sent him three agitated replies:

"You're mistaken."

"I'm not the one who wants to raise him."

"It's a friend of mine."

After sending the messages, Nora touched her cheeks, which felt a little hot.

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile and he let out a deep chuckle as he read the three messages on his cell phone.

Ms. Smith was totally pulling a friend out of thin air!

At the same time, at the kindergarten.

At 4:30 pm in the afternoon, children who'd had their afternoon snack were allowed to play for some time while they waited for the rest of the children to finish eating before they would leave together.

Cherry had always been a very picky eater. After she was done eating, she carried her little plate over and handed it to the teacher. Her big round eyes blinked as she said, "Ms. Lynn, you've lost so much weight again today. You should eat a little more. Cherry has especially left you some of her vegetables."

Ms. Lynn was on a diet, so Cherry's words had undoubtedly hit the spot.

She was such a cute little girl. Was there anyone who could resist her flattery?

Ms. Lynn rubbed her head gently and said, "Little Cherry is so smart! People on a diet can't eat any meat, so I can only eat more vegetables."

The other children looked at her enviously.

Sob! Why was Cherry allowed to skip her veggies?! They also wanted to be picky eaters!

Cherry ran over happily to the play area to wait. She was about to pick up a Barbie when someone snatched it away.

Sinead stood in front of her with her hands on her hips and said loudly, "Cheryl, didn't your mother say that she's going to get a more professional dancer to do an evaluation for you?"

"It's already been a week, but she still hasn't gotten anyone over. You're a liar! And a braggart!"

All the other children looked over.

To them, lying was a very bad habit!

Sinead rebuked, "You're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

Children also had their own social circle.

As Sinead's mother was a dance teacher, there were a few children in the class who liked playing with her very much.

Thus, when Sinead said that, three to four other children immediately stood behind her in support.

"Yes, you're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

"Liar, liar, pants on fire! Your nose is gonna grow longer!"

"..."

Sinead immediately looked at Cherry excitedly, especially now that she also had the support of her friends.

The last kid who went against her had burst into tears after they bullied him the same way. After that, he had even bought them a lot of gifts and begged them to play with him.

Cherry was a newcomer, so she didn't have many friends in the first place. Therefore, she would definitely become so scared that she would cry, right?

She was just thinking about it when she saw Cherry, whom she had scolded, lift her head and glance at her. Surprise flashed across her big round eyes as she said, "I didn't want to play with a selfish, rude, and uncultured child like you in the first place. You're thinking too much."

Sinead, "?"

The next moment, she burst into tears and started to wail.

Ms. Lynn had already noticed the two little girls arguing. She hurriedly placed the plate down and rushed over, for fear that Cherry would be bullied.

As soon as she approached, she heard the bawling Sinead yell, "You're the uncultured one! You're the rude one! You're the selfish one!"

A puzzled Cherry asked, "Why are you crying when you're obviously the one scolding me?"

Sinead suddenly choked on her sobs and even hiccuped.

Ms. Lynn was rendered speechless.

Why was she suddenly feeling like she had rushed over for nothing?

The school bell suddenly rang. Parents were already picking up their children at the door one after another. Sinead cried as she said, "You're a liar and your mom is a braggart! My mom said that if your mom still can't get anyone by tomorrow, you can forget about joining the dance performance! Hmph!"

She immediately ran out after saying that.

Ms. Lynn held Cherry's hand and asked worriedly, "Will your Mommy be able to find a more professional dance teacher?"

Cherry nodded. She sighed seriously and said, "Ms. Lynn, when Mommy's looking for someone, she'll keep sending them private messages on Facebook. She says she'll never stop until they reply! So, Mommy will definitely be able to find someone more professional for me!"

Ms. Lynn, "..."

The picture of a single mother in ill health who looked weak and frail, yet was extremely stubborn, suddenly formed in her mind. In order to prevent her daughter from being bullied and developing low self-esteem, she was determined to find her a more professional dance teacher.

It was getting dark, yet she refused to eat or drink. She didn't dare to sleep, nor did she even dare to cough, lest she woke up her adorable daughter. She sat in front of the computer and constantly sent private messages to people in the dancing field who were more well-respected than Whitney Lowe, begging them to save her daughter...

Sob, how touching!

Ms. Lynn squatted down, hugged Cherry, and said, "Little Cherry's mom is so amazing!"

Cherry's eyes brightened.

Yes, she also found Mommy very amazing!

When they were abroad back then, Mommy was once looking for someone, but the other party kept ignoring her. So, she had written a program that sent a private message to them every second, and even hacked their cell phone so

that they couldn't block or mute her. She had no intentions of stopping until she successfully forced them to reply to her!

As for herself, she had instead happily gone to bed. By the time she woke up, the other party was already close to changing their cell phone altogether! Was there anyone who wouldn't break down after 16 hours of constant harassment?

The teacher sent Cherry out. Nora and the others weren't back from the dance party yet, so it was Melissa who came to pick her up.

When Ms. Lynn handed Cherry to Melissa, she said with her eyes red, "Cherry's mom's life is too hard!"

Melissa, who strongly agreed with her, nodded. She held Ms. Lynn's hand and said, "Yes, her mom has a hard life. It really isn't easy to raise a child all alone!"

The two looked at each other, both feeling as though they had found someone who understood how they felt!

Ms. Lynn sighed silently and said, "Please tell her not to overdo it if she really can't find a dance teacher who's more professional than Whitney. I'll think of something!"

Melissa was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Ms. Lynn was also surprised by her reaction. She asked, "Don't you know what happened?"

She gave her a brief account of what had happened. Melissa frowned and heaved a sigh. "That girl is just too considerate. She must have been afraid that I would be put in a spot if I knew what had happened. But how are we going to find a more professional dance teacher than Whitney Lowe in the States?"

Whitney was one of the rare few dancers in the States who had won in an international ballroom dancing competition.

It was a very prestigious competition, and few from the States had achieved high rankings even after so many years.

Ms. Lynn sighed. "You'll need the champions if you want to suppress her. It'll be the most ideal if you can find the champion who competed in the same year as her. I've already asked around; the champion of that year is named Tanya Turner. She's also a very outstanding dancer. It'll be best if you can get her to help. If not, even if you find someone else, with Mrs. Lowe's authority, no one will dare to go against her. After all, she has the Lowes backing her up."

Apart from top-class giants like the Hunts and the Smiths, the Lowes weren't afraid of anyone else at all.

Melissa looked thoughtful after she heard what she said.

Meanwhile, the 'tolerant and understanding' Nora Smith who had 'endured a lot of hardships' had just reached home.

Tanya stood at the bedroom door and looked at Nora pitifully. "Nora, are you really not gonna let me sleep with you?"

Nora responded by closing the door with a loud bam.

Tanya, "..."

There was a hint of worry in her eyes.

It seemed like Nora was still very insecure.

There mustn't be anyone else in the room when she slept. Otherwise, she would suffer from insomnia. This habit of hers still hadn't changed.

Beep, beep!

She heard a car stopping outside.

It was Cherry who had just returned from school. Tanya immediately became excited. She left her suitcase in the hallway, went straight downstairs, and rushed out of the door happily.

"Cherry!"

Cherry, who was carrying a big schoolbag on her back, was carried down from the car. When she saw her, the little girl's eyes brightened and she raced over. "Wah! Aunt Tanya! You're here!"

Tanya said, "Who's Aunt Tanya? Call me God-mom!"

Melissa also got off the car. Her mind was fully occupied by thoughts of Tanya at the moment. She had made several phone calls on the way back, but she couldn't get Tanya's contact information at all.

Should she call her elder brother and ask him for help?

Nora had saved Harmonia Pharmacy with the Carefree Pill after she came to the Andersons.

She had given the Andersons so much help. There was no way she would allow Cherry to be bullied in school.

Melissa raised her head with great resolve.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed her brother's number.

The phone rang for a while before someone answered. An impatient voice came from the other end of the call. "What's the matter this time?"

"..."

Melissa fell silent for a moment. Then, she cast her eyes down and asked gently, "Farrell, can you contact Ms. Tanya Turner for me?"

However, while she was speaking, she suddenly noticed that there was a female stranger in the house.

She was currently pointing at herself frantically.

Melissa, "?"

While Melissa was hesitating, Miranda, her sister-in-law, had already taken over the phone. "What's all that pretense for, Melissa? Rachel has already come home and told me everything that happened at the dance party! Why is Sheril fighting with Rachel for every little thing?"

Melissa didn't have time to respond to the guest. She said anxiously, "What's the matter, Miranda? I'm just asking for Tanya's contact informat—"

Miranda scoffed and said, "Her contact information? Do you even need it when she's already in your house? You're doing this deliberately, aren't you?"

What's the big deal? You're just acquainted with Tanya, that's all. Has that made you so full of yourself?

"Know your place, Melissa. You're no longer a young lady from the Woods but Mrs. Anderson now! Even if you have Tanya on your side, it'll never change the Andersons' and the Woods' social statuses! Sheril had better not fight with Rachel for every single thing. It's more important for one to know their place!"

Miranda hung up immediately after ranting fiercely at her.

Melissa's grip on her cell phone tightened, causing her fingertips to turn a little pale.

What did Miranda mean by "she's already in your house"?

While she was in a daze, Tanya came up to her and said, "Hi Auntie. Barring any accidents, I should be the Tanya whom you're looking for."

"..."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Tanya said very politely, "I'm Nora's friend. Can I stay at your house temporarily while I'm back in the States?"

"... Sure."

Melissa watched the cheerful Tanya take Cherry's hand and lead her into the living room, feeling as if she was dreaming.

Did Tanya just say that she was Nora's friend?

It seemed like none of Nora's friends were simple people?

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Tanya was playing with Cherry. She tossed her high into the air before she caught her again. Cherry was so excited that she couldn't stop giggling.

"Again, God-mom!"

"Again!"

Next to them, Sheril was watching them in horror, terribly afraid that Tanya would miss and cause Cherry to fall.

After several rounds, a tuckered-out Tanya slumped onto the sofa. She rubbed her sore arms and said, "I haven't seen you for only half a year, but why am I having difficulty picking you up now?"

Cherry climbed onto the sofa and massaged her shoulders with her small hands. "It must be because God-mom has become weaker rather than because I became heavier!"

"..."

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed.

"You guys are so noisy." Nora, who was lying on the bed, tossed and turned repeatedly, unable to sleep. She buried her head with a pillow and said, "Can't you guys play outside? I still have to send Cherry to school early in the morning tomorrow."

It was currently only 6 o'clock in the evening while she only needed to wake up at 7:40 in the morning...

However, the few of them who were familiar with her biological clock didn't find anything wrong with what she said.

Tanya even gave a grand wave and said, "Now that I'm here, do you still think you won't get enough sleep? I'll take Cherry to school tomorrow morning!"

As soon as she said that, Nora immediately flipped the quilt aside and sat up. Then, she stretched and walked to the study as she said, "In that case, I'll go and do a bit of work."

Tanya was bewildered.

She finally realized something and exclaimed, "Were you waiting for me to say that?!"

Nora yawned. "Uh-huh. It would've been nice if you had said it earlier. I had to stay in bed for so long because of that."

Then, she entered the study and closed the door right away.

Everyone was speechless.

Sheril looked at Tanya cautiously. However, she didn't see any signs of anger on her face. Rather, there was even a sort of... joy at being exploited??

Then, she saw Tanya hug Cherry and say very gently, "Cherry, shall God-mom bathe you? Let's sleep together tonight!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

As Cherry blinked with her big round eyes, she hugged Tanya around her neck and said, "God-mom, you must take me to school tomorrow, okie?"

"No problem!"

The Andersons' residence was a villa with guest rooms, so they definitely wouldn't let Tanya and Sheril squeeze with each other in a room.

When Sheril was taking Tanya to the guest room, she asked, "Tanya, how did you meet Nora?"

How did she meet Nora?

The light in Tanya's eyes dimmed a little. She lowered her head and looked at Cherry gently before she slowly answered, "We met at a gathering."

A gathering?

Sheril could clearly sense that she was in low spirits, so she very thoughtfully didn't ask any further.

Tanya, however, held her arm and asked, "Sheril, are you thinking that Nora treats me too coldly, so you're afraid that I'll be mad?"

Upon having her thoughts exposed, Sheril immediately felt rather embarrassed.

Be it at the dance party or in Nora's bedroom just now, there was no way that anyone would say that Nora's attitude toward Tanya had been warm or enthusiastic. Thus, she really was a little worried.

Tanya suddenly burst into laughter. She picked up Cherry and pressed her cheek against hers. "Don't worry, she's really nice to me! Look, she even gave me little Cherry!"

Sheril, "???"

Tanya then added, "Besides, you don't have to worry. She and I are so close that we're pretty much inseparable, because... We used to be in the same boat."

Toward the end, she sounded a little dejected. However, she quickly recovered and gave her a wry smile. "Nora's luckier than me, though. She found hers shortly after she came back to the States... But I'm still looking for mine..."

Cherry immediately puckered her lips and kissed Tanya on her cheek. She said, "Don't be sad, Mom!"

The word 'Mom' made Tanya freeze.

Her eyes reddened and she hugged the soft and tender Cherry tightly. "Little Cherry, you're really God-mom's precious little baby!"

She then entered the guest room with Cherry.

The two of them played and had fun for quite a while. Before going to bed, Cherry suddenly sat upright and said, "Wait a minute, God-mom. I almost forgot! My spark of friendship is going to go out!"

After saying that, she got off the bed, ran to Nora's room, and picked up her cell phone. She was about to leave when she realized that there was no one on the bed and that the lights in the study were still on.

Cherry slowed down and walked back to the bedroom. Then, she logged on to Facebook and sent 'Old Ian' a sticker wishing him goodnight.

Old Ian also replied to her with a sticker wishing her goodnight.

Only then did Cherry gain peace of mind and put down her cell phone with a smile.

When she looked back, she saw Tanya staring at her. "Cherry, 'fess up! Do you have a boyfriend?!"

Cherry replied, “No, I don’t! It’s Grandpa! Sponsor Grandpa!”

“ ... ”

The night passed peacefully.

Whenever Nora took Cherry to school, she basically woke up at 7:35 and got out of bed at 7:40. Then, she would brush her teeth and leave the house with a baseball cap on without rinsing her face or combing her hair.

Unlike her, Tanya got up at half-past six.

She secretly put on exquisite makeup and even mock-snobbishly put on a pair of sunglasses before finally taking Cherry to school happily.

When they reached the school gates, Cherry just so happened to see Whitney and Sinead also entering when she got off the car.

Whitney stopped in her tracks when she spotted her.

Sinead yelled, “A liar is not allowed to go into the school!”

Whitney also said dispassionately, “Cheryl Smith, it’s not good to lie. As punishment, you are to stand at the school gates and shout a hundred times ‘I was wrong. I won’t ever lie again’. You can only enter after you’ve reflected upon your actions!”

As a dance teacher in the school, Whitney was authorized to punish students.

However, her humiliating approach was such that even Ms. Lynn, who was receiving the schoolchildren at the school gates, couldn’t stand it anymore.

She said, “Mrs. Lowe, let’s not do that. There are a lot of people coming and going here. It won’t be nice if other parents misunderstand that we’re carrying out corporal punishment.”

Whitney scoffed, “Why would that be? It’s only when the school is strict with their students that we’ll be able to show off how good of an international school this is! It’s precisely because of people like you who spoil the children that Cheryl Smith has developed the bad habit of lying!”

Her lecturing made Ms. Lynn’s cheeks burn. She was about to say something when Whitney added, “I know, they’re all children from wealthy families, so

you don't dare to scold them. Since I'm the one lecturing them now, you can stop being so meddlesome!"

The teachers in international schools were all doctoral students from prestigious schools!

They were fluent in at least three languages, so they were able to communicate with the children without any obstacles.

After they were hired, they even had to study psychology, early childhood education courses, and undergo other kinds of professional training before they could officially commence work there.

Of course, the salaries were also scarily high.

Ms. Lynn came from an ordinary family, so the fact that she was a teacher in the kindergarten went to show that she was an outstanding talent. She narrowed her eyes and said, "Mrs. Lowe, no matter what, corporal punishment is still against the law."

Whitney, however, remained unmoved. Instead, she even said, "Oh, feel free to call the police and have them arrest me, then."

Ms. Lynn, "..."

She clenched her fists. "Mrs. Lowe, let's not go too far! You were obviously the one who was being aggressive that day and insisted that Cherry wasn't suitable to dance. Her mother only said that she was going to find someone more professional because she was afraid that it would affect the child..."

Whitney had an icy-cold look on her face. With an air of arrogance unique to artists, she said, "Ms. Lynn, one mustn't make up excuses when they make mistakes. No matter what, the children must do what they say."

She looked at Cherry and said, "You can't unring the bell. People have to take responsibility for their actions. Cheryl Smith, go and stand at the gates!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and got ready to enter the school.

At this point, a voice reached their ears. "Tsk, Whitney. Have you already learned how to bully children during these few years that we haven't met?"

Tanya took off her sunglasses. She hadn't said anything just now because she wanted to see if there were any reasonable teachers in the school. If there weren't, then it would be better to withdraw as soon as possible.

Secondly, she was trying to gain an understanding of the situation through their exchange.

When she shot Cherry a glare, she immediately saw the little girl sticking out her tongue at her. At once, she became caught between laughter and tears. No wonder the little fellow had slept with her the night before and insisted that she took her to school today.

Here she was, thinking that the little fellow really missed her!

Tanya mentally dissed Cherry while she admired the look on Whitney's face, which looked as if she had just seen a ghost.

Tanya sneered, "You were just a bad dancer a few years ago, but unexpectedly, even your eyesight has become bad after a few years. Not only has Cherry's physique achieved the golden ratio, but her limbs are also long and slender. She clearly has great potential to be a dancer!

"If it wasn't because her mother dotes on her too much and didn't have the heart to make her suffer the pain of training to do splits and leg stretches, I would've taken her as my student a long time ago. Who do you think you are? How dare you say that she doesn't have any potential for dancing?

"If she doesn't have any potential for dancing, then who does? That chubby daughter of yours? This must be the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

Whitney, "!!"

She was already rendered speechless. The sight of Tanya made her feel as if she had returned to the competition from a few years ago!

Back then, she was young and high-spirited and didn't know that there would always be someone better out there. On the eve of the competition, she had gone up to Tanya—who had already won two championships in a row—and declared, 'I will definitely be the champion this year!'

Tanya hadn't said anything at the time, but right after that, she had used her own capabilities to make her eat her own words in the competition.

No one had managed to outshine Tanya after that!

To date, she was the only person in international ballroom dancing history who had successfully performed moves of the highest level of difficulty!

Back then, she had glanced at her after she finished dancing.

That glance of hers had exuded a champion's contempt.

For so many years, Whitney had been hailed as the top dancer in the States, but every time in the dead of night, she would always see that contemptuous look in Tanya's eyes...

And now, she was here! She was here again!

Whitney took a step back in fright. She suddenly pushed Sinead to Ms. Lynn, turned around, and got into her car as if she were fleeing. She slammed the door shut and gasped for air.

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

No one had expected Whitney to actually be so weak.

The corners of Tanya's lips were even spasming at the sight. She handed Cherry to Ms. Lynn and said, "Hello, I'm Tanya Turner. Cherry is very talented in dancing."

Ms. Lynn, "!!"

Oh my goodness!

Cherry's mom had really managed to get Tanya over!

Was this what they meant by 'faith will move mountains'?

She looked at Tanya all starry-eyed and said, "Ms. Smith has done so much! Good work!"

Tanya was bewildered.

Nora was still sleeping at home while she brought Cherry to school. On top of that, she even had to help her teach someone a lesson. 'Good work'? Yeah, right!

Seeing that Cherry had entered the school, Tanya turned and shot Whitney a sharp look.

In the car.

Whitney hurriedly shrank back in fear. While watching the video she had just recorded, she instructed the chauffeur, "To Mr. Lowe's office!"

"Yes, ma'am."

When Whitney arrived at the Lowes' company, her husband, Bob Lowe, was just about to head out. He was a little taken aback when he saw her. "Why are you here, darling?"

Whitney grabbed his hand and said, "Dear, I might be in trouble."

A smiling Bob asked, "What's the matter?"

Whitney took out her cell phone and started playing the video she had recorded. She pointed to the exquisite and adorable Cherry on the screen and recounted what had happened to him. She said, "... I've already checked her background. She's a child from a single-mother family and doesn't have a father, so I bullied her a little without any reservations. But in the end, her mother actually got Tanya over! Dear, given how arrogant Tanya is, there's no way ordinary people can get her to help. Is there a chance that this child comes from some sort of influential background?"

Bob smiled and patted her hand reassuringly. "There are only a few families who are more powerful than us in New York. The Smiths' children are in school while the Hunts hire private tutors for all their children, so you don't have to worry. I reckon it's just a coincidence that she managed to get Tanya Turner to help."

It was only then that Whitney heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she realized that she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

She let out a cold laugh and said, "I can put my mind at ease now, then. Isn't the reason why she tried so hard to get Tanya over none other than to take the center position from Sinead? Hah! I'll definitely make it such that she won't be able to bear the consequences of her actions!"

She wanted to dance, right? One must know that there were many different kinds of ways to teach someone how to dance! For example, leg stretches... splits...

Bob comforted her a little more before he left.

He was going to discuss future partnership plans with Mr. Hunt today.

When he arrived at the Hunt Corporation, the secretary led him to the top floor.

As he observed the unique environment around him that was found nowhere else in New York, Bob's respect for Justin grew a little more.

When they arrived, Sean stopped them. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lowe. Please wait a moment. Mr. Hunt is currently keeping his child company while he does his homework. His work hours only start at ten."

It was said that Justin had a child whom he kept very well-protected. To date, there were very few who even knew whether his child was a boy or a girl.

Bob hurriedly replied ingratiatingly, "It's fine! Mr. Hunt is such a good father!"

At ten o'clock, the door to the office opened.

Bob and the others entered.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Justin. However, his gaze swept to the side out of the corner of his eye to see a small child sitting there doing their homework seriously.

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze.

However, the next moment, his head suddenly whipped back up.

Why did that child look so familiar to him? He actually looked exactly the same as the child in the video that Whitney had shown him just now!

Chapter 83 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

After taking a look at the text message, Nora turned off the screen, and tossed the cell phone back into her pantsuit's pocket again. When she looked up, she noticed that Rachel was looking at her. She said exaggeratedly, "Hey, Sheril, why isn't your cousin wearing a dress? Doesn't she dance?"

Nora's pantsuit was actually a form of veiled rejection.

None of the wealthy and nobles liked being embarrassed, so they usually spoke tactfully and would never go too far.

However, what Rachel said was too direct.

The look in Nora's eyes darkened slightly, but before she could say anything, Sheril said, "Neither of us is dancing tonight."

"Why not?" asked Rachel, despite knowing exactly why. She asked, "Are you not going to dance just because you don't have Caden with you now? Why don't I lend him to you for a dance, then?"

She nudged Caden.

Sheril subconsciously glanced at Caden.

The man in the black tuxedo looked handsome and gentlemanly, but he didn't dare to meet her eyes.

When Rachel pushed him forward, Caden automatically took a step back and stood next to her again. He said, "Rachel, we've already agreed that I'll be your dance partner tonight. If I dance with Sheril, then what about you?"

Rachel raised her chin slightly and said, "Tsk, what's the big deal? Men have the right to choose, right? You can choose between me and her, can't you?"

Then, she cast her eyes down and said with a smile, "Sheril and I are cousins, so we're real close. No matter who you choose, the other party won't get mad. Right, Sheril?"

Caden looked at Sheril cautiously.

Sheril's heart would always ache whenever he gave her such a fawning look in the past. He was clearly talented, yet he was always looked down upon because of his background.

Every time he made her angry, she would always relent whenever he looked at her like that.

But at this moment, all she felt was disgust.

She looked away and said, "I—"

Before she could finish, Nora interrupted her coolly and said, "No, it's fine. She has a dance partner."

"She does?" Rachel looked around and said, "Who is it? Why didn't you bring him over and show us?"

Nora cast her eyes down. In a seemingly half-amused manner, she said, "You'll see when the party starts, wouldn't you? What are you being so anxious for? Oh, I get it. Don't worry, Sheril won't take back someone that she's already thrown away."

Rachel, "!!"

She was originally intending to humiliate Sheril, but Nora's words in this instant infuriated her instead!

After Nora said that, she immediately led Sheril away in the opposite direction and deprived Rachel of the chance to say anything.

A vicious look flashed across Rachel's eyes as she stood where she was. However, she quickly adjusted her expression, took Caden's arm, and said, "Do your best when you dance later. I want everyone to see that she's nothing without you!"

With the exception of Ms. Smith, Sheril had been the most eye-catching person in all the previous dance parties.

Ms. Smith was a Smith, so it was only natural that she would outshine her, but why Sheril too? Obviously, it was just because she had hooked up with a good boyfriend!

Without Caden leading her this year, let's see how she's gonna dance!

Nora found a corner, sat down on the sofa, and rested on it.

She wanted to tell Sheril not to worry and that she would find her a dance partner, but when she looked over, she saw that her head was lowered and she was texting seriously: "Where are you, Logan? You said that we'll meet at the dance party tonight. Surely you came, right?"

The situation where Nora couldn't find a dance partner in the dance studio the other day was still fresh in Sheril's mind.

Thus, she had specially told Logan to also attend the dance party tonight, so that her cousin would have a dance partner if she wanted to dance.

Nora had worn a pantsuit when they left the house, so she hadn't said anything to Logan. However, she wanted Logan to be her own dance partner now.

However, he didn't respond even after she sent the message.

Sheril decided to call Logan. After it rang for a long time, he finally answered. It was just that he sounded terribly tired. He asked, "What is it?"

Sheril was taken aback for a moment. Then, she asked, "Are you not here yet?"

"... I'm reaching soon."

After he said that, Sheril seemed to hear someone else speaking there. However, she only heard the words "pay off your debt" and "how to run away" before the call was disconnected from the other side.

Sensing that she didn't look so good, Nora asked, "What's the matter?"

Sheril looked at her.

The young woman in front of her wasn't from New York. Mom said that she'd had a hard life and hadn't seen much of the world before, so she wanted her to spend a little more effort taking care of her. Her cat-like eyes were always downcast and she seemed disinterested in everything. She looked sleepy all day long, yet she had the power to reassure others.

Sheril said, "Something seems to have happened to Logan."

"Oh. Let me see."

After saying that, Nora lowered her head and started to use her cell phone.

Sheril, “?”

Had it been someone else, she might have found them a little unfeeling, but if it was Nora... Sheril leaned toward her and looked at her cell phone—the screen was completely dark.

Only a small red dot was moving.

During her moment of hesitation, Nora said, “He should be fine. He’s already at the party.”

As if to verify the authenticity of her words, almost immediately after she said that, Logan appeared around the corner.

He was a little pale and he was limping a little. His usually frosty expression looked even icier at the moment and he had an impatient look on his face. He exuded a cold and distant aura that screamed “Don’t come near me”.

Sheril stood up abruptly. “What happened to you?”

Logan glanced at her and replied, “I’m fine. I twisted my ankle, that’s all.”

“...”

Sheril was about to speak when Rachel’s loathsome voice rang out again. “Sheril, your dance partner must be Logan, right? Did he sprain his ankle?”

Her voice was a little loud, causing the people around them to look over again.

Rachel’s little sidekick next to her said, “Of all times to sprain his ankle, he simply had to do it now. Tsk, it’s okay if you don’t wanna dance, you know. You don’t have to make so many excuses... To be honest, your dancing is only so-so without Caden anyway!”

Rachel frowned. “Don’t say that. How could Sheril possibly have chickened out...? She’s always said that dancing is just a hobby to her. She’s not doing it as a means of livelihood.”

The sidekick went into mockery mode right away. She said, “Of course, she’s not doing it as a means of livelihood. I mean, how can she possibly compare with you, Rachel? She only got bonus points in the past because she had

Caden leading her. You obviously dance better than her. It was just that your partner pulled you back.”

“We’re finally setting things right this year, though. With you and Caden teaming up, you’ll definitely be the dance queen this year! Sheril, just admit defeat if you’re scared. Why put on such a lofty act? Isn’t the purpose of coming to a dance party exactly to dance?”

Sheril was so angry that her hands were shaking.

The expression of Logan, who had just entered the venue, turned even icier.

He endured the discomfort at his ankle and said coldly, “Who says she’s not dancing?”

Sheril’s head whipped toward Logan. She frowned and said, “No, we’re not dancing anymore!”

He had sprained his ankle, so dancing would only aggravate the injury!

What was the big deal about suffering a little mockery anyway?

Logan, however, had a frosty look on his face. Then, before he could say anything, Nora stood up and said lazily, “Of course, she’s dancing. Why wouldn’t she?”

Taken aback, Sheril looked at her.

Logan rotated his ankle a little. The sprained area was already starting to go numb. He was about to speak when a young man who looked about 22 or 23 years old suddenly emerged from the crowd. He looked bright and cheerful and had big eyes and thick brows. His hair was dyed olive green.

Isaac Young grabbed Logan’s arm and demanded, “Do you have a death wish, Logan?”

Logan frowned. “Let go of me! Leave me alone!”

Isaac lowered his voice and said, “You can’t let your ankle’s condition worsen. This way, you’ll still have a chance to participate in the race three days later! You must understand that you’re not just racing for yourself! Unless you can find a better racer to help you out, you’re already at risk of bankruptcy this time! Will being embarrassed or not even matter at that point?!”

Logan clenched his fists and looked at Sheril.

Although she was his elder sister, she was only ten minutes older than him, so Logan had actually always been protective of her. Seeing her being humiliated by others now, how could he possibly ignore it?

Isaac spoke again. He said, “Besides, even if you insist, will you be able to dance well?”

Logan clenched his jaw.

He didn’t like dancing, so he had only learned a bit of international ballroom dancing.

During his hesitation, Sheril had already grabbed Nora by her wrist. She said, “Don’t say any more, Nora. I won’t dance anymore. I don’t have a partne—”

Nora smiled and said, “Who says you don’t have one?”

Sheril was stunned. The next moment, she saw the young woman reaching up and tying her long hair into a high ponytail.

Then, her cool and fair slender arm snaked around her waist and she pulled her toward herself. When Sheril jerked forward, she subconsciously held Nora’s shoulder for support.

Apart from her almond-shaped eyes, everything else about Sheril took after Melissa. She was petite and stood at about 5’3”.

Nora was 5’7”. In addition, she was already intending to dance with Sheril when they left home, so she had deliberately worn thick-soled shoes.

As a result, when they stood side by side, their height difference was actually perfect!

Sheril’s eyes suddenly widened. “You...”

“That’s right, I’ll dance with you!”

Nora’s lips curled into a smile as she spoke wildly and arrogantly.

Sheril looked at her. Suddenly, she smiled gently and said, “Okay!”

Since Nora wanted to dance, she would accompany her and have some fun. At most, she would just lead the dance later!

“ ... ”

Everyone around them heard their exchange.

They were stunned, but after a while, Rachel, who was the first to recover, chuckled softly and said, “Are you kidding me? Sheril, if you really lack a partner, why don’t I find one for you instead? Having your cousin dance with you... I mean, she’s never learned international ballroom dancing before, right?”

As soon as she said that, everyone else also started to talk among themselves.

“She’s never learned international ballroom dancing? Then what is she trying to be the hero for?”

“... But don’t you think she looked so alpha and so cool just now?! She’s so handsome!”

“It may feel good to act cool, but it’ll all go downhill when they dance later! Who doesn’t know how to talk tough?”

“Hahaha! What a huge joke this is! Just how down-and-out must Sheril be? To think she can’t even find a dance partner and has to resort to dancing with a woman instead?”

“Speaking of which, the dance queen today will definitely be Rachel! She’s been practicing very diligently. Moreover, she also has Caden with her this time...”

“I originally thought Sheril still had a chance, but I also think it’ll be Rachel now!”

“Rachel danced better than Sheril right from the start. Sheril used to rank better than her only because of Caden...”

Nora didn’t say anything even when she heard the mocking comments coming from everyone around them.

Action was a more powerful slap in the face. Words were only weak and powerless at moments like this.

Two minutes later, Nora and Sheril went to the dance floor. Both of them turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to everyone's speculative looks and words.

Because of the two of them, everyone gathered around.

After Rachel and Caden got into position, Rachel gave the two of them nearby a mocking look.

The first dance of the night was tango. Tango required power, otherwise, the dancers wouldn't be able to bring out its beauty. A woman competing with a man in terms of strength... She was pretty much just embarrassing herself!

The corners of her lips curled up.

The title of dance queen tonight was in the bag.

Just as she thought so, grand music started to play!

Rachel instantly got into the mood. She separated from Caden and then violently clashed against each other!

"Nice!"

The crowd burst into applause. Rachel kept a straight face on, but a smile nevertheless formed in her eyes.

However, when she looked out from the corner of her eye, she realized that the audience... actually wasn't watching her?

Taken aback, Rachel subconsciously turned her head and looked over.

All the other dancers were more or less already distracted—their gazes were all on the two young women, one in red and one in black.

When the music started, the looks in the two women's eyes had suddenly changed, and they separated from each other.

With her back to her partner, Sheril started to dance and sway to the beat. She was as agile as a snake. A shiver went through the fingertips of her left

hand to her left shoulder, and then from her right shoulder to the fingertips of her right hand.

Then, she suddenly whipped her head back!

She had initially been worried that Nora hadn't done a good job at the starting steps, but when she saw Nora, a look of mild astonishment appeared in her eyes.

The young woman stood there casually, her posture straight and fit. The alluring look in her eyes was as if she were an elegant and noble knight asking her for a dance!

Sheril twirled right up to Nora in a rush. When she stopped, Nora had already reached out and held her waist.

The strong beat of the music was exciting and uplifting.

Their dance was steady and powerful.

The people around them could hardly see their movements. All they could see were their silhouettes, their speed, and a constantly changing center of gravity, which exuded a sense of decisiveness and clear, distinct edges and corners.

Both of them looked very serious, their gazes a little solemn when they made the occasional eye contact. Yet they also turned their bodies and whipped their heads to the side quickly every once in a while and looked around.

Their dance steps, which were occasionally still and occasionally moving, as well as the distant and unfamiliar music, cloaked them in a strange and mysterious veil.

They were the kings on the dance floor, and people couldn't tear their eyes away from them at all!

Even Rachel and Caden couldn't help but look over from time to time... causing them to make quite a few mistakes.

When the music came to an abrupt end, the hot and sexy dance also finally ended.

Five seconds of silence later, the party broke into fervent applause!

“She’s so cool!”

“Oh my god, who’s that young woman? She’s making me gay!”

There were also people saying things such as...

“Sheril also looks great! She’s always been such a great dancer!”

“I wonder if Caden has regretted his actions...”

Amid the conversations, a livid Rachel looked at Caden, who was staring at Sheril with an unreadable and constantly changing look on his face. She couldn’t help but snap, “What are you looking at? Even if she dances well, can she help you get Tanya Turner to give you pointers?!”

Caden suddenly regained his senses.

At this point, there was suddenly a flurry of activity at the door!

Someone exclaimed, “Oh my god! Ms. Smith is so amazing! She’s actually invited Tanya Turner to the dance party!”

Rachel craned her neck and looked at the entrance. She saw that a group of people had already swarmed over.

She glanced at Sheril and Nora who had just finished dancing. A hint of arrogance and triumph flashed across her eyes. She neatened her dress, cast her eyes down, and said, “I’m going to go over and say hello to Ms. Turner.”

Caden’s eyes lit up. He said, “I’ll—”

Before he could say the words “go with you”, Rachel cut him off and said, “The people gathered around Tanya over there are all rich and famous young ladies. What are you going over there for? Just wait. Tanya will eventually have to come over to my house for classes. You’ll see her then.”

She turned and left immediately after saying that.

Rachel spoke imperiously and loudly, so everyone dancing nearby heard her, causing them to look at Caden in a half-amused manner.

Caden clenched his fists. He felt as if he had been given a few hard slaps across his cheeks.

Rachel simply didn't respect him at all!

During the last few days where he practiced dancing with her, he had been lectured severely like a kid every day. She had such a bad temper!

He couldn't help but look into the distance—the woman in the red gown had already walked over to the sofa and sat down.

Caden, who was having an internal struggle, stood in place for a while. Then, he walked over.

Dancing tango was very tiring. An out-of-breath Sheril went over to the resting area with Nora and took a seat.

“You're amazing at dancing, Nora!” It had been a very long time since Sheril had last had such a good time dancing. A look of excitement came over her rosy cheeks.

Nora's lip corners slowly curled into a smile, though she kept quiet.

The flurry of activity at the door attracted their attention and they looked over to see that a huge crowd had gathered over there. They didn't know who had arrived, though.

While they were wondering about it, a few people next to them who were also trotting over to the entrance said, “Tanya Turner's here! My goodness! This year's dance party is totally worth coming!”

When she heard the name Tanya Turner, a taken aback Sheril immediately looked at Nora!

She remained comfortably seated on the sofa and didn't move. Instead, she said lazily, “That woman's the center of attention wherever she goes, so she'll probably be held up for a while. Don't worry, I'll introduce the two of you to each other later.”

Sheril immediately nodded. “Okay!”

Anyone who liked dancing would want to get acquainted with someone like Tanya.

She looked at the entrance excitedly...

However, a voice suddenly rang out beside her at this moment. "Come with me, Sheril."

The familiar voice made Sheril's eyes dim.

When she turned and saw Caden standing next to her with his usual smile, she felt as if her heart had been pierced by a needle.

She cast her eyes down and asked coldly and distantly, "Is something the matter?"

Caden didn't expect her to treat him so coldly. In the past, whenever he came over to coax her after they got into an argument, even though she had also pulled a long face, she always treated him with respect and followed him to the corner to talk.

It seemed like she was pretty angry this time.

Caden let out a sigh. He half-squatted beside her and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Sheril."

"Don't be mad anymore"...

He spoke the same way as he had done in the past, like an innocent man with a low EQ who had no idea how he had made her angry. It made one not have the heart to lose their temper at him.

Sheril cast her eyes down and said, "Yeah, I'm not angry anymore."

Caden immediately brightened and reached out to take her hand. However, before he could, the girl avoided his touch. Sheril looked at him coldly and said, "We don't have anything to do with each other anymore, so why would I still be angry with you?"

Caden was stunned to the spot. His brows drew together as if he really didn't get it. He said, "Stop kicking up a fuss, Sheril. There's really nothing between Rachel and me. We're just working with each other!"

Kicking up a fuss?

Sheril smiled wryly, finding him really ridiculous. "Whatever your relationship with her is, it has nothing to do with me."

“Sheril, you just said that you aren’t angry anymore, so why are you saying such things again?” Caden took a deep breath and said, “The only reason why I danced with Rachel is for Tanya’s guidance. She does indeed have a bad temper and is always saying things to shame and embarrass you, but can’t you put up with it a little for the sake of my future?”

He had a smile on his face when he said that.

Sheril felt extremely disgusted.

Her expression turned icy and she said, “You’re mistaken about something, Caden.”

“What?”

Sheril sneered, “My mother didn’t give birth to me and raise me in fine clothes and exquisite food to have me suffer with you and be bullied!”

‘Suffer with you’...

Caden clenched his fists and said, “At the bottom of it all, it’s just because you look down on me, right? You think you’re a rich young lady while I’m a penniless pauper, right?”

Sheril, “?”

If she really were someone who cared about things like that, why would she date him for two years?

However, she couldn’t be bothered to say any more. She immediately said, “Please stay away from me.”

Caden, however, looked livid. He said, “That’s enough, Sheril! Do you really think you’re some rich young lady? Wake up! The Andersons have long since fallen into decline!”

Sheril’s eyes widened. “What?”

Caden’s words were vicious and nasty. “Your family is about to fall out of the ranks of the rich soon! What are you still throwing a tantrum like a rich young woman here for?! Your family probably can’t even talk to Tanya Turner, let alone ask her to hold classes!

“You always say that you’re not interested in becoming a professional dancer and prefer to coop yourself up at home to study medicine, but in my opinion, it’s not because you don’t want to but because you can’t!

“The only part about you that’s better than Rachel is that you have a better temper! But in terms of family background, how do you even compare to her? She’s the real princess here, alright? Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!”

While he was talking, Rachel had already squeezed her way to the front of the crowd.

Tanya was tall and slender. Dressed in a casual outfit and a baseball cap, she was currently signing autographs for others. She had a grin on her face and a hearty, outgoing personality.

When it was Rachel’s turn, she asked, “Tanya, do you still remember me? The Woods have made an appointment with you for a dance class.”

“The Woods?” Tanya blinked. “Oh, Rachel Wood, right?”

Nora had mentioned to her that she was living with the Andersons in New York.

Thus, she had asked someone to find out more about them. Melissa Anderson, the current mistress of the Andersons, was a daughter of the Woods, so the two families likely shared a very close relationship.

It just so happened that the Woods had also made an appointment with her for a dance class at a high price, so she had made an effort to remember a bit more about Rachel, lest she embarrasses Nora.

After the two chatted casually a little, Tanya said, “Sorry everyone, I’m here today to look for a close friend. Let’s do the autographs again another day!”

Everyone there was respectable people in the circle, so they stepped aside after she said that.

After Tanya left, they immediately surrounded Rachel.

“Wow, Rachel! Ms. Turner remembers your name!”

“Given the Woods’ status, coupled with how Rachel is indeed pretty talented in dancing, what’s so strange about Tanya remembering her? That’s the way it should be!”

As she listened to their flattery, a triumphant smile formed on Rachel’s countenance.

So what even if Sheril had danced well just now?

Tanya probably didn’t even know who she was!

It was just that, who exactly was Tanya looking for?

Rachel looked around but instead saw Tanya turning the corner and entering the bathroom at the side.

“Rachel, what’s Caden doing over there?”

Her sidekick nudged her arm and said, “Surely, Sheril isn’t trying to poach him while you’re away?”

Rachel’s eyes turned cold and she started walking over with her.

As soon as the two approached, they heard Caden say, “... Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!”

Rachel’s lip corners curled upward.

Her sidekick said smugly, “It’s not just that! Even a lofty person like Ms. Turner remembers Rachel’s name!”

Caden turned and looked at her eagerly upon hearing what the sidekick said.

Rachel lifted her chin triumphantly and said, “I’ll introduce you to Ms. Turner when we meet her again later.”

Caden immediately nodded.

Rachel then looked at Sheril and Nora. She smiled and asked, “Sheril, Ms. Smith. Do you want me to introduce the two of you to her, too?”

Her sidekick immediately complimented her. “You’re so nice to your cousin, Rachel!”

Rachel giggled. “We’re family after all...”

Sheril looked straight at her. “No, it’s fine. I’m not going professional!”

Rachel’s expression immediately darkened.

Caden frowned and said, “Sheril, why are you still being so headstrong? Why are you refusing such a good opportunity?”

“Because she doesn’t need it.” A clear and cool voice interrupted Caden.

Nora stood up from the sofa, the corners of her lips curling up when she looked into the distance.

The few of them followed her gaze and looked over to see Tanya, who had just come out of the bathroom, waving at them and jogging over.

Rachel was taken aback.

Next to her, her sidekick immediately became excited. “Rachel, Ms. Turner is waving at you!”

Caden’s eyes also shone.

When Sheril had refused to reconcile with him just now, he had actually regretted his actions a little. But seeing how enthusiastic Tanya was toward them now... It seemed like the Woods’ connections were indeed very impressive!

The sidekick spoke very loudly, so everyone around them also looked over.

“My goodness, it seems like Ms. Turner really likes Rachel a lot! Is it because she dances well?”

“I heard that Ms. Turner is very well-respected in foreign aristocratic circles... But she’s being so friendly to Rachel?”

“ ... ”

The remarks, which were full of envy, made Rachel lift her chin. She hadn't expected Tanya to have such a good impression of her, either.

With a smile on her face, she took a couple of steps toward Tanya, ready to greet her.

Seeing Tanya coming closer and closer to her, Rachel stood still, straightened her back, and said, "Ms. Turner!"

Her expression was just right. It was neither overly flattering—which would make it look like she was fawning on the other party—nor too cold, which would make Tanya uncomfortable.

Surely she would become the center of attention after this, right?

But the next moment, her expression froze.

Tanya came toward her.

The two stood facing each other.

Then, Tanya suddenly turned sideways, bypassed her, and continued forward, passing her by.

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Then, she immediately heard a voice behind her. "Nora! I missed you so much!"

Rachel, "??"

She whipped her head around violently to see Tanya stretching out her arms to give Nora a huge hug. However, Nora bent over, stepped aside in disgust, and slid under her arm instead. Then, she pulled her arm and tossed it to Sheril. "Hug her instead. She's my cousin."

"Oh, that makes her my cousin, too! Little cousin, you're so cute!"

Tanya gave Sheril, who was standing there stiffly, a big hug and pinched her face. She exclaimed, "Your eyes really look like Nora's! I like them!"

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

Didn't they say that Tanya was here to look for Rachel? But why didn't the picture in front of them look quite right?

Rachel herself was also dumbfounded, especially because the looks of worship in the eyes of everyone around her had all changed to probing looks instead. It made her feel like burying herself in a hole right away!

With her eyes reddened, she clenched her fists tightly and took a couple of steps forward. She went up to the few of them. Unable to maintain her ladylike image anymore, she demanded rather sharply, "Sheril, do you all know Ms. Turner?!"

Sheril didn't say anything.

Tanya, on the other hand, looked at her hesitantly. "Of course! Nora here is my best friend! She is me and I am her! We're so close that we're pretty much inseparable!"

Then, she smiled and said, "You're a relative of my little cousin here, right? I wasn't intending to accept the Woods' class request initially; it was only because you guys are relatives that I took it up. How about this? I'm planning to stay at the Andersons. If you want classes, then come over to the Andersons!"

Rachel, "!!"

When Rachel's sidekick heard what she said, she hurriedly said, "But if you go to the Andersons for classes, can we still come along? Rachel, you promised!"

Tanya looked as if she had been put in a spot when she heard her. She said, "Ugh, it's very tiring to hold classes, so just come by yourself and don't bring anyone along!"

Then, she turned to Sheril and said, "Do you dance, little cousin? I can teach you! Also, it's the same whether I'm teaching just you or a group of your friends. So, if you have friends who wanna come along, you can bring them along!"

Sheril was already so dumbfounded that she was lost for words. She said weakly, "I-I don't need to learn..."

“Oh no, but that will make me look very useless! And Nora probably won’t like me anymore!”

Nora’s lip corner spasmed and she almost rolled her eyes. She said lazily, “Who agreed to you staying at the Andersons?”

Tanya immediately took Sheril’s arm and said, “Little cousin, your cousin has a very weird temper and doesn’t allow anyone to share her bed. Can I sleep with you tonight?”

Sheril, who still hadn’t recovered from her shock yet, replied, “... Okay.”

“Are you guys still gonna dance? If not, let’s go? I’m so tired after being on a plane for a whole day!”

Tanya started dragging Nora toward the exit after saying that.

Nora avoided her pulling and walked lazily at the side while Tanya took Sheril’s arm. Everyone watched as the three of them went to the underground car park.

“I really thought the Andersons have fallen into decline! I didn’t expect that the Woods were only able to ask Tanya to hold lessons because of their relationship with the Andersons?”

“No wonder we couldn’t get an appointment with Tanya while Rachel was the only one who managed to!”

“When you think about it carefully, Sheril actually dances very beautifully! The way her cousin dances the male role is also so cool! I really like it...”

Everyone’s words made Rachel too embarrassed to stay. She suddenly stomped her foot and ran out crying!

Only the stupefied Caden continued to stand there stupidly, feeling as if he had missed the chance of a lifetime.

—

In the underground car park.

Tanya and Sheril were walking in front while Nora trailed behind them lazily with both hands behind her head.

As she walked, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her over to a black Land Rover!

She subconsciously threw a punch in defense, but her fist was caught by the man instead. He said, "It's me."

The familiar voice took Nora aback for a moment. It was only then that she realized that the man in front of her, who was a head taller, was actually Justin Hunt?

She raised her eyebrows. "What are you trying to do, Mr. Hunt?"

Justin trapped her in between himself and the car and let out a playful laugh. His voice was low and rich as he said, "I just want to ask Ms. Smith a question."

"What?"

The man narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Why are you so interested in my son?"

Ever since the night that Nora became drunk and gave him a ridiculous call to offer to buy his son, for some strange reason, Justin had been in a rather bad mood the last few days.

This continued until he came to Hotel Finest today for a meal. The gossipy Chester had live-broadcasted the dance party taking place downstairs.

He even sent him a video of that woman dancing.

Seeing the sensational sight of her holding someone else's waist and dancing, attracting the attention of all the men around her, Justin suddenly became a little angry.

He was feeling so troubled here, yet that woman was on a roll at the dance party and winning over both men and women?

Thus, he had saved the dance video along the way and left the restaurant while counting the time. Going by how she didn't like doing more than necessary, he reckoned that she would probably leave right after she was done dancing.

Then, he found her jeep in the car park.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before the three women came down.

Nora was a little dazed at the moment.

Her nose was filled with the man's grassy scent. His breath tickled her face when he spoke, making the mood rather suggestive.

The lighting in the basement was dim, but the close-up view of the man's visage was as if it was lit up on its own, especially the cold look in his eyes and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye that exuded a sense of abstinence. It actually made her feel like conquering him.

She raised her eyebrows and chuckled softly. "What are you talking about, Mr. Hunt?"

At the sight of her denial, Justin lowered his head and leaned into her ear. "Have you already forgotten, Ms. Smith? I'm afraid you can't afford to buy my son with just eight hundred million dollars."

Afraid of being discovered by Sheril and Tanya, they both lowered their voices as if they were having a word in private.

Nora leaned back, but her back was already against the Land Rover, so she had nowhere to retreat to. As such, she could only sigh and say, "Is that so? How much are you willing to sell him for, then? Name your price?"

Justin held her waist with his large hand and chuckled softly. "Have you ever considered a way that won't require a single cent from you?"

Nora's eyes lit up, but right after, she said disappointedly, "... Stealing? It doesn't seem like a very good idea."

After all, Justin's strength was right there for all to see.

Justin, "..."

He discovered that the woman had actually looked rather serious when she said that. So, she had actually really considered stealing his son?

Stealing someone else's son? What kind of weird habit was that?

Justin frowned. "You..."

Before he could finish, however, Tanya's voice traveled over. "Huh? Where's Nora? Where did she go?"

Together with their voices, the other two women started to walk back.

When she heard them about to come right next to the two of them, for some reason, Nora became a little flustered. She suddenly pushed Justin away forcefully and pushed him to a darker place further inside.

She immediately walked out and said, "I'm over here."

Tanya came over and circled around her. "What are you doing here? Surely you're not hiding some stray man over here, right?"

... She really was hiding one, though.

Nora's cheeks turned a little red and she let out an awkward cough. She gave her a light push and said, "Are we going or not?"

Afraid that Nora would really leave her here, Tanya hurriedly turned around. "What are you being so cocky for, Nora? I may just fall in love with you, you know~"

Nora picked at her ears. "Your love is too cheap. I don't want it."

"..."

It was only after the three women walked off while bantering with one another that Justin finally came out from behind the Land Rover with a cold look on his face. When he thought of how the woman had pushed him away just now as if he wasn't fit to be seen, he suddenly felt a little as if they were... having an affair?

He chuckled softly. He saw the woman get into the car's back seat without any hesitation and then, she immediately leaned against it.

After loading her luggage into the car, a tall and slender woman then returned to the front of the car. She immediately exclaimed, "Nora, you're too much! I was stuck on the plane the whole time, yet you're still making me drive?"

With her eyes already closed, Nora leaned against the window and said coolly, "I want to sleep."

The other woman could only get in the driver's seat. Soon, the car started moving.

It was only after they left the car park that Justin realized that he, a man who had always taken full control of his time and never easily wasted it, had actually spent ten minutes standing there and watching her banter with her friend?

However, when he thought of how she had looked when she pushed him away in a panic just now, his frustrations disappeared.

Nora leaned against the car seat in a rare moment of insomnia, unable to sleep.

She thought back to what she had done just now. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling guilty?

While she was thinking about it, her cell phone beeped.

She looked down to see that it was Justin's number. He had sent her a text message: 'What were you being so shy about?'

Nora was bewildered.

She immediately replied: "I wasn't."

After she sent the text message, another beep sounded.

Nora picked up her cell phone again and looked at it. The message read: "Tell me why on earth you're so interested in my son. I can help you think of a solution that won't cost you any money."

Nora was puzzled.

She slowly replied: 'I just find him very cute. I wonder if Mr. Hunt is willing to part with him?'

Beep.

Nora lowered her head and saw another message from him: 'Are you thinking of becoming his mother?'

Nora curled her lip.

She was his mother herself. What did he mean by ‘becoming his mother’?

Wait a minute. Didn’t something seem a little wrong here?

Nora looked at her cell phone again and saw that the man had sent her another message: “Ms. Smith has a very unique way of confessing her love.”

Nora, “!!”

As expected, that man was being narcissistic again!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she immediately sent him three agitated replies:

“You’re mistaken.”

“I’m not the one who wants to raise him.”

“It’s a friend of mine.”

After sending the messages, Nora touched her cheeks, which felt a little hot.

The corners of Justin’s lips curled into a smile and he let out a deep chuckle as he read the three messages on his cell phone.

Ms. Smith was totally pulling a friend out of thin air!

At the same time, at the kindergarten.

At 4:30 pm in the afternoon, children who’d had their afternoon snack were allowed to play for some time while they waited for the rest of the children to finish eating before they would leave together.

Cherry had always been a very picky eater. After she was done eating, she carried her little plate over and handed it to the teacher. Her big round eyes blinked as she said, “Ms. Lynn, you’ve lost so much weight again today. You should eat a little more. Cherry has especially left you some of her vegetables.”

Ms. Lynn was on a diet, so Cherry’s words had undoubtedly hit the spot.

She was such a cute little girl. Was there anyone who could resist her flattery?

Ms. Lynn rubbed her head gently and said, “Little Cherry is so smart! People on a diet can’t eat any meat, so I can only eat more vegetables.”

The other children looked at her enviously.

Sob! Why was Cherry allowed to skip her veggies?! They also wanted to be picky eaters!

Cherry ran over happily to the play area to wait. She was about to pick up a Barbie when someone snatched it away.

Sinead stood in front of her with her hands on her hips and said loudly, “Cheryl, didn’t your mother say that she’s going to get a more professional dancer to do an evaluation for you?

“It’s already been a week, but she still hasn’t gotten anyone over. You’re a liar! And a braggart!”

All the other children looked over.

To them, lying was a very bad habit!

Sinead rebuked, “You’re a bad girl! We’re not gonna play with you!”

Children also had their own social circle.

As Sinead’s mother was a dance teacher, there were a few children in the class who liked playing with her very much.

Thus, when Sinead said that, three to four other children immediately stood behind her in support.

“Yes, you’re a bad girl! We’re not gonna play with you!”

“Liar, liar, pants on fire! Your nose is gonna grow longer!”

“ ... ”

Sinead immediately looked at Cherry excitedly, especially now that she also had the support of her friends.

The last kid who went against her had burst into tears after they bullied him the same way. After that, he had even bought them a lot of gifts and begged them to play with him.

Cherry was a newcomer, so she didn't have many friends in the first place. Therefore, she would definitely become so scared that she would cry, right?

She was just thinking about it when she saw Cherry, whom she had scolded, lift her head and glance at her. Surprise flashed across her big round eyes as she said, "I didn't want to play with a selfish, rude, and uncultured child like you in the first place. You're thinking too much."

Sinead, "?"

The next moment, she burst into tears and started to wail.

Ms. Lynn had already noticed the two little girls arguing. She hurriedly placed the plate down and rushed over, for fear that Cherry would be bullied.

As soon as she approached, she heard the bawling Sinead yell, "You're the uncultured one! You're the rude one! You're the selfish one!"

A puzzled Cherry asked, "Why are you crying when you're obviously the one scolding me?"

Sinead suddenly choked on her sobs and even hiccuped.

Ms. Lynn was rendered speechless.

Why was she suddenly feeling like she had rushed over for nothing?

The school bell suddenly rang. Parents were already picking up their children at the door one after another. Sinead cried as she said, "You're a liar and your mom is a braggart! My mom said that if your mom still can't get anyone by tomorrow, you can forget about joining the dance performance! Hmph!"

She immediately ran out after saying that.

Ms. Lynn held Cherry's hand and asked worriedly, "Will your Mommy be able to find a more professional dance teacher?"

Cherry nodded. She sighed seriously and said, "Ms. Lynn, when Mommy's looking for someone, she'll keep sending them private messages on

Facebook. She says she'll never stop until they reply! So, Mommy will definitely be able to find someone more professional for me!"

Ms. Lynn, "..."

The picture of a single mother in ill health who looked weak and frail, yet was extremely stubborn, suddenly formed in her mind. In order to prevent her daughter from being bullied and developing low self-esteem, she was determined to find her a more professional dance teacher.

It was getting dark, yet she refused to eat or drink. She didn't dare to sleep, nor did she even dare to cough, lest she woke up her adorable daughter. She sat in front of the computer and constantly sent private messages to people in the dancing field who were more well-respected than Whitney Lowe, begging them to save her daughter...

Sob, how touching!

Ms. Lynn squatted down, hugged Cherry, and said, "Little Cherry's mom is so amazing!"

Cherry's eyes brightened.

Yes, she also found Mommy very amazing!

When they were abroad back then, Mommy was once looking for someone, but the other party kept ignoring her. So, she had written a program that sent a private message to them every second, and even hacked their cell phone so that they couldn't block or mute her. She had no intentions of stopping until she successfully forced them to reply to her!

As for herself, she had instead happily gone to bed. By the time she woke up, the other party was already close to changing their cell phone altogether! Was there anyone who wouldn't break down after 16 hours of constant harassment?

The teacher sent Cherry out. Nora and the others weren't back from the dance party yet, so it was Melissa who came to pick her up.

When Ms. Lynn handed Cherry to Melissa, she said with her eyes red, "Cherry's mom's life is too hard!"

Melissa, who strongly agreed with her, nodded. She held Ms. Lynn's hand and said, "Yes, her mom has a hard life. It really isn't easy to raise a child all alone!"

The two looked at each other, both feeling as though they had found someone who understood how they felt!

Ms. Lynn sighed silently and said, "Please tell her not to overdo it if she really can't find a dance teacher who's more professional than Whitney. I'll think of something!"

Melissa was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Ms. Lynn was also surprised by her reaction. She asked, "Don't you know what happened?"

She gave her a brief account of what had happened. Melissa frowned and heaved a sigh. "That girl is just too considerate. She must have been afraid that I would be put in a spot if I knew what had happened. But how are we going to find a more professional dance teacher than Whitney Lowe in the States?"

Whitney was one of the rare few dancers in the States who had won in an international ballroom dancing competition.

It was a very prestigious competition, and few from the States had achieved high rankings even after so many years.

Ms. Lynn sighed. "You'll need the champions if you want to suppress her. It'll be the most ideal if you can find the champion who competed in the same year as her. I've already asked around; the champion of that year is named Tanya Turner. She's also a very outstanding dancer. It'll be best if you can get her to help. If not, even if you find someone else, with Mrs. Lowe's authority, no one will dare to go against her. After all, she has the Lowes backing her up."

Apart from top-class giants like the Hunts and the Smiths, the Lowes weren't afraid of anyone else at all.

Melissa looked thoughtful after she heard what she said.

Meanwhile, the 'tolerant and understanding' Nora Smith who had 'endured a lot of hardships' had just reached home.

Tanya stood at the bedroom door and looked at Nora pitifully. "Nora, are you really not gonna let me sleep with you?"

Nora responded by closing the door with a loud bam.

Tanya, "..."

There was a hint of worry in her eyes.

It seemed like Nora was still very insecure.

There mustn't be anyone else in the room when she slept. Otherwise, she would suffer from insomnia. This habit of hers still hadn't changed.

Beep, beep!

She heard a car stopping outside.

It was Cherry who had just returned from school. Tanya immediately became excited. She left her suitcase in the hallway, went straight downstairs, and rushed out of the door happily.

"Cherry!"

Cherry, who was carrying a big schoolbag on her back, was carried down from the car. When she saw her, the little girl's eyes brightened and she raced over. "Wah! Aunt Tanya! You're here!"

Tanya said, "Who's Aunt Tanya? Call me God-mom!"

Melissa also got off the car. Her mind was fully occupied by thoughts of Tanya at the moment. She had made several phone calls on the way back, but she couldn't get Tanya's contact information at all.

Should she call her elder brother and ask him for help?

Nora had saved Harmonia Pharmacy with the Carefree Pill after she came to the Andersons.

She had given the Andersons so much help. There was no way she would allow Cherry to be bullied in school.

Melissa raised her head with great resolve.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed her brother's number.

The phone rang for a while before someone answered. An impatient voice came from the other end of the call. "What's the matter this time?"

"..."

Melissa fell silent for a moment. Then, she cast her eyes down and asked gently, "Farrell, can you contact Ms. Tanya Turner for me?"

However, while she was speaking, she suddenly noticed that there was a female stranger in the house.

She was currently pointing at herself frantically.

Melissa, "?"

While Melissa was hesitating, Miranda, her sister-in-law, had already taken over the phone. "What's all that pretense for, Melissa? Rachel has already come home and told me everything that happened at the dance party! Why is Sheril fighting with Rachel for every little thing?"

Melissa didn't have time to respond to the guest. She said anxiously, "What's the matter, Miranda? I'm just asking for Tanya's contact informat—"

Miranda scoffed and said, "Her contact information? Do you even need it when she's already in your house? You're doing this deliberately, aren't you? What's the big deal? You're just acquainted with Tanya, that's all. Has that made you so full of yourself?"

"Know your place, Melissa. You're no longer a young lady from the Woods but Mrs. Anderson now! Even if you have Tanya on your side, it'll never change the Andersons' and the Woods' social statuses! Sheril had better not fight with Rachel for every single thing. It's more important for one to know their place!"

Miranda hung up immediately after ranting fiercely at her.

Melissa's grip on her cell phone tightened, causing her fingertips to turn a little pale.

What did Miranda mean by "she's already in your house"?

While she was in a daze, Tanya came up to her and said, "Hi Auntie. Barring any accidents, I should be the Tanya whom you're looking for."

"..."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Tanya said very politely, "I'm Nora's friend. Can I stay at your house temporarily while I'm back in the States?"

"... Sure."

Melissa watched the cheerful Tanya take Cherry's hand and lead her into the living room, feeling as if she was dreaming.

Did Tanya just say that she was Nora's friend?

It seemed like none of Nora's friends were simple people?

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Tanya was playing with Cherry. She tossed her high into the air before she caught her again. Cherry was so excited that she couldn't stop giggling.

"Again, God-mom!"

"Again!"

Next to them, Sheril was watching them in horror, terribly afraid that Tanya would miss and cause Cherry to fall.

After several rounds, a tuckered-out Tanya slumped onto the sofa. She rubbed her sore arms and said, "I haven't seen you for only half a year, but why am I having difficulty picking you up now?"

Cherry climbed onto the sofa and massaged her shoulders with her small hands. "It must be because God-mom has become weaker rather than because I became heavier!"

“ ... ”

The corners of Tanya’s lips spasmed.

“You guys are so noisy.” Nora, who was lying on the bed, tossed and turned repeatedly, unable to sleep. She buried her head with a pillow and said, “Can’t you guys play outside? I still have to send Cherry to school early in the morning tomorrow.”

It was currently only 6 o’clock in the evening while she only needed to wake up at 7:40 in the morning...

However, the few of them who were familiar with her biological clock didn’t find anything wrong with what she said.

Tanya even gave a grand wave and said, “Now that I’m here, do you still think you won’t get enough sleep? I’ll take Cherry to school tomorrow morning!”

As soon as she said that, Nora immediately flipped the quilt aside and sat up. Then, she stretched and walked to the study as she said, “In that case, I’ll go and do a bit of work.”

Tanya was bewildered.

She finally realized something and exclaimed, “Were you waiting for me to say that?!”

Nora yawned. “Uh-huh. It would’ve been nice if you had said it earlier. I had to stay in bed for so long because of that.”

Then, she entered the study and closed the door right away.

Everyone was speechless.

Sheril looked at Tanya cautiously. However, she didn’t see any signs of anger on her face. Rather, there was even a sort of... joy at being exploited??

Then, she saw Tanya hug Cherry and say very gently, “Cherry, shall God-mom bathe you? Let’s sleep together tonight!”

“Okie-Dokie!”

As Cherry blinked with her big round eyes, she hugged Tanya around her neck and said, “God-mom, you must take me to school tomorrow, okie?”

“No problem!”

The Andersons’ residence was a villa with guest rooms, so they definitely wouldn’t let Tanya and Sheril squeeze with each other in a room.

When Sheril was taking Tanya to the guest room, she asked, “Tanya, how did you meet Nora?”

How did she meet Nora?

The light in Tanya’s eyes dimmed a little. She lowered her head and looked at Cherry gently before she slowly answered, “We met at a gathering.”

A gathering?

Sheril could clearly sense that she was in low spirits, so she very thoughtfully didn’t ask any further.

Tanya, however, held her arm and asked, “Sheril, are you thinking that Nora treats me too coldly, so you’re afraid that I’ll be mad?”

Upon having her thoughts exposed, Sheril immediately felt rather embarrassed.

Be it at the dance party or in Nora’s bedroom just now, there was no way that anyone would say that Nora’s attitude toward Tanya had been warm or enthusiastic. Thus, she really was a little worried.

Tanya suddenly burst into laughter. She picked up Cherry and pressed her cheek against hers. “Don’t worry, she’s really nice to me! Look, she even gave me little Cherry!”

Sheril, “???”

Tanya then added, “Besides, you don’t have to worry. She and I are so close that we’re pretty much inseparable, because... We used to be in the same boat.”

Toward the end, she sounded a little dejected. However, she quickly recovered and gave her a wry smile. “Nora’s luckier than me, though. She

found hers shortly after she came back to the States... But I'm still looking for mine..."

Cherry immediately puckered her lips and kissed Tanya on her cheek. She said, "Don't be sad, Mom!"

The word 'Mom' made Tanya freeze.

Her eyes reddened and she hugged the soft and tender Cherry tightly. "Little Cherry, you're really God-mom's precious little baby!"

She then entered the guest room with Cherry.

The two of them played and had fun for quite a while. Before going to bed, Cherry suddenly sat upright and said, "Wait a minute, God-mom. I almost forgot! My spark of friendship is going to go out!"

After saying that, she got off the bed, ran to Nora's room, and picked up her cell phone. She was about to leave when she realized that there was no one on the bed and that the lights in the study were still on.

Cherry slowed down and walked back to the bedroom. Then, she logged on to Facebook and sent 'Old Ian' a sticker wishing him goodnight.

Old Ian also replied to her with a sticker wishing her goodnight.

Only then did Cherry gain peace of mind and put down her cell phone with a smile.

When she looked back, she saw Tanya staring at her. "Cherry, 'fess up! Do you have a boyfriend?!"

Cherry replied, "No, I don't! It's Grandpa! Sponsor Grandpa!"

"..."

The night passed peacefully.

Whenever Nora took Cherry to school, she basically woke up at 7:35 and got out of bed at 7:40. Then, she would brush her teeth and leave the house with a baseball cap on without rinsing her face or combing her hair.

Unlike her, Tanya got up at half-past six.

She secretly put on exquisite makeup and even mock-snobbishly put on a pair of sunglasses before finally taking Cherry to school happily.

When they reached the school gates, Cherry just so happened to see Whitney and Sinead also entering when she got off the car.

Whitney stopped in her tracks when she spotted her.

Sinead yelled, "A liar is not allowed to go into the school!"

Whitney also said dispassionately, "Cheryl Smith, it's not good to lie. As punishment, you are to stand at the school gates and shout a hundred times 'I was wrong. I won't ever lie again'. You can only enter after you've reflected upon your actions!"

As a dance teacher in the school, Whitney was authorized to punish students.

However, her humiliating approach was such that even Ms. Lynn, who was receiving the schoolchildren at the school gates, couldn't stand it anymore.

She said, "Mrs. Lowe, let's not do that. There are a lot of people coming and going here. It won't be nice if other parents misunderstand that we're carrying out corporal punishment."

Whitney scoffed, "Why would that be? It's only when the school is strict with their students that we'll be able to show off how good of an international school this is! It's precisely because of people like you who spoil the children that Cheryl Smith has developed the bad habit of lying!"

Her lecturing made Ms. Lynn's cheeks burn. She was about to say something when Whitney added, "I know, they're all children from wealthy families, so you don't dare to scold them. Since I'm the one lecturing them now, you can stop being so meddlesome!"

The teachers in international schools were all doctoral students from prestigious schools!

They were fluent in at least three languages, so they were able to communicate with the children without any obstacles.

After they were hired, they even had to study psychology, early childhood education courses, and undergo other kinds of professional training before they could officially commence work there.

Of course, the salaries were also scarily high.

Ms. Lynn came from an ordinary family, so the fact that she was a teacher in the kindergarten went to show that she was an outstanding talent. She narrowed her eyes and said, "Mrs. Lowe, no matter what, corporal punishment is still against the law."

Whitney, however, remained unmoved. Instead, she even said, "Oh, feel free to call the police and have them arrest me, then."

Ms. Lynn, "..."

She clenched her fists. "Mrs. Lowe, let's not go too far! You were obviously the one who was being aggressive that day and insisted that Cherry wasn't suitable to dance. Her mother only said that she was going to find someone more professional because she was afraid that it would affect the child..."

Whitney had an icy-cold look on her face. With an air of arrogance unique to artists, she said, "Ms. Lynn, one mustn't make up excuses when they make mistakes. No matter what, the children must do what they say."

She looked at Cherry and said, "You can't unring the bell. People have to take responsibility for their actions. Cheryl Smith, go and stand at the gates!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and got ready to enter the school.

At this point, a voice reached their ears. "Tsk, Whitney. Have you already learned how to bully children during these few years that we haven't met?"

Tanya took off her sunglasses. She hadn't said anything just now because she wanted to see if there were any reasonable teachers in the school. If there weren't, then it would be better to withdraw as soon as possible.

Secondly, she was trying to gain an understanding of the situation through their exchange.

When she shot Cherry a glare, she immediately saw the little girl sticking out her tongue at her. At once, she became caught between laughter and tears.

No wonder the little fellow had slept with her the night before and insisted that she took her to school today.

Here she was, thinking that the little fellow really missed her!

Tanya mentally dissed Cherry while she admired the look on Whitney's face, which looked as if she had just seen a ghost.

Tanya sneered, "You were just a bad dancer a few years ago, but unexpectedly, even your eyesight has become bad after a few years. Not only has Cherry's physique achieved the golden ratio, but her limbs are also long and slender. She clearly has great potential to be a dancer!"

"If it wasn't because her mother dotes on her too much and didn't have the heart to make her suffer the pain of training to do splits and leg stretches, I would've taken her as my student a long time ago. Who do you think you are? How dare you say that she doesn't have any potential for dancing?"

"If she doesn't have any potential for dancing, then who does? That chubby daughter of yours? This must be the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

Whitney, "!!"

She was already rendered speechless. The sight of Tanya made her feel as if she had returned to the competition from a few years ago!

Back then, she was young and high-spirited and didn't know that there would always be someone better out there. On the eve of the competition, she had gone up to Tanya—who had already won two championships in a row—and declared, 'I will definitely be the champion this year!'.

Tanya hadn't said anything at the time, but right after that, she had used her own capabilities to make her eat her own words in the competition.

No one had managed to outshine Tanya after that!

To date, she was the only person in international ballroom dancing history who had successfully performed moves of the highest level of difficulty!

Back then, she had glanced at her after she finished dancing.

That glance of hers had exuded a champion's contempt.

For so many years, Whitney had been hailed as the top dancer in the States, but every time in the dead of night, she would always see that contemptuous look in Tanya's eyes...

And now, she was here! She was here again!

Whitney took a step back in fright. She suddenly pushed Sinead to Ms. Lynn, turned around, and got into her car as if she were fleeing. She slammed the door shut and gasped for air.

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

No one had expected Whitney to actually be so weak.

The corners of Tanya's lips were even spasming at the sight. She handed Cherry to Ms. Lynn and said, "Hello, I'm Tanya Turner. Cherry is very talented in dancing."

Ms. Lynn, "!!"

Oh my goodness!

Cherry's mom had really managed to get Tanya over!

Was this what they meant by 'faith will move mountains'?

She looked at Tanya all starry-eyed and said, "Ms. Smith has done so much! Good work!"

Tanya was bewildered.

Nora was still sleeping at home while she brought Cherry to school. On top of that, she even had to help her teach someone a lesson. 'Good work'? Yeah, right!

Seeing that Cherry had entered the school, Tanya turned and shot Whitney a sharp look.

In the car.

Whitney hurriedly shrank back in fear. While watching the video she had just recorded, she instructed the chauffeur, "To Mr. Lowe's office!"

“Yes, ma’am.”

When Whitney arrived at the Lowes’ company, her husband, Bob Lowe, was just about to head out. He was a little taken aback when he saw her. “Why are you here, darling?”

Whitney grabbed his hand and said, “Dear, I might be in trouble.”

A smiling Bob asked, “What’s the matter?”

Whitney took out her cell phone and started playing the video she had recorded. She pointed to the exquisite and adorable Cherry on the screen and recounted what had happened to him. She said, “... I’ve already checked her background. She’s a child from a single-mother family and doesn’t have a father, so I bullied her a little without any reservations. But in the end, her mother actually got Tanya over! Dear, given how arrogant Tanya is, there’s no way ordinary people can get her to help. Is there a chance that this child comes from some sort of influential background?”

Bob smiled and patted her hand reassuringly. “There are only a few families who are more powerful than us in New York. The Smiths’ children are in school while the Hunts hire private tutors for all their children, so you don’t have to worry. I reckon it’s just a coincidence that she managed to get Tanya Turner to help.”

It was only then that Whitney heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she realized that she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

She let out a cold laugh and said, “I can put my mind at ease now, then. Isn’t the reason why she tried so hard to get Tanya over none other than to take the center position from Sinead? Hah! I’ll definitely make it such that she won’t be able to bear the consequences of her actions!”

She wanted to dance, right? One must know that there were many different kinds of ways to teach someone how to dance! For example, leg stretches... splits...

Bob comforted her a little more before he left.

He was going to discuss future partnership plans with Mr. Hunt today.

When he arrived at the Hunt Corporation, the secretary led him to the top floor.

As he observed the unique environment around him that was found nowhere else in New York, Bob's respect for Justin grew a little more.

When they arrived, Sean stopped them. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lowe. Please wait a moment. Mr. Hunt is currently keeping his child company while he does his homework. His work hours only start at ten."

It was said that Justin had a child whom he kept very well-protected. To date, there were very few who even knew whether his child was a boy or a girl.

Bob hurriedly replied ingratiatingly, "It's fine! Mr. Hunt is such a good father!"

At ten o'clock, the door to the office opened.

Bob and the others entered.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Justin. However, his gaze swept to the side out of the corner of his eye to see a small child sitting there doing their homework seriously.

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze.

However, the next moment, his head suddenly whipped back up.

Why did that child look so familiar to him? He actually looked exactly the same as the child in the video that Whitney had shown him just now!

Chapter 84 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Sheril's head whipped toward Logan. She frowned and said, "No, we're not dancing anymore!"

He had sprained his ankle, so dancing would only aggravate the injury!

What was the big deal about suffering a little mockery anyway?

Logan, however, had a frosty look on his face. Then, before he could say anything, Nora stood up and said lazily, “Of course, she’s dancing. Why wouldn’t she?”

Taken aback, Sheril looked at her.

Logan rotated his ankle a little. The sprained area was already starting to go numb. He was about to speak when a young man who looked about 22 or 23 years old suddenly emerged from the crowd. He looked bright and cheerful and had big eyes and thick brows. His hair was dyed olive green.

Isaac Young grabbed Logan’s arm and demanded, “Do you have a death wish, Logan?”

Logan frowned. “Let go of me! Leave me alone!”

Isaac lowered his voice and said, “You can’t let your ankle’s condition worsen. This way, you’ll still have a chance to participate in the race three days later! You must understand that you’re not just racing for yourself! Unless you can find a better racer to help you out, you’re already at risk of bankruptcy this time! Will being embarrassed or not even matter at that point?!”

Logan clenched his fists and looked at Sheril.

Although she was his elder sister, she was only ten minutes older than him, so Logan had actually always been protective of her. Seeing her being humiliated by others now, how could he possibly ignore it?

Isaac spoke again. He said, “Besides, even if you insist, will you be able to dance well?”

Logan clenched his jaw.

He didn’t like dancing, so he had only learned a bit of international ballroom dancing.

During his hesitation, Sheril had already grabbed Nora by her wrist. She said, “Don’t say any more, Nora. I won’t dance anymore. I don’t have a partne—”

Nora smiled and said, “Who says you don’t have one?”

Sheril was stunned. The next moment, she saw the young woman reaching up and tying her long hair into a high ponytail.

Then, her cool and fair slender arm snaked around her waist and she pulled her toward herself. When Sheril jerked forward, she subconsciously held Nora's shoulder for support.

Apart from her almond-shaped eyes, everything else about Sheril took after Melissa. She was petite and stood at about 5'3".

Nora was 5'7". In addition, she was already intending to dance with Sheril when they left home, so she had deliberately worn thick-soled shoes.

As a result, when they stood side by side, their height difference was actually perfect!

Sheril's eyes suddenly widened. "You..."

"That's right, I'll dance with you!"

Nora's lips curled into a smile as she spoke wildly and arrogantly.

Sheril looked at her. Suddenly, she smiled gently and said, "Okay!"

Since Nora wanted to dance, she would accompany her and have some fun. At most, she would just lead the dance later!

"..."

Everyone around them heard their exchange.

They were stunned, but after a while, Rachel, who was the first to recover, chuckled softly and said, "Are you kidding me? Sheril, if you really lack a partner, why don't I find one for you instead? Having your cousin dance with you... I mean, she's never learned international ballroom dancing before, right?"

As soon as she said that, everyone else also started to talk among themselves.

"She's never learned international ballroom dancing? Then what is she trying to be the hero for?"

"... But don't you think she looked so alpha and so cool just now?! She's so handsome!"

“It may feel good to act cool, but it’ll all go downhill when they dance later! Who doesn’t know how to talk tough?”

“Hahaha! What a huge joke this is! Just how down-and-out must Sheril be? To think she can’t even find a dance partner and has to resort to dancing with a woman instead?”

“Speaking of which, the dance queen today will definitely be Rachel! She’s been practicing very diligently. Moreover, she also has Caden with her this time...”

“I originally thought Sheril still had a chance, but I also think it’ll be Rachel now!”

“Rachel danced better than Sheril right from the start. Sheril used to rank better than her only because of Caden...”

Nora didn’t say anything even when she heard the mocking comments coming from everyone around them.

Action was a more powerful slap in the face. Words were only weak and powerless at moments like this.

Two minutes later, Nora and Sheril went to the dance floor. Both of them turned a deaf ear and a blind eye to everyone’s speculative looks and words.

Because of the two of them, everyone gathered around.

After Rachel and Caden got into position, Rachel gave the two of them nearby a mocking look.

The first dance of the night was tango. Tango required power, otherwise, the dancers wouldn’t be able to bring out its beauty. A woman competing with a man in terms of strength... She was pretty much just embarrassing herself!

The corners of her lips curled up.

The title of dance queen tonight was in the bag.

Just as she thought so, grand music started to play!

Rachel instantly got into the mood. She separated from Caden and then violently clashed against each other!

“Nice!”

The crowd burst into applause. Rachel kept a straight face on, but a smile nevertheless formed in her eyes.

However, when she looked out from the corner of her eye, she realized that the audience... actually wasn't watching her?

Taken aback, Rachel subconsciously turned her head and looked over.

All the other dancers were more or less already distracted—their gazes were all on the two young women, one in red and one in black.

When the music started, the looks in the two women's eyes had suddenly changed, and they separated from each other.

With her back to her partner, Sheril started to dance and sway to the beat. She was as agile as a snake. A shiver went through the fingertips of her left hand to her left shoulder, and then from her right shoulder to the fingertips of her right hand.

Then, she suddenly whipped her head back!

She had initially been worried that Nora hadn't done a good job at the starting steps, but when she saw Nora, a look of mild astonishment appeared in her eyes.

The young woman stood there casually, her posture straight and fit. The alluring look in her eyes was as if she were an elegant and noble knight asking her for a dance!

Sheril twirled right up to Nora in a rush. When she stopped, Nora had already reached out and held her waist.

The strong beat of the music was exciting and uplifting.

Their dance was steady and powerful.

The people around them could hardly see their movements. All they could see were their silhouettes, their speed, and a constantly changing center of gravity, which exuded a sense of decisiveness and clear, distinct edges and corners.

Both of them looked very serious, their gazes a little solemn when they made the occasional eye contact. Yet they also turned their bodies and whipped their heads to the side quickly every once in a while and looked around.

Their dance steps, which were occasionally still and occasionally moving, as well as the distant and unfamiliar music, cloaked them in a strange and mysterious veil.

They were the kings on the dance floor, and people couldn't tear their eyes away from them at all!

Even Rachel and Caden couldn't help but look over from time to time... causing them to make quite a few mistakes.

When the music came to an abrupt end, the hot and sexy dance also finally ended.

Five seconds of silence later, the party broke into fervent applause!

"She's so cool!"

"Oh my god, who's that young woman? She's making me gay!"

There were also people saying things such as...

"Sheril also looks great! She's always been such a great dancer!"

"I wonder if Caden has regretted his actions..."

Amid the conversations, a livid Rachel looked at Caden, who was staring at Sheril with an unreadable and constantly changing look on his face. She couldn't help but snap, "What are you looking at? Even if she dances well, can she help you get Tanya Turner to give you pointers?!"

Caden suddenly regained his senses.

At this point, there was suddenly a flurry of activity at the door!

Someone exclaimed, "Oh my god! Ms. Smith is so amazing! She's actually invited Tanya Turner to the dance party!"

Rachel craned her neck and looked at the entrance. She saw that a group of people had already swarmed over.

She glanced at Sheril and Nora who had just finished dancing. A hint of arrogance and triumph flashed across her eyes. She neatened her dress, cast her eyes down, and said, "I'm going to go over and say hello to Ms. Turner."

Caden's eyes lit up. He said, "I'll—"

Before he could say the words "go with you", Rachel cut him off and said, "The people gathered around Tanya over there are all rich and famous young ladies. What are you going over there for? Just wait. Tanya will eventually have to come over to my house for classes. You'll see her then."

She turned and left immediately after saying that.

Rachel spoke imperiously and loudly, so everyone dancing nearby heard her, causing them to look at Caden in a half-amused manner.

Caden clenched his fists. He felt as if he had been given a few hard slaps across his cheeks.

Rachel simply didn't respect him at all!

During the last few days where he practiced dancing with her, he had been lectured severely like a kid every day. She had such a bad temper!

He couldn't help but look into the distance—the woman in the red gown had already walked over to the sofa and sat down.

Caden, who was having an internal struggle, stood in place for a while. Then, he walked over.

Dancing tango was very tiring. An out-of-breath Sheril went over to the resting area with Nora and took a seat.

"You're amazing at dancing, Nora!" It had been a very long time since Sheril had last had such a good time dancing. A look of excitement came over her rosy cheeks.

Nora's lip corners slowly curled into a smile, though she kept quiet.

The flurry of activity at the door attracted their attention and they looked over to see that a huge crowd had gathered over there. They didn't know who had arrived, though.

While they were wondering about it, a few people next to them who were also trotting over to the entrance said, "Tanya Turner's here! My goodness! This year's dance party is totally worth coming!"

When she heard the name Tanya Turner, a taken aback Sheril immediately looked at Nora!

She remained comfortably seated on the sofa and didn't move. Instead, she said lazily, "That woman's the center of attention wherever she goes, so she'll probably be held up for a while. Don't worry, I'll introduce the two of you to each other later."

Sheril immediately nodded. "Okay!"

Anyone who liked dancing would want to get acquainted with someone like Tanya.

She looked at the entrance excitedly...

However, a voice suddenly rang out beside her at this moment. "Come with me, Sheril."

The familiar voice made Sheril's eyes dim.

When she turned and saw Caden standing next to her with his usual smile, she felt as if her heart had been pierced by a needle.

She cast her eyes down and asked coldly and distantly, "Is something the matter?"

Caden didn't expect her to treat him so coldly. In the past, whenever he came over to coax her after they got into an argument, even though she had also pulled a long face, she always treated him with respect and followed him to the corner to talk.

It seemed like she was pretty angry this time.

Caden let out a sigh. He half-squatted beside her and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Sheril."

"Don't be mad anymore"...

He spoke the same way as he had done in the past, like an innocent man with a low EQ who had no idea how he had made her angry. It made one not have the heart to lose their temper at him.

Sheril cast her eyes down and said, "Yeah, I'm not angry anymore."

Caden immediately brightened and reached out to take her hand. However, before he could, the girl avoided his touch. Sheril looked at him coldly and said, "We don't have anything to do with each other anymore, so why would I still be angry with you?"

Caden was stunned to the spot. His brows drew together as if he really didn't get it. He said, "Stop kicking up a fuss, Sheril. There's really nothing between Rachel and me. We're just working with each other!"

Kicking up a fuss?

Sheril smiled wryly, finding him really ridiculous. "Whatever your relationship with her is, it has nothing to do with me."

"Sheril, you just said that you aren't angry anymore, so why are you saying such things again?" Caden took a deep breath and said, "The only reason why I danced with Rachel is for Tanya's guidance. She does indeed have a bad temper and is always saying things to shame and embarrass you, but can't you put up with it a little for the sake of my future?"

He had a smile on his face when he said that.

Sheril felt extremely disgusted.

Her expression turned icy and she said, "You're mistaken about something, Caden."

"What?"

Sheril sneered, "My mother didn't give birth to me and raise me in fine clothes and exquisite food to have me suffer with you and be bullied!"

'Suffer with you'...

Caden clenched his fists and said, "At the bottom of it all, it's just because you look down on me, right? You think you're a rich young lady while I'm a penniless pauper, right?"

Sheril, “?”

If she really were someone who cared about things like that, why would she date him for two years?

However, she couldn't be bothered to say any more. She immediately said, “Please stay away from me.”

Caden, however, looked livid. He said, “That's enough, Sheril! Do you really think you're some rich young lady? Wake up! The Andersons have long since fallen into decline!”

Sheril's eyes widened. “What?”

Caden's words were vicious and nasty. “Your family is about to fall out of the ranks of the rich soon! What are you still throwing a tantrum like a rich young woman here for?! Your family probably can't even talk to Tanya Turner, let alone ask her to hold classes!

“You always say that you're not interested in becoming a professional dancer and prefer to coop yourself up at home to study medicine, but in my opinion, it's not because you don't want to but because you can't!

“The only part about you that's better than Rachel is that you have a better temper! But in terms of family background, how do you even compare to her? She's the real princess here, alright? Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!”

While he was talking, Rachel had already squeezed her way to the front of the crowd.

Tanya was tall and slender. Dressed in a casual outfit and a baseball cap, she was currently signing autographs for others. She had a grin on her face and a hearty, outgoing personality.

When it was Rachel's turn, she asked, “Tanya, do you still remember me? The Woods have made an appointment with you for a dance class.”

“The Woods?” Tanya blinked. “Oh, Rachel Wood, right?”

Nora had mentioned to her that she was living with the Andersons in New York.

Thus, she had asked someone to find out more about them. Melissa Anderson, the current mistress of the Andersons, was a daughter of the Woods, so the two families likely shared a very close relationship.

It just so happened that the Woods had also made an appointment with her for a dance class at a high price, so she had made an effort to remember a bit more about Rachel, lest she embarrasses Nora.

After the two chatted casually a little, Tanya said, "Sorry everyone, I'm here today to look for a close friend. Let's do the autographs again another day!"

Everyone there was respectable people in the circle, so they stepped aside after she said that.

After Tanya left, they immediately surrounded Rachel.

"Wow, Rachel! Ms. Turner remembers your name!"

"Given the Woods' status, coupled with how Rachel is indeed pretty talented in dancing, what's so strange about Tanya remembering her? That's the way it should be!"

As she listened to their flattery, a triumphant smile formed on Rachel's countenance.

So what even if Sheril had danced well just now?

Tanya probably didn't even know who she was!

It was just that, who exactly was Tanya looking for?

Rachel looked around but instead saw Tanya turning the corner and entering the bathroom at the side.

"Rachel, what's Caden doing over there?"

Her sidekick nudged her arm and said, "Surely, Sheril isn't trying to poach him while you're away?"

Rachel's eyes turned cold and she started walking over with her.

As soon as the two approached, they heard Caden say, "... Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!"

Rachel's lip corners curled upward.

Her sidekick said smugly, "It's not just that! Even a lofty person like Ms. Turner remembers Rachel's name!"

Caden turned and looked at her eagerly upon hearing what the sidekick said.

Rachel lifted her chin triumphantly and said, "I'll introduce you to Ms. Turner when we meet her again later."

Caden immediately nodded.

Rachel then looked at Sheril and Nora. She smiled and asked, "Sheril, Ms. Smith. Do you want me to introduce the two of you to her, too?"

Her sidekick immediately complimented her. "You're so nice to your cousin, Rachel!"

Rachel giggled. "We're family after all..."

Sheril looked straight at her. "No, it's fine. I'm not going professional!"

Rachel's expression immediately darkened.

Caden frowned and said, "Sheril, why are you still being so headstrong? Why are you refusing such a good opportunity?"

"Because she doesn't need it." A clear and cool voice interrupted Caden.

Nora stood up from the sofa, the corners of her lips curling up when she looked into the distance.

The few of them followed her gaze and looked over to see Tanya, who had just come out of the bathroom, waving at them and jogging over.

Rachel was taken aback.

Next to her, her sidekick immediately became excited. "Rachel, Ms. Turner is waving at you!"

Caden's eyes also shone.

When Sheril had refused to reconcile with him just now, he had actually regretted his actions a little. But seeing how enthusiastic Tanya was toward them now... It seemed like the Woods' connections were indeed very impressive!

The sidekick spoke very loudly, so everyone around them also looked over.

"My goodness, it seems like Ms. Turner really likes Rachel a lot! Is it because she dances well?"

"I heard that Ms. Turner is very well-respected in foreign aristocratic circles... But she's being so friendly to Rachel?"

"..."

The remarks, which were full of envy, made Rachel lift her chin. She hadn't expected Tanya to have such a good impression of her, either.

With a smile on her face, she took a couple of steps toward Tanya, ready to greet her.

Seeing Tanya coming closer and closer to her, Rachel stood still, straightened her back, and said, "Ms. Turner!"

Her expression was just right. It was neither overly flattering—which would make it look like she was fawning on the other party—nor too cold, which would make Tanya uncomfortable.

Surely she would become the center of attention after this, right?

But the next moment, her expression froze.

Tanya came toward her.

The two stood facing each other.

Then, Tanya suddenly turned sideways, bypassed her, and continued forward, passing her by.

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Then, she immediately heard a voice behind her. “Nora! I missed you so much!”

Rachel, “??”

She whipped her head around violently to see Tanya stretching out her arms to give Nora a huge hug. However, Nora bent over, stepped aside in disgust, and slid under her arm instead. Then, she pulled her arm and tossed it to Sheril. “Hug her instead. She’s my cousin.”

“Oh, that makes her my cousin, too! Little cousin, you’re so cute!”

Tanya gave Sheril, who was standing there stiffly, a big hug and pinched her face. She exclaimed, “Your eyes really look like Nora’s! I like them!”

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

Didn’t they say that Tanya was here to look for Rachel? But why didn’t the picture in front of them look quite right?

Rachel herself was also dumbfounded, especially because the looks of worship in the eyes of everyone around her had all changed to probing looks instead. It made her feel like burying herself in a hole right away!

With her eyes reddened, she clenched her fists tightly and took a couple of steps forward. She went up to the few of them. Unable to maintain her ladylike image anymore, she demanded rather sharply, “Sheril, do you all know Ms. Turner?!”

Sheril didn’t say anything.

Tanya, on the other hand, looked at her hesitantly. “Of course! Nora here is my best friend! She is me and I am her! We’re so close that we’re pretty much inseparable!”

Then, she smiled and said, “You’re a relative of my little cousin here, right? I wasn’t intending to accept the Woods’ class request initially; it was only because you guys are relatives that I took it up. How about this? I’m planning to stay at the Andersons. If you want classes, then come over to the Andersons!”

Rachel, “!!”

When Rachel's sidekick heard what she said, she hurriedly said, "But if you go to the Andersons for classes, can we still come along? Rachel, you promised!"

Tanya looked as if she had been put in a spot when she heard her. She said, "Ugh, it's very tiring to hold classes, so just come by yourself and don't bring anyone along!"

Then, she turned to Sheril and said, "Do you dance, little cousin? I can teach you! Also, it's the same whether I'm teaching just you or a group of your friends. So, if you have friends who wanna come along, you can bring them along!"

Sheril was already so dumbfounded that she was lost for words. She said weakly, "I-I don't need to learn..."

"Oh no, but that will make me look very useless! And Nora probably won't like me anymore!"

Nora's lip corner spasmed and she almost rolled her eyes. She said lazily, "Who agreed to you staying at the Andersons?"

Tanya immediately took Sheril's arm and said, "Little cousin, your cousin has a very weird temper and doesn't allow anyone to share her bed. Can I sleep with you tonight?"

Sheril, who still hadn't recovered from her shock yet, replied, "... Okay."

"Are you guys still gonna dance? If not, let's go? I'm so tired after being on a plane for a whole day!"

Tanya started dragging Nora toward the exit after saying that.

Nora avoided her pulling and walked lazily at the side while Tanya took Sheril's arm. Everyone watched as the three of them went to the underground car park.

"I really thought the Andersons have fallen into decline! I didn't expect that the Woods were only able to ask Tanya to hold lessons because of their relationship with the Andersons?"

"No wonder we couldn't get an appointment with Tanya while Rachel was the only one who managed to!"

“When you think about it carefully, Sheril actually dances very beautifully! The way her cousin dances the male role is also so cool! I really like it...”

Everyone’s words made Rachel too embarrassed to stay. She suddenly stomped her foot and ran out crying!

Only the stupefied Caden continued to stand there stupidly, feeling as if he had missed the chance of a lifetime.

—

In the underground car park.

Tanya and Sheril were walking in front while Nora trailed behind them lazily with both hands behind her head.

As she walked, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her over to a black Land Rover!

She subconsciously threw a punch in defense, but her fist was caught by the man instead. He said, “It’s me.”

The familiar voice took Nora aback for a moment. It was only then that she realized that the man in front of her, who was a head taller, was actually Justin Hunt?

She raised her eyebrows. “What are you trying to do, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin trapped her in between himself and the car and let out a playful laugh. His voice was low and rich as he said, “I just want to ask Ms. Smith a question.”

“What?”

The man narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Why are you so interested in my son?”

Ever since the night that Nora became drunk and gave him a ridiculous call to offer to buy his son, for some strange reason, Justin had been in a rather bad mood the last few days.

This continued until he came to Hotel Finest today for a meal. The gossipy Chester had live-broadcasted the dance party taking place downstairs.

He even sent him a video of that woman dancing.

Seeing the sensational sight of her holding someone else's waist and dancing, attracting the attention of all the men around her, Justin suddenly became a little angry.

He was feeling so troubled here, yet that woman was on a roll at the dance party and winning over both men and women?

Thus, he had saved the dance video along the way and left the restaurant while counting the time. Going by how she didn't like doing more than necessary, he reckoned that she would probably leave right after she was done dancing.

Then, he found her jeep in the car park.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before the three women came down.

Nora was a little dazed at the moment.

Her nose was filled with the man's grassy scent. His breath tickled her face when he spoke, making the mood rather suggestive.

The lighting in the basement was dim, but the close-up view of the man's visage was as if it was lit up on its own, especially the cold look in his eyes and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye that exuded a sense of abstinence. It actually made her feel like conquering him.

She raised her eyebrows and chuckled softly. "What are you talking about, Mr. Hunt?"

At the sight of her denial, Justin lowered his head and leaned into her ear. "Have you already forgotten, Ms. Smith? I'm afraid you can't afford to buy my son with just eight hundred million dollars."

Afraid of being discovered by Sheril and Tanya, they both lowered their voices as if they were having a word in private.

Nora leaned back, but her back was already against the Land Rover, so she had nowhere to retreat to. As such, she could only sigh and say, "Is that so? How much are you willing to sell him for, then? Name your price?"

Justin held her waist with his large hand and chuckled softly. "Have you ever considered a way that won't require a single cent from you?"

Nora's eyes lit up, but right after, she said disappointedly, "... Stealing? It doesn't seem like a very good idea."

After all, Justin's strength was right there for all to see.

Justin, "..."

He discovered that the woman had actually looked rather serious when she said that. So, she had actually really considered stealing his son?

Stealing someone else's son? What kind of weird habit was that?

Justin frowned. "You..."

Before he could finish, however, Tanya's voice traveled over. "Huh? Where's Nora? Where did she go?"

Together with their voices, the other two women started to walk back.

When she heard them about to come right next to the two of them, for some reason, Nora became a little flustered. She suddenly pushed Justin away forcefully and pushed him to a darker place further inside.

She immediately walked out and said, "I'm over here."

Tanya came over and circled around her. "What are you doing here? Surely you're not hiding some stray man over here, right?"

... She really was hiding one, though.

Nora's cheeks turned a little red and she let out an awkward cough. She gave her a light push and said, "Are we going or not?"

Afraid that Nora would really leave her here, Tanya hurriedly turned around. "What are you being so cocky for, Nora? I may just fall in love with you, you know~"

Nora picked at her ears. "Your love is too cheap. I don't want it."

"..."

It was only after the three women walked off while bantering with one another that Justin finally came out from behind the Land Rover with a cold look on his face. When he thought of how the woman had pushed him away just now as if he wasn't fit to be seen, he suddenly felt a little as if they were... having an affair?

He chuckled softly. He saw the woman get into the car's back seat without any hesitation and then, she immediately leaned against it.

After loading her luggage into the car, a tall and slender woman then returned to the front of the car. She immediately exclaimed, "Nora, you're too much! I was stuck on the plane the whole time, yet you're still making me drive?"

With her eyes already closed, Nora leaned against the window and said coolly, "I want to sleep."

The other woman could only get in the driver's seat. Soon, the car started moving.

It was only after they left the car park that Justin realized that he, a man who had always taken full control of his time and never easily wasted it, had actually spent ten minutes standing there and watching her banter with her friend?

However, when he thought of how she had looked when she pushed him away in a panic just now, his frustrations disappeared.

Nora leaned against the car seat in a rare moment of insomnia, unable to sleep.

She thought back to what she had done just now. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling guilty?

While she was thinking about it, her cell phone beeped.

She looked down to see that it was Justin's number. He had sent her a text message: 'What were you being so shy about?'

Nora was bewildered.

She immediately replied: "I wasn't."

After she sent the text message, another beep sounded.

Nora picked up her cell phone again and looked at it. The message read: "Tell me why on earth you're so interested in my son. I can help you think of a solution that won't cost you any money."

Nora was puzzled.

She slowly replied: 'I just find him very cute. I wonder if Mr. Hunt is willing to part with him?'

Beep.

Nora lowered her head and saw another message from him: 'Are you thinking of becoming his mother?'

Nora curled her lip.

She was his mother herself. What did he mean by 'becoming his mother'?

Wait a minute. Didn't something seem a little wrong here?

Nora looked at her cell phone again and saw that the man had sent her another message: "Ms. Smith has a very unique way of confessing her love."

Nora, "!!"

As expected, that man was being narcissistic again!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she immediately sent him three agitated replies:

"You're mistaken."

"I'm not the one who wants to raise him."

"It's a friend of mine."

After sending the messages, Nora touched her cheeks, which felt a little hot.

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile and he let out a deep chuckle as he read the three messages on his cell phone.

Ms. Smith was totally pulling a friend out of thin air!

At the same time, at the kindergarten.

At 4:30 pm in the afternoon, children who'd had their afternoon snack were allowed to play for some time while they waited for the rest of the children to finish eating before they would leave together.

Cherry had always been a very picky eater. After she was done eating, she carried her little plate over and handed it to the teacher. Her big round eyes blinked as she said, "Ms. Lynn, you've lost so much weight again today. You should eat a little more. Cherry has especially left you some of her vegetables."

Ms. Lynn was on a diet, so Cherry's words had undoubtedly hit the spot.

She was such a cute little girl. Was there anyone who could resist her flattery?

Ms. Lynn rubbed her head gently and said, "Little Cherry is so smart! People on a diet can't eat any meat, so I can only eat more vegetables."

The other children looked at her enviously.

Sob! Why was Cherry allowed to skip her veggies?! They also wanted to be picky eaters!

Cherry ran over happily to the play area to wait. She was about to pick up a Barbie when someone snatched it away.

Sinead stood in front of her with her hands on her hips and said loudly, "Cheryl, didn't your mother say that she's going to get a more professional dancer to do an evaluation for you?"

"It's already been a week, but she still hasn't gotten anyone over. You're a liar! And a braggart!"

All the other children looked over.

To them, lying was a very bad habit!

Sinead rebuked, "You're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

Children also had their own social circle.

As Sinead's mother was a dance teacher, there were a few children in the class who liked playing with her very much.

Thus, when Sinead said that, three to four other children immediately stood behind her in support.

"Yes, you're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

"Liar, liar, pants on fire! Your nose is gonna grow longer!"

"..."

Sinead immediately looked at Cherry excitedly, especially now that she also had the support of her friends.

The last kid who went against her had burst into tears after they bullied him the same way. After that, he had even bought them a lot of gifts and begged them to play with him.

Cherry was a newcomer, so she didn't have many friends in the first place. Therefore, she would definitely become so scared that she would cry, right?

She was just thinking about it when she saw Cherry, whom she had scolded, lift her head and glance at her. Surprise flashed across her big round eyes as she said, "I didn't want to play with a selfish, rude, and uncultured child like you in the first place. You're thinking too much."

Sinead, "?"

The next moment, she burst into tears and started to wail.

Ms. Lynn had already noticed the two little girls arguing. She hurriedly placed the plate down and rushed over, for fear that Cherry would be bullied.

As soon as she approached, she heard the bawling Sinead yell, "You're the uncultured one! You're the rude one! You're the selfish one!"

A puzzled Cherry asked, "Why are you crying when you're obviously the one scolding me?"

Sinead suddenly choked on her sobs and even hiccuped.

Ms. Lynn was rendered speechless.

Why was she suddenly feeling like she had rushed over for nothing?

The school bell suddenly rang. Parents were already picking up their children at the door one after another. Sinead cried as she said, "You're a liar and your mom is a braggart! My mom said that if your mom still can't get anyone by tomorrow, you can forget about joining the dance performance! Hmph!"

She immediately ran out after saying that.

Ms. Lynn held Cherry's hand and asked worriedly, "Will your Mommy be able to find a more professional dance teacher?"

Cherry nodded. She sighed seriously and said, "Ms. Lynn, when Mommy's looking for someone, she'll keep sending them private messages on Facebook. She says she'll never stop until they reply! So, Mommy will definitely be able to find someone more professional for me!"

Ms. Lynn, "..."

The picture of a single mother in ill health who looked weak and frail, yet was extremely stubborn, suddenly formed in her mind. In order to prevent her daughter from being bullied and developing low self-esteem, she was determined to find her a more professional dance teacher.

It was getting dark, yet she refused to eat or drink. She didn't dare to sleep, nor did she even dare to cough, lest she woke up her adorable daughter. She sat in front of the computer and constantly sent private messages to people in the dancing field who were more well-respected than Whitney Lowe, begging them to save her daughter...

Sob, how touching!

Ms. Lynn squatted down, hugged Cherry, and said, "Little Cherry's mom is so amazing!"

Cherry's eyes brightened.

Yes, she also found Mommy very amazing!

When they were abroad back then, Mommy was once looking for someone, but the other party kept ignoring her. So, she had written a program that sent a private message to them every second, and even hacked their cell phone so

that they couldn't block or mute her. She had no intentions of stopping until she successfully forced them to reply to her!

As for herself, she had instead happily gone to bed. By the time she woke up, the other party was already close to changing their cell phone altogether! Was there anyone who wouldn't break down after 16 hours of constant harassment?

The teacher sent Cherry out. Nora and the others weren't back from the dance party yet, so it was Melissa who came to pick her up.

When Ms. Lynn handed Cherry to Melissa, she said with her eyes red, "Cherry's mom's life is too hard!"

Melissa, who strongly agreed with her, nodded. She held Ms. Lynn's hand and said, "Yes, her mom has a hard life. It really isn't easy to raise a child all alone!"

The two looked at each other, both feeling as though they had found someone who understood how they felt!

Ms. Lynn sighed silently and said, "Please tell her not to overdo it if she really can't find a dance teacher who's more professional than Whitney. I'll think of something!"

Melissa was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Ms. Lynn was also surprised by her reaction. She asked, "Don't you know what happened?"

She gave her a brief account of what had happened. Melissa frowned and heaved a sigh. "That girl is just too considerate. She must have been afraid that I would be put in a spot if I knew what had happened. But how are we going to find a more professional dance teacher than Whitney Lowe in the States?"

Whitney was one of the rare few dancers in the States who had won in an international ballroom dancing competition.

It was a very prestigious competition, and few from the States had achieved high rankings even after so many years.

Ms. Lynn sighed. "You'll need the champions if you want to suppress her. It'll be the most ideal if you can find the champion who competed in the same year as her. I've already asked around; the champion of that year is named Tanya Turner. She's also a very outstanding dancer. It'll be best if you can get her to help. If not, even if you find someone else, with Mrs. Lowe's authority, no one will dare to go against her. After all, she has the Lowes backing her up."

Apart from top-class giants like the Hunts and the Smiths, the Lowes weren't afraid of anyone else at all.

Melissa looked thoughtful after she heard what she said.

Meanwhile, the 'tolerant and understanding' Nora Smith who had 'endured a lot of hardships' had just reached home.

Tanya stood at the bedroom door and looked at Nora pitifully. "Nora, are you really not gonna let me sleep with you?"

Nora responded by closing the door with a loud bam.

Tanya, "..."

There was a hint of worry in her eyes.

It seemed like Nora was still very insecure.

There mustn't be anyone else in the room when she slept. Otherwise, she would suffer from insomnia. This habit of hers still hadn't changed.

Beep, beep!

She heard a car stopping outside.

It was Cherry who had just returned from school. Tanya immediately became excited. She left her suitcase in the hallway, went straight downstairs, and rushed out of the door happily.

"Cherry!"

Cherry, who was carrying a big schoolbag on her back, was carried down from the car. When she saw her, the little girl's eyes brightened and she raced over. "Wah! Aunt Tanya! You're here!"

Tanya said, "Who's Aunt Tanya? Call me God-mom!"

Melissa also got off the car. Her mind was fully occupied by thoughts of Tanya at the moment. She had made several phone calls on the way back, but she couldn't get Tanya's contact information at all.

Should she call her elder brother and ask him for help?

Nora had saved Harmonia Pharmacy with the Carefree Pill after she came to the Andersons.

She had given the Andersons so much help. There was no way she would allow Cherry to be bullied in school.

Melissa raised her head with great resolve.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed her brother's number.

The phone rang for a while before someone answered. An impatient voice came from the other end of the call. "What's the matter this time?"

"..."

Melissa fell silent for a moment. Then, she cast her eyes down and asked gently, "Farrell, can you contact Ms. Tanya Turner for me?"

However, while she was speaking, she suddenly noticed that there was a female stranger in the house.

She was currently pointing at herself frantically.

Melissa, "?"

While Melissa was hesitating, Miranda, her sister-in-law, had already taken over the phone. "What's all that pretense for, Melissa? Rachel has already come home and told me everything that happened at the dance party! Why is Sheril fighting with Rachel for every little thing?"

Melissa didn't have time to respond to the guest. She said anxiously, "What's the matter, Miranda? I'm just asking for Tanya's contact informat—"

Miranda scoffed and said, "Her contact information? Do you even need it when she's already in your house? You're doing this deliberately, aren't you?"

What's the big deal? You're just acquainted with Tanya, that's all. Has that made you so full of yourself?

"Know your place, Melissa. You're no longer a young lady from the Woods but Mrs. Anderson now! Even if you have Tanya on your side, it'll never change the Andersons' and the Woods' social statuses! Sheril had better not fight with Rachel for every single thing. It's more important for one to know their place!"

Miranda hung up immediately after ranting fiercely at her.

Melissa's grip on her cell phone tightened, causing her fingertips to turn a little pale.

What did Miranda mean by "she's already in your house"?

While she was in a daze, Tanya came up to her and said, "Hi Auntie. Barring any accidents, I should be the Tanya whom you're looking for."

"..."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Tanya said very politely, "I'm Nora's friend. Can I stay at your house temporarily while I'm back in the States?"

"... Sure."

Melissa watched the cheerful Tanya take Cherry's hand and lead her into the living room, feeling as if she was dreaming.

Did Tanya just say that she was Nora's friend?

It seemed like none of Nora's friends were simple people?

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Tanya was playing with Cherry. She tossed her high into the air before she caught her again. Cherry was so excited that she couldn't stop giggling.

"Again, God-mom!"

"Again!"

Next to them, Sheril was watching them in horror, terribly afraid that Tanya would miss and cause Cherry to fall.

After several rounds, a tuckered-out Tanya slumped onto the sofa. She rubbed her sore arms and said, "I haven't seen you for only half a year, but why am I having difficulty picking you up now?"

Cherry climbed onto the sofa and massaged her shoulders with her small hands. "It must be because God-mom has become weaker rather than because I became heavier!"

"..."

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed.

"You guys are so noisy." Nora, who was lying on the bed, tossed and turned repeatedly, unable to sleep. She buried her head with a pillow and said, "Can't you guys play outside? I still have to send Cherry to school early in the morning tomorrow."

It was currently only 6 o'clock in the evening while she only needed to wake up at 7:40 in the morning...

However, the few of them who were familiar with her biological clock didn't find anything wrong with what she said.

Tanya even gave a grand wave and said, "Now that I'm here, do you still think you won't get enough sleep? I'll take Cherry to school tomorrow morning!"

As soon as she said that, Nora immediately flipped the quilt aside and sat up. Then, she stretched and walked to the study as she said, "In that case, I'll go and do a bit of work."

Tanya was bewildered.

She finally realized something and exclaimed, "Were you waiting for me to say that?!"

Nora yawned. "Uh-huh. It would've been nice if you had said it earlier. I had to stay in bed for so long because of that."

Then, she entered the study and closed the door right away.

Everyone was speechless.

Sheril looked at Tanya cautiously. However, she didn't see any signs of anger on her face. Rather, there was even a sort of... joy at being exploited??

Then, she saw Tanya hug Cherry and say very gently, "Cherry, shall God-mom bathe you? Let's sleep together tonight!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

As Cherry blinked with her big round eyes, she hugged Tanya around her neck and said, "God-mom, you must take me to school tomorrow, okie?"

"No problem!"

The Andersons' residence was a villa with guest rooms, so they definitely wouldn't let Tanya and Sheril squeeze with each other in a room.

When Sheril was taking Tanya to the guest room, she asked, "Tanya, how did you meet Nora?"

How did she meet Nora?

The light in Tanya's eyes dimmed a little. She lowered her head and looked at Cherry gently before she slowly answered, "We met at a gathering."

A gathering?

Sheril could clearly sense that she was in low spirits, so she very thoughtfully didn't ask any further.

Tanya, however, held her arm and asked, "Sheril, are you thinking that Nora treats me too coldly, so you're afraid that I'll be mad?"

Upon having her thoughts exposed, Sheril immediately felt rather embarrassed.

Be it at the dance party or in Nora's bedroom just now, there was no way that anyone would say that Nora's attitude toward Tanya had been warm or enthusiastic. Thus, she really was a little worried.

Tanya suddenly burst into laughter. She picked up Cherry and pressed her cheek against hers. "Don't worry, she's really nice to me! Look, she even gave me little Cherry!"

Sheril, "???"

Tanya then added, "Besides, you don't have to worry. She and I are so close that we're pretty much inseparable, because... We used to be in the same boat."

Toward the end, she sounded a little dejected. However, she quickly recovered and gave her a wry smile. "Nora's luckier than me, though. She found hers shortly after she came back to the States... But I'm still looking for mine..."

Cherry immediately puckered her lips and kissed Tanya on her cheek. She said, "Don't be sad, Mom!"

The word 'Mom' made Tanya freeze.

Her eyes reddened and she hugged the soft and tender Cherry tightly. "Little Cherry, you're really God-mom's precious little baby!"

She then entered the guest room with Cherry.

The two of them played and had fun for quite a while. Before going to bed, Cherry suddenly sat upright and said, "Wait a minute, God-mom. I almost forgot! My spark of friendship is going to go out!"

After saying that, she got off the bed, ran to Nora's room, and picked up her cell phone. She was about to leave when she realized that there was no one on the bed and that the lights in the study were still on.

Cherry slowed down and walked back to the bedroom. Then, she logged on to Facebook and sent 'Old Ian' a sticker wishing him goodnight.

Old Ian also replied to her with a sticker wishing her goodnight.

Only then did Cherry gain peace of mind and put down her cell phone with a smile.

When she looked back, she saw Tanya staring at her. "Cherry, 'fess up! Do you have a boyfriend?!"

Cherry replied, “No, I don’t! It’s Grandpa! Sponsor Grandpa!”

“ ... ”

The night passed peacefully.

Whenever Nora took Cherry to school, she basically woke up at 7:35 and got out of bed at 7:40. Then, she would brush her teeth and leave the house with a baseball cap on without rinsing her face or combing her hair.

Unlike her, Tanya got up at half-past six.

She secretly put on exquisite makeup and even mock-snobbishly put on a pair of sunglasses before finally taking Cherry to school happily.

When they reached the school gates, Cherry just so happened to see Whitney and Sinead also entering when she got off the car.

Whitney stopped in her tracks when she spotted her.

Sinead yelled, “A liar is not allowed to go into the school!”

Whitney also said dispassionately, “Cheryl Smith, it’s not good to lie. As punishment, you are to stand at the school gates and shout a hundred times ‘I was wrong. I won’t ever lie again’. You can only enter after you’ve reflected upon your actions!”

As a dance teacher in the school, Whitney was authorized to punish students.

However, her humiliating approach was such that even Ms. Lynn, who was receiving the schoolchildren at the school gates, couldn’t stand it anymore.

She said, “Mrs. Lowe, let’s not do that. There are a lot of people coming and going here. It won’t be nice if other parents misunderstand that we’re carrying out corporal punishment.”

Whitney scoffed, “Why would that be? It’s only when the school is strict with their students that we’ll be able to show off how good of an international school this is! It’s precisely because of people like you who spoil the children that Cheryl Smith has developed the bad habit of lying!”

Her lecturing made Ms. Lynn’s cheeks burn. She was about to say something when Whitney added, “I know, they’re all children from wealthy families, so

you don't dare to scold them. Since I'm the one lecturing them now, you can stop being so meddlesome!"

The teachers in international schools were all doctoral students from prestigious schools!

They were fluent in at least three languages, so they were able to communicate with the children without any obstacles.

After they were hired, they even had to study psychology, early childhood education courses, and undergo other kinds of professional training before they could officially commence work there.

Of course, the salaries were also scarily high.

Ms. Lynn came from an ordinary family, so the fact that she was a teacher in the kindergarten went to show that she was an outstanding talent. She narrowed her eyes and said, "Mrs. Lowe, no matter what, corporal punishment is still against the law."

Whitney, however, remained unmoved. Instead, she even said, "Oh, feel free to call the police and have them arrest me, then."

Ms. Lynn, "..."

She clenched her fists. "Mrs. Lowe, let's not go too far! You were obviously the one who was being aggressive that day and insisted that Cherry wasn't suitable to dance. Her mother only said that she was going to find someone more professional because she was afraid that it would affect the child..."

Whitney had an icy-cold look on her face. With an air of arrogance unique to artists, she said, "Ms. Lynn, one mustn't make up excuses when they make mistakes. No matter what, the children must do what they say."

She looked at Cherry and said, "You can't unring the bell. People have to take responsibility for their actions. Cheryl Smith, go and stand at the gates!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and got ready to enter the school.

At this point, a voice reached their ears. "Tsk, Whitney. Have you already learned how to bully children during these few years that we haven't met?"

Tanya took off her sunglasses. She hadn't said anything just now because she wanted to see if there were any reasonable teachers in the school. If there weren't, then it would be better to withdraw as soon as possible.

Secondly, she was trying to gain an understanding of the situation through their exchange.

When she shot Cherry a glare, she immediately saw the little girl sticking out her tongue at her. At once, she became caught between laughter and tears. No wonder the little fellow had slept with her the night before and insisted that she took her to school today.

Here she was, thinking that the little fellow really missed her!

Tanya mentally dissed Cherry while she admired the look on Whitney's face, which looked as if she had just seen a ghost.

Tanya sneered, "You were just a bad dancer a few years ago, but unexpectedly, even your eyesight has become bad after a few years. Not only has Cherry's physique achieved the golden ratio, but her limbs are also long and slender. She clearly has great potential to be a dancer!

"If it wasn't because her mother dotes on her too much and didn't have the heart to make her suffer the pain of training to do splits and leg stretches, I would've taken her as my student a long time ago. Who do you think you are? How dare you say that she doesn't have any potential for dancing?

"If she doesn't have any potential for dancing, then who does? That chubby daughter of yours? This must be the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

Whitney, "!!"

She was already rendered speechless. The sight of Tanya made her feel as if she had returned to the competition from a few years ago!

Back then, she was young and high-spirited and didn't know that there would always be someone better out there. On the eve of the competition, she had gone up to Tanya—who had already won two championships in a row—and declared, 'I will definitely be the champion this year!'

Tanya hadn't said anything at the time, but right after that, she had used her own capabilities to make her eat her own words in the competition.

No one had managed to outshine Tanya after that!

To date, she was the only person in international ballroom dancing history who had successfully performed moves of the highest level of difficulty!

Back then, she had glanced at her after she finished dancing.

That glance of hers had exuded a champion's contempt.

For so many years, Whitney had been hailed as the top dancer in the States, but every time in the dead of night, she would always see that contemptuous look in Tanya's eyes...

And now, she was here! She was here again!

Whitney took a step back in fright. She suddenly pushed Sinead to Ms. Lynn, turned around, and got into her car as if she were fleeing. She slammed the door shut and gasped for air.

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

No one had expected Whitney to actually be so weak.

The corners of Tanya's lips were even spasming at the sight. She handed Cherry to Ms. Lynn and said, "Hello, I'm Tanya Turner. Cherry is very talented in dancing."

Ms. Lynn, "!!"

Oh my goodness!

Cherry's mom had really managed to get Tanya over!

Was this what they meant by 'faith will move mountains'?

She looked at Tanya all starry-eyed and said, "Ms. Smith has done so much! Good work!"

Tanya was bewildered.

Nora was still sleeping at home while she brought Cherry to school. On top of that, she even had to help her teach someone a lesson. 'Good work'? Yeah, right!

Seeing that Cherry had entered the school, Tanya turned and shot Whitney a sharp look.

In the car.

Whitney hurriedly shrank back in fear. While watching the video she had just recorded, she instructed the chauffeur, "To Mr. Lowe's office!"

"Yes, ma'am."

When Whitney arrived at the Lowes' company, her husband, Bob Lowe, was just about to head out. He was a little taken aback when he saw her. "Why are you here, darling?"

Whitney grabbed his hand and said, "Dear, I might be in trouble."

A smiling Bob asked, "What's the matter?"

Whitney took out her cell phone and started playing the video she had recorded. She pointed to the exquisite and adorable Cherry on the screen and recounted what had happened to him. She said, "... I've already checked her background. She's a child from a single-mother family and doesn't have a father, so I bullied her a little without any reservations. But in the end, her mother actually got Tanya over! Dear, given how arrogant Tanya is, there's no way ordinary people can get her to help. Is there a chance that this child comes from some sort of influential background?"

Bob smiled and patted her hand reassuringly. "There are only a few families who are more powerful than us in New York. The Smiths' children are in school while the Hunts hire private tutors for all their children, so you don't have to worry. I reckon it's just a coincidence that she managed to get Tanya Turner to help."

It was only then that Whitney heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she realized that she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

She let out a cold laugh and said, "I can put my mind at ease now, then. Isn't the reason why she tried so hard to get Tanya over none other than to take the center position from Sinead? Hah! I'll definitely make it such that she won't be able to bear the consequences of her actions!"

She wanted to dance, right? One must know that there were many different kinds of ways to teach someone how to dance! For example, leg stretches... splits...

Bob comforted her a little more before he left.

He was going to discuss future partnership plans with Mr. Hunt today.

When he arrived at the Hunt Corporation, the secretary led him to the top floor.

As he observed the unique environment around him that was found nowhere else in New York, Bob's respect for Justin grew a little more.

When they arrived, Sean stopped them. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lowe. Please wait a moment. Mr. Hunt is currently keeping his child company while he does his homework. His work hours only start at ten."

It was said that Justin had a child whom he kept very well-protected. To date, there were very few who even knew whether his child was a boy or a girl.

Bob hurriedly replied ingratiatingly, "It's fine! Mr. Hunt is such a good father!"

At ten o'clock, the door to the office opened.

Bob and the others entered.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Justin. However, his gaze swept to the side out of the corner of his eye to see a small child sitting there doing their homework seriously.

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze.

However, the next moment, his head suddenly whipped back up.

Why did that child look so familiar to him? He actually looked exactly the same as the child in the video that Whitney had shown him just now!

Chapter 85 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Rachel craned her neck and looked at the entrance. She saw that a group of people had already swarmed over.

She glanced at Sheril and Nora who had just finished dancing. A hint of arrogance and triumph flashed across her eyes. She neatened her dress, cast her eyes down, and said, "I'm going to go over and say hello to Ms. Turner."

Caden's eyes lit up. He said, "I'll—"

Before he could say the words "go with you", Rachel cut him off and said, "The people gathered around Tanya over there are all rich and famous young ladies. What are you going over there for? Just wait. Tanya will eventually have to come over to my house for classes. You'll see her then."

She turned and left immediately after saying that.

Rachel spoke imperiously and loudly, so everyone dancing nearby heard her, causing them to look at Caden in a half-amused manner.

Caden clenched his fists. He felt as if he had been given a few hard slaps across his cheeks.

Rachel simply didn't respect him at all!

During the last few days where he practiced dancing with her, he had been lectured severely like a kid every day. She had such a bad temper!

He couldn't help but look into the distance—the woman in the red gown had already walked over to the sofa and sat down.

Caden, who was having an internal struggle, stood in place for a while. Then, he walked over.

Dancing tango was very tiring. An out-of-breath Sheril went over to the resting area with Nora and took a seat.

"You're amazing at dancing, Nora!" It had been a very long time since Sheril had last had such a good time dancing. A look of excitement came over her rosy cheeks.

Nora's lip corners slowly curled into a smile, though she kept quiet.

The flurry of activity at the door attracted their attention and they looked over to see that a huge crowd had gathered over there. They didn't know who had arrived, though.

While they were wondering about it, a few people next to them who were also trotting over to the entrance said, "Tanya Turner's here! My goodness! This year's dance party is totally worth coming!"

When she heard the name Tanya Turner, a taken aback Sheril immediately looked at Nora!

She remained comfortably seated on the sofa and didn't move. Instead, she said lazily, "That woman's the center of attention wherever she goes, so she'll probably be held up for a while. Don't worry, I'll introduce the two of you to each other later."

Sheril immediately nodded. "Okay!"

Anyone who liked dancing would want to get acquainted with someone like Tanya.

She looked at the entrance excitedly...

However, a voice suddenly rang out beside her at this moment. "Come with me, Sheril."

The familiar voice made Sheril's eyes dim.

When she turned and saw Caden standing next to her with his usual smile, she felt as if her heart had been pierced by a needle.

She cast her eyes down and asked coldly and distantly, "Is something the matter?"

Caden didn't expect her to treat him so coldly. In the past, whenever he came over to coax her after they got into an argument, even though she had also pulled a long face, she always treated him with respect and followed him to the corner to talk.

It seemed like she was pretty angry this time.

Caden let out a sigh. He half-squatted beside her and said, "Don't be mad anymore, Sheril."

“Don’t be mad anymore”...

He spoke the same way as he had done in the past, like an innocent man with a low EQ who had no idea how he had made her angry. It made one not have the heart to lose their temper at him.

Sheril cast her eyes down and said, “Yeah, I’m not angry anymore.”

Caden immediately brightened and reached out to take her hand. However, before he could, the girl avoided his touch. Sheril looked at him coldly and said, “We don’t have anything to do with each other anymore, so why would I still be angry with you?”

Caden was stunned to the spot. His brows drew together as if he really didn’t get it. He said, “Stop kicking up a fuss, Sheril. There’s really nothing between Rachel and me. We’re just working with each other!”

Kicking up a fuss?

Sheril smiled wryly, finding him really ridiculous. “Whatever your relationship with her is, it has nothing to do with me.”

“Sheril, you just said that you aren’t angry anymore, so why are you saying such things again?” Caden took a deep breath and said, “The only reason why I danced with Rachel is for Tanya’s guidance. She does indeed have a bad temper and is always saying things to shame and embarrass you, but can’t you put up with it a little for the sake of my future?”

He had a smile on his face when he said that.

Sheril felt extremely disgusted.

Her expression turned icy and she said, “You’re mistaken about something, Caden.”

“What?”

Sheril sneered, “My mother didn’t give birth to me and raise me in fine clothes and exquisite food to have me suffer with you and be bullied!”

‘Suffer with you’...

Caden clenched his fists and said, "At the bottom of it all, it's just because you look down on me, right? You think you're a rich young lady while I'm a penniless pauper, right?"

Sheril, "?"

If she really were someone who cared about things like that, why would she date him for two years?

However, she couldn't be bothered to say any more. She immediately said, "Please stay away from me."

Caden, however, looked livid. He said, "That's enough, Sheril! Do you really think you're some rich young lady? Wake up! The Andersons have long since fallen into decline!"

Sheril's eyes widened. "What?"

Caden's words were vicious and nasty. "Your family is about to fall out of the ranks of the rich soon! What are you still throwing a tantrum like a rich young woman here for?! Your family probably can't even talk to Tanya Turner, let alone ask her to hold classes!

"You always say that you're not interested in becoming a professional dancer and prefer to coop yourself up at home to study medicine, but in my opinion, it's not because you don't want to but because you can't!

"The only part about you that's better than Rachel is that you have a better temper! But in terms of family background, how do you even compare to her? She's the real princess here, alright? Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!"

While he was talking, Rachel had already squeezed her way to the front of the crowd.

Tanya was tall and slender. Dressed in a casual outfit and a baseball cap, she was currently signing autographs for others. She had a grin on her face and a hearty, outgoing personality.

When it was Rachel's turn, she asked, "Tanya, do you still remember me? The Woods have made an appointment with you for a dance class."

“The Woods?” Tanya blinked. “Oh, Rachel Wood, right?”

Nora had mentioned to her that she was living with the Andersons in New York.

Thus, she had asked someone to find out more about them. Melissa Anderson, the current mistress of the Andersons, was a daughter of the Woods, so the two families likely shared a very close relationship.

It just so happened that the Woods had also made an appointment with her for a dance class at a high price, so she had made an effort to remember a bit more about Rachel, lest she embarrasses Nora.

After the two chatted casually a little, Tanya said, “Sorry everyone, I’m here today to look for a close friend. Let’s do the autographs again another day!”

Everyone there was respectable people in the circle, so they stepped aside after she said that.

After Tanya left, they immediately surrounded Rachel.

“Wow, Rachel! Ms. Turner remembers your name!”

“Given the Woods’ status, coupled with how Rachel is indeed pretty talented in dancing, what’s so strange about Tanya remembering her? That’s the way it should be!”

As she listened to their flattery, a triumphant smile formed on Rachel’s countenance.

So what even if Sheril had danced well just now?

Tanya probably didn’t even know who she was!

It was just that, who exactly was Tanya looking for?

Rachel looked around but instead saw Tanya turning the corner and entering the bathroom at the side.

“Rachel, what’s Caden doing over there?”

Her sidekick nudged her arm and said, “Surely, Sheril isn’t trying to poach him while you’re away?”

Rachel's eyes turned cold and she started walking over with her.

As soon as the two approached, they heard Caden say, "... Her family can ask Tanya Turner to hold classes for her just because she wants to learn how to dance!"

Rachel's lip corners curled upward.

Her sidekick said smugly, "It's not just that! Even a lofty person like Ms. Turner remembers Rachel's name!"

Caden turned and looked at her eagerly upon hearing what the sidekick said.

Rachel lifted her chin triumphantly and said, "I'll introduce you to Ms. Turner when we meet her again later."

Caden immediately nodded.

Rachel then looked at Sheril and Nora. She smiled and asked, "Sheril, Ms. Smith. Do you want me to introduce the two of you to her, too?"

Her sidekick immediately complimented her. "You're so nice to your cousin, Rachel!"

Rachel giggled. "We're family after all..."

Sheril looked straight at her. "No, it's fine. I'm not going professional!"

Rachel's expression immediately darkened.

Caden frowned and said, "Sheril, why are you still being so headstrong? Why are you refusing such a good opportunity?"

"Because she doesn't need it." A clear and cool voice interrupted Caden.

Nora stood up from the sofa, the corners of her lips curling up when she looked into the distance.

The few of them followed her gaze and looked over to see Tanya, who had just come out of the bathroom, waving at them and jogging over.

Rachel was taken aback.

Next to her, her sidekick immediately became excited. “Rachel, Ms. Turner is waving at you!”

Caden’s eyes also shone.

When Sheril had refused to reconcile with him just now, he had actually regretted his actions a little. But seeing how enthusiastic Tanya was toward them now... It seemed like the Woods’ connections were indeed very impressive!

The sidekick spoke very loudly, so everyone around them also looked over.

“My goodness, it seems like Ms. Turner really likes Rachel a lot! Is it because she dances well?”

“I heard that Ms. Turner is very well-respected in foreign aristocratic circles... But she’s being so friendly to Rachel?”

“...”

The remarks, which were full of envy, made Rachel lift her chin. She hadn’t expected Tanya to have such a good impression of her, either.

With a smile on her face, she took a couple of steps toward Tanya, ready to greet her.

Seeing Tanya coming closer and closer to her, Rachel stood still, straightened her back, and said, “Ms. Turner!”

Her expression was just right. It was neither overly flattering—which would make it look like she was fawning on the other party—nor too cold, which would make Tanya uncomfortable.

Surely she would become the center of attention after this, right?

But the next moment, her expression froze.

Tanya came toward her.

The two stood facing each other.

Then, Tanya suddenly turned sideways, bypassed her, and continued forward, passing her by.

Rachel was dumbfounded.

Then, she immediately heard a voice behind her. “Nora! I missed you so much!”

Rachel, “??”

She whipped her head around violently to see Tanya stretching out her arms to give Nora a huge hug. However, Nora bent over, stepped aside in disgust, and slid under her arm instead. Then, she pulled her arm and tossed it to Sheril. “Hug her instead. She’s my cousin.”

“Oh, that makes her my cousin, too! Little cousin, you’re so cute!”

Tanya gave Sheril, who was standing there stiffly, a big hug and pinched her face. She exclaimed, “Your eyes really look like Nora’s! I like them!”

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

Didn’t they say that Tanya was here to look for Rachel? But why didn’t the picture in front of them look quite right?

Rachel herself was also dumbfounded, especially because the looks of worship in the eyes of everyone around her had all changed to probing looks instead. It made her feel like burying herself in a hole right away!

With her eyes reddened, she clenched her fists tightly and took a couple of steps forward. She went up to the few of them. Unable to maintain her ladylike image anymore, she demanded rather sharply, “Sheril, do you all know Ms. Turner?!”

Sheril didn’t say anything.

Tanya, on the other hand, looked at her hesitantly. “Of course! Nora here is my best friend! She is me and I am her! We’re so close that we’re pretty much inseparable!”

Then, she smiled and said, “You’re a relative of my little cousin here, right? I wasn’t intending to accept the Woods’ class request initially; it was only because you guys are relatives that I took it up. How about this? I’m planning to stay at the Andersons. If you want classes, then come over to the Andersons!”

Rachel, “!!”

When Rachel’s sidekick heard what she said, she hurriedly said, “But if you go to the Andersons for classes, can we still come along? Rachel, you promised!”

Tanya looked as if she had been put in a spot when she heard her. She said, “Ugh, it’s very tiring to hold classes, so just come by yourself and don’t bring anyone along!”

Then, she turned to Sheril and said, “Do you dance, little cousin? I can teach you! Also, it’s the same whether I’m teaching just you or a group of your friends. So, if you have friends who wanna come along, you can bring them along!”

Sheril was already so dumbfounded that she was lost for words. She said weakly, “I-I don’t need to learn...”

“Oh no, but that will make me look very useless! And Nora probably won’t like me anymore!”

Nora’s lip corner spasmed and she almost rolled her eyes. She said lazily, “Who agreed to you staying at the Andersons?”

Tanya immediately took Sheril’s arm and said, “Little cousin, your cousin has a very weird temper and doesn’t allow anyone to share her bed. Can I sleep with you tonight?”

Sheril, who still hadn’t recovered from her shock yet, replied, “... Okay.”

“Are you guys still gonna dance? If not, let’s go? I’m so tired after being on a plane for a whole day!”

Tanya started dragging Nora toward the exit after saying that.

Nora avoided her pulling and walked lazily at the side while Tanya took Sheril’s arm. Everyone watched as the three of them went to the underground car park.

“I really thought the Andersons have fallen into decline! I didn’t expect that the Woods were only able to ask Tanya to hold lessons because of their relationship with the Andersons?”

“No wonder we couldn’t get an appointment with Tanya while Rachel was the only one who managed to!”

“When you think about it carefully, Sheril actually dances very beautifully! The way her cousin dances the male role is also so cool! I really like it...”

Everyone’s words made Rachel too embarrassed to stay. She suddenly stomped her foot and ran out crying!

Only the stupefied Caden continued to stand there stupidly, feeling as if he had missed the chance of a lifetime.

—

In the underground car park.

Tanya and Sheril were walking in front while Nora trailed behind them lazily with both hands behind her head.

As she walked, someone suddenly grabbed her arm and dragged her over to a black Land Rover!

She subconsciously threw a punch in defense, but her fist was caught by the man instead. He said, “It’s me.”

The familiar voice took Nora aback for a moment. It was only then that she realized that the man in front of her, who was a head taller, was actually Justin Hunt?

She raised her eyebrows. “What are you trying to do, Mr. Hunt?”

Justin trapped her in between himself and the car and let out a playful laugh. His voice was low and rich as he said, “I just want to ask Ms. Smith a question.”

“What?”

The man narrowed his eyes dangerously. “Why are you so interested in my son?”

Ever since the night that Nora became drunk and gave him a ridiculous call to offer to buy his son, for some strange reason, Justin had been in a rather bad mood the last few days.

This continued until he came to Hotel Finest today for a meal. The gossipy Chester had live-broadcasted the dance party taking place downstairs.

He even sent him a video of that woman dancing.

Seeing the sensational sight of her holding someone else's waist and dancing, attracting the attention of all the men around her, Justin suddenly became a little angry.

He was feeling so troubled here, yet that woman was on a roll at the dance party and winning over both men and women?

Thus, he had saved the dance video along the way and left the restaurant while counting the time. Going by how she didn't like doing more than necessary, he reckoned that she would probably leave right after she was done dancing.

Then, he found her jeep in the car park.

Sure enough, it didn't take long before the three women came down.

Nora was a little dazed at the moment.

Her nose was filled with the man's grassy scent. His breath tickled her face when he spoke, making the mood rather suggestive.

The lighting in the basement was dim, but the close-up view of the man's visage was as if it was lit up on its own, especially the cold look in his eyes and the beauty mark at the corner of his eye that exuded a sense of abstinence. It actually made her feel like conquering him.

She raised her eyebrows and chuckled softly. "What are you talking about, Mr. Hunt?"

At the sight of her denial, Justin lowered his head and leaned into her ear. "Have you already forgotten, Ms. Smith? I'm afraid you can't afford to buy my son with just eight hundred million dollars."

Afraid of being discovered by Sheril and Tanya, they both lowered their voices as if they were having a word in private.

Nora leaned back, but her back was already against the Land Rover, so she had nowhere to retreat to. As such, she could only sigh and say, "Is that so? How much are you willing to sell him for, then? Name your price?"

Justin held her waist with his large hand and chuckled softly. "Have you ever considered a way that won't require a single cent from you?"

Nora's eyes lit up, but right after, she said disappointedly, "... Stealing? It doesn't seem like a very good idea."

After all, Justin's strength was right there for all to see.

Justin, "..."

He discovered that the woman had actually looked rather serious when she said that. So, she had actually really considered stealing his son?

Stealing someone else's son? What kind of weird habit was that?

Justin frowned. "You..."

Before he could finish, however, Tanya's voice traveled over. "Huh? Where's Nora? Where did she go?"

Together with their voices, the other two women started to walk back.

When she heard them about to come right next to the two of them, for some reason, Nora became a little flustered. She suddenly pushed Justin away forcefully and pushed him to a darker place further inside.

She immediately walked out and said, "I'm over here."

Tanya came over and circled around her. "What are you doing here? Surely you're not hiding some stray man over here, right?"

... She really was hiding one, though.

Nora's cheeks turned a little red and she let out an awkward cough. She gave her a light push and said, "Are we going or not?"

Afraid that Nora would really leave her here, Tanya hurriedly turned around. "What are you being so cocky for, Nora? I may just fall in love with you, you know~"

Nora picked at her ears. "Your love is too cheap. I don't want it."

"..."

It was only after the three women walked off while bantering with one another that Justin finally came out from behind the Land Rover with a cold look on his face. When he thought of how the woman had pushed him away just now as if he wasn't fit to be seen, he suddenly felt a little as if they were... having an affair?

He chuckled softly. He saw the woman get into the car's back seat without any hesitation and then, she immediately leaned against it.

After loading her luggage into the car, a tall and slender woman then returned to the front of the car. She immediately exclaimed, "Nora, you're too much! I was stuck on the plane the whole time, yet you're still making me drive?"

With her eyes already closed, Nora leaned against the window and said coolly, "I want to sleep."

The other woman could only get in the driver's seat. Soon, the car started moving.

It was only after they left the car park that Justin realized that he, a man who had always taken full control of his time and never easily wasted it, had actually spent ten minutes standing there and watching her banter with her friend?

However, when he thought of how she had looked when she pushed him away in a panic just now, his frustrations disappeared.

Nora leaned against the car seat in a rare moment of insomnia, unable to sleep.

She thought back to what she had done just now. She didn't understand why she was suddenly feeling guilty?

While she was thinking about it, her cell phone beeped.

She looked down to see that it was Justin's number. He had sent her a text message: "What were you being so shy about?"

Nora was bewildered.

She immediately replied: "I wasn't."

After she sent the text message, another beep sounded.

Nora picked up her cell phone again and looked at it. The message read: "Tell me why on earth you're so interested in my son. I can help you think of a solution that won't cost you any money."

Nora was puzzled.

She slowly replied: 'I just find him very cute. I wonder if Mr. Hunt is willing to part with him?'

Beep.

Nora lowered her head and saw another message from him: 'Are you thinking of becoming his mother?'

Nora curled her lip.

She was his mother herself. What did he mean by 'becoming his mother'?

Wait a minute. Didn't something seem a little wrong here?

Nora looked at her cell phone again and saw that the man had sent her another message: "Ms. Smith has a very unique way of confessing her love."

Nora, "!!"

As expected, that man was being narcissistic again!

The corners of her lips spasmed and she immediately sent him three agitated replies:

"You're mistaken."

"I'm not the one who wants to raise him."

"It's a friend of mine."

After sending the messages, Nora touched her cheeks, which felt a little hot.

The corners of Justin's lips curled into a smile and he let out a deep chuckle as he read the three messages on his cell phone.

Ms. Smith was totally pulling a friend out of thin air!

At the same time, at the kindergarten.

At 4:30 pm in the afternoon, children who'd had their afternoon snack were allowed to play for some time while they waited for the rest of the children to finish eating before they would leave together.

Cherry had always been a very picky eater. After she was done eating, she carried her little plate over and handed it to the teacher. Her big round eyes blinked as she said, "Ms. Lynn, you've lost so much weight again today. You should eat a little more. Cherry has especially left you some of her vegetables."

Ms. Lynn was on a diet, so Cherry's words had undoubtedly hit the spot.

She was such a cute little girl. Was there anyone who could resist her flattery?

Ms. Lynn rubbed her head gently and said, "Little Cherry is so smart! People on a diet can't eat any meat, so I can only eat more vegetables."

The other children looked at her enviously.

Sob! Why was Cherry allowed to skip her veggies?! They also wanted to be picky eaters!

Cherry ran over happily to the play area to wait. She was about to pick up a Barbie when someone snatched it away.

Sinead stood in front of her with her hands on her hips and said loudly, "Cheryl, didn't your mother say that she's going to get a more professional dancer to do an evaluation for you?"

"It's already been a week, but she still hasn't gotten anyone over. You're a liar! And a braggart!"

All the other children looked over.

To them, lying was a very bad habit!

Sinead rebuked, "You're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

Children also had their own social circle.

As Sinead's mother was a dance teacher, there were a few children in the class who liked playing with her very much.

Thus, when Sinead said that, three to four other children immediately stood behind her in support.

"Yes, you're a bad girl! We're not gonna play with you!"

"Liar, liar, pants on fire! Your nose is gonna grow longer!"

"..."

Sinead immediately looked at Cherry excitedly, especially now that she also had the support of her friends.

The last kid who went against her had burst into tears after they bullied him the same way. After that, he had even bought them a lot of gifts and begged them to play with him.

Cherry was a newcomer, so she didn't have many friends in the first place. Therefore, she would definitely become so scared that she would cry, right?

She was just thinking about it when she saw Cherry, whom she had scolded, lift her head and glance at her. Surprise flashed across her big round eyes as she said, "I didn't want to play with a selfish, rude, and uncultured child like you in the first place. You're thinking too much."

Sinead, "?"

The next moment, she burst into tears and started to wail.

Ms. Lynn had already noticed the two little girls arguing. She hurriedly placed the plate down and rushed over, for fear that Cherry would be bullied.

As soon as she approached, she heard the bawling Sinead yell, "You're the uncultured one! You're the rude one! You're the selfish one!"

A puzzled Cherry asked, "Why are you crying when you're obviously the one scolding me?"

Sinead suddenly choked on her sobs and even hiccuped.

Ms. Lynn was rendered speechless.

Why was she suddenly feeling like she had rushed over for nothing?

The school bell suddenly rang. Parents were already picking up their children at the door one after another. Sinead cried as she said, "You're a liar and your mom is a braggart! My mom said that if your mom still can't get anyone by tomorrow, you can forget about joining the dance performance! Hmph!"

She immediately ran out after saying that.

Ms. Lynn held Cherry's hand and asked worriedly, "Will your Mommy be able to find a more professional dance teacher?"

Cherry nodded. She sighed seriously and said, "Ms. Lynn, when Mommy's looking for someone, she'll keep sending them private messages on Facebook. She says she'll never stop until they reply! So, Mommy will definitely be able to find someone more professional for me!"

Ms. Lynn, "..."

The picture of a single mother in ill health who looked weak and frail, yet was extremely stubborn, suddenly formed in her mind. In order to prevent her daughter from being bullied and developing low self-esteem, she was determined to find her a more professional dance teacher.

It was getting dark, yet she refused to eat or drink. She didn't dare to sleep, nor did she even dare to cough, lest she woke up her adorable daughter. She sat in front of the computer and constantly sent private messages to people in the dancing field who were more well-respected than Whitney Lowe, begging them to save her daughter...

Sob, how touching!

Ms. Lynn squatted down, hugged Cherry, and said, "Little Cherry's mom is so amazing!"

Cherry's eyes brightened.

Yes, she also found Mommy very amazing!

When they were abroad back then, Mommy was once looking for someone, but the other party kept ignoring her. So, she had written a program that sent a private message to them every second, and even hacked their cell phone so that they couldn't block or mute her. She had no intentions of stopping until she successfully forced them to reply to her!

As for herself, she had instead happily gone to bed. By the time she woke up, the other party was already close to changing their cell phone altogether! Was there anyone who wouldn't break down after 16 hours of constant harassment?

The teacher sent Cherry out. Nora and the others weren't back from the dance party yet, so it was Melissa who came to pick her up.

When Ms. Lynn handed Cherry to Melissa, she said with her eyes red, "Cherry's mom's life is too hard!"

Melissa, who strongly agreed with her, nodded. She held Ms. Lynn's hand and said, "Yes, her mom has a hard life. It really isn't easy to raise a child all alone!"

The two looked at each other, both feeling as though they had found someone who understood how they felt!

Ms. Lynn sighed silently and said, "Please tell her not to overdo it if she really can't find a dance teacher who's more professional than Whitney. I'll think of something!"

Melissa was taken aback. "Did something happen?"

Ms. Lynn was also surprised by her reaction. She asked, "Don't you know what happened?"

She gave her a brief account of what had happened. Melissa frowned and heaved a sigh. "That girl is just too considerate. She must have been afraid that I would be put in a spot if I knew what had happened. But how are we going to find a more professional dance teacher than Whitney Lowe in the States?"

Whitney was one of the rare few dancers in the States who had won in an international ballroom dancing competition.

It was a very prestigious competition, and few from the States had achieved high rankings even after so many years.

Ms. Lynn sighed. “You’ll need the champions if you want to suppress her. It’ll be the most ideal if you can find the champion who competed in the same year as her. I’ve already asked around; the champion of that year is named Tanya Turner. She’s also a very outstanding dancer. It’ll be best if you can get her to help. If not, even if you find someone else, with Mrs. Lowe’s authority, no one will dare to go against her. After all, she has the Lowes backing her up.”

Apart from top-class giants like the Hunts and the Smiths, the Lowes weren’t afraid of anyone else at all.

Melissa looked thoughtful after she heard what she said.

Meanwhile, the ‘tolerant and understanding’ Nora Smith who had ‘endured a lot of hardships’ had just reached home.

Tanya stood at the bedroom door and looked at Nora pitifully. “Nora, are you really not gonna let me sleep with you?”

Nora responded by closing the door with a loud bam.

Tanya, “...”

There was a hint of worry in her eyes.

It seemed like Nora was still very insecure.

There mustn’t be anyone else in the room when she slept. Otherwise, she would suffer from insomnia. This habit of hers still hadn’t changed.

Beep, beep!

She heard a car stopping outside.

It was Cherry who had just returned from school. Tanya immediately became excited. She left her suitcase in the hallway, went straight downstairs, and rushed out of the door happily.

“Cherry!”

Cherry, who was carrying a big schoolbag on her back, was carried down from the car. When she saw her, the little girl's eyes brightened and she raced over. "Wah! Aunt Tanya! You're here!"

Tanya said, "Who's Aunt Tanya? Call me God-mom!"

Melissa also got off the car. Her mind was fully occupied by thoughts of Tanya at the moment. She had made several phone calls on the way back, but she couldn't get Tanya's contact information at all.

Should she call her elder brother and ask him for help?

Nora had saved Harmonia Pharmacy with the Carefree Pill after she came to the Andersons.

She had given the Andersons so much help. There was no way she would allow Cherry to be bullied in school.

Melissa raised her head with great resolve.

She picked up her cell phone and dialed her brother's number.

The phone rang for a while before someone answered. An impatient voice came from the other end of the call. "What's the matter this time?"

"..."

Melissa fell silent for a moment. Then, she cast her eyes down and asked gently, "Farrell, can you contact Ms. Tanya Turner for me?"

However, while she was speaking, she suddenly noticed that there was a female stranger in the house.

She was currently pointing at herself frantically.

Melissa, "?"

While Melissa was hesitating, Miranda, her sister-in-law, had already taken over the phone. "What's all that pretense for, Melissa? Rachel has already come home and told me everything that happened at the dance party! Why is Sheril fighting with Rachel for every little thing?"

Melissa didn't have time to respond to the guest. She said anxiously, "What's the matter, Miranda? I'm just asking for Tanya's contact informat—"

Miranda scoffed and said, "Her contact information? Do you even need it when she's already in your house? You're doing this deliberately, aren't you? What's the big deal? You're just acquainted with Tanya, that's all. Has that made you so full of yourself?"

"Know your place, Melissa. You're no longer a young lady from the Woods but Mrs. Anderson now! Even if you have Tanya on your side, it'll never change the Andersons' and the Woods' social statuses! Sheril had better not fight with Rachel for every single thing. It's more important for one to know their place!"

Miranda hung up immediately after ranting fiercely at her.

Melissa's grip on her cell phone tightened, causing her fingertips to turn a little pale.

What did Miranda mean by "she's already in your house"?

While she was in a daze, Tanya came up to her and said, "Hi Auntie. Barring any accidents, I should be the Tanya whom you're looking for."

"..."

Melissa was dumbfounded.

Tanya said very politely, "I'm Nora's friend. Can I stay at your house temporarily while I'm back in the States?"

"... Sure."

Melissa watched the cheerful Tanya take Cherry's hand and lead her into the living room, feeling as if she was dreaming.

Did Tanya just say that she was Nora's friend?

It seemed like none of Nora's friends were simple people?

Upstairs, in the bedroom.

Tanya was playing with Cherry. She tossed her high into the air before she caught her again. Cherry was so excited that she couldn't stop giggling.

“Again, God-mom!”

“Again!”

Next to them, Sheril was watching them in horror, terribly afraid that Tanya would miss and cause Cherry to fall.

After several rounds, a tuckered-out Tanya slumped onto the sofa. She rubbed her sore arms and said, “I haven’t seen you for only half a year, but why am I having difficulty picking you up now?”

Cherry climbed onto the sofa and massaged her shoulders with her small hands. “It must be because God-mom has become weaker rather than because I became heavier!”

“ ... ”

The corners of Tanya’s lips spasmed.

“You guys are so noisy.” Nora, who was lying on the bed, tossed and turned repeatedly, unable to sleep. She buried her head with a pillow and said, “Can’t you guys play outside? I still have to send Cherry to school early in the morning tomorrow.”

It was currently only 6 o’clock in the evening while she only needed to wake up at 7:40 in the morning...

However, the few of them who were familiar with her biological clock didn’t find anything wrong with what she said.

Tanya even gave a grand wave and said, “Now that I’m here, do you still think you won’t get enough sleep? I’ll take Cherry to school tomorrow morning!”

As soon as she said that, Nora immediately flipped the quilt aside and sat up. Then, she stretched and walked to the study as she said, “In that case, I’ll go and do a bit of work.”

Tanya was bewildered.

She finally realized something and exclaimed, “Were you waiting for me to say that?!”

Nora yawned. "Uh-huh. It would've been nice if you had said it earlier. I had to stay in bed for so long because of that."

Then, she entered the study and closed the door right away.

Everyone was speechless.

Sheril looked at Tanya cautiously. However, she didn't see any signs of anger on her face. Rather, there was even a sort of... joy at being exploited??

Then, she saw Tanya hug Cherry and say very gently, "Cherry, shall God-mom bathe you? Let's sleep together tonight!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

As Cherry blinked with her big round eyes, she hugged Tanya around her neck and said, "God-mom, you must take me to school tomorrow, okie?"

"No problem!"

The Andersons' residence was a villa with guest rooms, so they definitely wouldn't let Tanya and Sheril squeeze with each other in a room.

When Sheril was taking Tanya to the guest room, she asked, "Tanya, how did you meet Nora?"

How did she meet Nora?

The light in Tanya's eyes dimmed a little. She lowered her head and looked at Cherry gently before she slowly answered, "We met at a gathering."

A gathering?

Sheril could clearly sense that she was in low spirits, so she very thoughtfully didn't ask any further.

Tanya, however, held her arm and asked, "Sheril, are you thinking that Nora treats me too coldly, so you're afraid that I'll be mad?"

Upon having her thoughts exposed, Sheril immediately felt rather embarrassed.

Be it at the dance party or in Nora's bedroom just now, there was no way that anyone would say that Nora's attitude toward Tanya had been warm or enthusiastic. Thus, she really was a little worried.

Tanya suddenly burst into laughter. She picked up Cherry and pressed her cheek against hers. "Don't worry, she's really nice to me! Look, she even gave me little Cherry!"

Sheril, "???"

Tanya then added, "Besides, you don't have to worry. She and I are so close that we're pretty much inseparable, because... We used to be in the same boat."

Toward the end, she sounded a little dejected. However, she quickly recovered and gave her a wry smile. "Nora's luckier than me, though. She found hers shortly after she came back to the States... But I'm still looking for mine..."

Cherry immediately puckered her lips and kissed Tanya on her cheek. She said, "Don't be sad, Mom!"

The word 'Mom' made Tanya freeze.

Her eyes reddened and she hugged the soft and tender Cherry tightly. "Little Cherry, you're really God-mom's precious little baby!"

She then entered the guest room with Cherry.

The two of them played and had fun for quite a while. Before going to bed, Cherry suddenly sat upright and said, "Wait a minute, God-mom. I almost forgot! My spark of friendship is going to go out!"

After saying that, she got off the bed, ran to Nora's room, and picked up her cell phone. She was about to leave when she realized that there was no one on the bed and that the lights in the study were still on.

Cherry slowed down and walked back to the bedroom. Then, she logged on to Facebook and sent 'Old Ian' a sticker wishing him goodnight.

Old Ian also replied to her with a sticker wishing her goodnight.

Only then did Cherry gain peace of mind and put down her cell phone with a smile.

When she looked back, she saw Tanya staring at her. “Cherry, ‘fess up! Do you have a boyfriend?!”

Cherry replied, “No, I don’t! It’s Grandpa! Sponsor Grandpa!”

“ ... ”

The night passed peacefully.

Whenever Nora took Cherry to school, she basically woke up at 7:35 and got out of bed at 7:40. Then, she would brush her teeth and leave the house with a baseball cap on without rinsing her face or combing her hair.

Unlike her, Tanya got up at half-past six.

She secretly put on exquisite makeup and even mock-snobishly put on a pair of sunglasses before finally taking Cherry to school happily.

When they reached the school gates, Cherry just so happened to see Whitney and Sinead also entering when she got off the car.

Whitney stopped in her tracks when she spotted her.

Sinead yelled, “A liar is not allowed to go into the school!”

Whitney also said dispassionately, “Cheryl Smith, it’s not good to lie. As punishment, you are to stand at the school gates and shout a hundred times ‘I was wrong. I won’t ever lie again’. You can only enter after you’ve reflected upon your actions!”

As a dance teacher in the school, Whitney was authorized to punish students.

However, her humiliating approach was such that even Ms. Lynn, who was receiving the schoolchildren at the school gates, couldn’t stand it anymore.

She said, “Mrs. Lowe, let’s not do that. There are a lot of people coming and going here. It won’t be nice if other parents misunderstand that we’re carrying out corporal punishment.”

Whitney scoffed, “Why would that be? It’s only when the school is strict with their students that we’ll be able to show off how good of an international school this is! It’s precisely because of people like you who spoil the children that Cheryl Smith has developed the bad habit of lying!”

Her lecturing made Ms. Lynn’s cheeks burn. She was about to say something when Whitney added, “I know, they’re all children from wealthy families, so you don’t dare to scold them. Since I’m the one lecturing them now, you can stop being so meddlesome!”

The teachers in international schools were all doctoral students from prestigious schools!

They were fluent in at least three languages, so they were able to communicate with the children without any obstacles.

After they were hired, they even had to study psychology, early childhood education courses, and undergo other kinds of professional training before they could officially commence work there.

Of course, the salaries were also scarily high.

Ms. Lynn came from an ordinary family, so the fact that she was a teacher in the kindergarten went to show that she was an outstanding talent. She narrowed her eyes and said, “Mrs. Lowe, no matter what, corporal punishment is still against the law.”

Whitney, however, remained unmoved. Instead, she even said, “Oh, feel free to call the police and have them arrest me, then.”

Ms. Lynn, “...”

She clenched her fists. “Mrs. Lowe, let’s not go too far! You were obviously the one who was being aggressive that day and insisted that Cherry wasn’t suitable to dance. Her mother only said that she was going to find someone more professional because she was afraid that it would affect the child...”

Whitney had an icy-cold look on her face. With an air of arrogance unique to artists, she said, “Ms. Lynn, one mustn’t make up excuses when they make mistakes. No matter what, the children must do what they say.”

She looked at Cherry and said, "You can't unring the bell. People have to take responsibility for their actions. Cheryl Smith, go and stand at the gates!"

After saying that, she took Sinead's hand and got ready to enter the school.

At this point, a voice reached their ears. "Tsk, Whitney. Have you already learned how to bully children during these few years that we haven't met?"

Tanya took off her sunglasses. She hadn't said anything just now because she wanted to see if there were any reasonable teachers in the school. If there weren't, then it would be better to withdraw as soon as possible.

Secondly, she was trying to gain an understanding of the situation through their exchange.

When she shot Cherry a glare, she immediately saw the little girl sticking out her tongue at her. At once, she became caught between laughter and tears. No wonder the little fellow had slept with her the night before and insisted that she took her to school today.

Here she was, thinking that the little fellow really missed her!

Tanya mentally dissed Cherry while she admired the look on Whitney's face, which looked as if she had just seen a ghost.

Tanya sneered, "You were just a bad dancer a few years ago, but unexpectedly, even your eyesight has become bad after a few years. Not only has Cherry's physique achieved the golden ratio, but her limbs are also long and slender. She clearly has great potential to be a dancer!

"If it wasn't because her mother dotes on her too much and didn't have the heart to make her suffer the pain of training to do splits and leg stretches, I would've taken her as my student a long time ago. Who do you think you are? How dare you say that she doesn't have any potential for dancing?"

"If she doesn't have any potential for dancing, then who does? That chubby daughter of yours? This must be the biggest joke I've heard this year!"

Whitney, "!!"

She was already rendered speechless. The sight of Tanya made her feel as if she had returned to the competition from a few years ago!

Back then, she was young and high-spirited and didn't know that there would always be someone better out there. On the eve of the competition, she had gone up to Tanya—who had already won two championships in a row—and declared, 'I will definitely be the champion this year!'

Tanya hadn't said anything at the time, but right after that, she had used her own capabilities to make her eat her own words in the competition.

No one had managed to outshine Tanya after that!

To date, she was the only person in international ballroom dancing history who had successfully performed moves of the highest level of difficulty!

Back then, she had glanced at her after she finished dancing.

That glance of hers had exuded a champion's contempt.

For so many years, Whitney had been hailed as the top dancer in the States, but every time in the dead of night, she would always see that contemptuous look in Tanya's eyes...

And now, she was here! She was here again!

Whitney took a step back in fright. She suddenly pushed Sinead to Ms. Lynn, turned around, and got into her car as if she were fleeing. She slammed the door shut and gasped for air.

Everyone was utterly bewildered.

No one had expected Whitney to actually be so weak.

The corners of Tanya's lips were even spasming at the sight. She handed Cherry to Ms. Lynn and said, "Hello, I'm Tanya Turner. Cherry is very talented in dancing."

Ms. Lynn, "!!"

Oh my goodness!

Cherry's mom had really managed to get Tanya over!

Was this what they meant by 'faith will move mountains'?

She looked at Tanya all starry-eyed and said, “Ms. Smith has done so much! Good work!”

Tanya was bewildered.

Nora was still sleeping at home while she brought Cherry to school. On top of that, she even had to help her teach someone a lesson. ‘Good work’? Yeah, right!

Seeing that Cherry had entered the school, Tanya turned and shot Whitney a sharp look.

In the car.

Whitney hurriedly shrank back in fear. While watching the video she had just recorded, she instructed the chauffeur, “To Mr. Lowe’s office!”

“Yes, ma’am.”

When Whitney arrived at the Lowes’ company, her husband, Bob Lowe, was just about to head out. He was a little taken aback when he saw her. “Why are you here, darling?”

Whitney grabbed his hand and said, “Dear, I might be in trouble.”

A smiling Bob asked, “What’s the matter?”

Whitney took out her cell phone and started playing the video she had recorded. She pointed to the exquisite and adorable Cherry on the screen and recounted what had happened to him. She said, “... I’ve already checked her background. She’s a child from a single-mother family and doesn’t have a father, so I bullied her a little without any reservations. But in the end, her mother actually got Tanya over! Dear, given how arrogant Tanya is, there’s no way ordinary people can get her to help. Is there a chance that this child comes from some sort of influential background?”

Bob smiled and patted her hand reassuringly. “There are only a few families who are more powerful than us in New York. The Smiths’ children are in school while the Hunts hire private tutors for all their children, so you don’t have to worry. I reckon it’s just a coincidence that she managed to get Tanya Turner to help.”

It was only then that Whitney heaved a sigh of relief. Then, she realized that she had made a mountain out of a molehill.

She let out a cold laugh and said, "I can put my mind at ease now, then. Isn't the reason why she tried so hard to get Tanya over none other than to take the center position from Sinead? Hah! I'll definitely make it such that she won't be able to bear the consequences of her actions!"

She wanted to dance, right? One must know that there were many different kinds of ways to teach someone how to dance! For example, leg stretches... splits...

Bob comforted her a little more before he left.

He was going to discuss future partnership plans with Mr. Hunt today.

When he arrived at the Hunt Corporation, the secretary led him to the top floor.

As he observed the unique environment around him that was found nowhere else in New York, Bob's respect for Justin grew a little more.

When they arrived, Sean stopped them. He said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lowe. Please wait a moment. Mr. Hunt is currently keeping his child company while he does his homework. His work hours only start at ten."

It was said that Justin had a child whom he kept very well-protected. To date, there were very few who even knew whether his child was a boy or a girl.

Bob hurriedly replied ingratiatingly, "It's fine! Mr. Hunt is such a good father!"

At ten o'clock, the door to the office opened.

Bob and the others entered.

He kept his head down, not daring to look at Justin. However, his gaze swept to the side out of the corner of his eye to see a small child sitting there doing their homework seriously.

Bob hurriedly retracted his gaze.

However, the next moment, his head suddenly whipped back up.

Why did that child look so familiar to him? He actually looked exactly the same as the child in the video that Whitney had shown him just now!