

Chapter 99 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Cell phones had an app that could check a stock's fluctuations, and it showed clearly that the stock Nora mentioned had risen by 2% the day before!

In other words, the \$300,000 they invested had seen a return of \$6,000 in just a day!

Given how it had risen despite the plummeting stock market, this was undoubtedly very impressive.

Farrell was a mature and steady middle-aged man who bore a 50% resemblance to Melissa. Unlike Miranda's mean and acrimonious appearance, he had an air unique to scholarly merchants around him.

His brows were tightly drawn together, but he nevertheless looked up and said, "Your profit yesterday can only be attributed to luck. The stock market is very unstable now, so it's not surprising that the stock rose for a day. This particular stock has been falling lately. You'd best still take the opportunity to sell it today!"

Then, he looked at Melissa sternly and lectured, "The Woods' family teachings forbid us from gambling and taking drugs. Melissa, I know you're short of money. That's why I told Miranda to look for you and let you make some money with us. Why must you let things come to this point?"

Melissa looked at him, her expression somewhat dazed.

It seemed like she hadn't seen her elder brother for a very long time.

The siblings had been on very good terms in the past. She could still remember how her elder brother had specially screened Simon's character for her when she fell in love with him back then.

When did they become this distant from each other?

It seemed like it was ever since he married Miranda?

Farrell and Miranda's marriage could be considered a political marriage between the Woods and the Sonnets. Farrell had a literati's pride, and he trusted Miranda enough to leave her in charge of all the family affairs after they were married.

Miranda was a petty woman. She would get jealous and say a lot of mean things whenever Farrell was even a little nice to Melissa. She didn't want to cause disharmony in her brother's family, so she rarely returned to the Woods' residence in recent years after their parents passed away.

At the sight of Melissa keeping quiet, Farrell sighed, took out a bank card, and handed it to her. He said, "I know Miranda has a foul mouth, but do you really think I'll leave you to your own devices when you're broke, Melissa? There's \$800,000 in here. Use it to tide over for now... Don't worry, this is my own money. Your sister-in-law doesn't know about it."

His heartwarming words made Melissa tear up a little.

She was still wearing a well-tailored dress that outlined her slender figure and slim waist today, making her look elegant and classy.

Apart from Simon's lack of drive to do better, the other reason why the Andersons were in such a predicament today was that she was content to keep the status quo.

Melissa knew that there was a bit of a literati's loftiness in her all these years. She didn't like socializing and didn't take money and things like that too seriously.

Thus, when Farrell called her yesterday, she had immediately agreed.

The real estate industry was in full swing.

Moreover, the Lowes were also a reliable wealthy family in New York. Everyone knew them and their background well, so nothing would go wrong in investing in them. That was why she had agreed to it.

But now...

Melissa pushed the bank card back to Farrell. She said, "Farrell, I made a wrong judgment. We actually have enough to spend. Besides, once we tide over this month, the Andersons will have money when we recoup the Carefree Pills' production costs. It's really okay."

At the sight of her insistence, Farrell didn't push any further.

Nevertheless, he still warned, "Stocks are risky. There's no harm playing a little using that \$300,000, but don't put any more into it, okay?"

Melissa didn't approve of stock trading, either. She had given Nora the \$300,000 the day before only because she appreciated Nora's intentions to help. Thus, she nodded at Farrell's reminder.

Nora had heard the entire conversation between the siblings, and it left a good impression of her aunt's brother on her.

Seeing that he was about to leave, Nora suddenly said, "Uncle Farrell, please wait a moment."

Farrell stopped and looked at her with a slight frown.

There wasn't any disdain in his eyes but just a look of scrutiny.

The confidence and charm that only scholarly families possessed made him look like an upright man.

It was a shame that they instead produced a daughter like Rachel Wood, who didn't inherit the scholarly aura.

Nora suppressed the regretful feeling in her and said, "Real estate isn't going to do well in the future. Are the Woods really going to invest with the Lowes?"

Farrell was taken aback when he heard her. He didn't refute her right away, but after some careful thinking, he nevertheless said, "The Lowes are a huge real estate company, and are one of the enterprises with the shrewdest business acumen around. Apart from the Hunts, no one else can compare to them when it comes to the real estate industry. Otherwise, we wouldn't have immediately gone for it the moment they offered the investment opportunity to other families."

Then, he paused and spoke to Melissa again. He said, "Miranda might have been a little anxious when she talked to you yesterday, but there's actually a reason for that. Real estate is lucrative, so everyone wants a piece of it. It wasn't easy for the Lowes to finally share some of the opportunities. I only managed to grab a share worth 30 million dollars after much difficulty."

He heaved a sigh at the thought.

His younger sister had had a hard life these few years, so he wanted to let her make some money along with him. If they really couldn't afford it, then he would just pay for their investment capital in advance for now.

He was just thinking of that when Nora said calmly, "Uncle Farrell, the Lowes have been in the real estate industry for so many years, and they have a great relationship with the bank. If they don't have enough funds, then why aren't they taking out a loan? Also, why didn't the Lowes partner with the Hunts? Both of them are in the real estate industry, so it would only be more convenient for them if they were to cooperate. Perhaps you can go and ask around—Mr. Hunt must have rejected his offer."

Farrell became even more confused. He asked, "Where did you hear that from?"

The moment he said that, realization dawned upon Melissa and she asked, "Nora, was it Justin who told you that real estate won't do well in the future?"

Nora, "??"

Before she could answer, however, Melissa had already convinced herself. She turned and tried to persuade Farrell, "Farrell, Nora and Justin are somewhat friends. If it's Justin who told her that, then you must be careful."

Farrell frowned and sank into contemplation upon hearing what she said.

A moment later, he said, “Okay.”

He left in a hurry after saying that.

Nora didn’t trouble herself over whether he believed her or not. Neither was she concerned about whether he would go ahead with the investment or not. Whether or not the Woods suffered a loss had nothing to do with her. She had told him what she should, so she had already done enough.

She went straight upstairs.

Farrell got into the car after he left the Andersons. With a solemn look on his face, he suddenly instructed the chauffeur, “To Hunt Corporation.”

They arrived at the destination very quickly.

He got out of the car and entered the building.

The Woods and the Lowes enjoyed similar status among the wealthy in New York. Farrell could be considered an influential figure, so when he suddenly paid a visit, the front desk at the lobby didn’t dare to dally. They immediately reported his arrival to the top floor.

Justin was currently supervising Pete’s studies. He initially didn’t want to meet Farrell when he heard that he was here. However, when he suddenly thought of how Farrell was Melissa’s elder brother and thus, was somewhat related to that woman, he finally allowed him upstairs.

Soon, Farrell entered his office. After the two exchanged a few pleasantries, Justin went straight to the point and asked, “What brings Mr. Wood here today?”

The man was twenty years his junior, yet even Farrell couldn’t quite handle his aura. He smiled politely and replied, “It’s like this. I heard that Mr. Hunt said the real estate industry isn’t going to do very well in the future?”

Justin immediately raised his eyebrows and asked, “Who did you hear that from, Mr. Wood?”

