

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment Chapter 221: The Quinlan Sect Is Backed By The Quinn School of Martial Arts? Has She Agreed To It?

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

A contract to provide her services to the Quinlan Sect?

Nora frowned and looked at the document in his hand.

Winston sneered, “Oh, I forgot to tell you, but the car racing club will be the Quinlan Sect’s very soon. We, the Quinlan Sect, warmly invite you to our team. I should think that with Yanci around, our team will always win!”

Nora, “?”

Her brows drew together. She asked puzzledly, “Has Mr. Hoffman agreed to this?”

Winston replied, “Of course.”

His eyes flickered and he added, “Would I dare to do something like this if he hadn’t?”

Nora didn’t care how exactly they carried out their dealings with each other, but... using Caleb to threaten her?

She cast her eyes down dispassionately. “I’m not interested in your club.”

She walked straight to Caleb after she spoke. She wasn’t intending to waste her breath and was planning to leave immediately after saving the man.

However, before she could walk over, Winston stopped in front of her again. He said, “I know you enjoy a lot of freedom when you race abroad, Ms. Smith, but it’s impossible to survive in the car racing industry in the States if you don’t have anyone backing you up. Didn’t Logan also rely on Jordan Hoffman

back then? The benefits you'll enjoy will only be better than that if you join the Quinlan Sect! Do you know who the one backing up the Quinlan Sect is?"

Nora's eyes were still downcast. "I'm not interested."

"..." Winston became anxious. He said, "The one backing up the Quinlan Sect is the Quinn School of Martial Arts! You should have heard of them before, right? They are very well-known in the pugilistic world! As long as you sign the contract, both the Quinlan Sect and the Quinn School of Martial Arts will back you up in New York in the future, no matter what happens!"

Nora was dumbfounded. "The Quinn School of Martial Arts?"

Her reaction made Winston heave a sigh of relief. He replied, "Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts! Mr. Quinlan is their unofficial disciple. This is something that everyone knows. It's exactly because of the Quinn School of Martial Arts that even Jordan Hoffman doesn't dare to mess with Mr. Quinlan."

Nora, "..."

What the heck was this mess?

Were all of the Quinn School of Martial Arts' unofficial disciples this arrogant outside?

She broke into a frown.

Winston tried painstakingly to convince her. He said, "You must be scared at the mention of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, right? Then sign this obediently. I can even promise you that as long as you sign the contract and maintain a good relationship with me, I will let your fiancé's pharmaceutical factory open smoothly in New York!"

Winston gazed at Nora greedily when he said that.

That woman was Yanci. She had looked so beautiful and sassy when she was racing, making him itch for her even more. Conquering a woman like her would give him an even bigger sense of accomplishment.

Especially in bed...

His smile turned lewd.

A mellow and gentle voice reached them at this point.

“So, it’s your doing that my application to establish a pharmaceutical factory keeps getting rejected?”

Nora looked at Caleb.

Despite being tied up, he remained calm and collected in the face of danger, which gave him an additional sense of frail beauty. That visage of his didn’t look like a thirty-year-old at all; he clearly looked like a prince—oh, one that was in distress though—walking out of a comic instead.

His words pulled Winston back from his daydreaming to reality. He looked back at him and said with a grin, “Oh my, so you’re finally aware of the reason now! The Grays may be something in California, but you’re nothing in New York. So, you want to expand your business in New York? Have you asked us, the Myerses, for permission yet? Have you asked the pharmaceutical industry here for permission yet? Heh, New York is our turf, with the pharmaceutical industry particularly so. Without the Myerses’ permission, there’s absolutely no way your family’s pharmaceutical factory can ever be established here! Even though you’ve already decided on the factory site, you just keep failing the license application, right? Hahaha!”

Realization dawned upon Caleb. “I see. So, that’s why.”

Winston glanced at Nora again. “Of course, if Ms. Smiths signs this contract, then that will make us family. Your affairs will also be the Myerses’, so I’ll definitely take good care of you! We can mutually benefit each other. You should know what I want, right?”

His gaze swept up and down Nora as he spoke, his intentions obvious.

The eyes of Caleb and Justin, who had just entered the room, darkened at the same time.

Caleb cast his eyes down, his long eyelashes casting silhouettes on his cheeks. His glasses were already close to falling off his nose bridge. His eyes were icy-cold as he said, “That’s impossible. You don’t have to compromise for my sake, Nora...”

Winston flew into a rage when he heard him. He stepped forward and slapped Caleb across his cheek, causing Caleb’s head to turn to the side. He looked even more like a meek little woman being bullied now.

A handprint soon formed on his fair cheek.

After slapping him, Winston snapped furiously, “Shut up!”

Only then did he turn back.

He was about to speak when he instead saw Nora’s expression turn cold. She said, “You must have a death wish!”

Just as she was about to take action, the guard at the door finally discovered Justin’s presence. He bellowed angrily, “Who are you? What are you doing here?”

Nora looked back to see the men at the door walking toward Justin.

For a moment there, she didn’t know whether she should save Justin or Caleb first.

In the midst of her hesitation, she saw Justin stride forward. He headed straight for Caleb, kicking away whoever blocked his path on his way there.

His long legs delivered accurate and ruthless kicks, while his punches were quick and unpredictable. Before anyone could even see his moves clearly, Justin had already dropped them all.

Winston had brought more than ten men with him, but all of them were lying on the ground at the moment. Some had outright fainted while some were groaning in pain.

Frightened witless, he stared at Justin in disbelief. He swallowed and asked, “M-Mr. Hunt? Why are you here? I... I’m from the Quinlan Sect. Our boss is from the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Y-you...”

Justin went right up to him and kicked him right at the crotch!

Bam!

As Winston flew through the air, the pain at his crotch made his vision blacken. He felt that that particular place had likely broken...

Everyone else that was still conscious subconsciously clamped their legs together tightly, suddenly feeling a little worried for their family jewels.

Nora didn’t have the opportunity to do anything, nor did she have such worries, so she walked straight to Caleb and untied the ropes around him.

Caleb got to his feet after he was freed. He was about to thank Nora when his legs suddenly gave way, seemingly from having been tied up for a little too long.

Nora was about to subconsciously grab him when another arm held up Caleb faster than she could.

Her line of sight followed the sturdy and powerful arm to see Justin staring straight at Caleb while pulling a long face. He said, “You’re welcome, Mr. Gray.”

The subtext: ‘I was the one who saved you just now, so don’t try to get close to Nora on the pretext of thanking her.’

Caleb: “...”

He moved his ankles a little. After he steadied himself on his feet, he finally looked at Winston and the others, who had collapsed on the ground. A dark

glint flashed across his eyes as he stroked his cheek, but he lowered his gaze the next moment, concealing the glint within.

Seeing that he was fine, Nora took out the contract that Winston had wanted her to sign. After giving it a rough skim, she took out her cell phone and said, “I’ll ask Mrs. Hoffman what exactly is going on with the Quinlan Sect’s acquisition of the club..”

Chapter 222: Going To The Quinn School of Martial Arts!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Nora called Mrs. Hoffman, but perhaps she was busy at the moment, she didn’t pick up.

She was about to call again after hanging up the first time when Mrs. Hoffman called. She sounded obviously tired as she said, “Sorry about that, Ms. Smith. I was busy just now, so I wasn’t paying attention to the phone.”

Nora raised her eyebrows and asked, “Is Jimmy having a relapse?”

“No, it isn’t about that.”

Mrs. Hoffman said, “Jimmy is doing pretty well. He’ll be discharged from the hospital and will be able to go to school soon. It’s because something has happened at home.”

“Is it about the car racing club?” asked Nora.

Mrs. Hoffman hesitated for a moment before she said, “Have you also heard about it? Sigh, it’s really giving us a headache.”

Nora was a little taken aback. She asked, “Do you need me to help with anything?”

Mrs. Hoffman, however, declined her offer. “No, it’s alright, Ms. Smith. It’s better that you don’t get involved in the matter. After all, you’re not in our line of business.”

Nora was an excellent doctor who had nothing to do with underworld forces.

Mrs. Hoffman was afraid that she would be implicated if she were to become involved.

After all, the Quinn School of Martial Arts had disciples all over the country. It was as easy as ABC for them to take care of a mere doctor.

Nora didn't make things difficult for her. She nodded and said, "Alright. Let me know if you need anything."

Mrs. Hoffman uttered an 'okay' before she finally sighed and said, "Only one person can help us with this. We're currently looking for her."

Seeing that Mrs. Hoffman was reluctant to say more, Nora nodded and hung up.

Only then did she turn back and look at the men from the Quinlan Sect on the ground.

Nora ignored the rest and looked only at Winston. He had suffered a serious injury to his crotch and passed out from the pain, only to wake up again from the pain. He was currently rolling about the ground all curled up, which easily showed just how hard Justin had kicked him just now.

Nora walked over and stood right in front of him.

Cold sweat trickled down Winston's forehead, and he was as pale as a sheet. He said, "Send me to the hospital... The hospital..."

Nora squatted down and sneered, "Did you say just now that the Quinlan Sect is being a menace outside because they have the Quinn School of Martial Arts backing them up?"

Winston looked at her viciously at once and replied, "Yes, that's right. The Quinlan Sect and the Quinn School of Martial Arts—it's obvious that the two are a family the moment you hear their names. Mr. Quinlan is the top male disciple among the Quinn School of Martial Arts' unofficial disciples, and even

ordinary official disciples have to treat him with courtesy when they see him. How dare you all beat me up... All of you are finished!”

Nora raised her eyebrows and slowly got back up. “Is that so?”

Winston stared at her. “Just you wait! The Quinn School of Martial Arts will find you! They won’t be scared even if you have Mr. Hunt protecting you!”

Nora scoffed. “Sure, I’ll wait for that to happen.”

She dusted off her hands and walked over to Justin and Caleb. “Let’s go.”

The three of them left the dilapidated warehouse. The moment they reached the entrance, they saw a man in a black suit standing there respectfully. At the sight of the three of them, he stepped forward in a panic at once. “Mr. Gray!”

Caleb nodded. The frail man let out a cough and took out a handkerchief to cover his mouth. After holding his assistant for support, he looked at Nora and said, “My assistant has come to pick me up, Ms. Smith. I’ll head off first.”

Nora nodded. In the end, she still said, “Sorry, I didn’t expect that it would implicate you.”

Caleb smiled. “It’s not your fault. I would like to ask you for a favor, though, Ms. Smith.”

“What?”

Caleb coughed another couple of times, causing the handprint to become increasingly obvious on his fair complexion. He said, “My application for a factory license keeps getting rejected. I’d like to ask the Andersons for help with giving the relevant parties a heads-up about it.”

Both the Andersons and the Myerses held a certain status in New York’s pharmaceutical industry.

Although the Andersons had fallen into decline, they now had the Carefree Pills. Added to that their status in the past, it was still a cinch for them to just say the word.

Nora nodded. “No problem.”

Since she was the one who had caused the problem, she had to resolve it. Otherwise, she would end up owing Caleb a favor.

Caleb smiled, “This way, we won’t owe each other anything and you won’t have to feel guilty about it anymore.”

Nora was surprised.

She hadn’t expected the man to actually be so perceptive and see through her thoughts. She nodded. “Okay.”

She hated trouble the most, and also hated owing people favors the most.

Caleb coughed again. Nora glanced at him and suddenly asked, “Do you need me to take a look at your illness?”

Caleb waved at once. He smiled and said, “I’ve been sick for many years. It’s tuberculosis. It won’t kill me. Even if you give me a checkup, you’ll just be prescribing me herbal remedies in the end, so it’s fine. If not, I’ll end up owing you a favor again, Ms. Smith.”

Nora, “...”

She didn’t press the matter and nodded instead. “Okay.”

Right after she spoke, Justin said dispassionately, “If there’s nothing else, we’ll go and pick up the children now, Mr. Gray.”

Caleb, “...”

Nora, “...”

Why did his words sound like they were going to pick up children that the two of them had from school? ... Even though they were indeed children born to the two of them.

Caleb smiled. "No, there's nothing else."

"Let's go."

Nora followed Justin into the car. The two went straight to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to pick up Pete and Cherry, and take them home.

—

Caleb waited until the black jeep left before he coughed twice again. However, by the time he lowered the handkerchief, the look on his face had already turned cold. The mellowness and gentleness in his eyes had all but disappeared, leaving behind only icy coldness.

The assistant behind him asked, "What should we do with that group of people, Mr. Gray?"

The look in Caleb's eyes turned even frostier at the question.

How would he possibly not know about Winston's handiwork? He had merely gone with the flow and couldn't be bothered to pay any attention to it, that was all. Little did he think that he would be so bold as to kidnap him.

His assistant, Shadow, had been with him at that time. Given his moves, even fighting solo against a hundred men wouldn't be a problem. However, he wanted to see what that man wanted, so he had given Shadow a look and made him lose on purpose and follow them here.

But unexpectedly, that daredevil had actually had the audacity to hit him?

He touched the wound on his cheek and cast his eyes down detachedly.

"Dispose of them."

"Yes, sir," replied Shadow.

Caleb opened the car door and got in the car. A short while later, a burst of flames shot straight into the sky in the distance.

Shadow returned to the car silently. When he started the car to leave, he reported, “I severed his arm and leg tendons before letting him go through the pain of being burned alive.”

This was revenge for Winston slapping Caleb.

Caleb let out a nonchalant sound of acknowledgment. Then, he closed his eyes and leaned against the backseat.

Shadow shut up at once.

—

At the Quinlans’.

Paul got up furiously. “What did you say? Justin Hunt killed Winston?”

His subordinate, who had escaped and returned from the fire, nodded. “The place caught fire after he rushed there to save the man, so he must be the one who killed them! What do we do, Mr. Quinlan?”

One must know that that was Justin Hunt!

Paul paced around in a circle.. Suddenly, he headed out and said, “Let’s go to the Quinn School of Martial Arts! They won’t just sit by idly after someone bullies their unofficial disciple!”

Chapter 223: Long-Time Friends In Spirit!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

His subordinate was taken aback. As he followed behind Paul, he couldn’t help but ask, “Will the Quinn School of Martial Arts really stand up for us? That’s Justin Hunt we’re talking about!”

Paul stood up straight. Full of confidence, he said, “Whether they stand up for us or not, doing this will only benefit us!”

His subordinate didn’t understand.

Paul explained in detail. He spoke as if he was explaining the meaning behind his words to his subordinate, but in truth, he was self-analyzing the situation.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts values their disciples the most, and Quinn is also well-known for being very protective of his own. Therefore, there’s a high chance that they will stand up for us. Of course, it’s impossible to make Justin Hunt pay for his actions with his life, but they will make him pay by other things, such as apologizing or providing some kind of benefits.

“If the Quinn School of Martial Arts is cowed by Justin’s power and doesn’t stand up for us, it would damage their reputation. But if Justin Hunt takes a very aggressive stance, then it’s very likely that the sect won’t stand up for us and fight a hopeless battle—this is a society governed by law, after all. However, the sect will give us some compensation because of the incident! Going by Quinn’s personality, he will feel as if his child has suffered injustice, and will comfort us properly. When that happens, our ties with the Quinn School of Martial Arts will become even stronger!”

The subordinate was enlightened.

After understanding all this, Paul drove straight to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

—

On the way back to the Quinn School of Martial Arts, Nora looked straight ahead of her, her expression a little solemn.

The Quinlan Sect had been using the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ name to do whatever they want and lord it over others outside. If she hadn’t encountered this, she might still have been able to ignore it, but since she had, then she mustn’t turn a blind eye to it.

It seemed that she needed to have a good talk with Lucas.

Justin, who had noticed her solemn countenance, asked, “Penny for your thoughts?”

“I’m thinking about the Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Justin’s eyes narrowed a little. “Are you scared?”

Nora, “?”

Justin leaned against the passenger seat, his eyes that could bewitch and draw one’s soul into them, deep and reserved. The beauty mark at the corner of his eye seemed to flash with an air of dominion. “Don’t worry. If the Quinn School of Martial Arts comes to us to make trouble, then we’ll just deal with it like how the pugilistic world does—fighting.”

Nora, “?”

‘If the Quinn School of Martial Arts comes to make trouble’?

She hesitated for a moment before she asked, “Why would the Quinn School of Martial Arts come to make trouble for us?”

Justin, who was about to say “I’ll fight them for you”, choked on his breath at the question. He explained, “We beat up Winston Myers today. Because he’s from the Quinlan Sect, our actions are equivalent to slapping Paul in the face. He definitely won’t let the matter rest, so he will definitely get the Quinn School of Martial Arts to stand up for him.”

Justin stroked his chin, his fingers long and slender and the joints well-defined. He said, “Even though Pete is learning martial arts from Quinn, I don’t think Quinn will give up pursuing the matter with us because of him. There’s no one who can really fight in the current generation of disciples in the Quinn School of Martial Arts, though. The only one who can fight is Big Sister, who exists only in legends.”

Nora, “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. “Are you saying that the Quinn School of Martial Arts is incapable?”

Justin’s voice sounded a little deep as he replied, “It’s not that they are incapable, but rather, there are very few people who train with dedication in the martial arts in modern society! It isn’t just the Quinn School of Martial Arts; even the Irvin School of Martial Arts is filled with people that only know a few fancy moves.”

Nora did not refute him.

This was also the reason why Quinn valued her so much—because it was simply too difficult to find a successor of direct lineage!

Nora looked at Justin and suddenly said, “Don’t worry. The Quinn School of Martial Arts won’t make trouble for you.”

Her words took Justin by surprise, and he looked at her with puzzlement.

In his opinion, Nora had shown up in the Quinn School of Martial Arts because of Pete. However, in this split second, he suddenly thought of that time when he had exchanged a few moves with Nora—she was pretty good. In fact, she could even fight on par with him...

Could it be that...

Justin was dumbfounded. He looked straight at Nora and asked, “Are you the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister?”

Nora’s almond-shaped eyes lifted slightly. “Can’t I be?”

Justin, “!!!”

Something suddenly clicked in his mind. Back then, when he had taken Pete to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to ask them to take him in, going by how much Quinn disliked the Irvin School of Martial Arts, it stood to reason that he wouldn’t accept him as a disciple for sure. However, it seemed like Quinn had immediately taken Pete as a disciple the moment he saw him...

At that time, he had thought that it was because Quinn had seen the martial arts talent in Pete. Thinking about it again now, as it turned out, it was because of Pete's mom?

Justin suddenly let out a low chuckle. "The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, master surgeon Anti, car racer Yanci... May I ask, Ms. Smith, what other identities do you have?"

Nora's fingers rested casually on the steering wheel. "I don't remember. I have too many."

"..."

Justin couldn't help but laugh after a short silence.

But thereafter, he couldn't bring himself to anymore—because Nora suddenly said in all seriousness, "Don't ever mention the Irvin School of Martial Arts in front of Quinn. The Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Irvin School of Martial Arts have irreconcilable differences."

Justin, "..."

A sharp glint burst forth in Nora's eyes as she added, "Also, I heard from the old man that the Irvin School of Martial Arts' current Big Brother is very skilled. His moves are the most treacherous and devious ever, and he has completely inherited Irvin's sly and conniving character. He'd best pray that he never lands in my hands!"

Justin's Adam's apple moved up and down a little. He asked tentatively, "What will happen if he lands in your hands?"

The corners of Nora's lips quirked upward, making her look cool and sassy. She replied, "I will let him know what the light of the right way is like!"

"..."

The Irvin School of Martial Arts and the Quinn School of Martial Arts practiced different styles of martial arts. The former focused on flexibility, fluidity, and breaking through in one blow after identifying the opponent's weakness. On

the other hand, the Quinn School of Martial Arts focused on the training of oneself. As long as one was strong and powerful enough, they would be able to outmaneuver every one of the opponent's moves!

To borrow Quinn's words, the Irvin School of Martial Arts was a sect of cunning and devious scumbags! They tarnished the might and prestige of martial arts!

Justin, who could sense Nora's animosity toward the Irvin School of Martial Arts, asked tentatively, "It's not like you've met their Big Brother, either. You—"

Nora snorted coldly. "But I've been friends with him in spirit for a long time."

Justin, "?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "The old man uses him to pressure me every day, which has made me develop a dislike for him physiologically."

"..."

Justin fell silent. In the end, he decided to hold on tightly to his secret identity and make sure it didn't get exposed.

When the pair arrived at the Quinn School of Martial Arts, they saw the two children walking out.

The little fellow dressed in boys' clothing was beaming.

The one in the skirt was wearing a mask and a cap, and had a frosty look on his little face.

Nora and Justin could tell which was their daughter and which was their son practically the moment they saw them.

Justin stepped forward and took Cherry's hand, who was dressed in boys' clothing, and said, "It's late, Pete. Let's go home!"

Cherry nodded. "Okie-Dokie!"

Nora also took Pete's hand. "Let's go home, too, Cherry."

Pete held her fingers seriously. "... Okay."

The family of four was about to leave the training gym when noise suddenly came from the main entrance.

The four of them paused in their tracks. Nora subconsciously looked out the window to see Paul stepping through the main entrance in tears, a complete change from his refined image of the past.

Lucas held his arm and asked, "What's the matter?"

Paul ignored him.. Instead, he shouted straight into the training gym, "Master! You have to help me!"

Chapter 224: His Lover Is Nora Smith!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Paul had already thoroughly looked into things while on the way here.

Cherry had claimed that her mother was Nora Smith and her father was Justin Hunt. He'd originally thought that Nora was just a tool that Justin was using to shut outsiders up, but unexpectedly, he had actually stood up for her when she went to save her fiancé.

Paul roughly understood what was going on the moment he thought of her beautiful face—Nora might be Justin's lover.

Even though he didn't quite understand why Justin would allow his lover to have a fiancé, none of that was important at the moment.

What was important was that he absolutely had to get the Quinn School of Martial Arts to stand up for him.

Otherwise, how was he, Paul Quinlan, going to survive in the industry in the future?

He didn't dare to enter the training gym, so he could only stand outside and cry his eyes out.

He was already in his thirties, making him quite unbearable to look at.

Lucas couldn't help but ask, "What exactly happened to you, Paul? You should know that Master never bothers with external affairs. You can tell me if something has happened."

The sobbing Paul said, "Ten of my men have been killed!"

Ten people dying at one go was no trivial matter!

Lucas was stunned. He sounded grave as he asked, "What happened?"

Even Quinn, who was inside the room, got up with a frown.

Nora and Justin exchanged a look upon hearing that ten people had died, and both of them frowned.

Justin had used a very measured amount of force in the fight. Apart from Winston, whose injury had been more grievous which resulted in him possibly not being able to perform his function as a man anymore in the future, the other dozen or so people's injuries had only seemed serious on the surface. He hadn't tried to kill them at all.

Why did they die?

While the two of them were keeping quiet, Quinn had already left the room. He said, "Tell me what happened."

At the sight of Quinn, Paul became increasingly sure that the Quinn School of Martial Arts would stand up for him. He wiped his tears and said, "My men had a small conflict with Mr. Hunt. I didn't expect him to be so ruthless!"

Quinn hesitated for a moment. He cast a glance at the room and asked, "Mr. Hunt?"

“Yes, it’s Justin Hunt!” Paul stepped forward and knelt in front of Quinn. He said, “Master, he’s too ruthless! He’s not showing the Quinn School of Martial Arts any respect at all!”

Quinn’s jaw tensed up. “What kind of conflict was it, exactly?”

Paul paused. Then, he replied ambiguously, “It’s just a small conflict. Originally, they had already fought. According to the pugilistic world’s rules, just achieving the desired effect should have been enough, but I didn’t expect him to be so ruthless! He’s slapping the Quinn School of Martial Arts in the face! Master, you have to do something about this. Otherwise, would the sect still have any prestige left in the pugilistic world?”

Every word of Paul’s made Quinn’s expression turn increasingly awful.

Justin was the littlest and most favored disciple of that devious scumbag from the Irvin School of Martial Arts. This identity of his had already made Quinn instinctively dislike him. It was only on Pete’s account that he had allowed him to go in and out of the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

But unexpectedly, that guy actually didn’t show even a hint of mercy when fighting with disciples of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

Did he think nothing of the Quinn School of Martial Arts?

He was furious.

Quinn looked at the room again. His voice was frosty as he said, “Justin, don’t you owe me an explanation for this?”

Paul was stunned. He looked at the room in astonishment.

Since Quinn had already spoken, Justin could no longer stay out of the matter.

He glanced at Nora, silently asking whether she was going to go out with him.

Nora, however, only raised her eyebrows and leaned against the wall, showing no intentions of going out at all.

Due to Paul's arrival, everyone training inside the Quinn School of Martial Arts had come over. With so many people out there, she mustn't go out. Otherwise, there would definitely be a great deal of trouble waiting for her in the future.

Seeing that she had no intentions of moving, Justin could only walk out the door leisurely.

Paul's pupils shrank when he saw him. He hadn't expected to see him in the sect premises. Was he here to apologize?

Paul frowned. He immediately took on an aggressive stance and said, "Perfect timing, Mr. Hunt. I was just about to look for you to ask you something—just what exactly have Winston and the others done to offend you and make you take such ruthless measures against them?! That's ten lives we're talking about!"

Quinn also frowned and asked, "What exactly is going on?"

Justin explained, "I didn't kill anyone."

Paul didn't expect him to say that. At once, he sneered, "Surely you're not someone who doesn't have the guts to own up to their own deeds, right, Mr. Hunt? They are already dead. If you didn't kill them, then are you saying that they committed suicide?"

A sharp and fierce look filled Justin's dark eyes. His voice was low and deep as he said unhurriedly, "That possibility is too small. However, I indeed did not kill anyone. I only knocked them out."

Paul sneered, "In other words, you admit to knocking them out, right? A huge fire had broken out in the room after that, burning them all to death! Yes, you certainly did not kill them directly, but it's also true that you indirectly murdered them!"

The police had already checked the scene. They had indeed been burned to death alive.

One could only say that they were out of luck. There was a gas tank in the room, and its valve had been opened because of the fight, but the people inside hadn't noticed it. After Justin left, someone had taken out a lighter to light a cigarette because they were simply in too much pain.

The place had exploded just like that.

Justin's pupils shrank, his keen senses catching on to something. A huge fire had broken out? Was this a coincidence or a deliberate act?

Next to Paul, Lucas said, "In other words, this is actually all a misunderstanding, right? Mr. Hunt didn't kill them; it was just a coincidence."

Paul heaved a sigh. "Yes, it was indeed a coincidence, but is Mr. Hunt free of responsibility just because he didn't kill them with his own hands? If he hadn't knocked them out, and if they hadn't fought there, how would this have happened?"

Quinn also became angry after listening to the events this far. Those were so many young lives, after all. He looked at Justin and demanded, "Just what exactly did they do to make you so angry that you would knock so many people out?"

Quinn's fury made Paul breathe a sigh of relief.

The old man had always been protective of his own, so he would definitely take his side this time.

While it was impossible to make Justin pay for it with his life, it would nevertheless still be worth it if the sect could force him to give in and give him some compensation.

With that in mind, Paul took the initiative to say, "One of my men just took an interest in his lover and wanted to lay his hands on her. Isn't it very normal for young people to lose control of themselves and try to snatch a woman from someone else? Mr. Hunt was simply too ruthless!"

The moment he said that, it was Quinn's turn to be dumbstruck. He suddenly looked at Justin furiously and demanded, "You have a lover outside?"

What the f*ck?

His first, littlest, and most favored disciple had already given birth to his kids, yet he actually had the goddamn guts to have a lover out there?

Quinn became even angrier. "Tell me, what's her name?!"

Paul became even more excited when he saw Quinn's reaction. Thus, he spiced up the story further and said, "Her name is Nora Smith. She's from a down-and-out wealthy family, but she likes to put on a really lofty act. She found even Winston Myers beneath her, so she ingratiated herself with Mr. Hunt..."

As soon as he said that, pin-drop silence suddenly filled the entire courtyard..

Chapter 225: Bullying The Strong

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Paul narrowed his eyes and looked at Justin.

He was waiting for Justin's explanation. Since Quinn had already interfered, there was no doubt that he would see this through to the end.

However, Justin's usual expressionlessness was such that he couldn't guess what he was thinking. He broke into a frown. It was only after he waited for a while that he realized that Quinn still hadn't uttered a word even after such a long time had passed.

He looked over in surprise to see Quinn, who was so livid that his face was all red, glaring at him furiously.

Paul was taken aback. He was about to speak when Quinn asked, "Who did you say it was just now?"

Paul subconsciously replied, “Y’know, Nora Smith. Master, you haven’t heard of her before, right? She’s from a small town in California, and is currently living with the Andersons...”

Quinn suddenly rubbed his fist at this point. Then, while he was unprepared—no, one could say that he was actually prepared, but it was just that he couldn’t avoid it at all—Quinn’s fist was already in his face.

Smack!

Paul stumbled backward several steps from the punch. He could feel a sore and unbearable sensation in his nose. Then, a warm liquid trickled downward.

The punch stunned him, and he stared at Quinn incredulously. Quinn, however, reprimanded him sternly, “That’s the end of this matter!”

Paul, “?”

He was dumbfounded. “Master, you—”

“What else do you want to say? Won’t you hit Lucas if he tries to snatch your wife? Your men were asking for it! As for what came after, it was a complete coincidence! Paul, you should count yourself lucky that you weren’t the one that tried to lay his hands on Nora Smith. Otherwise, I would have straight-up expelled you from the sect!”

Quinn’s words were fair.

First of all, the person who had tried to take advantage of Nora wasn’t Paul but Winston.

Secondly, Winston and the others were already dead. Relatively speaking, those dozen or so lives had already made up for their mistake—in fact, the price they paid was a little too great. Should Quinn still refuse to let go of the matter, he would look rather unreasonable.

Lastly, Paul was ultimately still the first senior of the unofficial disciples. Without his actions breaching his boundaries, Quinn couldn't easily just expel him from the sect.

Paul was stunned.

Quinn had still been filled with righteous indignation just a moment ago. Why was he suddenly pulling a long face at him?

He wanted to say something, but Quinn was already waving him off and saying, "You must be the one at fault for this incident, Paul. You don't have to say any more. If this ever happens again, I won't let you off so easily. Lucas, send him out!"

"Yes, sir."

Lucas replied respectfully. He grabbed Paul's arm and said, "This way, Paul."

Paul was older than Lucas, but Lucas was an official disciple. Therefore, all unofficial disciples had to see him as someone more senior than them. This was a rule in the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

Lucas had great physical strength. Moreover, Quinn had just punched Paul, causing him to see stars everywhere. Thus, Paul was dragged straight out the door by Lucas.

After he left, Quinn glared at everyone who had come to watch the show and bellowed, "What are all of you doing here? Have you finished your practice for today? Mark, have you finished all 3,000 sets of low kicks? Gordan, have you perfected your stance? And you..."

As Quinn spoke, all his disciples and grand-disciples quickly slipped away one by one. Soon, the place became empty again.

It was only when everyone left that Nora finally walked out of the inner room while holding the two children's hands.

At the sight of her, as though he had expected better from her, Quinn said, “The great Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts has actually been taken advantage of by a little hoodlum. Won’t you even find it embarrassing if word of this spreads?!”

Nora yawned. “Therefore, you have to keep my identity a secret even more. Otherwise, I’ll be embarrassing you, which makes you the one embarrassed.”

Quinn, “...”

Nora wasn’t bothered at all. She waved at him and then led Pete and Cherry out the door. “I’m off, old man. I’m dying of sleepiness.”

Quinn was so mad that he was glaring at her huffily, yet there was nothing he could do about that lazy disciple of his.

Justin left together with Nora. Then, they separated at the door, with each taking their respective little baby home.

—

Elsewhere, Paul was still utterly bewildered when Lucas pushed him out.

Lucas was aware of Nora’s identity, so he was currently looking at Paul in disappointment. “Why were you so muddleheaded? How could you let your men do something like stealing someone else’s girlfriend?”

Only then did realization dawn upon Paul. “Master hates people who bully the weak the most. Is that why he was so angry just now?”

That old man had always been a man with a strong sense of justice.

Lucas, “...”

Just how was he supposed to tell the first senior of the unofficial disciples that the term ‘bullying the weak’ wasn’t appropriate in this situation? The one he was bullying... was the strong!

The corners of his lips spasmed a little. He patted Paul on the shoulder and warned, “Master only gave you a punch just now, and on top of that, he didn’t use his full force. You can say that he has already shown you mercy. Don’t you do anything heinous or illegal out there, especially during this period of time!”

Paul’s eyes flickered. “You know me, Lucas. I’ve always been doing business very honestly, so how would I have the guts to do anything bad? I keep Master’s teachings in mind at all times!”

Lucas was relieved to hear that. He breathed a sigh of relief and replied, “That’s good.”

After cleaning off the blood on his nose at Lucas’s, Paul left the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

His subordinate, who had gone with him to the Quinn School of Martial Arts to ask for help, couldn’t help but say, “Boss, are we really going to keep our act clean for a while? The acquisition of the car racing club...”

Paul sneered, “Of course we have to behave—we’ll just be the honest businessmen that we are! As for the car racing club... Heh, we’re buying it over legally. Is there anything dishonest about that?”

His subordinate was scared. “But didn’t Mr. Quinn say just now that...”

Paul waved and said, “You don’t need to take what that old man says to heart. He’s just putting on a lofty act!”

The subordinate understood now. “Okay.”

Then, he began to get ahead of himself. “Are we going to swallow down the losses just like that this time?”

Paul narrowed his eyes. He sneered, “We may not be able to mess with Justin Hunt, but a certain someone does have to bear our wrath for this incident!”

“Who is it?”

Paul looked at his subordinate. “Who do you think it is?”

His subordinate understood what he meant at once. “I’ll head to the Andersons right away!”

—

Nora was still thinking about an important issue while on the way back to the Andersons’ with Pete.

Did those ten people really die from a gas explosion?

She clearly remembered that the room was ventilated. It stood to reason that even if the gas valve really had been opened, it shouldn’t have gone to the extent of exploding.

While she was contemplating the issue with a frown, Mia and Brandon were also visiting Jimmy in the hospital.

As Jimmy had received timely treatment, he had already more or less recovered by now.

A lively Brandon said, “Cherry is taking us to the Quinn School of Martial Arts this weekend! She’s on very close terms with Grandpa Quinn!”

Jimmy was surprised to hear that.

Their family had run into some kind of trouble recently. Although his parents hadn’t outright told him anything, through bits and pieces of their conversations, he was able to more or less guess what had happened. Thus, he knew that the matter was related to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

He held Brandon’s hand excitedly and asked, “Is Cherry on very close terms with Mr. Quinn?”

In that case, would Cherry be able to put in a good word for his family?

Chapter 226: The Kids Go To The Quinn School of Martial Arts

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Brandon had always been all brawn and no brains. Ever since he was convinced that Cherry could transform from a boy into a girl, he had admired her very much.

Added to this, the fact that Justin had really showed up and backed her up after she said that she was Justin's child the other time, he had never doubted anything that Cherry said ever again.

Thus, he nodded and said, "Yes, they are very close! She can get Mr. Quinn to teach us martial arts!"

He made a few fighting gestures and even let out a few hey's and ha's as he did so, making the little fellow look exceptionally simple and innocent. He said, "I'm going to be a hero in the pugilistic world in the future! Who knows, I may even be able to master flying! And become someone invincible that can fly through the air and burrow through the ground! Right, Mia?"

Mia was very supportive. Her big round eyes were very bright on her pointed little face. She clapped vigorously and said, "Yes!"

Brandon patted his little chest and said, "I will take care of you in the future!"

"Okie-Dokie!"

Jimmy, who was lying on the bed, "..."

After the two left, Mrs. Hoffman came to watch over him in the evening.

Mrs. Hoffman looked obviously rather flustered. Her emotions were very unstable, and she looked very haggard.

They were at their wits' end.

The Hoffmans had already mobilized all of their resources to look for Big Sister, but they couldn't find any clues about her at all!

This was simply too bizarre. After all, among New York's underworld forces, the Hoffmans had always been considered one that had developed pretty well. It was impossible for a clan to keep a piece of information so securely hidden by themselves.

After all, some of their men were also part of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. Among the wealthy families, take the Smiths for example—they basically didn't have any secrets. Even for a family as big and successful as the Hunts, there was no information that could be kept such a secret that no one could find out anything about it at all; unless they did it like how Mr. Hunt protected his son and kept information about him a secret to the extent that he didn't allow anyone to visit.

However, it was as if Big Sister was no different from the air itself.

This was totally impossible!

This was only achievable if all the families had joined hands to protect her!

Little Jimmy's voice pulled his mother, whose imagination was running wild, back to reality. He said, "Mommy, are you trying to get in contact with the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Cherry knows Mr. Quinn. You can ask her if she can help!"

Mrs. Hoffman, "?"

She felt as if she was hearing things. "What?"

Jimmy said, "It's true. Brandon said so. Cherry can help them get into the Quinn School of Martial Arts, and she is on very good terms with Mr. Quinn. She calls him Grandpa Quinn!"

Mrs. Hoffman, "!!"

She subconsciously asked, "Where did you hear such nonsense from? You..."

However, it suddenly occurred to her that it was exactly because she hadn't trusted Nora's evaluation the other time that she ended up causing a delay in treatment of Jimmy's condition, which had almost resulted in her son's death.

She took back what she was about to say and frowned instead. She patted Jimmy's hand and said, "Alright, I'll ask them about it later."

Seeing that she was finally listening to what he was trying to tell her, Jimmy nodded. "Okay."

Jimmy had already more or less recovered and would be discharged in another two days. He was still going on and on about it before he fell asleep. "Cherry will be taking Brandon and the others to the Quinn School of Martial Arts during the weekend. Mommy, I wanna go too. Can I?"

"You can do anything you want as long as you recover. Go to sleep now."

"Okay."

Mrs. Hoffman waited until Jimmy fell asleep before she finally got up. After thinking about it, she decided to call Jordan. She said, "I think Ms. Smith may be acquainted with the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Jordan was surprised. "Why do you say that?"

Mrs. Hoffman relayed Jimmy's words to him. Then, she said, "I don't know if Cherry is just bragging or if what she says is true... Sigh, why are children nowadays so hard to deal with? It's so hard to guess what they are thinking!"

Jordan burst into laughter. "Do you actually believe what a five-year-old says? Hahaha! Have you forgotten how Jimmy came home after school one day and said that there was a big tiger in the school and that he was afraid of being eaten, just so he could avoid going to classes when he first went to the kindergarten?"

Mrs. Hoffman, "..."

Jordan then went on and said, "There was even a kid who said that he knew the leaders of the country, but in the end, after asking his parents about it, it turned out that he knew them through the TV."

Mrs. Hoffman, "..."

“You mustn’t just believe everything a kid says. If Ms. Smith is on close terms with the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would Paul have dared to bully her?”

Mrs. Hoffman was dumbfounded. “Are they bullying her again? Did you help her out? Ms. Smith is Jimmy’s savior, you know!”

Jordan laughed and replied, “Do you even need to ask? That Winston fellow kidnapped Ms. Smith’s fiancé to threaten her into signing a racing agreement for their club, but ended up being beaten up by Ms. Smith and Mr. Hunt. An explosion happened after that and he died. Paul even went to the Quinn School of Martial Arts because of this!”

An anxious Mrs. Hoffman asked, “What happened after that?”

“Well, it just so happened that Mr. Hunt was in the Quinn School of Martial Arts at that time. Mr. Quinn likely showed Mr. Hunt some courtesy. After all, Paul was the guilty one in the first place. Our men found out that Paul left the sect with bruises on his face, so he probably got beaten up.”

Mrs. Hoffman became excited at once. “What cathartic news! When you look at it that way, Mr. Quinn isn’t an unreasonable person, either!”

“Yes, everyone in the pugilistic world sings praises of Mr. Quinn. I reckon he isn’t aware of what’s happening among people at the lower rungs. The problem now, though, is that he already stopped taking care of things many years ago, so it’s a mammoth task for us to even talk to him. We still have to look for Big Sister, regardless.”

Mrs. Hoffman frowned. “How about I ask Ms. Smith about it? It doesn’t hurt to ask anyway.”

Jordan fell silent for a moment before he said, “Let’s wait for a while more. Didn’t Jimmy say he’s going to the Quinn School of Martial Arts this weekend? It’s not too late to ask after we confirm that Cherry can really bring the children into the sect to learn martial arts! If we ask Ms. Smith about it now, won’t it put her in a spot if she isn’t actually acquainted with the Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

“... Alright, then.”

—

The weekend soon arrived.

As Cherry had made a promise to the children, Pete had no choice but to bite the bullet and take the few children to the Quinn School of Martial Arts.

They gathered at the kindergarten entrance first. However, only four people turned up at the meeting time: Brandon, Mia, Seth, and little Jimmy who had just recovered from a serious illness.

Brandon called a classmate that had promised to come. “Why aren’t you here yet? We’re waiting for you!”

The classmate replied, “... My mom said that Cherry is lying. The Quinn School of Martial Arts isn’t that easy to enter, and they have never done any recruitment for training classes! I’m not going to go there just to be left out in the cold!”

Brandon didn’t insist. He said, “It’s just as well that you don’t come, then. This way, there’ll be one fewer person that Mr. Quinn has to teach, and he’ll be able to give me more guidance!”

He called another kid after he hung up. The kid gave him the same reply: “My dad says that Cherry is faking it. There’s no way we can get into the Quinn School of Martial Arts.. I’m not gonna go anymore!”

Chapter 227: I Am The Father Who’s Out Of Your League!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

“My grandpa says that the Quinn School of Martial Arts doesn’t teach children martial arts. They’ve asked about it for a very long time now. Unless you join the sect or become an unofficial disciple, they won’t take you in. But once you become an unofficial disciple, you’ll have to keep on training for many years. I can’t take such hardships, so I’m not going anymore~!”

“My aunt says that...”

Children only practiced martial arts to keep fit. How would families that could afford to let their children attend the Golden Sunshine Kindergarten allow them to become martial arts practitioners?

Therefore, even though Brandon made several calls consecutively, everyone said the same thing.

Brandon, who was very positive, didn't get upset. He hung up excitedly, looked at Pete, and said, “Wow, the five of us will be the only ones there. That means it's gonna be a small class! That's awesome!”

The others, “...”

Little Jimmy said indignantly, “They are too much! They agreed to come, yet they aren't coming anymore! Hmph!”

Mrs. Hoffman had come along with Jimmy, and behind their car was Jordan, who had also come.

Although he had told Mrs. Hoffman that he didn't quite believe the children's banter, for some reason, when he thought of how Nora had so easily turned the tide at the racetracks, he subconsciously felt that he shouldn't underestimate her. Thus, he had canceled all his plans for the day and made a special trip here.

The sensitive Mia was afraid that Cherry would be upset, so she looked at Pete. When she turned to him, sure enough, she saw an expressionless ‘Cherry’.

She held Pete's hand. “Don't be mad, Cherry!”

“I'm not... yeah.”

Mia asked timidly, “Then why aren't you smiling? You're mad, aren't you?”

Pete, “...”

He silently forced a smile. “I really am fine... yeah.”

“Stop smiling, Cherry. Your smile looks even scarier than when you’re crying,” said Brandon.

Pete, “...”

Brandon darted over to Pete. “You’re a boy today, right, Cherry? You’re always so cool and not smiley at all when you’re a boy, unlike the way you smile so sweetly when you’re a girl!”

“...”

Pete decided to ignore the silly fellow. He got into the car and said, “Let’s go!”

Tanya was the one taking Pete to the Quinn School of Martial Arts today. One shouldn’t ask why Nora hadn’t come—because she was making up for lost sleep!

As there were five children there, they wouldn’t fit in a single car, so all of them rode in separate cars. In the end, everyone decided to head there in their own family’s respective cars!

Pete got into the car and sat in the backseat.

He peeked at Tanya—she was listening to music and engrossed in driving, so she wasn’t paying any attention to him. He secretly opened a compartment in the backseat.

Inside the compartment was a small mirror.

He started to practice smiling in the mirror.

He broke into a grin...

He clearly also loved Cherry’s smile, so why did he look so fierce when he was the one doing it instead?

It really was as scary as Brandon had put it. In that case, he’d better not smile at Mia anymore, lest it frightened her. She was already such a timid girl...

Inside the Smiths' car.

Mia and Brandon sat in the back obediently. Even someone as mischievous and disobedient as Brandon—who was also suspected of having ADHD—was on his best behavior.

Because!

Joel was in the car.

As he shifted his butt from side to side, he couldn't help but lean into Mia's ear and whisper, "Why is your father here, Mia?"

Mia replied softly, "I don't know, yeah."

Joel raised his eyebrows as he listened to the two children's conversation. His gaze fell onto the jeep in front of them. He hadn't gotten out of the car with the kids just now because he had spotted her.

When Brandon and Mia said that they were going to the Quinn School of Martial Arts with Cherry today, he had come along for some strange reason, thinking that he might run into her... Sure enough, he did.

He cast his eyes down. In the midst of his thoughts, he received a voice message from Quentin: "Just how many people has that cousin of ours offended, Joel?"

Joel replied: "What's wrong?"

Quentin sent another message: "There are five different groups following her and looking into her background, and those are just the ones I've found so far! I'm probably the only one in the whole of New York that can cover her tracks for her! Without me, she would probably have exposed her own whereabouts a long time ago!"

Joel, "..."

He massaged his temples.

He thought of Ian's silence in the hospital and felt rather troubled. Wasn't that little cousin of theirs a little too complex?

How he wished he could have a frank and open talk with her, and ask her who exactly she was.

But so long as Uncle Ian didn't make a stand, then he, a child whom Ian had brought up, would not be able to acknowledge his cousin's identity!

After all, he mustn't hurt his uncle's feelings.

Should Uncle Ian be adamant about not letting the Smiths acknowledge her, he would also help to erase all traces of the DNA test, so that she and the Smiths would never have anything to do with each other!

The previous generation's events had hurt Ian too much, after all.

With that in mind, he said, "Continue to protect her in secret."

A short silence later, Quentin asked, "What if she meets with danger? Do I take action?"

Joel thought for a moment and replied, "Yes, help her out if that happens. She's still a Smith after all!"

"Okay."

Joel looked ahead of him again after hanging up. Tanya's driving sure was unsteady. She simply liked sticking to the lane markings, which was too dangerous.

He honked at the car in front as a reminder.

When Tanya heard the horn from the car behind, she thought that the driver wanted to confirm with her whether or not he was following the right car. She didn't think that Joel would be in the car.

After all, when Mrs. Hoffman got out of the car just now, the adult who had gotten off the Smiths' car had been a chauffeur. If Joel had come, then why wouldn't he get out of the car?

Therefore, she smiled and returned a honk of her own, but continued to do things her own way when she drove.

Joel, "..."

The group arrived at the Quinn School of Martial Arts with mighty momentum.

The children got out of the cars. They were about to go through the main entrance when they saw a group of children coming out of the side entrance. The one in the lead was none other than Terence, the school bully.

Terence was hanging his head and shouting angrily, "They've been teaching us normally so far, so why aren't they teaching us anymore?"

Lucas had forgotten to bring up the matter the last time he saw Paul, so he could only personally see them out the door when the children came over today. He explained, "Big Sister has forbidden us from teaching non-affiliated children. You are still allowed to come here yourself, Terence. After all, you're already an unofficial disciple of the Quinn School of Martial Arts. However, other children won't be able to learn martial arts with us anymore, unless they join the Quinn School of Martial Arts."

Terence felt especially embarrassed. "... Since you won't let them in, then I won't go in anymore, either!"

The group of children walked out of the premises with great momentum. As luck would have it, they bumped right into Pete's group.

After the children stared at one another for a while, Terence finally said, "What are you laughing at, Cherry? You're just embarrassing yourself by coming here! Did you hear that? They just said that Big Sister has forbidden them from teaching children anymore.. Even if your father is Justin Hunt, the

Quinn School of Martial Arts is not a place that you can get in with money!
Hmph!!”

Chapter 228: Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts!

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Pete, who looked sullen, didn't speak.

However, there was also a devil incarnate in their line of work, Brandon, who stood up for his boss. “Terence, you were chased out yourself and you're taking your anger out on us! Cherry is very powerful. If she says he can bring us in, she can!”

Terence sneered. “My father said long ago that Quinn School of Martial Arts' rules are strict. Did you hear that? Only an unofficial disciple like me can enter to learn martial arts. You want to enter? No way!”

Brandon said, “Then I'll show you how we get in! Hmph! Cherry, let's go!”

Pete nodded and led the way, heading straight for the door.

However, Terence was following behind them. When he saw this situation, he sneered and said, “Cherry, don't tell me you still want to go through the main entrance? Do you know that unless there are important guests or inner disciples, the gates of Quinn School of Martial Arts are not open to just anyone!”

Quinn School of Martial Arts' management was very strict. This was also one of the reasons why Jordan and the others could not enter even if they wanted to be associated with Quinn School of Martial Arts. This was because they would be stopped at the entrance. It was impossible for them to speak to someone with authority!

Pete had been in power since he was young. No matter where he went, he would always go through the front door. He did not know anything about this.

Mia didn't understand either.

But Brandon understood.

His father and Joel were separated by a generation and could be considered cousins. Although they both were Smiths, his generation had to move out.

After all, his lineage was too distant.

The direct descendants and the collateral descendants were very clear in aristocratic families.

Therefore, his father often instructed him to maintain a good relationship with Mia, who was the child of the head of the direct descendants.

Of course, he wasn't protecting Mia entirely because of this. After all, he was still young and wasn't that utilitarian. It was just that his father reminded him every time not to go through the front door, and he was used to it.

Therefore, he subconsciously looked at Pete. "Boss Cherry, are we really going through the front door? Is that not good?"

Pete turned his head in confusion. "Every time I come, I always use this door."

Every time he came to learn martial arts, it was either Nora who brought him here or Justin.

Not to mention that he was an internal disciple personally taken in by Mr. Quinn and would be the one to inherit the mantle of Quinn School of Martial Arts in the future. Out of those two parents, one was Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts and the other Mr. Hunt of Irvin School of Martial Arts. They both have very important positions in the martial arts world, how could they possibly take the side door?

Hearing his words, Terence instantly felt that Cherry was lying. He immediately sneered and said, "What are you bragging about? Every time my father comes to Quinn School of Martial Arts, he would only be allowed to go through the front door if it's a special occasion. The rest of the time he would go through the side door. Do you think you guys are worthy?"

Pete smirked coldly. “Where did this wild dog come from? Why is it barking in front of Quinn School of Martial Arts?”

Terence, “?”

He looked around, confused. “Is there a dog? Where’s the wild dog?”

Pete, “...”

He should not have said so much. Arguing with someone whose IQ was not on the same level as his really damaged his image. He shook his head and simply walked forward.

In the car, Jimmy’s mom was still in touch with Jimmy’s father.

The two of them looked ahead. When they saw that Terence was being rejected while Cherry was walking toward the main door, Jordan couldn’t help but say, “This child is indeed lying!”

Jimmy’s mother was taken aback. “What’s wrong?”

Jordan said, “That Lucas’s words carry a lot of weight in Quinn School of Martial Arts. Since he said that Big Sister had given the order not to open classes for the children, it’s impossible for him to open them again. Didn’t you see that Paul Quinlan’s son was chased out? Although I haven’t found out who that Big Sister is, I found out that she has very high prestige in Quinn School of Martial Arts! Since she said she wouldn’t open t classes for the children, she definitely won’t.”

Jimmy’s mom sighed. “It’s a good thing I didn’t call Miss Smith. Otherwise, it would have been awkward if she learned that the children were bragging.”

Jordan nodded, but he also sighed in disappointment.

If Cherry and Miss Smith could not find a way, what else could they do?

He looked at the side door. There, after Lucas sent Terence and the others out, he had closed the door and left.

If he could speak to Lucas and get him to convey this to Big Sister, would that work?

With that thought in mind, he said, "I'm going off to do something. Pick Jimmy up later and comfort him for not being able to enter Quinn School of Martial Arts. Then go home!"

Jimmy's mom nodded. "Okay."

Jimmy's father hung up and was about to leave when he saw—

Brandon was too excited. He walked at the front and rushed in when he reached the door. He was stopped by the people guarding the door. "Eh, where did this child come from? Do you know where you are? How dare you rush in?"

Brandon struggled but did not feel anything wrong. Boss was right. "Cherry brought us here. She said we could enter from here!"

The gatekeeper laughed. "Who's Cherry? I don't know her!"

As soon as he said this, Terence laughed out loud. "Did you see that? The main door isn't for you guys to enter. Cherry, even if you really have connections, you should have entered through the side door! You've made a fool of yourself now, haven't you? You were stopped!"

With that, he took a step forward and pointed at Pete. "Brother, this is Cherry! She bragged that she could bring her friends into Quinn School of Martial Arts. She also said that she's very familiar with Mr. Quinn!"

When the gatekeeper heard this, he frowned. "What? I want to see who dares to brag like that? I'll have to find your parents and teach you a lesson..."

When he saw Pete slowly walking over, he suddenly stopped talking.

His eyes lit up as he smiled. "Pete, you're here!"

Terence: ???

He was stunned.

He looked at Pete in disbelief, only to see Pete nod very calmly. “Yes, is Grandpa Quinn here?”

The gatekeeper stepped aside enthusiastically. “Yes, Master has prepared delicious desserts. Are these your friends?”

Pete nodded. “Yeah.”

“Then hurry up and enter! Master has been waiting for you for a long time!”

—

In the car, Jordan and Jimmy’s mother were so shocked that they could not speak.

Before Jordan could say anything, Jimmy’s mother had already swallowed her saliva. She took out her phone and called Nora. The other party picked up quickly and said in a muffled voice, “Hello.”

Jimmy’s mother said, “Miss Smith, well, Cherry seems to be quite familiar with Mr. Quinn now that she’s at the Quinn’s. Can we trouble her to introduce us to someone?”

Nora was clearly sleeping. “Who is it?”

Jimmy’s mother’s tone turned grave. “The Big Sister of Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

“...”

Chapter 229: Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts! 2

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Nora was silent for a moment.

Sensing that she was silent, Jimmy’s mother misunderstood. “Is it difficult to introduce us to her? Forget it, I was just asking...”

Actually, if Jimmy coaxed Cherry, she could also pass the message to Mr. Quinn.

But this was not good.

To get Cherry to help recommend someone, they definitely had to get the approval of the parent. After all, New York was filled with wealthy families. No one knew who had a relationship with whom. Children did not know the severity of the matter, and she could not ask her children to help resolve it.

Jimmy's mother's thoughts were simple. Cherry might have been able to enter Quinn School of Martial Arts because of Mr. Hunt. It had nothing to do with Miss Smith, so she couldn't make things difficult for her.

As she was thinking about this, she heard the other party hesitate for a moment. "It's not that... Is something the matter?"

If she wanted her to help introduce her, she would have to explain the situation. Otherwise, what if what they asked the Big Sister to do went against her own interests?

With the most sincere attitude, Jimmy's mother sighed. "I want you to be magnanimous and let our Hoffman family off."

Nora, "?"

She was stunned. "What does Quinn School of Martial Arts have to do with the Hoffmans?"

If the Hoffmans had hurt someone from Quinn School of Martial Arts, then as the Big Sister, Nora would definitely seek justice for them.

This was not something that could be glossed over with friendship.

In Nora's impression, Quinn School of Martial Arts was managed by her master. Her junior brothers were all strong, handsome, and very obedient.

It was impossible for the internal disciples of Quinn School of Martial Arts to make mistakes.

At this thought, she heard Jimmy's mother say, "The thing is, isn't Quinlan Sect's backbone the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Forget it, Miss Smith. You're not an outsider, I won't beat around the bush about this. Paul Quinlan came to our house the other day and said that he wanted to buy the racing club for five million yuan. Apparently, this is Quinn School of Martial Arts's intention."

Nora, "?"

Jimmy's mother continued, "I know that the development of Quinn School of Martial Arts these past few years has not been without the support of flowing capital. Quinlan Sect has provided Quinn School of Martial Arts with a lot of money over the years, so it is a tool for Quinn School of Martial Arts to accumulate wealth outside. However, Hoffmans' foundation in New York is that racing club. As you know, there are countless people who love racing. The wealthy and influential are all in this circle, and Hoffmans became friends with them because of this. I want to contact that Big Sister. Our racing club can also give Quinn School of Martial Arts a bonus. I just hope that they won't be so ruthless!"

Nora, "!!"

While lying on the phone, she suddenly sat up. Her voice was very cold. "What did you say? Quinn School of Martial Arts is accumulating wealth outside?"

Jimmy's mother sighed. "Quinn School of Martial Arts has made a lot of money using Quinlan Sect these past few years. They're really bullying us this time! We Hoffmans can give up any other place other than the racing club, but not this racing club! Our boss has already thought about it. If Quinn School of Martial Arts doesn't accept our surrender, we'll fight it out with Quinlan Sect!"

She was furious. “We can’t afford to offend Quinn School of Martial Arts, but Quinlan Sect has been abusing us all these years. We’re not pushovers!”

Then, she realized that her tone was too harsh. “I’m sorry, Miss Smith. I couldn’t control my emotions.”

Nora frowned.

She knew Jimmy’s mother well. She was an energetic woman. Otherwise, she would not have rushed to school to hit someone.

However, such a person was actually the most straightforward and did not have many sinister thoughts.

She said slowly, “It’s okay. I understand what you mean, but as far as I know, Quinn School of Martial Arts has never borrowed Quinlan Sect’s reputation to make money.”

Jimmy’s mother was stunned for a moment before saying, “Miss Smith, you heard about this too, right? However, Paul Quinlan keeps saying that it’s because of Quinn School of Martial Arts. We can’t be wrong. After all, this concerns the racing club...”

“I know.” Nora interrupted her. “Now, I need to confirm the entire story. However, I can guarantee that this is definitely not the intention of Big Sister and Mr. Quinn. You don’t need to sell the racing club!”

Jimmy’s mother was stunned by her domineering words. “Ah, okay, okay.”

After saying that, Nora hung up.

Jimmy’s mother stared at her phone in a daze.

At this moment, there was a knock on the car window. She opened it and saw Jordan walking over. He opened the car door and sat beside her. Looking at her phone, he asked, “You called Miss Smith?”

She nodded in a daze.

Jordan misunderstood. “Miss Smith is unable to help? I was just thinking that since Cherry is Mr. Hunt’s child, she might have been able to enter Quinn School of Martial Arts because of his help. Although I don’t know why Mr. Quinn would accept a child from Irvin School of Martial Arts. After all, he hates everyone there the most!”

Upon hearing this, Jimmy’s mother suddenly said, “What if that child is also Big Sister’s child?”

Jordan, “?”

He was stunned and turned his head slowly. “What?”

Jimmy’s mother quickly shook her head. “I guess I was too hot and dizzy. I actually said such nonsense.”

Miss Smith’s tone earlier, especially when she spoke of Big Sister and Mr. Quinn, made it seem as if she was Big Sister herself.

But how was that possible?

However, Miss Smith definitely knew Big Sister. Perhaps the Big Sister was also a racing fan of Miss Smith?

She shook her head and abandoned the unrealistic thoughts in her mind. Then, she heard Jordan say, “If Miss Smith can’t help, she must have her own difficulties. Don’t take your anger out on her because of this...”

“No,” she interrupted him and said slowly, “Miss Smith said that we don’t have to sell the racing club. That’s not Quinn School of Martial Arts’ intention.”

Jordan: “...”

—

Quinlan Sect.

After Terence cried bitterly on the phone, Paul Quinlan rushed over. He did not expect to see the Hoffmans' car not far from the entrance.

Why were they here ?

Paul Quinlan narrowed his eyes. After getting out of the car, he walked straight to the two of them and knocked on the door. However, he realized that the couple was in the car and could not enter.

He instantly felt superior. "Mr. Hoffman, why are you here?"

Jordan pursed his lips and suddenly said, "Mr. Quinlan, let me ask you a question. Was it really Quinn School of Martial Arts' idea to acquire our racing club?"

Paul Quinlan raised his eyebrows and chuckled. "Mr. Hoffman, what do you mean? Do you think I'll lie to you? Why don't I look for Lucas to sign the contract with our families?"

At this moment, Nora was racing over..

Chapter 230: Miss Smith of Quinn School of Martial Arts! 3

Translator: Atlas Studios **Editor:** Atlas Studios

Nora could ensure that she and Mr. Quinn did not commit any crimes, and she could also guarantee that Lucas, who had interacted with her a lot, was not that kind of a person. However, she could not guarantee if someone had relied on the power of Quinn School of Martial Arts to do bad things outside. After all, there were so many disciples under them.

Therefore, she had to come over and find out what was going on.

Unfortunately, Jimmy's mother and Jordan did not know about this. When they heard Paul Quinlan's frank words, both of them trembled in fear!

The fact that he dared to call Lucas over to confront him at the entrance of Quinn School of Martial Arts meant that either Paul Quinlan's heart was too big or this matter was true.

How trustworthy were Miss Smith's words?

Jordan narrowed his eyes. "He doesn't have to watch the contract. Either you call him out and get him to give us accurate information, or I'll feel aggrieved about the loss of this money."

Paul Quinlan narrowed his eyes and smiled. "Sure. Wait a moment, Mr. Hoffman. Quinn School of Martial Arts is not a place that just anyone can enter."

Jordan, "!"

Jimmy's mother was even more furious. "Heh, speaking of which, we're not random people, are we? Mr. Quinlan, you have such a high status in Quinn School of Martial Arts. Can't you show us around?"

Paul Quinlan was neither angry nor annoyed. "How is my status high? I'm just the Big Brother of the unofficial disciples. Master loves silence the most. Not to mention me, even Senior Lucas can't bring anyone in! Of course, unless Big Sister comes..."

Jimmy's mother and Jordan looked at each other.

At this moment, their minds were filled with one thought—

"Daddy, why can Cherry bring her friends in?"

Terence asked indignantly. He had lost all his face in front of his friends earlier! Therefore, he was not afraid of ruining Paul Quinlan's show.

Paul, "!"

When Terence had called him to cry and complain, he had said that Quinn School of Martial Arts had stopped him from bringing his friends in. He had not told him the details, so he had not understood.

When he heard this, his pupils constricted. "What?"

Only then did Terence tell him what had happened. "...Why can Cherry bring people in? Why can't I? Dad, are you still the number one Big Brother of Quinn School of Martial Arts?! Why are you so weak?!"

Paul, "..."

He looked at Jordan and Jimmy's mother and then at Terence. "What are you talking about? Don't be anxious. I'll ask around! Did you just say that Cherry brought two children from the Smiths in?"

Terence nodded.

Paul Quinlan sneered. "She's smart. She might not be able to enter with just Justin's reputation, but if the Smiths are involved, Quinn School of Martial Arts will have to give her face no matter what!"

If they did not give face to the two wealthy families in New York, then Quinn School of Martial Arts would be considered too disrespectful!

Therefore, Paul Quinlan still did not suspect anything. He patted Terence's head and got the children into the car before heading to the side door. After knocking on the door, he entered Quinn School of Martial Arts.

When Lucas heard that Paul Quinlan was here, he personally welcomed him. "This is all my fault! Big Sister told me about this, but I forgot to tell you last time! Sigh!"

Paul Quinlan was the best at handling people. "How could you be blamed? It's also my son's mischievousness. I've already taught him a lesson!"

These words made Lucas feel even more guilty.

Paul Quinlan took the opportunity to say, "It's also because I've been too busy recently and haven't had the time to care about him. Sigh!"

As he spoke, he sighed, making Lucas curious. "Busy with what?"

Paul Quinlan sighed again. “I was busy with Quinlan Sect’s business. I had originally planned to buy a racing track for 50 million, but the other party changed their mind at the last minute. He even said... Sigh!”

Lucas was furious. “What did you say?”

Paul Quinlan shook his head. “Forget it. It’s nothing. I can’t let Quinn School of Martial Arts be humiliated.”

Lucas became even more anxious. “Tell me, what did he say?”

Paul Quinlan sighed. “He said that he heard that I’m the Big Brother of the unofficial disciples of Quinn School of Martial Arts, and don’t have much of a presence. Therefore, he sold it to someone else. Over the years, I’ve always remembered Master’s teachings and never dared to cause trouble outside. But look, others treat me as easy to bully. They’re all bullying me!”

Lucas was instantly exasperated. “Not to mention unofficial disciples, even a small disciple of our Quinn School of Martial Arts can’t be bullied by others! Who is that person? Where is he? Bring me to see him!”

Paul Quinlan said, “How could I ask this of you? But it’s a coincidence, they’re outside the door right now. Senior Brother, why don’t you help me greet them? There’s no need to say anything. Just acknowledge me as the Big Brother.”

“Alright, that’s easy!”

Lucas had been deceived by his image for a few years and had long believed that Paul Quinlan was a good person. Therefore, he followed him out without any doubts.

When they saw Lucas come out, Jimmy’s mother and Jordan were even more stunned.

The two of them hurriedly got out of the car and saw Lucas walking over aggressively with his chin raised.

Jordan frowned.

Could it be that Lucas was angry because he heard that they did not trust Paul Quinlan ?

As he thought about this, Paul Quinlan introduced, “Senior Brother, these are my business partners.”

Then, he said to Jordan and Jimmy’s mother, “This is Senior Lucas, who is considered the second Big Brother of the internal disciples. Other than Big Sister, he’s the most prestigious person in the entire Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Lucas praised him as well. “Of course not. Big Brother Quinlan, you’re the number one unofficial disciple. Actually, according to your age, I should also call you Senior Brother!”

Paul Quinlan smiled. “Senior Lucas, you’re welcome!”

The two of them spoke intimately. It was obvious that they were very close.

Jimmy’s mother’s expression changed.

Jordan’s expression darkened as he said, “Senior Lucas, regarding business...”

Before he could finish, Paul Quinlan interrupted him. “Mr. Hoffman, my Senior Lucas has never cared about business. Let us discuss business matters ourselves instead!”

Lucas nodded. “Yes, Quinn School of Martial Arts never does business, but Paul Quinlan is the number one unofficial disciple of Quinn School of Martial Arts. He’s equivalent to Quinn School of Martial Arts’ face!”

In other words, no one should underestimate him!

Jordan’s expression darkened. He said, “I understand.”

Jimmy's mother was indignant. "Mr. Lucas, does your Big Sister also acknowledge Mr. Quinlan?"

Lucas immediately said, "Of course! Although Big Sister never interfered with the affairs of Quinn School of Martial Arts, she treated the disciples very well!"

When Jimmy's mom heard this, she almost despaired.

It seemed like Miss Smith did not know Big Sister well enough. Did Lucas mean that even Big Sister was on Paul Quinlan's side?

Paul Quinlan looked at the two of them proudly and suddenly smiled. "Mr. Hoffman, I brought the contract. Why don't we sign it now?"

Jordan:"..."

At this moment, a car suddenly stopped beside them, raising waves of dust..