

She Becomes Glamorous After The Engagement Annulment

Chapter 311: Five Years Ago

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

Yvonne had always been someone very good at keeping herself calm and collected, but in front of Joel, she always felt like he could see through everything she was thinking.

The last ten minutes when the assistant was away were the most unbearable ten minutes she had ever experienced.

She could pretend to be flawless in front of everyone, but her eldest brother's eyes seemed to always be able to see through all her thoughts.

He had deliberately kept quiet and sat there just like that. It was just a short ten minutes, yet she felt as if a whole year had gone by.

That was why she had so eagerly asked that question when the assistant entered the study, causing herself to expose all of her sneaky little thoughts.

As soon as she spoke, she secretly cursed.

She turned to Joel. Sure enough, he was looking straight at her. His usually amicable countenance was sharp and chilly.

Yvonne swallowed hard.

She lowered her head.

The assistant could clearly feel something wrong between the siblings. He hurriedly lowered his head and replied, "This card was used for the first time in a foreign country five years ago. Although the card registrant hadn't left any information, it was indeed Ms. Nora Smith who used it that time."

In other words, although it was an anonymous card, barring any accidents, it was indeed Nora's.

Yvonne had already been too afraid to speak when Joel was staring at her just now. Even though she was astounded, she nevertheless bit her lip and asked, “Did she already know Mr. Hunt five years ago?”

Her words took the assistant by surprise, and he glanced at Joel.

Joel glanced at the door. The assistant immediately understood. He lowered his head and quietly left the study. When he was exiting, he even thoughtfully closed the door for them.

As soon as the door closed, Joel’s gentle but cold and mellow voice reached Yvonne. “Are you hoping very much that this card belongs to Justin? Why?”

Yvonne: “!?”

She looked up in a panic. “N-no... Let me explain, Joel. That’s not...”

But when Yvonne’s eyes met Joel’s calm but mocking gaze, she shut up.

She knew that there was no use no matter what she said.

He knew.

Yvonne lowered her head. “Joel, in your eyes, who is more important? Me or her? I’m Dad’s lawful daughter...”

Joel lowered his head. He suddenly asked, “Then do you still remember what your legal name is?”

Yvonne was taken aback. “Yvonne Smith...”

She suddenly paused.

Yv... onne... Smith...

Her name had always been a topic of discussion ever since she was a child. In fact, even her adoptive father’s love history was a famous one. However, he never seemed to care about people talking about how much he loved Yvette.

Even if everyone said that Yvette had betrayed him, he had never once diminished his love for her in front of others.

He stayed single all his life.

He adopted a daughter who would marry into the Hunts in the future, and named her Yvonne.

Yvonne lowered her head, her fingers balling up even tighter into fists. “Joel, is it because Dad likes that woman that he would also like the daughter she had with another man?”

Joel was silent.

However, it seemed like Yvonne had regained her strength. She said, “Aren’t you afraid that Dad would be disappointed if you defend her? Everyone says that I’m Dad’s adopted daughter, but even I feel for him and dislike Nora, despite how I’m not related to Dad by blood. You’re not just his blood-related nephew, you’re pretty much Dad’s son. You’re even closer to him than I am, so how can you let him down?”

Had he let Uncle Ian down?

Joel pressed his lips together again.

He thought of how his uncle had reacted when the DNA report was first released. He thought of his internal struggle during that time. He thought of how he had gone to the Hunts’ party and defended her...

Joel slowly lowered his gaze. “You are not allowed to act rashly until Uncle Ian makes a decision.”

Seeing that he wasn’t pursuing the matter anymore, Yvonne breathed a sigh of relief at once.

She nodded. “I promise.”

When she left the office, someone suddenly opened the window. Quentin came in nimbly from the window. The thin and fair-skinned young man stared in

the direction Yvonne had left, and curled his lips disdainfully. “Are you really not going to do anything about it?”

Joel had always handled family affairs fairly.

However, his actions had been a little partial toward Yvonne this time.

Joel looked at him and asked, “What can I do?”

Quentin was taken aback.

If he gave Yvonne a warning, he would be slapping Ian in the face.

Yet if he defended Nora, it would also shame Ian.

“But she’s our cousin! She has blood ties with us!”

As soon as Quentin said that, Joel sighed and said, “She’s also the daughter that woman had with Uncle Ryan.”

Quentin: “...”

He scratched his head and kept quiet for a long while. At last, he said, “Forget it, the previous generation’s relationships are too complicated. I’ll just pretend I don’t know anything.”

Joel nodded. However, he then looked at him again and asked, “Aren’t you supposed to be protecting her?”

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully. “Yeah, she’s home. There, she’s here!”

—

A big black jeep stopped outside the manor with a screech.

Afraid that Joel would confiscate his card again, Louis slipped away at high speed, causing him to almost bump into the car in front of him!

He stood in front of the car and patted his chest. “Is that how you should be driving? You almost scared me to death!”

He walked to the side of the car as he spoke, upon which he saw Nora's cool and expressionless face through the open window.

Louis's anger froze instantly. Then, a huge smile blossomed on his face at once. "Nora!"

Nora: "??"

Did someone run over the kid and damage his brain?

Why was there suddenly such a huge change in his attitude toward her?

While she was wondering about it, Louis said, "You're my cousin, indeed! Don't worry, I will protect you in the future! Joel has taken the card again, though. Can you transfer me some money?"

'Again'...

Poor child.

"... Alright. How much do you need?" asked Nora.

She took out her cell phone. Only then did she realize that Louis had sent her a voice message.

She raised her eyebrows. "You sent me a voice message? What did you send?"

She was about to play it when Louis abruptly grabbed her phone—he had just thought of the 'You stinky woman! You've gotten me into huge trouble!!' message that he had sent earlier.

He hastily deleted the voice message.

Only then did Louis return the phone. "It's nothing, nothing..."

Nora: "..."

Seeing how he was behaving, Nora didn't stoop to his level. Instead, she picked up her phone and asked, "How much do you want?"

Louis held up five fingers.

His monthly allowance was 50,000 dollars. Although that was considered rather low for a family like theirs, it was just enough to feed the cats and dogs. Even though he had already ordered cat food for the next one month and Joel had also returned him his credit card—limit of which also happened to be 50,000 dollars—who would ever say no to more money?

Nora glanced at his hand and uttered an 'oh'. Then, she tapped on her phone a few times. A beep rang out and Louis received an SMS.

Nora then tossed the phone onto the car seat and left coolly.

"Bye, Nora!"

Louis picked up his cell phone after he called out ingratiatingly, but when he saw the transfer amount, he was astounded..

Chapter 312: Quentin Goes Idol-Chasing!

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

The SMS read: 'Your bank account xxxx2222 has been credited with % 500,000.'

Louis felt like he must be seeing things.

But when he carefully read it again, he confirmed that it was... indeed 500,000 dollars!

He jumped into the air excitedly at once and chased after Nora's car. "You're my actual sister, Nora!! Here, I'll open the door for you!"

With a sister like her, why would he still need his eldest brother?

Would Joel ever give him 500,000 dollars?

When had he, someone whose pocket money had been under someone else's control ever since he was a child, ever seen piping hot and fresh 500,000 dollars?!?!

Louis trotted all the way behind Nora to the garage. After she parked the car, he walked eagerly to the side and opened the door for Nora. "Watch your step, Sis!"

Nora: "..."

She sidestepped Louis and entered the house.

Louis had trotted all the way back from the gate just to open the door for her. After she entered, he happily got ready to leave.

It was at this point that someone blocked his path.

Quentin, who had turned to the side, was wearing a baseball cap, which seemed to hide all his facial features. He wore a face mask and said in a seemingly very cool manner, "Look at you, Louis! You've almost lost yourself to money! Who are you sucking up to—money, or your cousin?"

Louis had just received 500,000 dollars, so he was in a really good mood. Without any hesitation, he replied, "If she has money, then she's my real sister!"

"... Hah, you good-for-nothing! Uncle Ian watched you grow up, you know. Don't you think you've let him down?" said Quentin.

"Yes, Uncle Ian is someone dear to me, but so is Nora. How am I supposed to pick one? If only she was Uncle Ian's daughter!"

Quentin: "..."

After thinking about it for a while, Louis finally said, "I don't care anymore, I'll follow my heart instead. It's true that there hasn't been a girl in our family for many years! I like Nora! Uncle Ian wants me to stay away from her? Sure,

I can do that. Just give me a million bucks! Just double the amount is enough for me!”

Quentin: “...”

As though he had expected better from him, Quentin said, “Look at how much of a good-for-nothing you are! Hah, how can a man bend over just for money?”

Louis thought for a while and asked, “If she were the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts, would you still have something against her?”

Quentin did not hesitate. “Of course, not.”

Apart from Quinn and Irvin, the two great masters, the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts and the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts were the idols of every martial artist in the martial arts world!

But!

Quentin curled his lips disdainfully and said, “But how can she possibly be the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts? Your metaphor is too unsuitable!”

Louis stuck his tongue out. “It’s just an example! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts to you is the same as money to me.”

Quentin got mad. “Big Sister is an idol. She’s someone high up in the air. How can you compare her to something as uncultured as money?”

Louis bounced toward the gates. “Money may be very uncultured to you, but it isn’t at all to me. I love the smell of money!”

Quentin: “...”

He snorted coldly and scoffed, “It’s because you’re still too young. I’m not as childish as you. I won’t lose control of myself like you even if I’m facing Big Sister!”

He had only just said that when his cell phone rang.

He calmly picked it up and answered. In a manner as cool and full of delusions of grandeur as ever, he said, "Speak."

The caller was his subordinate. "Boss, I have found out some info about Big Sister!"

Quentin raised his eyebrows. Even his eyes had lit up. He suppressed the excitement in his voice and asked, "Where is she?"

"She's at the martial arts tournament!"

Quentin: "??"

—

After Nora returned to her bedroom, she took a bath and habitually got ready to lie down and relax. However, as soon as she slumped onto the bed, she received a call from Quinn.

The old man's tone was rare and solemn: "The martial arts tournament held once every ten years in the pugilistic world has begun. I've signed you up for it."

Nora, who was towel-drying her hair, paused. She said, "I'm not going."

Quinn knew her very well, though. "Are you sure you're not going?"

"Yes."

If she had the spare time to fight, she might as well sleep instead.

Those people were simply too weak. She didn't want to waste time on them.

Quinn said, "The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will be there."

The look in Nora's eyes instantly sharpened. She said, "Tell me where and when."

Quinn had pressured her with the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother ever since she started learning martial arts when she was a child. They had already been friends in spirit for very long! Since she now had the opportunity to spar with him... Heh.

Nora tossed the towel aside and flexed her wrists. She was going to beat him up so bad that even his mother wouldn't be able to recognize him!

As if he had grasped her weakness, Quinn was terribly smug. He said, "Don't worry, the tournament is an underground one this time. It's actually because several sects are fighting for the top spot. The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother took first place ten years ago, which allowed that old devious scumbag to show off in front of me for ten years. I told you to go that time, but you didn't..."

Nora had only been fifteen years old back then. That was exactly the period when she had become fat due to the hormonal injections, so she had been too lazy to get out of the house.

Moreover, she hadn't come of age at that time yet. Her mother had told her not to expose her existence until she had the power to protect herself.

Mm... Even though she still didn't have the ability to protect herself yet—after all, she was a weak and frail ordinary woman—she could pretend to be someone else and give Big Brother a good thrashing anyway.

Quinn had already figured out his disciple's personality. He said, "I know you want to stay low-key, so you don't have to participate as the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. Think of a name, I'll get someone to make a contestant card for you. It's good for you to broaden your horizons there, too. Surely you have to at least make the Quinn School of Martial Arts a little proud, right?"

"... Alright, then."

Quinn said, "Let's use the name Smithra."

Nora had only just thought the name sounded pretty good when Quinn said, “I’ve already asked someone to sign you up. Oh, by the way, tonight’s the first match.”

Nora: “???”

So, he wasn’t calling to discuss it with her but only to inform her about it, right?!

She was about to lose her temper when Quinn went on. “In the martial arts tournament, every sect is required to participate anonymously. Only the winner will reveal their name and which sect they are from. This is to prevent internal strife.”

Nora frowned.

Why were they making this so mysterious?

She asked, “Will the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother be there tonight?”

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

Nora hung up and got up. She dried her hair with a hairdryer and changed into a tight-fitting outfit.

As soon as she went out, she saw Quentin standing outside her door. He said, “Don’t go out tonight. I have to go out for something.”

Nora: “???”

Quentin, who noticed that she was wearing a new outfit, tried to scare her. He said, “Don’t you know that there are at least five different groups of people watching you right now? Without me, you won’t live to see tomorrow the moment you leave!”

Nora's gaze casually swept across a card that Quentin was holding. She asked, "... Where are you going?"

Quentin replied casually, "To chase after my idol!"

He turned and left in a hurry.

After he left, Nora walked downstairs leisurely and went out.

Tsk.

Were youngsters nowadays still chasing after idols? They should take a leaf out of her book; she had never chased after idols before. Those young and fresh boys weren't even as good-looking as Justin...

Who was this star that someone with delusions of grandeur like Quentin liked, though?

Chapter 313: The Big Sister of The Quinn School of Martial Arts?

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

When Nora reached the garage, it just so happened that Joel was also going out. When the two bumped into each other, Joel suddenly called out, "Ms. Smith."

Nora stopped and looked at him. "Is something the matter, Mr. Smith?"

Both of them were a little taken aback by the conversation.

Both of them clearly shared the same last name, yet why was there such a strong sense of estrangement?

Joel suppressed his emotions first. He handed the bank card in his pocket to her and said, "Louis appreciates your kindness, but you should take good care of a valuable card like this."

Valuable?

Nora raised her eyebrows. To be honest, she didn't think it was that valuable.

But since Joel was giving it back to her, she reached out unceremoniously and took it from him. Then, she casually asked, "Do you still have work this late?"

Joel: "..."

Upon sensing his silence, Nora looked at him. "What?"

Joel was speechless for a moment. "I'm picking up the kids."

Nora didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt about forgetting to pick up her child from school even when she heard Joel's reply. On the contrary, she said, "Bring Cherry back with you too, thanks."

After saying that, she got into the jeep first and drove off.

Joel, who was still standing where he was and about to get into his car: "?"

Even the usually amiable man's lip corners couldn't help but spasm.

Just how heartless was she?!

He held his forehead and went to the kindergarten.

As soon as he arrived, he saw Tanya holding Pete and asking, "What's your mom up to lately? Tell her to come over to my place and have some fun. I'm the only one at home and it's boring me to death."

"... Oh, okay," replied Pete.

Tanya was about to say something when she spotted Joel in the distance. She got up at once, turned, and left, not giving him a chance to say anything at all.

Joel: "..."

—

Nora followed the map that Quinn had sent and arrived at an office building.

When she saw the office workers all dressed presentably in suits and leather shoes going in and out, Nora wondered if she had come to the wrong place.

She dialed Quinn's number and asked, "Old man, are you joking around with me?"

Quinn let out a 'hmp' and replied, "What's so fun about joking around with you? As if I would do that... Go into the building and head to the basement. You can go in after you let them know your name."

"...Oh," Nora said.

She was about to hang up when Quinn added, "By the way, remember to disguise yourself so that others won't recognize you. Didn't you want to keep a low profile?"

Nora scoffed, "Since you know that I want to stay low-profile, why did you still ask me to come here?"

Quinn: "..."

Nora hung up, rummaged about in the car, and took out a bag of cosmetics.

It wasn't very convenient for her to do a lot of things these days, so she had learned some makeup skills. The makeup artists in the States had extensive and profound skills, so putting on makeup was no different from a disguise.

Nora put on a lot of makeup. She used a blue eyeliner and drew wingtips at the ends of her docile-looking almond-shaped eyes. A coquettish woman appeared in the mirror at once.

Then, she took out red lipstick and gave herself full red lips. By the time she was done, even she was close to not being able to recognize herself anymore. After that, she took out a dress from the backseat.

It was a black, tight-fitting dress.

After changing into the dress, Nora looked incredibly gorgeous, as well as extremely different from her original self.

She was confident that no one would recognize her. Only then did she walk into the building while chewing gum.

Sure enough, everyone around her looked over curiously. However, perhaps because there were too many strange people going in and out of the building, they didn't think much about it.

When Nora entered the office building and walked toward the basement, someone suddenly stopped her.

Two big and muscular guards said, "Stop right there. Who are you?"

"Smithra."

Nora blew a bubble.

The ends of her lazy-looking eyes lifted up, making her look coquettish and flirtatious.

One of the guards looked at her warily while the other keyed her name into the tablet in his hands. A short while later, he handed her a wristband and a number plate and said, "Your contestant number is 028. This is your mask."

He handed Nora a mask.

Nora: "..."

She stared at the mask blankly. "What is this supposed to be?"

The guard replied solemnly, "Everyone who enters the basement has to hide their identity, so masks are given to all participants. The criterion for determining victory in the tournament is taking off the opponent's mask."

...

While going down the stairs, Nora called Quinn. She asked, “Why do we have to wear a mask for the tournament? Isn’t a rule like that really strange?”

“Ever since the country started to crack down on the underworld many years ago, they’ve become stricter on martial arts practitioners. A lot of them don’t want to be recognized, so they wear masks. It’s much more convenient than putting on makeup. Putting on a disguise wastes too much time!”

“...”

Nora felt a headache coming on. She said, “Why didn’t you make that clear from the start, old man?”

She had spent so much time doing her makeup in the car! Had she known, she would have just entered with a face mask and sunglasses!

She looked down at the mask in her hand. It was a half-mask made of silver that covered only the upper half of the face. The lower half of her face all the way to her lips was left exposed.

The mask clung to the skin, so it wouldn’t fall off if one didn’t pull hard at it.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully.

She hung up and tossed her phone into her pocket. As she followed the staff member leading her downstairs, the staff member asked, “Which sect are you from, young missy?”

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts.”

Nora answered casually.

“The Quinn School of Martial Arts?” The staff member was a very enthusiastic forty-year-old man. He said, “They are really amazing! It’s been so many years, yet they are still staying so strong! You have a promising future there!”

Then, he started to enthusiastically explain the things happening around them to her. He said, “The number of people participating in the martial arts

tournament this year is less than half of what it was before. Most of them have changed jobs to make more money after they got married. Martial arts development is getting weaker and weaker these days. Sigh!”

Nora: “...”

Although she didn't speak, the man went on by himself. He asked, “By the way, do you know who the champion was ten years ago?”

Without waiting for Nora's answer, he answered his own question, “The Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts!”

“He was just a teenager at that time and was even a thin and slender boy. Even now, I still remember how he looked when he stood on the platform, coldly overlooked the bottom, and asked if the rest conceded defeat. That was a really exciting sight.”

Nora cast her eyes down and said frigidly, “That's because the Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts hadn't participated in the tournament.”

The man chuckled and said, “Yes, the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister is the most mysterious person ever. I've heard that even in the sect, there are very few disciples who have ever seen her. Have you ever seen her before?”

“...No,” replied Nora.

Apart from looking at herself in the mirror, it was true that she couldn't ‘see’ herself after all.

The man shook his head and said, “How pitiful. I heard that all the Quinn School of Martial Arts disciples see Big Sister as their idol.”

He suddenly leaned toward Nora, lowered his voice, and said, “If you give me 1,500 dollars, I'll take you to the Quinn School of Martial Arts' Big Sister. What say you?”

Nora: “?”

Chapter 314: The Big Brother of The Irvin School of Martial Arts

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

Nora raised her brows and looked at the man.

He was still smiling at her ingratiatingly.

An amused Nora asked, “You’re acquainted with Big Sister?”

The man nodded. “Not only am I acquainted with Big Sister, but I also know the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother! Do you want to meet him?”

Nora: “...”

If not for his previous statement, she might have been fooled by him.

Her lips curled into a smile and she asked, “How are you going to let me meet Big Sister?”

The man enthusiastically explained, “We’ve invited Big Sister over. The Quinn School of Martial Arts has announced that Big Sister will be participating in the tournament, and will take back what belongs to them—the champion title. Since Big Sister is here, we would definitely do our best as a host.”

He looked around, lowered his voice, and pointed to a room nearby. He said, “Big Sister is resting in there! Give me another 3,000 dollars and I’ll let you take a photo with her.”

Nora: “!!”

“It’s not entirely impossible if you also want an autograph...”

Seeing the man going on and on, Nora was about to refuse when she suddenly heard a voice laced with suppressed excitement come behind her. The voice said, “I’ll do it!”

Nora: “?”

She looked behind her to see a fair-skinned, black-clad teenager wearing a black mask walk over.

The young man was a little skinny. He was currently walking over in a hurry as if he was afraid he wouldn't be able to meet Big Sister if he was too late. He grabbed the man's arm and said, "If you take me to Big Sister, I'll give you 15,000!"

The man who was talking to Nora ceaselessly fell quiet after hearing what he said.

After a momentary pause, he said with a smile, "No problem! We have to agree on something first, though—you're not allowed to talk about the martial arts tournament when you meet Big Sister... Also, Big Sister doesn't like people getting too close to her. She also doesn't like talking very much."

"Then what does she like?" The teen asked.

The man casually made up a lie. "She likes to sleep."

The teen: "..."

Nora: "..."

The man paid no more attention to Nora. Instead, he led the boy forward and asked, "Have you transferred me the money?"

"Yeah, I have. Where's Big Sister?"

"..."

So, where did that silly but rich guy actually come from?

Nora shook her head. She turned the corner and walked toward the other side.

She pushed a heavy door open. As soon as she opened it just a crack, the noise from inside reached her. It was so deafening that it made her temples throb.

After she pushed open the big metal door a little and slipped in, the door slowly closed on its own.

It was only then that Nora finally got a clear look at the situation.

It was no exaggeration to say that the place was jam-packed with people. In front of her were a sea of heads with their backs to her. It was hard to tell what kind of material the hall was made out of, but it had excellent sound insulation.

No one would ever think that the basement of an unremarkable office building in New York would holding a martial arts tournament.

The lights were so bright it seemed like daylight.

There were buffet tables with a lot of food around, but just like in tourist destinations, the prices were much more expensive than usual places outside.

Nora looked around and found that there were eight fighting rings in the arena. Matches were in progress in all eight rings at the moment.

While she was looking around, a staff member suddenly came over and asked, “Are you here to spectate, or to compete?”

Nora showed him her wristband and answered, “I’m here to compete.”

The staff member nodded immediately. “Okay, follow me backstage, all the contestants prep there.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

She followed the staff member and weaved through the crowd. Soon, they arrived backstage. The staff member entered her contestant number into the computer system and said, “You have two matches tonight. The first one is at seven o’clock. After the first match, you’ll have some time to rest before the second one starts. Will you be resting for an hour or?”

Even through the mask, the staff member could tell that she was a woman, and one with a graceful figure at that. Thus, he was exceptionally nice to her.

“... Two minutes, I suppose?” replied Nora.

She just needed to wash her hands after the match, right?

The staff member, “?”

After the momentary surprise, he said, “You shouldn’t be overconfident of yourself, young woman!”

Nora asked, “Who will I be fighting?”

Seeing how she was persisting, the staff member didn’t make things difficult for her. He looked at the match schedule and replied, “You’ll be fighting someone named Tired Reno for your first match. He’s in the renovation industry now, but he was also a martial artist in the past.”

“...Oh,” Nora said.

As it turned out, everyone was so casual in their aliases.

She asked, “What about the second match?”

“It’s also a newcomer. Their name is Milk Lover.”

Nora: “...”

She suddenly asked, “How do I get a match with the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?”

As soon as she said that, the staff member was dumbfounded. “How can a little newcomer like you possibly be able to challenge the biggest boss right away?”

Nora was a little confused. “What do you mean?”

The staff member frowned. “Didn’t you look at the tournament rules?”

Nora shook her head.

The staff member held his forehead. But on account of the fact that she was just a young girl, he patiently explained, “All the contestants are split into classes. There are six classes in total, and they go from A to F. People like you who have only just registered belong to Class A. You can only progress to Class B after you win ten matches. After winning another ten matches at Class B, you’ll then progress to Class C, and so on and so forth. By the time you reach Class F, there’ll probably be fewer than twenty people left. Big Brother was the champion ten years ago, so he starts from Class F right away. Those in the second to tenth places ten years ago start from Class E... Also, people are not allowed to challenge anyone beyond their class.”

Nora: “???”

What the f*ck? That meant that she had to fight sixty matches first if she wanted to fight the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother?

What a waste of her sleeping time!

Nora was very frustrated, terribly so.

Seeing that she had stopped talking, the staff member advised, “You can eat something to cushion your stomach first, so that you won’t be out of energy when your match starts. Food is free of charge for all contestants. All the best to you.”

“... Alright,” said Nora.

She left backstage and walked over to the dining section at the front.

She had taken a look at the match schedule just now. One was only allowed to fight a maximum of two matches a day. Additionally, victory was determined by taking off the opponent’s mask. They didn’t advocate seriously wounding opponents. One was expected to exercise a martial arts practitioner’s integrity and virtue!

At a rate like that, this meant that it would take at least a month for her to meet the Big Brother of the Irvin School of Martial Arts?

That was too long!

Nora was very displeased. She wanted to eat a few pieces of cake, but when she walked over, she suddenly spotted a familiar-looking tall figure carrying an adorable little girl in the distance. Although they were both wearing masks, how would she possibly not recognize her own child?

They were... Justin and Cherry?

Her brows knitted together. As soon as she walked over, she saw a staff member suddenly approaching Justin.. He called out, "Big Brother..."

Chapter 315: Meeting Big Brother?

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

Nora: "??"

She paused and looked at Justin in disbelief.

Justin, who seemed to sense something, glanced out of the corner of his eye. When he saw the graceful woman nearby, he straightened his back and said amicably, "You're mistaken."

The staff member: "??"

After saying that, without even looking behind him, Justin turned around with Cherry in his arms. When he saw Nora, he frowned and said, "Cherry, look at that person. Why does she look so much like your Mommy?"

Cherry's big round eyes blinked. She replied, "She doesn't 'look like' my Mommy. She is Mommy!"

"Is your Mommy's waist that slender?" asked Justin.

Cherry tilted her head and replied, “Yeah! I hug her around the waist every day, so I know that very well, yeah!”

Justin said, “Sigh, no wonder you could recognize her but I can’t. I’ve never touched your Mommy’s waist before.”

“...”

Cherry stared at Justin for a while. At last, she sighed and remarked, “Daddy, you are so pitiful~”

Nora: “...”

Justin wore a black casual outfit today, and the mask he was wearing was also black. Cherry was wearing a silver winged half-mask.

They were family, so there was no way they wouldn’t be able to recognize each other just because they were wearing masks.

The three of them quickly came together.

Nora asked, “Why did you bring Cherry here?”

When they were abroad in the past, she would always make Cherry close her eyes every time she fought, lest it influenced the child negatively.

Everyone fought fiercely in the rings at the tournament. Was it really appropriate to let Cherry watch something like that?

As soon as she said that, Cherry said, “Mommy, I was the one who begged Daddy to bring me here! I heard Daddy on the phone. They said that there was a martial arts tournament, so I wanted to come and watch! Don’t worry, I know gory scenes are not suitable for children, so I won’t look!”

Nora: “...”

She looked at Justin. “Why are you here?”

Justin kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "I'm here to watch the matches. Men have a natural passion for martial arts."

Nora: "??"

Would the busy Mr. Hunt bring his daughter here to watch such boring Class A matches?

Why did she find it kinda dubious?

She narrowed her eyes and asked, "Why did that guy call you Big Brother just now?"

Justin was very open and honest this time. He replied, "Maybe the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother looks as tall and mighty as me? That's why they mistook me for him."

"..."

Nora's lip corners spasmed a little. Would the man die if he stopped being narcissistic for even a moment?

She rolled her eyes and walked to the side. She picked up a piece of cake, put it in her mouth, and then asked, "Say, do you think the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother will come today?"

The Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother, Justin Hunt, who was standing right there in the arena, kept quiet for a moment before he replied, "Maybe."

Nora raised her brows. "Does he have a match today? Which match is it? And what time?"

Justin coughed. "He's the only one in Class F at present, so he won't be having any matches in the near future. He will only be competing after the people in Class E win ten matches and progress to Class F."

Nora did some mental calculations.

If the people who took second to tenth place in the last tournament were more or less equally matched, then everyone would have an equal chance of victory. To win ten matches, one would have to participate in twenty matches...

There were a lot of people in Class A, so everyone participated in two matches a day.

However, there were few people in Class E, so there was only one match per day.

Therefore, she would have to wait twenty days before she could see Big Brother in a match ?

That was toooooo slow!

For Nora, there was nothing more precious than time!

She frowned. "How can I meet the Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother?"

Justin coughed. He was about to speak when a voice came from the side. "Why didn't you go when the guy asked you to just now?"

Nora and Justin looked over in unison to see the skinny man, wearing black tight-fitting clothes and a black mask, whom she had met when she first entered.

Nora couldn't help but feel that the guy looked a little familiar to her, but she couldn't pinpoint who he was right away.

The young man had already stretched out his hand toward her. He said, "I am Smithin."

Nora: "..."

Based on her own alias Smithra, she finally knew who the young man was. Wasn't he Quentin, the young man with delusions of grandeur?!

Seeing his outstretched hand, Nora coughed and stretched out her own hand. "Hello, I'm 028."

Quentin immediately let go after a light squeeze of the hand. Then, he said arrogantly, “I met the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister just now, and even took a photo with her. I even asked her for an autograph. Since you’re also a fan of Big Brother, why didn’t you take up the staff member’s offer just now?”

Nora: “??”

She was shocked. “You met Big Sister? The real deal?”

Quentin sneered, “Of course, she’s the real deal.”

He took out his cell phone and showed it to Nora. “See, this is Big Sister.”

In the photo was a big and thick woman. Her face was fleshy and the muscles on her arms were bulging. It was obvious at first glance that her physique was achievable only through regular bodybuilding.

Quentin was very moved. He said, “Do you know? I’ve always thought of myself as a very diligent person. But it was only when I met Big Sister that I realized why she is Big Sister. It has always been very difficult for women to build muscles, in fact, it’s much harder for women to do that than men. But take a look at Big Sister’s muscles! It’s impossible to achieve that without a few years of bodybuilding! So Big Sister is really just like what Mr. Quinn claimed. She is obsessed with martial arts, and has been practicing martial arts since she was still in the womb!”

Nora the lazy bum: “...”

The corners of her lips spasmed. She wanted to say something, but Quentin had already continued. He said, “I mustn’t slack anymore from today onward! I must be the third strongest in New York!”

Nora: “...”

Wow, what an impressive goal!

Quentin went on. “A lot of people call her Big Sister. A few people from the Quinn School of Martial Arts also say that they know her. Oh, by the way, I also met Big Brother.”

Big Brother...

Nora immediately asked, “Where is he? Is he the real deal?”

Quentin nodded. “I’d never seen Big Sister before, but I saw Big Brother ten years ago! How would I possibly not know him? He’s sitting right there in the room next door! He’s wearing the same clothes and the same mask he wore ten years ago. His physique also looks very similar!”

After he spoke, he suddenly pointed at Justin and said, “Hmm... Big Brother’s physique is also very similar to his!”

Justin: “...”

Nora: “...”

Nora suddenly turned and started to walk out.

Justin followed behind her closely. “Where are you going?”

Nora flexed her wrists and sneered, “I’m going to look for Big Brother for a sparring session.”

Although Big Sister was fake, Big Brother might not necessarily be.

After all, didn’t he like showing off very much?

Justin instantly felt his back muscles tighten.

As soon as the two of them walked out of the tournament venue, they saw a few people escorting a strong and muscular fat woman over. At the sight of the pair, they waved impatiently and said, “Step aside! Step aside! The Big Sister of the Quinn School of Martial Arts is here!!”

Nora: “??”

Chapter 316: Give Up!

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

Nora stood still. Before she could move, the group had already come up to Cherry, Justin, and her.

After the group walked past them with great momentum, an astonished Cherry asked, “Mommy, did Grandpa Quinn take another disciple behind your back?”

Nora: “...”

Justin: “...”

Nora kept quiet for a moment before she said unhurriedly, “She’s a fake.”

“That scared me to death.” Cherry patted her chest and said, “I thought Grandpa Quinn had finally come around to it and accepted that you’re not suited for martial arts, so he didn’t want you anymore!”

“...”

Nora glanced at Cherry with a chilly look in her eyes. “What did you say?”

Cherry immediately smiled and said, “I was complimenting you, Mommy! You’re not suited to be a martial artist because you’re the queen of martial arts herself! You’re amazing even if you don’t practice at all! You don’t need to work hard at all!”

“...”

Her flattery skills simply left one speechless.

While they were talking, they had already gone out. The staff member who had led Nora inside just now was standing at the front and trying to convince his next target. He said, “Do you want to take a photo with the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister? It costs 3,000 per picture!”

Nora walked over and said, “Take me to the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother.”

The staff member was about to nod when he turned around and spotted Justin, which gave him a huge shock.

To be honest, the martial arts tournament had become less and less profitable in recent years. Therefore, the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister and the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother, who were admired by all, had become their new way of making money.

That particular staff member was one of the rare few old-timers who had stayed around, so he naturally knew who Justin was.

Although he hadn’t seen what the Irvin School of Martial Arts’ Big Brother really looked like ten years ago, he remembered his contestant number very well—

057.

He couldn’t help but rub his eyes and look at the contestant number on Justin’s wristband again—it was indeed 057!

He swallowed and coughed. “B-Big Brother?”

Justin narrowed his eyes behind the mask. His voice was low but cold and sounded vaguely threatening. He said, “Yes. Didn’t you say he’s in the office and that we can take a photo with him? We would like to meet him.”

The staff member: “...”

The one in there was a fake! What was the real deal making a scene here for?!

Besides, Justin had actually always known that someone was impersonating him. They had informed Big Brother about it before.

However, since Big Brother had said that, then he had to let him take a look.

Therefore, the staff member coughed and led the way. “This way, please,” he said.

He led the way earnestly for the few of them, which instead made Nora rather hesitant.

He had looked like he wouldn’t give in unless they gave him money just now. Why had he suddenly stopped discussing prices with them? Was he planning to rip them off after letting them meet Big Brother?

In the midst of her thoughts, the staff member arrived at a room and knocked on the door.

The door opened.

Nora looked at the person in the room.

A man with a mask on was sitting calmly and steadily on the sofa. One couldn’t see what he looked like, but they could feel that the man was very arrogant. He frowned and said to the staff member, “Why are you bothering me again?”

The staff member coughed and replied, “These two people would like to meet you.”

“I’m very busy.”

‘Big Brother’, who was seated on the sofa, said sullenly, “If there’s nothing you need, then leave!”

“I have something I need.”

Nora suddenly spoke.

‘Big Brother’ looked at her at once. “What is it?”

The staff member also turned to look at Nora. He wanted to ask what she wanted, but before he could say anything, a shadow flashed past him. Nora rushed into the room and slammed her fist straight at Big Brother's face!

Bam!

Her punch was quick and powerful, which stunned 'Big Brother'. The next moment, his eyes closed and he passed out.

The staff member: “?”

He was furious. “What are you doing? How dare you attack Big Brother!”

Nora, who had knocked the man out with a single punch: “?”

She looked at her fist in surprise, and then at the man in front of her—blood was already trickling out of his mask.

“...”

A strange silence filled the place.

Just as Nora was about to apologize, Justin's low and deep voice rang out. “He has fainted. Take him to the hospital.”

Seeing that he had spoken, the staff member didn't dare to say any more. He gave the doctors a call at once.

There were specially hired doctors in the arena, in case people became seriously injured in the tournament. They quickly hurried over.

The group of people quickly carried the injured man away. Even the staff member who had brought them there didn't pursue the matter. In fact, he didn't even dare to cast even a glance at them but quickly slipped away with the crowd.

Nora: “...”

Taken aback, she asked, “He's going to me go just like that?”

However, she paused when she looked at Justin.

For some reason, Justin had a rather odd look in his eyes as he looked at her, as though he was the one who had been punched just now.

While thinking about it, Justin coughed and asked, “Do you want to beat Big Brother up that much?”

“Yeah.”

Nora looked down at her fist and heaved a sigh. “Unfortunately, that guy just now was a fake.”

Justin: “?”

Nora told him her analysis. “I already threw the punch very slowly just now, but he still didn’t manage to react in time. In addition, the staff didn’t dare to hold me accountable at all. Based on all that, that ‘Big Brother’ was a fake.”

She waved her fist in the air and said, “I wonder when I can really slam this fist into his face.”

Justin: “...”

He suddenly felt like his cheek really hurt.

The staff didn’t pursue the matter even after she hit the fake Big Brother, so Nora could only follow Justin back into the arena again.

Soon, it was Nora’s match.

She was in Ring 6.

When the host called out her contestant number 028, she took a step forward and got ready to enter the ring. It was at this moment that Smithin jumped out from nowhere and grabbed her. He asked, “Hey, are you actually going into the ring to compete?”

Nora: “?”

She looked at the black-clad teenager with the mask and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“You sure are unlucky. To think you have been assigned Tired Reno for your first match. Do you know? Even though he’s a rookie, he has already won nine consecutive matches. Once he wins the match with you, he’ll advance to Class B.”

Nora frowned. “And then?”

Smithin thought for a moment. Then, he tried to persuade her and said, “You’ve seen him, right? Tired Reno is a big guy. He can send you sprawling with just a punch. I’d advise you to give up. A delicate young missy like you shouldn’t go into the ring. It would look really bad if you have to beg for mercy on your knees later.”

Nora: “????”

Smithin lifted his chin and said, “What are you looking at me for? He’s also my opponent in my next match.. Just give up, I’ll beat him up for you in the next match! You can think of it as revenge!”

Chapter 317: I Won’ t Use My Legs

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

Quentin sounded as full of delusions of grandeur as ever.

Nora couldn’t help but hold her forehead. She asked, “Are you this helpful and enthusiastic to everyone?”

Quentin: “??”

Her question stunned Quentin.

He stared at Nora blankly. For a moment, he also felt like he was behaving a little strangely.

When had he become such a busybody? What was he showing a stranger so much concern for?

To be honest, he couldn't quite describe what he was feeling, either. It was just that the woman's calm and collected attitude kept making him feel as if she was Nora.

After all, he had been tailing and protecting Nora for very long.

He snorted and said, "I guess I was being unnecessarily nosy."

He walked off after saying that.

Nora: "..."

Had her words offended Quentin just now? Otherwise, why would that guy with delusions of grandeur suddenly become so distant?

She didn't think too deeply into it, though, because she was about to go into the ring.

Before she did, she looked back and glanced at Cherry.

Cherry immediately took the hint and stretched out her hands and covered her eyes. She said, "Don't worry, Mommy, I'm all ready. I will sing rhymes for Daddy later!"

Nora then looked at Justin. She was about to speak when Justin nodded and said, "I will report the rhymes she sang to you later."

Nora nodded. While walking to the ring, she couldn't help but feel that something was amiss. It was not until she got into the ring that she suddenly realized something—was their rapport a little too good just now?

It was as if they were a family of three.

She coughed.

When her imagination was running wild, Tired Reno opposite her said, “Not only are you a woman, but you’re even coming into the ring dressed like that? Are you here to fight, or are you here to look for a boyfriend?”

Nora, who was a little taken aback, lowered her head and looked at what she was wearing.

All the places that should be covered, were. There shouldn’t be any problem, right?

She broke into a frown.

The audience, however, burst into loud laughter. “Yeah, it’s actually a woman! What’s a woman here to join in the fun for!”

Although there were a lot of girls learning martial arts nowadays, they were naturally weaker than men in physical strength. While women had managed to occupy a certain position in other respects, truly powerful women were still a minority in the world of martial arts.

There were also women among the spectators, and their words filled them with indignation. They said, “What’s wrong with women? Have you forgotten the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister?”

“Exactly! Are women incapable of fighting just because they are women? If you’re that great, why don’t you challenge the Quinn School of Martial Arts’ Big Sister to a one-on-one duel?!”

“Hmph!”

The women spoke up. They were all either someone’s wives or sisters, or one of the few outstanding people in the martial arts circle. The men around them didn’t dare to antagonize them anymore.

All of them changed the subject with a smile and said, “No, that’s not what we meant. We’re just talking about the fact that she’s wearing a dress.”

“Yeah, isn’t it inconvenient for her to move her legs if she’s wearing a dress? She’s going to have wardrobe malfunctions later when she lifts her legs into the air! I’m saying it for her sake.”

“Tsk, it’s rare to see a woman in one-on-one duels. Of course, we would love to watch! It won’t be interesting anymore if it’s all men! I just think that she shouldn’t have worn a dress!”

In the ring.

Tired Reno also frowned as he looked at Nora. He said, “Let’s start?”

Nora stood where she was leisurely. “Yeah, let’s start!”

Tired Reno frowned and said, “Do you want to go and change? I can wait for you.”

Nora was a little taken aback. “Why?”

Tired Reno felt a headache coming on. “Didn’t you hear what the audience said? If you continue to wear that, you… won’t be able to move your legs freely.”

Nora lowered her head again and looked at her dress. Only then did she realize what they were talking about. “Oh, that’s what you meant,” she said.

Tired Reno nodded.

Everyone else also breathed sighs of relief. Even Quentin, who was among the audience, curled his lips disdainfully.

What a stupid woman. There were so many wretched men down here, yet she had worn a dress to fight. Let’s see what she was gonna do!

While he was thinking about it, he heard Nora say, “Oh, it’s okay even if I don’t use my legs.”

Everyone: “??”

Everyone was stunned. They stared at her incredulously, wondering if the woman was out of her mind. She wasn't going to use her legs? Did that mean she was only going to use her fists? But how powerful could a woman's fists be?

Moreover, without using the legs, she wouldn't be able to do movements such as swooping toward the opponent and so on.

Quentin scoffed.

She wasn't going to use her legs? Was it because she thought flapping her lips would be enough?

Well, if she were to admit defeat before Tired Reno rushed over, she indeed wouldn't have to use her legs. In fact, she wouldn't even need her hands!

While he was thinking about it, Tired Reno frowned. "You—"

"Let's cut the crap and start."

Nora had become annoyed. She could have already ended the match while they were talking. What a huge waste of her energy.

She stretched out a finger and made a hooking gesture at Tired Reno. "Let's start."

Tired Reno: "!"

Although he was a man, the woman's provocation nevertheless angered him. He snorted and said, "You asked for it!"

He balled up his hands and swung his fist straight at Nora!

His punch was quick and powerful. Tired Reno, who also didn't want to waste any time, wanted to end the match quickly, so he didn't show any mercy despite his opponent being a woman.

The audience closed their eyes.

One must know that Tired Reno's punch had knocked all his previous nine opponents onto the ground!

Wasn't he a little too insensible? He was actually using his sure-kill move against a young missy right from the start?

Quentin held his forehead. Tired Reno moved so quickly that 028 probably couldn't even react in time to admit defeat.

He was still thinking about it when he heard the loud thwack of a fist making contact with flesh. Then, with a boom, someone landed fiercely on the ground.

A sympathetic Quentin looked at the ring to see how miserable the woman looked...

Chapter 318: Ryan's Whereabouts

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

However, the moment she looked up, she was stunned.

There were no obstructions around the ring. It could be considered a loss if she fell off the ring. At this moment, the woman in the black dress was standing there. The air in the basement was ventilated, and her black dress fluttered arrogantly with the wind.

In front of her, Tired Reno had collapsed to the ground, exhausted. He had already fainted.

Everyone: "!!!"

Quentin narrowed his eyes as well.

"Omg!"

The entire audience erupted. Everyone was asking, "Did you see what just happened?"

"Wait, Tired Reno went to hit someone, but why he did faint instead?"

Someone said weakly, “I... I think I saw 028 reach out her hand and gently hit Tired Reno.”

“...”

The crowd fell silent again.

Then, they saw 028 rubbing her wrist and looking around hesitantly. “Is it over?”

Only then did the referee react and announce, “028 wins!”

Nora walked to the side and jumped down from the ring.

The audience immediately gave way in fear.

They saw her walking along the crowd to the food section. There was a sofa over there. A man was sitting there hugging a girl.

After everyone simmered down, they could hear the little girl reciting a poem in her childish voice.

“...The stone path to the mountain is slanted.

He and she were deep in the clouds.

Dreaming of a princess meeting a prince.

But in reality, a dinosaur meets a frog...”

Nora stopped in her tracks. Veins popped out on her forehead.

When Cherry saw her walking over, she said excitedly, “Mommy, I’ve already memorized 300 poems! I didn’t peek at your competition earlier!”

Everyone was speechless.

What a strange family of three!!!

Initially, they thought that the woman was hungry when she went to the food section. However, after Nora walked over, she sat on the sofa beside the girl and told the man and the girl, “Wake me up at 8 o’clock.”

Then, she tilted her head slightly and fell asleep on the sofa.

Everyone was speechless.

Quentin: !!!

His lips twitched. He felt that this woman was simply unreasonable. She had just defeated Tired Reno. Who was she ?

Under everyone’s guesses, Nora really fell asleep.

Her dreams were strange and chaotic. In the end, she was not woken up by Justin, but by her own phone call.

She yawned and answered the call in a daze. She said angrily, “You better have something important to say.”

With that, she opened her eyes lazily and saw Justin and Cherry opposite her. Behind their masks, the two pairs of eyes were staring at her.

Cherry said softly, “Mommy has a very bad morning temper. It’s especially scary.”

Justin had a regretful look on his face. “It’s a pity I didn’t get the chance to see it.”

Cherry said, “Next time when we sleep together, I’ll let you take a look in the morning. We’re outside right now, so she’s a little restrained!”

Justin smiled. “Yes, I look forward to that day.”

Nora: “...”

Only then did she realize that she was in the sparring arena. The noisy crowd around her had prevented her from taking a good nap.

She subconsciously sat up straight and wiped the non-existent saliva from the corner of her mouth.

The two people opposite her were speechless.

Solo's voice came from the other end of the line. "Sigh, stop scaring me. I found some information about Ryan. Didn't you ask me to help you investigate?"

Nora raised her eyebrows. "What?"

"Ryan was the second son of the Smiths back then. Ian is the third son of the Smiths. You know that, right? Back then, the eldest son of the Smiths was useless. As he liked to mess around outside, the previous head of the Smiths decided to look for the next patriarch between Ryan and Ian. Unfortunately, Ryan's private life was chaotic and he was with many women. It was said that he even got a small celebrity pregnant. In addition, although Ian was three years younger than Ryan, he had already displayed outstanding aptitude. Therefore, Ian was made the person in charge at that time. Ryan became more carefree from then on, but he was actually not as useless as he looked."

All the news Nora heard about Ryan from the Smiths was about his bad aspects.

For example, he was slippery and unreliable.

She narrowed her eyes. Just as she was thinking about what Ryan was doing, Solo said, "You know Quentin, right? It wouldn't be surprising even if you don't know. From Quentin's generation, the Smiths have hidden his existence. Outsiders won't know about him. They let Quentin handle things that aren't suitable to be seen by the public. The Smiths' hidden forces are all in Quentin's hands. You've just reunited with the Smiths, so it's normal that you don't know about him."

Nora: "..."

The second Smiths member she met was Quentin.

However, she did not interrupt Solo. She knew that this person liked to keep people in suspense when he sent messages, so she decided not to say anything. As expected, Solo felt that it was meaningless to wait for a reply from her. He pursed his lips and said, “But do you know who founded this dark force?”

Nora frowned. “Ryan?”

Solo: “No.”

Nora: “!!”

If that wasn't the case, why did he say so much nonsense?

Just as she was about to lose her temper, Solo accurately grasped her temper and hurriedly explained, “It was Ian. However, Ian inherited the Smiths and became the patriarch on the surface, so he handed that force to Ryan.”

Nora narrowed her eyes.

“Also, Ryan is from Irvin School of Martial Arts. He can be considered a member of the pugilistic world. He has a certain status in New York's pugilistic world. I heard that he hosted two tournaments back then. Up until now, most of the ways to earn money in the tournaments were thought of by Ian and him.”

Nora: “...”

She was stunned. “The Smiths own shares in the martial arts tournament?”

“It's not shares. Ryan used to be the president of the pugilistic world. Even now, his name is still on the title.”

Nora narrowed her eyes.

Solo said, “I asked around again and realized that although the president of the pugilistic world had disappeared, the association would often receive some orders from him to prevent the pugilistic world from becoming a mess over the years.”

“Got it.”

Nora hung up.

She held her chin and began to think. She did not expect to hear news about Ryan when she was only participating in a martial arts tournament.

She wanted to look for Ryan only to get his DNA sample. She would compare the two DNA match results to determine whose daughter she was.

After all, Lily had said that her genes had mutated. The comparison between her and Ian’s DNA samples was actually not accurate.

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly saw a person in ragged clothes flash past not far away, making her frown.

Wasn’t this Old Maddy?

Why was he here?!

Chapter 319: A Man Can’ t Say No

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

Nora thought about this and hurriedly stood up to follow.

But before she could take two steps, Justin followed her. “What’s wrong?”

“I saw an acquaintance,” Nora replied simply and continued walking forward. However, she realized that Old Maddy had already disappeared.

She was very confident that she had not mistaken him.

After all, she did not like to fantasize.

But why was Old Maddy here? The Smith villa was an hour away from here.

As she frowned in thought, it was her turn to go on stage. “This competition is between 028 and Milk Lover. Please come on stage.”

Nora could only give up on looking for Old Maddy and went on stage.

A woman had subdued “Tired Reno” the moment she made a move. This had attracted everyone’s attention. Everyone wanted to know what had just happened.

Some people even felt that Nora might have been lucky just now. Tired Reno must have made a mistake to be hit by her.

Furthermore, it was her first time on stage. Perhaps Tired Reno had underestimated her.

Just like Tired Reno, Milk Lover had already won eight or nine rounds and was not bad. At least he was not a simple Class A.

Before Milk Lover went on stage, he was warned by a kind person to be wary of 028.

However, after he went on stage, he saw that Nora was still wearing that dress. She did not change her clothes at all.

With her eye-catchingly beautiful figure and slender waist, she did not look like a trained person.

Milk Lover raised his guard.

He said, “028, what’s your name?”

Everyone would give themselves a name. For example, Tired Reno and Milk Lover were Internet aliases. Of course, if someone wanted to use their real name, it was not a problem.

Nora: “028.”

Milk Lover: “I’m asking for your real name. I want to know which sect you’re from.”

Nora was silent for a moment. “You don’t need to know.”

On such an occasion, she would be in the limelight sooner or later. She must not leave her name.

When Milk Lover saw her distant look, he frowned. “Alright, since you don’t want to say anything, don’t blame me for being rude! You don’t use your legs, right? Heh!”

With that, he leaped and kicked.

This kick was very strong. In addition, he ran a short distance to gain more strength in his kick. If Nora was kicked, she would definitely be injured. Everyone thought that Nora would dodge easily and find another opportunity to counterattack.

However, they did not expect Nora to suddenly take a small step back and stretch out her fist.

Bam!

Nora’s fist landed on the soles of Milk Lover’s feet. She directly sent him flying out of the ring.

Bam!

Milk Lover prostrated on the ground below the ring.

“Omg!”

The entire venue was in an uproar.

This time, everyone was certain that 028 was not just lucky. She was really a martial arts expert!

“028 wins this competition!”

With his previous experience, the referee did not stutter this time.

Nora walked down from the stage.

She ignored the surrounding voices trying to curry favor with her and walked toward Justin again.

Quentin, who was hiding in the crowd and watching her compete, narrowed his eyes. This woman was not bad.

He walked towards her.

Nora had completed her mission today and was prepared to go home.

After all, she had to fight two matches a day. She needed to fight 60 times and 30 days to reach Class F and fight against Irvin School of Martial Arts' Big Brother.

She sighed silently.

It was a waste of time.

How good would it be if she could finish all the competitions in one day?

As she was thinking about this, she suddenly heard praise from behind her. "Your performance just now was not bad. You impressed me."

Nora, "???"

She pursed her lips and turned around. Sure enough, Quentin was standing behind her, staring at her seriously. "I now announce that I was wrong. You can be my opponent."

"..."

Why did this stupid vibe make her want to attack?

The corners of Nora's lips spasmed.

She was about to say something when Quentin suddenly said, "I seriously considered it. I think you can become my teammate. We can team up and level up together."

Nora: “?”

Team up to level up?

She frowned. “I’m not interested in all that.”

She did not have time to team up with him!

As she thought about this, Quentin’s calm voice sounded. “Is that so? Forget it then. I originally didn’t think we should team up. After all, I’m so powerful. I can definitely advance all the way. If not for saving time, I wouldn’t have considered this. Sorry to disturb you.”

With that, he turned to leave, but his arm was suddenly grabbed. He turned back hesitantly and saw the woman in the silver mask staring at him. “Save time? What do you mean? Explain clearly before you leave.”

Quentin: “???”

He was surprised. “Didn’t you see the competition rules?”

Nora blinked and answered confidently, “No.”

Why would she bother seeing the rules? Wasn’t it just fighting!

Quentin: “...”

The corners of his lips twitched. “In a one-on-one competition, you have to win ten rounds before you can advance. But in a team competition, you can advance collectively after winning five rounds. I came to register for the competition today. It will take a month to enter Class F, but if we team up, it will take half a month. Of course, after entering Class F, the team will automatically disband, and we will still be opponents.”

Nora: “!!”

Why didn’t she know there was such a system!

“Let’s team up,” she agreed happily.

Quentin frowned. “Team up? You really want to enter Class F? Why do you want to enter Class F?”

Nora replied, “To fight with Irvin School of Martial Arts’s Big Brother.”

“Impressive.” Quentin gave her a thumbs up. “Just now, I thought that your IQ was a little low and that you were not worthy of being my match. But your ambition is not small, it has made up for your IQ.”

Nora, who had outstanding intelligence, was speechless.

Seeing her staring at him, Quentin raised his chin as well. “I just made an agreement with Big Sister. When I enter Class F, I’ll spar with her. Looks like we have the same goal. That way, we’ll save ourselves a lot of trouble.”

“Then let’s team up,” Nora replied.

“Not yet.” Quentin sighed. “There have to be three people in a team. We’re still short of one person.”

Nora: “??”

She looked around and finally looked at Justin. She grabbed his arm and pushed him forward. “Add him.”

Justin, the top disciple of Irvin School of Martial Arts, was just standing at the side and listening to them talk. At the moment, he was speechless.

“Can he do it?”

Quentin said in disdain.

When Justin, who had originally planned to reject them, heard this, he immediately sneered. Just as he was about to speak, Nora said, “He definitely can.”

Men could not say no.

Quentin: “?”

He hesitated. “Have you tried it before?”

“Yes.”

“Alright then, let’s team up.”

“...”

Justin, who was standing beside them, seriously suspected that these two people were in cahoots!

However, the two of them were clearly fine and did not say anything. He could only retract his suspicions.

Nora leaned in and whispered, “Help me out, I have to meet Big Brother in the tournament as quickly as I can.”

Justin, who would rather not meet Nora in a match, looked at her almond-shaped eyes. “... Okay.”

Therefore, the three of them walked to the registration area and prepared to switch to the team competition.

However, halfway through, Nora suddenly saw Old Maddy again!

He secretly sneaked into the room beside him, making Nora narrow her eyes. She gave Justin a look and sneaked over.

She wanted to see what Old Maddy was up to!!

Chapter 320: Exposed

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

Nora glanced at Justin and quickly slipped to the side.

Quentin was stunned and planned to chase after her. “Hey, where are you going...”

However, Justin grabbed his arm and the man replied coldly, “She’s going to be busy.”

“What is she busy with? The registration deadline is coming up soon! Today is the last day!”

Justin did not let go of his hand at all. “The two of us can just register.”

Quentin frowned. “How is that possible? There have to be three people in the team competition. You...”

Before he could finish speaking, Justin pulled him toward the registration counter.

Quentin: “??”

He wanted to break free, but with his strength, he could not. This reminded him of how Nora had grabbed his arm when he was about to leave and refused to let him go.

This couple was really strange. They were both extremely strong.

With this doubt in mind, Quentin and Justin arrived at the registration counter.

The staff at the registration counter was lazily slouched with his legs crossed. When he saw the two of them enter and noticed Justin, he immediately stood up. “B-Bi-Br...”

Before he could call out “Big Brother,” Justin interrupted him. “We came to sign up for the team competition. One of us has something on, so can the two of us sign up?”

The staff member: “!!!”

Register for the team competition?

Big Brother, what kind of international joke was this?!

Who could match his speed!

However, the staff member did not dare to speak much, especially when he saw Justin's bright eyes. He smiled. "Of course, of course! May I know your names?"

"Smithin, 028, and me." Justin paused. "820."

820?

Although there was already someone with this number, if Big Brother said he was 820, then he was 820. The staff member was very tactful and immediately nodded. "Alright, I'll handle it for you right away!"

With that, he lowered his head and stamped his seal, settling the team competition registration. He did not even need to ask about ordinary matters. "That's enough. You guys can participate in the team competition starting tomorrow."

"Okay."

After receiving the bracelet from the representative team, Justin and Quentin left the registration area.

As soon as the two of them left, someone secretly went to the registration counter. "Can we sign up for the team competition? The other two didn't rush over because they had something on. I'll sign them up for them."

The staff member said, "No! The three people attending the team competition must be here at the same time. Otherwise, you can't sign up!"

"..."

Quentin looked at this scene and revealed a thoughtful look.

After leaving the registration area with Justin, he suddenly said reservedly, "I understand."

Justin: "?"

Quentin: “Sigh, I must have been exposed.”

Justin: “???”

Quentin looked at him. “Do you know why the staff was so respectful to us just now?”

Justin hesitated for a moment before replying, “Why?”

“Because I’m still careless enough to expose my identity. That’s right. Smithin is the same as Quentin.”

Quentin ?

So he was Quentin, the Smiths’ dark power.

Everyone in New York knew that the current generation of Smiths had six sons. However, they did not know that the Smiths actually had seven sons.

It was said that Quentin was third.

As Justin thought this, he saw the young man in front of him pat his shoulder. “You definitely know who I am. My second uncle is Ryan Smith, the president of the pugilistic world. That’s why the staff was so respectful to me. However, you don’t have to feel pressured to team up with me. I’m very approachable.”

Justin: “????”

“Tell your wife there’s no need to feel any pressure. And once you know my true identity, don’t be arrogant. After all, in the entire New York, after Big Sister and Big Brother, I’m the most powerful.”

Justin: “...”

“Speaking of which, I’m a little worried about you.”

Quentin looked at Justin. This person might have been hiding in the dark all day, so he was very talkative at this moment. “Your wife is so obsessed with Big Brother. I keep feeling that it’s not simple. You must be jealous, right?”

Justin: “???”

“It’s just like how I admire Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister. When I admire her, unknowingly, that kind of relationship has already changed. If Big Sister does not dislike me, I’m willing to be with her, even if she’s...”

Before Quentin met Big Sister, he did not expect her to be such a muscular woman.

However, the admiration he felt for her was too strong. After the initial shock, he had already gotten used to her figure and even ignored it.

Yes, even if she was a fatty, he could do it!

Justin: “!!!”

The corners of his mouth twitched. “Quinn School of Martial Arts’s Big Sister is already married.”

“What?” Quentin was stunned. “Why haven’t I heard of it before?”

“Do you know who I am?”

Justin looked at him.

Quentin shook his head.

Justin smiled. “Yes, it’s good that you don’t know.”

Previously, he had been worried that this fool would recognize him. Now, it seemed like this worry was completely unnecessary. He did not even know the most basic scam at the martial arts seminar! This person had really wasted his years!

Quentin: “...”

On the other side, Nora did not lose track of Old Maddy.

Old Maddy had been acting suspiciously. He looked around and saw that no one was paying attention to him, so he entered a room.

Nora slowed down and came to the door. She gently pushed the door open and looked over.. She saw Old Maddy sitting there...