

## Chapter 169 - Saving Nora Full Story Book Free by Josh Williams

Caleb smiled and shook his head. "I don't."

Nora uttered an 'oh'. She wasn't particularly bothered.

A puzzled Caleb asked, "Don't you want to know?"

Nora replied detachedly, "It doesn't matter to me."

It really didn't matter to her.

Having grown up in a family like that ever since she was a child, kinship wasn't something indispensable for her.

To her, the greatest value her mother had was that she had given birth to her, and also left her with so much material she could study and learn from.

Her father...

That word had been associated with Henry since she was a child. Even though he wasn't her father anymore, she didn't feel much affection for the word.

Nora put the recorder pen away safely into her pocket. Then, she looked at Caleb and said, "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Caleb sighed and said, "Back then, your mother asked us to take care of you. You can say that all this was because the Grays were negligent."

Caleb also had a look of approval and appreciation on his countenance when he talked about Yvette.

While they were talking, Ford suddenly walked over. His expression was as stern as ever as if he never smiled or laughed. He interrupted their conversation and said, "Ms. Smith, Mr. Gray. We need the two of you to give your statements for investigative purposes."

Statements?

Nora was taken aback.

Caleb also couldn't help but ask, "It's just trespassing on private property. Why do we have to give statements for it?"

Ford looked firm and determined, and his facial features were chiseled and defined. He spoke politely but with a commandeering air as if he was someone who had held a high position for a long time. He said, "Please go through the motions with us."

Nora felt that he wasn't someone to be messed with.

She nodded.

Caleb didn't refuse, either. Thus, the two of them were asked to go down to the police station together. They were also assigned to different rooms.

Nora sat casually in the dark room. Her big boss-like demeanor made the few policemen stare at one another.

Most people would shiver in fear in the police station, but why was that woman looking as if she was at a tourist attraction?

Also, was it really necessary to bring them back to take their statements for something as trivial as trespassing into private property? They didn't dare to voice that out loud, though, and could only sneak glances at Ford.

That man's identity wasn't simple. The whole police station had to obey his orders!

Nora looked around curiously.

"What are you looking at, Ms. Smith?" asked Ford.

"At your dark little room here. It really does shut out all the light. I can probably sleep really well here."

"..."

Although Nora slept a lot, the quality of her sleep had always been rather poor. Therefore, Cherry never dared to disturb her when she was sleeping.

There wasn't any light in the interrogation room at all, which surprisingly made it a great place for sleeping.

Ford kept quiet for a while before he asked, "Do you know anything about your mother, Ms. Smith?"

Nora's eyebrows raised slightly at the question.

She suddenly asked, "Are you a special ops officer?"

Ford was taken aback, but he didn't speak.

Nora's fingers tapped lightly against the chair. She said, "All the other policemen act in accordance to your will, so you're likely very highly ranked. However, it's not quite appropriate for such a high-ranking officer to handle disputes over trespassing of private property. So, you came to my home because of this?"

Ford's jaw tightened. A short while later, he stood up.

He subconsciously straightened his back when he got up. His posture was tall and straight, and his entire self seemed as sharp as a razor. It was as though there was nothing that could stand in his way.

His voice was deep and steady. He said, "My name is Morris Ford."

"... Hello, Captain Ford."

Morris said, "We're investigating a case from more than twenty years ago. The case is related to your mother, so I'd like to know more about her through you. Please cooperate with us, Ms. Smith."

Nora's eyes flickered a little.

It was just like what she had thought!

Her mother had suddenly left the Andersons back then. She broke up with Ian Smith, went to California all by herself, and never contacted her family ever since. There must be a reason for all that!

She asked, "Can I ask what kind of case it is?"

Morris shook his head. "I'm sorry, but this is a Class S case, you're not authorized to know anything about it."

"..."

Nora kept quiet for a while. At last, she said, "I don't know anything at all."

Her mother had left her a lot of things, but there was nothing among them that challenged the boundaries of the law except for the Imperial League...

Morris scrutinized her, seemingly trying to judge whether what she had just said was true or false.

The man had an extremely sharp gaze. No one could lie while he was staring straight at them. However, the young woman in front of him was calm, and her almond-shaped eyes were so clear that one could see right to the bottom of them. It instead made one unable to read her thoughts.

For the first time, Morris couldn't see through the truth of something and someone.

After thinking for a while, he said, "In that case, please sign the statement, Ms. Smith. You can leave after that."

After saying that, he went next door.

Caleb was in the room next door.

After signing the statement, Nora walked out of the police station. After waiting outside for a while, Caleb finally came out. There was some hesitancy on his countenance as he said, "That man is so strange. He keeps asking about Aunt Yvette, but I was unfortunately only three or four years old at that time. How would I know anything about her..."

Nora's eyes flickered a little when she heard what he said.

At this point, Caleb's cell phone suddenly rang. He smiled at Nora and picked up the call. At once, his expression darkened and a chilly glint flashed in his dark eyes. He said, "I'll come over right away."

After hanging up, he looked at Nora and said, "I have something on, so I'll leave first, Ms. Smith."

Nora nodded.

At the same time.

In the hospital.

Joel Smith hurried over when he heard from the nurse. He was panting rather hard. When he entered the ward, he saw that his uncle, who was usually in low spirits and looked half-dead all the time, was actually seated there looking somewhat anxious at the moment.

Joel asked, "What's the matter, Uncle Ian?"

After a long silence, Ian finally said, "Joel, she must be my daughter."

Joel was taken aback. "Who?"

Ian's hand was trembling somewhat as he answered, "Nora Smith."

He had watched the entire live-stream.

Therefore, he knew that Yvette's company in California back then was named Idealian Pharmaceuticals.

Ideals... Dreams... And Ian...

Ian...

Was it because Yvette had also missed him that she also dreamed of him?!

An agitated Ian grabbed Joel's hand and said, "Go and investigate her! Investigate all of Nora's past. If possible, have a DNA test done for us!"

Joel held his hand and said, "Calm down, Uncle Ian. I'll have her investigated right away."

Ian nodded.

Then, Joel suddenly said, "I can investigate her background, Uncle Ian, but you must promise me that you'll live on properly. It's only if you're alive that you'll get to know the answers to your questions."

The light came back into Ian's originally muted eyes when he heard him.

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At the Woods.

Miranda and Rachel had watched the entire live-stream and seen the plot twist at the end.

Miranda smacked the table angrily. “Henry Smith is so useless!”

Rachel also curled her lip in distaste and said, “We spent all that money and got them Roxanne in vain... Fortunately, though, we’ve already paid her to keep quiet, so she won’t sell us out.”

However, as soon as she said that, the door was suddenly pushed open.

Farrell entered the room, looking livid.

Miranda hastily exchanged a look with Rachel when she saw him, and both of them shut up. Miranda got up and took a step forward with a smile. “Why are you back so early today?” She asked.

She subconsciously wanted to take Farrell’s bag from him, but when she held it, she found that Farrell hadn’t let go.

Surprised, a puzzled Miranda called out, “Farrell?”

As soon as she said that, Farrell suddenly reached out. A loud smack rang out as he gave her a tight slap across the cheek, causing Miranda to see stars as her head turned to the side.

She was absolutely stunned.

The Woods had always been a scholarly family who preferred to talk things out rather than resorting to violence. Farrell was also a gentleman among gentlemen. During all these years, he had never even raised his voice against her before, let alone hit her!

After a stunned moment, Miranda finally reacted. She shouted shrewishly, “What are you doing, Farrell? How dare you hit me! Are you looking down on me because my family is down and out right now? I just knew it would be like this! The Woods are kicking me while I’m down! That’s it, I’m leaving! I’m going back to my parents’ place!”

Farrell gazed at his wife in front of him with a sharp glint in his eyes. The somewhat disappointed man let out a contemptuous laugh and said, “You’re right, I’m not blessed enough to have a daughter of the Sonnets with me. I’ll have someone pack your things and send you home right away!”

A dumbfounded Miranda was in shock.

Rachel hastily rushed over and shouted, “Dad, what are you doing? If you’re sending Mom away, then you can send both my younger brother and me away, too!”

Farrell glared at her. He suddenly raised his hand at her, frightening Rachel into squeezing her eyes shut in a hurry.

However, when the smack rang out, Rachel didn’t feel any pain on her cheek. She opened her eyes in shock and saw that Farrell’s cheek was red—he had slapped himself instead...

Farrell stared at Rachel with great grief and said, “Spare the rod, spoil the child! It’s my fault for thinking that you should be raised by your mother because you’re a girl! That’s why you became mad with jealousy, narrow-minded, and petty at such a young age!”

Rachel, who found his scoldings ridiculous, said, “Did my aunt say something to you again, Dad? How can she do that? She forgave us and called you on the surface, and then immediately complained to you the next moment? She’s too much!”

Miranda also nodded. “Yes, it must be her!”

Farrell stared at the mother-daughter pair in front of him and shut his eyes in pain.

He had still thought that it was impossible that they would ever do something like that when he received the call from Mr. Hunt earlier that day. His wife and his younger sister didn’t get along, but there were just verbal disagreements. His wife was always trying to get the upper hand over his younger sister.

He didn’t believe that his wife would do something like that. Had it been someone else who had called him, he would definitely have trusted his wife without any hesitation.

However, the person who had called him was Justin Hunt.

Mr. Hunt would never make trouble for a woman without any reason!

Moreover, he had also outright given him the evidence of them bribing Roxanne, as well as of them paying to have the live-stream trend on social media!

No matter how incredulous Farrell was, he had no choice but to believe it after that.

He waved somewhat tiredly and said, "I'll give you two options."

Miranda was stunned.

Farrell lowered his head and said, "The first one—someone will monitor all your actions in the future, but I will continue to give you the title of Mrs. Wood. The second—we divorce."

Miranda was stunned.

"No, I don't agree to that. Dad, are you planning to put Mom under house arrest? You—"

However, before Rachel could finish, Farrell looked back at her and said, "And you, too. I'll give you three options. The first one—you can stay at home, but you're not allowed to contact your mother anymore. Also, you have to attend college properly! The second—go abroad, but you are not allowed to return during the next three years. Neither are you allowed to have any contact with your mother during this time! The third—leave with your mother."

Rachel was dumbfounded.

So was Miranda.

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Henry and Wendy returned to the hotel where they were temporarily staying, after they left the Andersons' villa.

Henry looked livid. When he saw Angela waiting for them after they reached the hotel, his expression instantly darkened even further.



Angela had watched the live-stream from start to finish, so she naturally also knew the truth.

She rushed up to Henry with her eyes red and said, “Dad, I know Mom has let you down, but in my heart, you’re still my father!”

Henry, who was being hugged by his daughter, thought of how he had carried her and played with her when she was a child, and the bit of displeasure he had, disappeared along with the wind.

Ah, well.

No matter what, he had brought her up, after all. He still had feelings for her.

Henry took a deep breath and entered the bathroom to take a bath.

He was all tuckered out after kicking up such a fuss at the Andersons today.

When the sound of running water started to ring out, Angela sat beside Wendy restlessly, lowered her voice, and asked, “Mom, so I’m not Dad’s daughter? What do we do now?”

Angela curled her lip in distaste. “I’ve never liked him ever since I was a kid. He doesn’t work and isn’t motivated at all. All he knows is to fool around at home every day. I couldn’t even answer when my classmates asked me what my dad did for a living. It was so embarrassing! No wonder I don’t look like him at all. As it turns out, it’s because I’m not his daughter! Mom, I really don’t understand. Since the truth is out, and he doesn’t have any money left anyway, does that mean we can abandon him? Let’s just leave by ourselves!”

Wendy whispered, “Shh, keep it down. Don’t let him hear you. We have to keep him happy for now. At the very least, he still has that villa in California under his name. It’s worth more than five million dollars! We can fall out with him after he gives you the villa instead!”

The villa...

Angela thought of the five million dollars and heaved a sigh. “Alright,” she said.

While the two of them were whispering to each other, Henry had already finished his bath and exited the bathroom in a bathrobe. After he came out, he saw that there were a few missed calls on his cell phone.

They were all from friends showing him concern after watching the live-stream. He called them back, one by one.

He spat angrily, “Nora has no conscience whatsoever! She’s not like our filial Angela at all! Even if she isn’t my biological daughter, how is she any different from one?”

“Hah, Nora is very strange. She has always wanted to be close to me ever since she was a child, but I’ve never wanted to pay her any attention at all. Now, Angela is different though. We have emotional ties with each other...”

A stubborn Henry replied several calls in a row. Angela poured him a glass of water and asked, “Does your throat hurt, Dad?”

Henry took the glass of water from her. He couldn’t help but sigh—no matter what, at least this daughter of his treated him sincerely. Although he didn’t get any money from Nora, at least he still had kinship.

At least they would still stay as a family of three, as long as he didn’t hold it against Wendy and forgave her...

Ding-dong! The doorbell suddenly rang.

Henry got up and went to open the door. A few lawyers were outside the door. They said, “Mr. Smith, as you’ve displayed abusive behavior while raising Ms. Smith, according to the signed agreement between you and Ms. Anderson, we shall now take back ownership of the villa you’re living in!”