

Chapter 341 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Tanya practically roared the question.

Nora answered seriously, "If you try counting, there are six boys in the Smiths, so I have five older brothers and one younger brother. You're talking about... Joel?"

"... Yes!!"

Nora was puzzled. "Didn't he go over to pick up Pete for me? How did he end up staying there instead?"

"..."

The woman on the other end suppressed her anger and said, "You have half an hour. If you don't come over in time, then this friendship is over!! Beep... beep... beep..."

Nora glanced at the phone in horror and raised her eyebrows.

Then, she slowly brushed her teeth and washed up. After she was done, she finally went out.

As soon as she went downstairs, Lucy saw her and said excitedly, "You're finally awake, Ms. Nora!"

"What's the matter?" asked Nora.

Lucy replied, "Your cousin is here!!"

Nora was surprised to hear that. She looked around and asked, "Where is she?"

Lucy replied, "... Because you didn't wake up, she has left again. She said that she'll come over and visit you again either today or tomorrow."

It was the next morning, so Lisa had already left a long time ago.

She nodded. "Okay."

She then sent a text message to Lisa and asked her to come over in the evening.

Lisa, however, didn't agree right away. Instead, she asked: 'Um, will Louis be there tonight?'

Nora: "?"

She looked around and asked, "Is Louis home?"

Lucy replied, "He went out early in the morning. Do you need him for something, Ms. Nora?"

"No." Nora thought for a while and asked, "Will he be home in the afternoon?"

Lucy replied, "Most likely not."

"Okay."

Nora sent Lisa a reply: 'No, he won't.'

Lisa seemed relieved. She wrote: 'Okay. See you tonight, Nora.'

Nora: "..."

She was just asleep for a night, but it seemed like some incredible things had happened?

Why was one asking her to pick up Joel and the other avoiding Louis as if she was scared of something?

She looked at Lucy hesitantly but didn't ask anything in the end. She went straight downstairs and drove to the villa in the suburbs.

As soon as she arrived, she saw Tanya, pulling a long face at the door. At the sight of her, she said with a livid look on her face, "You sure came really quick."

Nora yawned. "Yeah, I didn't even have breakfast."

The corners of Tanya's lips spasmed. "Should you have breakfast and take a nap before you come, then?"

Nora laughed. "That works, too."

"..."

Tanya took a deep breath, turned, and led her into the house.

Inside, Joel was lying on the sofa and reading a magazine comfortably. Next to him, Pete was practicing his Mathematical Olympiad problems. Occasionally, when he encountered something he wasn't sure about, he would ask Joel, who would then slowly explain it to him.

When Tanya first came in and saw how the two of them got along, there was a moment where she had the illusion that they were a family...

If... if her child were by her side, would they also live so blissfully like a family?

As soon as the thought formed, Tanya immediately discarded it. She said, "I've found you a chauffeur."

Joel and Pete looked at Nora in unison.

Pete's eyes lit up at once.

Joel also nodded gently.

Tanya continued. "You've already taken the medicine, ate something, and even slept here and rested enough. Now that I've even found a chauffeur for you, surely you can go?"

Joel got up, his face still a little pale.

He was still holding his abdomen, but his smile was a little more genuine than usual. His fox-like eyes were full of warmth and a doting look as he said, "Yeah."

Tanya: "..."

She turned and went up the stairs. "Alright, hurry up and take your kid and your brother with you. I can finally have a good rest now. It's Monday tomorrow, so I have to work! Teaching a group of naughty little kids to dance is so tiring! Why is my life so hard?!"

She went upstairs while muttering under her breath and then slammed her bedroom door shut.

Nora, whose hands were in her pocket, raised her eyebrows and glanced at Pete.

Pete had already taken the opportunity to pack his bag and was obediently carrying it at the moment. He walked up to her and held her hand tightly.

Sensing how tightly her son was holding her hand, Nora immediately understood after thinking about it for a moment. She looked down at him and explained, "Mommy was too sleepy when she got home yesterday..."

"I know, Mommy." A well-behaved Pete replied, "Don't worry, I won't disturb your sleep."

Nora: "..."

She raised her head again and looked at Joel, but saw that he was still staring at the upper floor. Nora said, "Let's go?"

Only then did Joel retract his gaze and nod.

The two went out, but when they got into the car, Joel said, "I'll drive."

"... Are you feeling well enough?" asked Nora.

Joel nodded without any change in expression. "Well enough."

"... Oh, okay," Nora said.

Without standing on ceremony at all, she took Pete with her and sat in the backseat while Joel went to the driver's seat. On the way home, while Nora was thinking about something, Joel suddenly said, "She's ultimately still Uncle Ian's adopted daughter."

Nora was surprised.

Joel lowered his gaze and said indifferently, "To be honest, Uncle Ian has been comatose ever since he went to the Hunts' party and brought you back. He has a brain tumor and needs to undergo surgery if he wants to recover. It's said that Anti is the only one who can achieve the best results for his operation at the moment."

Nora said, "I can take a look at him."

Joel spoke again. This time, he sounded a little more intimate and also spoke more, as though he was giving her an explanation. He said, "Don't worry. Based on my understanding of Uncle Ian, since he has already acknowledged you as a Smith, he won't mind your identity that much. But because he's still in a coma and can't give the word, other people in the family will have some misunderstandings about you."

Was he giving her an explanation for why he was so lukewarm to her previously?

It didn't really matter to Nora, though. After all, this was understandable.

A man—especially a successful one like Ian—could have all the women in the world if he really wanted, yet the woman whom he had been deeply in love with for his entire life had, from how he saw it, gotten into a relationship with his brother instead.

He would be too magnanimous if he really didn't mind.

Joel's choice of words had also been that he "wouldn't mind that much". Nora would never flatter herself that much and think that he would really treat her as his niece.

Joel, however, added, "But he's someone who makes a clear distinction between his public and private interests. Yvonne is his daughter, so he's the only one who can deal with her."

Nora raised her brows.

Was it okay for her to interpret what he just said to mean that Ian would eventually deal with Yvonne?

She hadn't expected Joel to stand up for her.

At the thought of how Yvonne had tempted Florence into poisoning Old Maddy in order to go against her, Nora narrowed her eyes and said, "Okay."

Joel drove seriously and didn't speak anymore.

Joel didn't get out of the car when they arrived at the Smiths'. He explained, "I have something to take care of at the company."

After lazing for a day in the villa, he had to pay back what he owed, after all.

Nora nodded.

She took Pete into the house and they had lunch together.

In the afternoon, she sent a text message to Lisa: 'Are you here yet?'

Lisa replied: "I'm on the way. Be there soon."

Nora put her phone aside and waited for Lisa.

Her aunt must have seen the live-stream and become worried when she learned of the case, so she had sent Lisa here. Her aunt would probably continue to worry until Lisa saw with her own eyes that she was alright.

Also, for some reason, she had a vague feeling that Lisa would bring her some kind of news when she arrived.

Pete went upstairs to read. Nora sat on the sofa in the living room.

Lisa wasn't here yet, but she instead saw Lucy, the housekeeper, coming in with someone who looked like some kind of manager. Lucy said, "Great timing, Ms. Nora. They've brought the new season's clothes over, so you can pick some for yourself."

As a top-class wealthy family, the Smiths ordered custom-made clothes every season. Of course, as a daughter of the Smiths, if she wanted to buy more clothes herself, then that would be a separate matter.

Representatives from high-end custom brands came to the Smiths every season to let them pick what they wanted from the designer styles. Behind the manager were a few service staff members. Each of them was holding fabric samples for the clothes, as well as a thick magazine featuring various styles of clothing for the ladies of the Smiths to choose from.

When the manager saw Nora, he immediately respectfully handed over the magazine he was holding and said, "Please have a look first, Ms. Smith."

Lucy said, "I'll go and notify Ms. Yvonne and Mdm. Maureen."

They were the only other young women living in the manor. From Quentin, the third son, all the way to Louis, the sixth son, none of them were married yet.

Previously, when Hillary, Mia's mother, was still living with the Smiths, she would also come over to pick clothes from the catalog.

However, now that Joel had driven her out, there was one fewer person in the family that was part of the process.

When Yvonne was going downstairs after being notified, she paused slightly and stood on the spiral staircase when she saw Nora and Maureen, who were seated in the living room.

She narrowed her eyes and looked at Lucy.

When they were choosing clothes in the past, Florence would never ask her to go downstairs. She would always take the manager straight to her room and let her have her pick first. It was only after she'd had her pick that she would then let Maureen and Hillary choose from the remaining styles.

Yet, not only was Lucy asking her to go downstairs now, but she was actually even allowing Nora and Maureen to choose ahead of her?!

Yvonne became even more furious.

She felt especially angry when she saw how Maureen and Nora were huddled together and looking at the magazine like close girlfriends. The intimacy between the two of them was completely different from how they treated her.

Yvonne lowered her gaze and suddenly sneered.

She went downstairs and sat on the one-seater sofa at the side.

The manager immediately presented another magazine to her.

Yvonne listened to the other two women's conversations while she looked at her own magazine. Maureen said, "This red dress is gorgeous! And it even makes one look tall and slim!"

"...Oh," Nora said.

Yvonne flipped to the section featuring this season's red dresses when she heard her.

Red was too orthodox a color, so there were generally relatively fewer designs every season.

Additionally, after so many years, Yvonne had already come to know since a long time ago that Maureen favored red clothes.

In the past, she would always deliberately pick the attractive red designs first, and leave two unattractive designs for Maureen, despite the fact that red didn't actually suit her.

She had done that just to let Maureen know who the noblest woman in the family was.

But now...

Yvonne suddenly pointed to the magazine and remarked, "Nora, this red dress suits you really well!"

The design she was pointing to was the most unique and prettiest one of the year. Maureen had already had her eye on it a long time ago.

Nora, who was taken aback, looked over. The dress was indeed pretty nice.

"Doesn't it look great?" Yvonne's lips curled in a smile and she said, "I'll let you pick first since this is your first year with us. I think this dress is pretty nice, and it's also the best design this year. Why don't you take it?"

Now that the dress she loved had been snatched away, let's see if Maureen would still get along with her!

Yvonne thought to herself viciously.

She looked at Maureen after she spoke. Sure enough, the light in her eyes had dimmed. She sat upright, coughed, and turned over the page where the red dress was on the magazine she was holding.

This meant that she had given up.

However, she definitely wasn't going to be happy about it.

See? No matter how good a relationship they shared, it was nevertheless still fake. A mere dress could easily estrange the two of them.

While Yvonne was sneering at them, Nora said in a low voice, "Yeah, that dress is certainly pretty nice."

Yvonne was thrilled. Sure enough, she saw Maureen stiffen.

Nevertheless, she still suppressed her fondness for the dress. Her smile became a little forced, but she still said to Nora, "The dress suits you very well."

Then, as if she had convinced herself about it, she resumed her usual bighearted demeanor and said, "Besides, true red gives one a lot of presence, so it suits formal occasions a lot. This is the first year since your return, Nora, so it's a good idea for you to pick this dress."

She actually became a little more generous?

Yvonne clenched her fists.

Maureen was simply too much. Every time she snatched the dresses from her, she had always looked at her as if she had just robbed her of her baby.

Yet, when it was Nora who snatched the dress she wanted from her, she actually got over it?

Was this the difference between someone who had blood relations to the family and someone who didn't?!

She was still thinking about it furiously when Nora said, "No, it's okay. The dress suits you a lot."

Yvonne: ??

She abruptly looked at Nora, only to see that she was looking at Maureen. She said, "Red suits you a lot."

Maureen's eyes lit up. "Do you think so, too?"

Nora nodded. "Yeah."

She wasn't stupid. Maureen had flipped straight to that page when she picked up the magazine, and also stared at it for really long. She had even wondered why she hadn't just taken it immediately if she liked it.

It wasn't until Yvonne came down that she suddenly figured out why.

The dress didn't really matter to her anyway, why deprive someone of what they liked?

Sure enough, Maureen got up happily. She was so excited that even her eyes had turned a little red.

For the first time... For the very first time, she felt respected in the Smiths.

In the past, all the good things in the family were always given to Yvonne first, and she had also taken them all very unceremoniously. Maureen could never get anything she really liked.

It wasn't that bad if it was just once or twice, but once it built up, even someone with a big heart like Maureen found it hard not to feel resentful about it.

Courtesy was a virtue, but it wasn't always true that courtesy without any limit would always win one respect.

Moreover, they were all women in their twenties. She was only three or four years older than Yvonne, so why did she have to give in to her all the time?

However, she had gained recognition from Nora in this instant.

She held Nora's hand excitedly and said, "Nora, you're so... so... How can anyone not like you?"

Maureen was so excited that she gave Nora a peck on the cheek. Then, she said happily to the manager, "Make this dress in my measurements!"

The manager had the body measurements of all the ladies in the Smiths.

The manager was about to nod when Yvonne, who was standing beside him, clenched her fists in fury.

After her expression changed a few times, she suddenly took a step forward and interrupted the manager before he could speak. She said, "Wait a minute. Sorry, Maureen, but I actually really like this dress, too.. I'm taking the dress, sir."

Yvonne sounded just like she was giving someone orders.

This stunned the manager for a moment, but it seemed like he was already accustomed to the atmosphere among the Smiths, so he subconsciously replied, "Okay, Ms. Yvonne."

But after he did, even he himself was dumbfounded.

Maureen and Nora were also taken aback.

Both of them looked at Yvonne.

Maureen said shrilly, "D-didn't you not want that dress? Isn't that why you recommended it to Nora?"

Yvonne lowered her gaze and said with a smile, "You may have misunderstood, Maureen. I've always liked red dresses. It's not like you don't know that. I just thought the dress suited Nora very much today, so I wanted to let her have it. But since she doesn't want it, shouldn't we pick the clothes in accordance with the order?"

Maureen immediately flushed.

She really liked the dress very much because it had the nicest design out of all the styles she had seen in recent years!

She had indeed wanted to let Nora have it just now, too. After all, she had only just returned to the Smiths, so she didn't look like she had any appropriate clothes.

But Nora had unexpectedly given it to her instead. That was why she had accepted it.

How did something that was supposed to already be in the bag disappear just like that?

An upset Maureen looked at Yvonne again.

She was aggressive, and there was none of the pretenses and hypocrisy she used to have on her face right now. It seemed like something had triggered her, and even her facial expression looked a little savage. She had the words 'I just want to make you unhappy' blatantly written all over her face!

Maureen's temper got the better of her and she started to argue. She said, "What's the meaning of this, Yvonne? Are you targeting me on purpose?"

Yvonne kept her expression under control and said, “How am I targeting you, Maureen? You’re obviously the one fighting with me over the clothes, aren’t you?”

Maureen: “?”

She yelled furiously, “Just who exactly is fighting with whom? Let’s make things clear today! I have been married to Warren for seven years. There are four seasons a year, so this is the 28th time I’m picking clothes now. When have I ever not given in to you?! But what about you? All the red dresses you chose have all become moldy in your closet, haven’t they? How many times have you ever worn red clothes? You clearly know that red is my favorite color! The way I see it, you’re doing it on purpose, aren’t you?”

With a smile on her face, Yvonne said smugly, “I told you, Maureen. I like red, too.”

As soon as she said that, Nora interrupted her indifferently and said, “But red doesn’t suit you. Your looks are too tame to pull off the color.”

Yvonne’s looks were ladylike and delicate.

However, long red dresses usually needed to be matched with bright and vivid looks.

This was something that everyone knew, but no one had ever said it to her face!

For a moment there, Yvonne flushed bright red!

She looked at Nora furiously, and then at Maureen. She became so angry that she didn’t bother putting on a pretense anymore. She yelled, “I can just like collecting red clothes, can’t I?”

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

Nora: “!!”

Maureen: “!!!”

The two looked at each other. Neither of them had expected Yvonne to actually fall out with them openly. Also, she looked just like a shrew at the moment.

Maureen frowned and warned, "Don't go too far, Yvonne!"

Yvonne scoffed, "Am I the one who shouldn't go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else's roof? Maureen, do you really think you're one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You're all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!"

She deliberately emphasized 'temporary', making Maureen flush.

Lucy couldn't bear to listen anymore. She said, "Ms. Yvonne, we're all family. Why go so far? Besides, Mr. Warren and Mr. Joel are very close!"

Warren lived in the manor because he got along well with Joel, and felt that this was his home.

Yvonne looked at her viciously. "Do I have to do what you say or get Joel's permission when I'm ordering clothes in my own home? Am I the one disregarding familial ties, or is she the one who's being ungrateful?!"

"Dad isn't dead yet, yet all of you already dare to act like you're the masters of the house, and step beyond your boundaries as a servant and slight me? Seems like I should get someone to have a good talk with the people at our ancestral home!"

The arrogant woman's words became more and more awful. She said, "Joel isn't Dad's adopted son, either. I'm Dad's one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?"

Lucy was rendered speechless by her.

Yvonne, however, dragged her to the door and said, "Since that's the case, you can come with me to our ancestral home! Let's go to my granduncles there and see what they say about this!"

Lucy immediately pleaded for mercy. "Spare me, Ms. Yvonne! I was wrong!"

Should they really go to the ancestral home, wouldn't everyone say that Joel was being disrespectful to his elders?!

He was the successor that Ian had chosen, yet as soon as Ian fell into a coma, he started to bully and oppress his daughter?

Lucy didn't care whether it was embarrassing for her or not. She tried to appease Yvonne and said, "Ms. Yvonne, this matter isn't that serious. It's just a piece of clothing, isn't it...?"

She looked at Maureen for help after she spoke.

Lucy had watched both Joel and Warren grow up, and was especially close with both brothers. Thus, she also got along well with Maureen.

Maureen didn't have the heart to implicate an old-time servant who had been serving the family for so long just because of this.

She suppressed her grievances and said, "Fine, I'll let you have the dress!"

After saying that, she turned and went straight upstairs while saying, "I won't order anything this year."

She could buy ready-made clothes even if she didn't custom-make anything anyway, so why should she let others bully her here?

Satisfied, Yvonne sat on the main sofa. Then, without looking at Nora, she said to the manager, "I want this, this, this... and also this. Make them all in my size."

"... Yes, ma'am," said the manager.

After ordering the clothes, Yvonne turned and went upstairs. When she passed by Nora, she said, "This is my father's home, after all."

Nora: "..."

She had also lost interest in choosing clothes, so she waved and sent the manager out.

There was no one left in the living room. In this instant, she finally understood all those things that Maureen had said previously, and also finally understood how much injustice she had suffered over the years.

While she was thinking about it, Lucy led Lisa in and said, “Ms. Nora, your cousin is here.”

Nora put her thoughts away and stood up.

Lisa had already rushed straight up to her. She took her hand and said, “At last, Nora!”

Nora smiled at her.

Lisa looked at her carefully. It was only when she found that she hadn’t suffered any injustice that she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she smiled and said, “By the way, my mom wants me to pass you a message.. She says that your cord blood is still in the cord blood bank in the hospital.”

Panda Novel

Cord blood?

Nora was slightly taken aback to hear that. She said, “My cord blood is still around?”

Lisa nodded. “Yes. Mom says that back then, when Aunt Yvette... when your mom gave birth to you, she had insisted on banking your cord blood. To be honest, this wasn’t a popular practice in the country at that time and wasn’t widely promoted in hospitals, either, so it was very expensive. However, she was very stubborn about it and said that you would need it in the future. Mom had said that you definitely won’t, so she mustn’t say that...”

Lisa had also been a little surprised when she heard about it from Irene.

Banking cord blood was just a sort of insurance. Nobody would wish for it to come into use.

After all, once one needed it, it would mean that they had blood disorders.

So, how could Nora’s mother say such a thing back then?

While she was thinking about it, she saw Nora’s eyes brighten. The woman’s lips slowly curled into a smile and she said, “What a coincidence. I just so happen to need it.”

Lisa: “?”

She was stunned. Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said, “Nora, could it be that you... you...”

No wonder Nora had lost so much weight and was always so lethargic. On top of that, she wasn't in good spirits and was so pale that it looked as if all the blood had drained from her face. Did she have a blood disorder?

While her imagination was running wild, Nora said, “I'm not sick. I just need it for something, that's all.”

Lisa: “??”

Before she could figure it out, Nora had already picked up her cell phone and called Lily. She asked, “Where are you?”

Lily replied, “I'm arranging your operation schedule. There are a few that I can do, so I've fended them off for you. What's up?”

Nora said, “... Find some time to go to California. Go to the hospital and take my cord blood from the cord blood bank, and then do another DNA test.”

“?? You actually still have your cord blood? My god, your mother is so amazing. Did she expect that you'll need it?”

Nora narrowed her eyes. “Perhaps.”

Otherwise, why would Yvette insist on banking her cord blood back then?

These days, she kept feeling like there was a purpose behind all her mother's arrangements.

She couldn't help but think of what Morris had said in the police station. Was her mother really involved with the so-called ‘mysterious organization’? And even participated in their human experiments?

The look in Nora's eyes turned a little cold at the thought, and even her tone became a little impatient. She said, “Go as soon as you can.”

Lily, who heard the change in her emotions, was so scared that she didn't dare to say any more. She immediately replied respectfully, “Okay, I will leave for California right away. I'll be able to produce the newest DNA test results by tomorrow at the latest.”

“Okay.”

Nora hung up. She rubbed her temples and suppressed her irritability. Then, she looked at Lisa. She was about to speak when a voice suddenly reached them.

“Nora! You’re awake? Oh, Nora’s little cousin! You’re here again!”

She and Lisa turned in unison to see Louis walking in from outside.

His blond hair was exceptionally glaring. His eyes on his handsome face lit up a little at the sight of Lisa.

As for Lisa, she reacted like a mouse that had just seen a cat and didn’t even dare to look straight at him. She looked at Nora as if she was complaining and said, “Nora, d-didn’t you say that he won’t be here?”

Nora: “?”

Before she could speak, Louis had come up to them. He said, “Yeah, I originally wasn’t planning to come back tonight, either. But Lucy called me and said that Nora was asking whether I would be home tonight, so I turned down Chester when he asked me out and specially came back!”

Lisa: “!!”

Nora: “!!!!”

Nora wanted to say something, but Lisa had already jumped up and said, “Nora, I... I suddenly remembered that I have a paper that I need to write. It’s very urgent, so I’m leaving first! Mom was very worried about you, but now that I see that you’re doing well, both Mom and I will be relieved!”

Then, she turned and fled toward the door. “Tell us if someone bullies you. I’ll leave first!”

Nora: “...”

She was planning to have a chat with Lisa that night, but unexpectedly, she had left just like that?

She stepped forward, intending to see her off. But as soon as she did, Louis said enthusiastically, "You don't have to lower yourself to do something like that. Let me do it! I'll see her off!"

After saying that, he chased after Lisa and said, "Nora's little cousin, shall I drive you back to school?"

Lisa's voice traveled over after that. "N-no, you don't have to."

"You don't have to stand on ceremony! C'mon, get in the car."

"We're not that familiar with each other. I'll just hail a cab. Thanks."

Louis's annoying voice traveled over. "Why wouldn't we be familiar with each other? You took my first kiss, you know!"

Panic entered Lisa's voice. "W-what nonsense are you saying? Stop that!"

Louis laughed and said, "No, I can't. I have something to ask you. Will you get in the car and we can talk while we drive there, or shall I ask you right here while you hail a cab?"

"You, you, you..." Lisa stuttered forever but still got in the car silently in the end. Shortly after, the sound of the engine being started up rang out, and they left.

Nora, who had listened to their affairs in the living room for a while: "..."

Just what exactly did Louis do to Lisa the night before?!

She shook her head and went upstairs.

After thinking about it, she still decided to knock on Maureen's door in the end.

Maureen's eyes were still red when she opened the door. Obviously, she had been crying. Nora was about to say a few words to comfort her when Maureen gave her a wry smile and said, "Say, Nora, do you think everything will be fine if Warren and I move out?"

Although Warren loved and respected Ian like a father, and although Warren and Joel got along very well, Maureen really couldn't stand it here anymore, after being bullied by Yvonne again and again.

It wasn't like her family was poor, either, so why should she let someone else bully her here?

Nora wanted to say something, but Maureen said, "Never mind, ignore what I said. Warren and Joel are so close. Neither would Brandon want to leave Mia... I can't do something like that just for myself..."

Nora fell silent.

Warren came back at this point.

He was carrying a matcha cake. As soon as he went up the stairs, he said, "Oh, Nora is here too? I just so happened to buy a matcha cake. It's Maureen's favorite. You guys can eat it together... Dear, what's wrong? Why are your eyes red?"

Maureen turned away. Then, she forced a smile and said, "It's nothing. Something got in my eyes..."

Warren went up to her and circled around her. "What got into your eyes? What's the matter? Did someone bully you?"

As soon as he said that, Maureen's eyes immediately reddened.

She was about to say something when Yvonne opened the door and came out. She sighed and said, "It's just a dress, Maureen. If you like it that much, then I'll just let you have it, okay?"

She lowered her head and her eyes reddened. "Joel has already confiscated my rights to manage the house anyway.. I don't have a place in this family anymore."

She looked just as if she had suffered some kind of injustice.

Warren was aware that Yvonne had been stripped of her authority to manage the household. When he heard what she said, he subconsciously assumed that it was Maureen who was fighting with her over a dress.

Taken aback, he turned to Maureen and asked, "What dress is she talking about, dear?"

He grabbed Maureen and led her to the side. "I get it now. It's time to custom-make clothes today again, right? Did you get angry again?"

During the past few years, the aggressive Maureen would always get angry once a year.

After Warren found out about it, he would always go out of his way to make her happy during those few days. He either took her out shopping or took her overseas for a vacation.

He subconsciously tried to persuade her and said, "Didn't we already agree on this? It'll be fine once she marries into another family. You'll have the biggest say in the family after that! And you can choose all the clothes you want after that! Her marriage with the Hunts has already gone up in smoke now, so her future husband's family definitely won't be as good as the Smiths. What's the point in fighting with her over a dress..."

"What's the point in fighting with her over a dress"...

That one line of his instantly made Maureen feel even more aggrieved.

Even though someone had bullied her at home, she still thought of being considerate toward her husband and son, but what about her husband? All he did was take his sister's side in everything!

Maureen stared at Warren. She was really hurt this time. She said, "Do you think I would get angry just because of a dress?"

Warren scratched his head.

As a man with low EQ, he really was rather dense when it came to how girls thought.

Next to them, Yvonne said, "Don't lose your temper at Warren, Maureen. I already said that I would let you have that dress... It was my fault. I should have noticed that you liked that dress and not taken it for myself..."

Her hypocritical words put Maureen at such a loss for words that she couldn't say anything at all.

Yet, Warren actually believed her. He walked over to Yvonne and said, "Since you are so generous, then I won't stand on ceremony, Yvonne. Haha, how about this? I'll take you out tomorrow for some clothes shopping, okay?"

Yvonne smiled and replied, "You're standing too much on ceremony if you say that, Warren. We're family; I should give in to Maureen once in a while."

"... You're the most sensible one, after all. Don't hold it against Maureen!"

Nora stared at Yvonne. Her two-faced behavior in front of the men of the Smiths wasn't anything surprising to her anymore.

She merely thought that Yvonne looked very laughable at the moment.

Maureen, however, was furious. It was clearly Yvonne who had snatched her dress, yet she looked like the insensible one now!

With her eyes red, she shouted furiously, "Warren! Smith!"

Warren immediately looked back at her timidly. "Dear... What's the matter? The dress is already yours now. Why... are you still unhappy?"

Maureen was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stared at Yvonne and sneered, "You really have a way with schemes, don't you?"

Yvonne lowered her head. "Are you still upset, Maureen? In that case, will it do if I give you all the clothes I picked?"

The EQ-less Warren immediately nodded. "Yeah, it will! Dear, look at how Yvonne has already given in. As they say, harmony in the family brings prosperity. Let's let this matter go..."

Maureen: "!!"

She was so angry that she simply couldn't say anything. Her finger trembled as she stared and pointed at Yvonne. Then, she pointed at Warren. "You'd rather believe her over me?"

Warren scratched his head. "No, it's not about who I believe or whatnot. Weren't we talking about clothes, dear? How did it turn into about who I believe? You've totally confused me!"

Yvonne also sighed. "We're family, Maureen. If you're still dissatisfied, then will it do if I apologize to you?"

Maureen retorted, "I'm not worthy of your apology! After all, this is your home, and you're the eldest daughter of the Smiths. Didn't you say just now that Warren and I are just outsiders?"

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief at once.

Yvonne panicked. "What are you saying, Maureen? Isn't it just a piece of clothing? How did it escalate to this?!"

She looked at Warren and hastily explained, "I think Maureen is being too sensitive and is thinking too much. Warren, I've always seen and treated you like my brother all these years! Dad has also said that I'm the only daughter at home, so all of you are my family!"

Warren frowned. He looked at Yvonne, and then at Maureen.

Maureen wasn't someone who made groundless accusations. Since she had said so, then there was no doubt that Yvonne had said that. However, Yvonne was also someone reliable who looked at the big picture usually, so how would she possibly say something like that?

While he was hesitating, Yvonne said, "Out of all my brothers in the family, I'm the closest with Warren. I know you're suddenly making a scene because Joel doesn't like me anymore, but even so, you can't just sow discord between Warren and I like that!"

Sow discord?

Maureen became even angrier. "In that case, do you dare to repeat what you said just now when you were fighting with me over the clothes downstairs, Yvonne?"

Yvonne frowned. "What did I say? Maureen, I really don't know what you're talking about!"

Maureen felt like she was about to explode.

She had always been a straightforward person. She hated hypocritical b*tches like her the most!

It was at this moment that a soft voice reached them. "Tsk."

The three people who were arguing immediately turned to Nora.

She curled her lips disdainfully and said to Yvonne, “I didn’t expect you to have such a bad memory. Have you already forgotten what you said just now?”

Warren immediately looked at Yvonne.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes but remained calm. She heaved a huge sigh and said, “Nora, I know you got into trouble because Mdm. Florence took the pill from my room, but you can’t just make up lies about me like that!”

Practically right after she said that, a voice suddenly played from Nora’s cell phone.

“I can just like collecting red clothes, can’t I?”

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

“Am I the one who shouldn’t go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else’s roof? Maureen, do you really think you’re one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You’re all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!”

“Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

“ ... ”

Yvonne’s voice played clearly from the audio recording.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully and looked at a stunned Yvonne. Her lips curled into a smile.

Did they really think that she would allow Yvonne to behave so arrogantly in the Smiths’ manor? She hadn’t done anything just now only because these

recordings were more than enough to expose her true colors to the Smith brothers!!

After the recording was played, the entire second floor was silent.

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief.

He did not expect his gentle and elegant sister to speak like this to his wife in private.

He looked at Maureen again.

In the past, he always felt that his wife had a bad temper. She was not sensible and did not know how to be humble. After all, she was pampered like a little princess in her family.

However, her eyes were red at this moment. It was obvious that she had suffered a lot of grievances.

Yes.

Although his wife did have a bad temper, she had always been open and straightforward. If he had not forced her to this extent, how could they have quarreled like this?

Maureen had thought that the matter would be like any other dispute in the past, making Warren feel that she was not sensible enough. She did not expect the situation to take a turn in her favor!

She looked at Nora in shock.

Her eyes turned red again.

She looked at Warren with a trembling voice. "Did you hear that? Is this about a piece of clothing?"

Warren's heart ached so much that his expression changed. He walked quickly to stand in front of Maureen and looked at Yvonne. "Yvonne, so that's what you think!"

Yvonne bit her lip, wanting to explain. "Warren, I..."

However, Warren had already interrupted her. "In the past, no matter what Maureen said about you, I would always be on your side. I didn't expect you to be such a two-faced person! You said one thing in front of me and another behind my back! My wife isn't someone you can humiliate!"

He pointed at Yvonne in rage. "I never expected you to be such a selfish person!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Warren, that's not what I meant. I..."

However, Warren was already ignoring her. He directly wrapped his arm around Maureen's shoulder and said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I never knew that you were being treated like this at home. It's too unpleasant. We don't need to live under someone else's roof. It's not like we don't have a house outside. Let's go!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren.

No matter what, Warren was still a member of the Smiths. Moreover, she was indeed in the wrong for blowing up this matter.

Ian did not have a son, so although Ian's generation had separated, his nephews from the next generation all lived in the Smiths' manor.

Yvonne was an adopted daughter. Sooner or later, she would be married off. This family would belong to Joel sooner or later!

Yvonne could bully Maureen and even look down on Nora, but she could not look down on Warren!

She rushed forward again and grabbed Warren's arm. She called him with an intimate tone, "Brother, I..."

Before she could finish, Warren pushed her back a few steps.

Warren's face was cold. "Don't. Don't call me that. You're the eldest daughter, I'm just from the side family. I don't dare to let you call me brother!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren. She could only look at Nora and scold her directly. "Why are you so despicable?! You actually recorded it!"

Nora lowered her eyes. "If I hadn't recorded it, how could I have broken your disguise?"

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

"But Nora, do you think you're so smug just because you're a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you're just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you're so glorious?"

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora's cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. "You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!"

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, "You're not worthy of mentioning my mother."

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, "Why don't you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!"

These words angered Warren. "It's my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?"

Yvonne sneered. "I'm the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!"

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. "In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!"

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. “What should I do if you guys leave? Who’s going to cook for me tonight?”

The two of them coughed. “About that, we don’t know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let’s hurry and get out!”

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She’d asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I’m sorry, I’m a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: “!!”

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now, there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!"

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. "What did you say?"

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, "Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!" before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. "Granduncle, why are you here?"

This Granduncle was Ian's third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths' dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle's eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian's methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian's match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

“What do I mean?” The wrinkles on Granduncle’s face furrowed as he scolded, “Your Uncle Ian isn’t dead yet, but you can’t wait to chase his daughter out?”

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne’s eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, “Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!”

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to “help his adopted daughter?”

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. “What did you do wrong?”

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, “I shouldn’t have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?”

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, “Big Brother, I’m doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she’s back, Dad’s illness has worsened. Wasn’t it all

because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

“That’s right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith’s nurturing!”

Facing everyone’s criticisms, Joel’s attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian’s most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian’s depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, “Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts’ banquet personally. I’m sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian’s orders?”

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, “Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?”

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, “Hmph, you’re full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn’t it all because you’re not Ian’s biological son? I think you’re the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don’t go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn’t dead yet!”

Joel couldn’t be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, “I’m indeed not Uncle Ian’s biological son. But don’t forget that I’m still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I’m sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!”

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, "Joel, don't think I don't know! The medicine I've been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It's just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don't dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine!"

She said firmly, "All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons' medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!"

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine.

Everyone said that he didn't eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy's Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. "Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith."

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was

adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, "No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!"

When she said this, Joel's eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, "Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you've been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?"

Yvonne choked and stuttered, "I, I... I'm just fulfilling Dad's wish!"

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, “Treat him first!”

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor’s words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. "He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that."

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne's feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. "I-I want to see Dad!"

"Yes, let's go see Mr. Smith!"

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. "The patient has just finished his surgery. It's easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let's wait for the patient's condition to improve before we talk."

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, "Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now."

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, "Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period."

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 342 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Joel drove seriously and didn't speak anymore.

Joel didn't get out of the car when they arrived at the Smiths'. He explained, "I have something to take care of at the company."

After lazing for a day in the villa, he had to pay back what he owed, after all.

Nora nodded.

She took Pete into the house and they had lunch together.

In the afternoon, she sent a text message to Lisa: 'Are you here yet?'

Lisa replied: "I'm on the way. Be there soon."

Nora put her phone aside and waited for Lisa.

Her aunt must have seen the live-stream and become worried when she learned of the case, so she had sent Lisa here. Her aunt would probably continue to worry until Lisa saw with her own eyes that she was alright.

Also, for some reason, she had a vague feeling that Lisa would bring her some kind of news when she arrived.

Pete went upstairs to read. Nora sat on the sofa in the living room.

Lisa wasn't here yet, but she instead saw Lucy, the housekeeper, coming in with someone who looked like some kind of manager. Lucy said, "Great timing, Ms. Nora. They've brought the new season's clothes over, so you can pick some for yourself."

As a top-class wealthy family, the Smiths ordered custom-made clothes every season. Of course, as a daughter of the Smiths, if she wanted to buy more clothes herself, then that would be a separate matter.

Representatives from high-end custom brands came to the Smiths every season to let them pick what they wanted from the designer styles. Behind the manager were a few service staff members. Each of them was holding fabric samples for the clothes, as well as a thick magazine featuring various styles of clothing for the ladies of the Smiths to choose from.

When the manager saw Nora, he immediately respectfully handed over the magazine he was holding and said, "Please have a look first, Ms. Smith."

Lucy said, "I'll go and notify Ms. Yvonne and Mdm. Maureen."

They were the only other young women living in the manor. From Quentin, the third son, all the way to Louis, the sixth son, none of them were married yet. Previously, when Hillary, Mia's mother, was still living with the Smiths, she would also come over to pick clothes from the catalog.

However, now that Joel had driven her out, there was one fewer person in the family that was part of the process.

When Yvonne was going downstairs after being notified, she paused slightly and stood on the spiral staircase when she saw Nora and Maureen, who were seated in the living room.

She narrowed her eyes and looked at Lucy.

When they were choosing clothes in the past, Florence would never ask her to go downstairs. She would always take the manager straight to her room and let her have her pick first. It was only after she'd had her pick that she would then let Maureen and Hillary choose from the remaining styles.

Yet, not only was Lucy asking her to go downstairs now, but she was actually even allowing Nora and Maureen to choose ahead of her?!

Yvonne became even more furious.

She felt especially angry when she saw how Maureen and Nora were huddled together and looking at the magazine like close girlfriends. The intimacy between the two of them was completely different from how they treated her.

Yvonne lowered her gaze and suddenly sneered.

She went downstairs and sat on the one-seater sofa at the side.

The manager immediately presented another magazine to her.

Yvonne listened to the other two women's conversations while she looked at her own magazine. Maureen said, "This red dress is gorgeous! And it even makes one look tall and slim!"

"...Oh," Nora said.

Yvonne flipped to the section featuring this season's red dresses when she heard her.

Red was too orthodox a color, so there were generally relatively fewer designs every season.

Additionally, after so many years, Yvonne had already come to know since a long time ago that Maureen favored red clothes.

In the past, she would always deliberately pick the attractive red designs first, and leave two unattractive designs for Maureen, despite the fact that red didn't actually suit her.

She had done that just to let Maureen know who the noblest woman in the family was.

But now...

Yvonne suddenly pointed to the magazine and remarked, "Nora, this red dress suits you really well!"

The design she was pointing to was the most unique and prettiest one of the year. Maureen had already had her eye on it a long time ago.

Nora, who was taken aback, looked over. The dress was indeed pretty nice.

"Doesn't it look great?" Yvonne's lips curled in a smile and she said, "I'll let you pick first since this is your first year with us. I think this dress is pretty nice, and it's also the best design this year. Why don't you take it?"

Now that the dress she loved had been snatched away, let's see if Maureen would still get along with her!

Yvonne thought to herself viciously.

She looked at Maureen after she spoke. Sure enough, the light in her eyes had dimmed. She sat upright, coughed, and turned over the page where the red dress was on the magazine she was holding.

This meant that she had given up.

However, she definitely wasn't going to be happy about it.

See? No matter how good a relationship they shared, it was nevertheless still fake. A mere dress could easily estrange the two of them.

While Yvonne was sneering at them, Nora said in a low voice, "Yeah, that dress is certainly pretty nice."

Yvonne was thrilled. Sure enough, she saw Maureen stiffen.

Nevertheless, she still suppressed her fondness for the dress. Her smile became a little forced, but she still said to Nora, "The dress suits you very well."

Then, as if she had convinced herself about it, she resumed her usual bighearted demeanor and said, "Besides, true red gives one a lot of presence, so it suits formal occasions a lot. This is the first year since your return, Nora, so it's a good idea for you to pick this dress."

She actually became a little more generous?

Yvonne clenched her fists.

Maureen was simply too much. Every time she snatched the dresses from her, she had always looked at her as if she had just robbed her of her baby.

Yet, when it was Nora who snatched the dress she wanted from her, she actually got over it?

Was this the difference between someone who had blood relations to the family and someone who didn't?!

She was still thinking about it furiously when Nora said, "No, it's okay. The dress suits you a lot."

Yvonne: ??

She abruptly looked at Nora, only to see that she was looking at Maureen. She said, "Red suits you a lot."

Maureen's eyes lit up. "Do you think so, too?"

Nora nodded. "Yeah."

She wasn't stupid. Maureen had flipped straight to that page when she picked up the magazine, and also stared at it for really long. She had even wondered why she hadn't just taken it immediately if she liked it.

It wasn't until Yvonne came down that she suddenly figured out why.

The dress didn't really matter to her anyway, why deprive someone of what they liked?

Sure enough, Maureen got up happily. She was so excited that even her eyes had turned a little red.

For the first time... For the very first time, she felt respected in the Smiths.

In the past, all the good things in the family were always given to Yvonne first, and she had also taken them all very unceremoniously. Maureen could never get anything she really liked.

It wasn't that bad if it was just once or twice, but once it built up, even someone with a big heart like Maureen found it hard not to feel resentful about it.

Courtesy was a virtue, but it wasn't always true that courtesy without any limit would always win one respect.

Moreover, they were all women in their twenties. She was only three or four years older than Yvonne, so why did she have to give in to her all the time?

However, she had gained recognition from Nora in this instant.

She held Nora's hand excitedly and said, "Nora, you're so... so... How can anyone not like you?"

Maureen was so excited that she gave Nora a peck on the cheek. Then, she said happily to the manager, "Make this dress in my measurements!"

The manager had the body measurements of all the ladies in the Smiths.

The manager was about to nod when Yvonne, who was standing beside him, clenched her fists in fury.

After her expression changed a few times, she suddenly took a step forward and interrupted the manager before he could speak. She said, "Wait a minute. Sorry, Maureen, but I actually really like this dress, too.. I'm taking the dress, sir."

Yvonne sounded just like she was giving someone orders.

This stunned the manager for a moment, but it seemed like he was already accustomed to the atmosphere among the Smiths, so he subconsciously replied, "Okay, Ms. Yvonne."

But after he did, even he himself was dumbfounded.

Maureen and Nora were also taken aback.

Both of them looked at Yvonne.

Maureen said shrilly, "D-didn't you not want that dress? Isn't that why you recommended it to Nora?"

Yvonne lowered her gaze and said with a smile, “You may have misunderstood, Maureen. I’ve always liked red dresses. It’s not like you don’t know that. I just thought the dress suited Nora very much today, so I wanted to let her have it. But since she doesn’t want it, shouldn’t we pick the clothes in accordance with the order?”

Maureen immediately flushed.

She really liked the dress very much because it had the nicest design out of all the styles she had seen in recent years!

She had indeed wanted to let Nora have it just now, too. After all, she had only just returned to the Smiths, so she didn’t look like she had any appropriate clothes.

But Nora had unexpectedly given it to her instead. That was why she had accepted it.

How did something that was supposed to already be in the bag disappear just like that?

An upset Maureen looked at Yvonne again.

She was aggressive, and there was none of the pretenses and hypocrisy she used to have on her face right now. It seemed like something had triggered her, and even her facial expression looked a little savage. She had the words ‘I just want to make you unhappy’ blatantly written all over her face!

Maureen’s temper got the better of her and she started to argue. She said, “What’s the meaning of this, Yvonne? Are you targeting me on purpose?”

Yvonne kept her expression under control and said, “How am I targeting you, Maureen? You’re obviously the one fighting with me over the clothes, aren’t you?”

Maureen: “?”

She yelled furiously, “Just who exactly is fighting with whom? Let’s make things clear today! I have been married to Warren for seven years. There are four seasons a year, so this is the 28th time I’m picking clothes now. When have I ever not given in to you?! But what about you? All the red dresses you chose have all become moldy in your closet, haven’t they? How many times

have you ever worn red clothes? You clearly know that red is my favorite color! The way I see it, you're doing it on purpose, aren't you?"

With a smile on her face, Yvonne said smugly, "I told you, Maureen. I like red, too."

As soon as she said that, Nora interrupted her indifferently and said, "But red doesn't suit you. Your looks are too tame to pull off the color."

Yvonne's looks were ladylike and delicate.

However, long red dresses usually needed to be matched with bright and vivid looks.

This was something that everyone knew, but no one had ever said it to her face!

For a moment there, Yvonne flushed bright red!

She looked at Nora furiously, and then at Maureen. She became so angry that she didn't bother putting on a pretense anymore. She yelled, "I can just like collecting red clothes, can't I?"

"So what even if I don't wear them and put them all in the closet?"

"As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?"

Nora: "!!"

Maureen: "!!!"

The two looked at each other. Neither of them had expected Yvonne to actually fall out with them openly. Also, she looked just like a shrew at the moment.

Maureen frowned and warned, "Don't go too far, Yvonne!"

Yvonne scoffed, "Am I the one who shouldn't go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else's roof? Maureen, do you really think you're one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is

the real master of the Smiths! You're all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!"

She deliberately emphasized 'temporary', making Maureen flush.

Lucy couldn't bear to listen anymore. She said, "Ms. Yvonne, we're all family. Why go so far? Besides, Mr. Warren and Mr. Joel are very close!"

Warren lived in the manor because he got along well with Joel, and felt that this was his home.

Yvonne looked at her viciously. "Do I have to do what you say or get Joel's permission when I'm ordering clothes in my own home? Am I the one disregarding familial ties, or is she the one who's being ungrateful?!"

"Dad isn't dead yet, yet all of you already dare to act like you're the masters of the house, and step beyond your boundaries as a servant and slight me? Seems like I should get someone to have a good talk with the people at our ancestral home!"

The arrogant woman's words became more and more awful. She said, "Joel isn't Dad's adopted son, either. I'm Dad's one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?"

Lucy was rendered speechless by her.

Yvonne, however, dragged her to the door and said, "Since that's the case, you can come with me to our ancestral home! Let's go to my granduncles there and see what they say about this!"

Lucy immediately pleaded for mercy. "Spare me, Ms. Yvonne! I was wrong!"

Should they really go to the ancestral home, wouldn't everyone say that Joel was being disrespectful to his elders?!

He was the successor that Ian had chosen, yet as soon as Ian fell into a coma, he started to bully and oppress his daughter?

Lucy didn't care whether it was embarrassing for her or not. She tried to appease Yvonne and said, "Ms. Yvonne, this matter isn't that serious. It's just a piece of clothing, isn't it...?"

She looked at Maureen for help after she spoke.

Lucy had watched both Joel and Warren grow up, and was especially close with both brothers. Thus, she also got along well with Maureen.

Maureen didn't have the heart to implicate an old-time servant who had been serving the family for so long just because of this.

She suppressed her grievances and said, "Fine, I'll let you have the dress!"

After saying that, she turned and went straight upstairs while saying, "I won't order anything this year."

She could buy ready-made clothes even if she didn't custom-make anything anyway, so why should she let others bully her here?

Satisfied, Yvonne sat on the main sofa. Then, without looking at Nora, she said to the manager, "I want this, this, this... and also this. Make them all in my size."

"... Yes, ma'am," said the manager.

After ordering the clothes, Yvonne turned and went upstairs. When she passed by Nora, she said, "This is my father's home, after all."

Nora: "..."

She had also lost interest in choosing clothes, so she waved and sent the manager out.

There was no one left in the living room. In this instant, she finally understood all those things that Maureen had said previously, and also finally understood how much injustice she had suffered over the years.

While she was thinking about it, Lucy led Lisa in and said, "Ms. Nora, your cousin is here."

Nora put her thoughts away and stood up.

Lisa had already rushed straight up to her. She took her hand and said, "At last, Nora!"

Nora smiled at her.

Lisa looked at her carefully. It was only when she found that she hadn't suffered any injustice that she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she smiled and said, "By the way, my mom wants me to pass you a message.. She says that your cord blood is still in the cord blood bank in the hospital."

Panda Novel

Cord blood?

Nora was slightly taken aback to hear that. She said, "My cord blood is still around?"

Lisa nodded. "Yes. Mom says that back then, when Aunt Yvette... when your mom gave birth to you, she had insisted on banking your cord blood. To be honest, this wasn't a popular practice in the country at that time and wasn't widely promoted in hospitals, either, so it was very expensive. However, she was very stubborn about it and said that you would need it in the future. Mom had said that you definitely won't, so she mustn't say that..."

Lisa had also been a little surprised when she heard about it from Irene.

Banking cord blood was just a sort of insurance. Nobody would wish for it to come into use.

After all, once one needed it, it would mean that they had blood disorders.

So, how could Nora's mother say such a thing back then?

While she was thinking about it, she saw Nora's eyes brighten. The woman's lips slowly curled into a smile and she said, "What a coincidence. I just so happen to need it."

Lisa: "?"

She was stunned. Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said, "Nora, could it be that you... you..."

No wonder Nora had lost so much weight and was always so lethargic. On top of that, she wasn't in good spirits and was so pale that it looked as if all the blood had drained from her face. Did she have a blood disorder?

While her imagination was running wild, Nora said, "I'm not sick. I just need it for something, that's all."

Lisa: “??”

Before she could figure it out, Nora had already picked up her cell phone and called Lily. She asked, “Where are you?”

Lily replied, “I’m arranging your operation schedule. There are a few that I can do, so I’ve fended them off for you. What’s up?”

Nora said, “... Find some time to go to California. Go to the hospital and take my cord blood from the cord blood bank, and then do another DNA test.”

“?? You actually still have your cord blood? My god, your mother is so amazing. Did she expect that you’ll need it?”

Nora narrowed her eyes. “Perhaps.”

Otherwise, why would Yvette insist on banking her cord blood back then?

These days, she kept feeling like there was a purpose behind all her mother’s arrangements.

She couldn’t help but think of what Morris had said in the police station. Was her mother really involved with the so-called ‘mysterious organization’? And even participated in their human experiments?

The look in Nora’s eyes turned a little cold at the thought, and even her tone became a little impatient. She said, “Go as soon as you can.”

Lily, who heard the change in her emotions, was so scared that she didn’t dare to say any more. She immediately replied respectfully, “Okay, I will leave for California right away. I’ll be able to produce the newest DNA test results by tomorrow at the latest.”

“Okay.”

Nora hung up. She rubbed her temples and suppressed her irritability. Then, she looked at Lisa. She was about to speak when a voice suddenly reached them.

“Nora! You’re awake? Oh, Nora’s little cousin! You’re here again!”

She and Lisa turned in unison to see Louis walking in from outside.

His blond hair was exceptionally glaring. His eyes on his handsome face lit up a little at the sight of Lisa.

As for Lisa, she reacted like a mouse that had just seen a cat and didn't even dare to look straight at him. She looked at Nora as if she was complaining and said, "Nora, d-didn't you say that he won't be here?"

Nora: "?"

Before she could speak, Louis had come up to them. He said, "Yeah, I originally wasn't planning to come back tonight, either. But Lucy called me and said that Nora was asking whether I would be home tonight, so I turned down Chester when he asked me out and specially came back!"

Lisa: "!!"

Nora: "!!!!"

Nora wanted to say something, but Lisa had already jumped up and said, "Nora, I... I suddenly remembered that I have a paper that I need to write. It's very urgent, so I'm leaving first! Mom was very worried about you, but now that I see that you're doing well, both Mom and I will be relieved!"

Then, she turned and fled toward the door. "Tell us if someone bullies you. I'll leave first!"

Nora: "..."

She was planning to have a chat with Lisa that night, but unexpectedly, she had left just like that?

She stepped forward, intending to see her off. But as soon as she did, Louis said enthusiastically, "You don't have to lower yourself to do something like that. Let me do it! I'll see her off!"

After saying that, he chased after Lisa and said, "Nora's little cousin, shall I drive you back to school?"

Lisa's voice traveled over after that. "N-no, you don't have to."

"You don't have to stand on ceremony! C'mon, get in the car."

"We're not that familiar with each other. I'll just hail a cab. Thanks."

Louis's annoying voice traveled over. "Why wouldn't we be familiar with each other? You took my first kiss, you know!"

Panic entered Lisa's voice. "W-what nonsense are you saying? Stop that!"

Louis laughed and said, "No, I can't. I have something to ask you. Will you get in the car and we can talk while we drive there, or shall I ask you right here while you hail a cab?"

"You, you, you..." Lisa stuttered forever but still got in the car silently in the end. Shortly after, the sound of the engine being started up rang out, and they left.

Nora, who had listened to their affairs in the living room for a while: "..."

Just what exactly did Louis do to Lisa the night before?!

She shook her head and went upstairs.

After thinking about it, she still decided to knock on Maureen's door in the end.

Maureen's eyes were still red when she opened the door. Obviously, she had been crying. Nora was about to say a few words to comfort her when Maureen gave her a wry smile and said, "Say, Nora, do you think everything will be fine if Warren and I move out?"

Although Warren loved and respected Ian like a father, and although Warren and Joel got along very well, Maureen really couldn't stand it here anymore, after being bullied by Yvonne again and again.

It wasn't like her family was poor, either, so why should she let someone else bully her here?

Nora wanted to say something, but Maureen said, "Never mind, ignore what I said. Warren and Joel are so close. Neither would Brandon want to leave Mia... I can't do something like that just for myself..."

Nora fell silent.

Warren came back at this point.

He was carrying a matcha cake. As soon as he went up the stairs, he said, "Oh, Nora is here too? I just so happened to buy a matcha cake. It's

Maureen's favorite. You guys can eat it together... Dear, what's wrong? Why are your eyes red?"

Maureen turned away. Then, she forced a smile and said, "It's nothing. Something got in my eyes..."

Warren went up to her and circled around her. "What got into your eyes? What's the matter? Did someone bully you?"

As soon as he said that, Maureen's eyes immediately reddened.

She was about to say something when Yvonne opened the door and came out. She sighed and said, "It's just a dress, Maureen. If you like it that much, then I'll just let you have it, okay?"

She lowered her head and her eyes reddened. "Joel has already confiscated my rights to manage the house anyway.. I don't have a place in this family anymore."

She looked just as if she had suffered some kind of injustice.

Warren was aware that Yvonne had been stripped of her authority to manage the household. When he heard what she said, he subconsciously assumed that it was Maureen who was fighting with her over a dress.

Taken aback, he turned to Maureen and asked, "What dress is she talking about, dear?"

He grabbed Maureen and led her to the side. "I get it now. It's time to custom-make clothes today again, right? Did you get angry again?"

During the past few years, the aggressive Maureen would always get angry once a year.

After Warren found out about it, he would always go out of his way to make her happy during those few days. He either took her out shopping or took her overseas for a vacation.

He subconsciously tried to persuade her and said, "Didn't we already agree on this? It'll be fine once she marries into another family. You'll have the biggest say in the family after that! And you can choose all the clothes you want after that! Her marriage with the Hunts has already gone up in smoke

now, so her future husband's family definitely won't be as good as the Smiths. What's the point in fighting with her over a dress..."

"What's the point in fighting with her over a dress"...

That one line of his instantly made Maureen feel even more aggrieved.

Even though someone had bullied her at home, she still thought of being considerate toward her husband and son, but what about her husband? All he did was take his sister's side in everything!

Maureen stared at Warren. She was really hurt this time. She said, "Do you think I would get angry just because of a dress?"

Warren scratched his head.

As a man with low EQ, he really was rather dense when it came to how girls thought.

Next to them, Yvonne said, "Don't lose your temper at Warren, Maureen. I already said that I would let you have that dress... It was my fault. I should have noticed that you liked that dress and not taken it for myself..."

Her hypocritical words put Maureen at such a loss for words that she couldn't say anything at all.

Yet, Warren actually believed her. He walked over to Yvonne and said, "Since you are so generous, then I won't stand on ceremony, Yvonne. Haha, how about this? I'll take you out tomorrow for some clothes shopping, okay?"

Yvonne smiled and replied, "You're standing too much on ceremony if you say that, Warren. We're family; I should give in to Maureen once in a while."

"... You're the most sensible one, after all. Don't hold it against Maureen!"

Nora stared at Yvonne. Her two-faced behavior in front of the men of the Smiths wasn't anything surprising to her anymore.

She merely thought that Yvonne looked very laughable at the moment.

Maureen, however, was furious. It was clearly Yvonne who had snatched her dress, yet she looked like the insensible one now!

With her eyes red, she shouted furiously, “Warren! Smith!”

Warren immediately looked back at her timidly. “Dear... What’s the matter? The dress is already yours now. Why... are you still unhappy?”

Maureen was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stared at Yvonne and sneered, “You really have a way with schemes, don’t you?”

Yvonne lowered her head. “Are you still upset, Maureen? In that case, will it do if I give you all the clothes I picked?”

The EQ-less Warren immediately nodded. “Yeah, it will! Dear, look at how Yvonne has already given in. As they say, harmony in the family brings prosperity. Let’s let this matter go...”

Maureen: “!!”

She was so angry that she simply couldn’t say anything. Her finger trembled as she stared and pointed at Yvonne. Then, she pointed at Warren. “You’d rather believe her over me?”

Warren scratched his head. “No, it’s not about who I believe or whatnot. Weren’t we talking about clothes, dear? How did it turn into about who I believe? You’ve totally confused me!”

Yvonne also sighed. “We’re family, Maureen. If you’re still dissatisfied, then will it do if I apologize to you?”

Maureen retorted, “I’m not worthy of your apology! After all, this is your home, and you’re the eldest daughter of the Smiths. Didn’t you say just now that Warren and I are just outsiders?”

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief at once.

Yvonne panicked. “What are you saying, Maureen? Isn’t it just a piece of clothing? How did it escalate to this?!”

She looked at Warren and hastily explained, “I think Maureen is being too sensitive and is thinking too much. Warren, I’ve always seen and treated you like my brother all these years! Dad has also said that I’m the only daughter at home, so all of you are my family!”

Warren frowned. He looked at Yvonne, and then at Maureen.

Maureen wasn't someone who made groundless accusations. Since she had said so, then there was no doubt that Yvonne had said that. However, Yvonne was also someone reliable who looked at the big picture usually, so how would she possibly say something like that?

While he was hesitating, Yvonne said, "Out of all my brothers in the family, I'm the closest with Warren. I know you're suddenly making a scene because Joel doesn't like me anymore, but even so, you can't just sow discord between Warren and I like that!"

Sow discord?

Maureen became even angrier. "In that case, do you dare to repeat what you said just now when you were fighting with me over the clothes downstairs, Yvonne?"

Yvonne frowned. "What did I say? Maureen, I really don't know what you're talking about!"

Maureen felt like she was about to explode.

She had always been a straightforward person. She hated hypocritical b*tches like her the most!

It was at this moment that a soft voice reached them. "Tsk."

The three people who were arguing immediately turned to Nora.

She curled her lips disdainfully and said to Yvonne, "I didn't expect you to have such a bad memory. Have you already forgotten what you said just now?"

Warren immediately looked at Yvonne.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes but remained calm. She heaved a huge sigh and said, "Nora, I know you got into trouble because Mdm. Florence took the pill from my room, but you can't just make up lies about me like that!"

Practically right after she said that, a voice suddenly played from Nora's cell phone.

“I can just like collecting red clothes, can’t I?”

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

“Am I the one who shouldn’t go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else’s roof? Maureen, do you really think you’re one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You’re all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!”

“Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

“ ... ”

Yvonne’s voice played clearly from the audio recording.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully and looked at a stunned Yvonne. Her lips curled into a smile.

Did they really think that she would allow Yvonne to behave so arrogantly in the Smiths’ manor? She hadn’t done anything just now only because these recordings were more than enough to expose her true colors to the Smith brothers!!

After the recording was played, the entire second floor was silent.

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief.

He did not expect his gentle and elegant sister to speak like this to his wife in private.

He looked at Maureen again.

In the past, he always felt that his wife had a bad temper. She was not sensible and did not know how to be humble. After all, she was pampered like a little princess in her family.

However, her eyes were red at this moment. It was obvious that she had suffered a lot of grievances.

Yes.

Although his wife did have a bad temper, she had always been open and straightforward. If he had not forced her to this extent, how could they have quarreled like this?

Maureen had thought that the matter would be like any other dispute in the past, making Warren feel that she was not sensible enough. She did not expect the situation to take a turn in her favor!

She looked at Nora in shock.

Her eyes turned red again.

She looked at Warren with a trembling voice. "Did you hear that? Is this about a piece of clothing?"

Warren's heart ached so much that his expression changed. He walked quickly to stand in front of Maureen and looked at Yvonne. "Yvonne, so that's what you think!"

Yvonne bit her lip, wanting to explain. "Warren, I..."

However, Warren had already interrupted her. "In the past, no matter what Maureen said about you, I would always be on your side. I didn't expect you to be such a two-faced person! You said one thing in front of me and another behind my back! My wife isn't someone you can humiliate!"

He pointed at Yvonne in rage. "I never expected you to be such a selfish person!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Warren, that's not what I meant. I..."

However, Warren was already ignoring her. He directly wrapped his arm around Maureen's shoulder and said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I never knew that you were being treated like this at home. It's too unpleasant. We don't need to live under someone else's roof. It's not like we don't have a house outside. Let's go!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren.

No matter what, Warren was still a member of the Smiths. Moreover, she was indeed in the wrong for blowing up this matter.

Ian did not have a son, so although Ian's generation had separated, his nephews from the next generation all lived in the Smiths' manor.

Yvonne was an adopted daughter. Sooner or later, she would be married off. This family would belong to Joel sooner or later!

Yvonne could bully Maureen and even look down on Nora, but she could not look down on Warren!

She rushed forward again and grabbed Warren's arm. She called him with an intimate tone, "Brother, I..."

Before she could finish, Warren pushed her back a few steps.

Warren's face was cold. "Don't. Don't call me that. You're the eldest daughter, I'm just from the side family. I don't dare to let you call me brother!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren. She could only look at Nora and scold her directly. "Why are you so despicable?! You actually recorded it!"

Nora lowered her eyes. "If I hadn't recorded it, how could I have broken your disguise?"

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

“But Nora, do you think you’re so smug just because you’re a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you’re just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you’re so glorious?”

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora’s cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. “You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!”

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, “You’re not worthy of mentioning my mother.”

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, “Why don’t you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!”

These words angered Warren. “It’s my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?”

Yvonne sneered. “I’m the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!”

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. “In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!”

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. "What should I do if you guys leave? Who's going to cook for me tonight?"

The two of them coughed. "About that, we don't know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let's hurry and get out!"

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She'd asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I'm sorry, I'm a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: "!!"

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in

New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now,

there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!”

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. “What did you say?”

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, “Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!” before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. “Granduncle, why are you here?”

This Granduncle was Ian’s third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths’ dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle’s eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian’s methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian’s match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" The wrinkles on Granduncle's face furrowed as he scolded, "Your Uncle Ian isn't dead yet, but you can't wait to chase his daughter out?"

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne's eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, "Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!"

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to "help his adopted daughter?"

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. "What did you do wrong?"

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, "I shouldn't have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?"

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, "Big Brother, I'm doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she's back, Dad's illness has worsened. Wasn't it all because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

"That's right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith's nurturing!"

Facing everyone's criticisms, Joel's attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian's most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian's depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, "Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts' banquet personally. I'm sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian's orders?"

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, "Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?"

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, "Hmph, you're full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn't it all because you're not Ian's biological son? I think you're the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don't go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn't dead yet!"

Joel couldn't be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, "I'm indeed not Uncle Ian's biological son. But don't forget that I'm still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I'm sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!"

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, "Joel, don't think I don't know! The medicine I've been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It's just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don't dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine!"

She said firmly, "All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons' medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!"

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine.

Everyone said that he didn't eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy's Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. "Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith."

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the

agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, “No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!”

When she said this, Joel’s eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, “Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you’ve been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?”

Yvonne choked and stuttered, “I, I... I’m just fulfilling Dad’s wish!”

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, "Treat him first!"

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor's words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

“How’s Dad?”

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. “Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. “Of course. The surgery was very successful.”

The words “very successful” made Yvonne’s face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. “He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that.”

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne’s feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. “I-I want to see Dad!”

“Yes, let’s go see Mr. Smith!”

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. “The patient has just finished his surgery. It’s easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let’s wait for the patient’s condition to improve before we talk.”

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, “Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now.”

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, “Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period.”

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

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Yvonne sounded just like she was giving someone orders.

This stunned the manager for a moment, but it seemed like he was already accustomed to the atmosphere among the Smiths, so he subconsciously replied, "Okay, Ms. Yvonne."

But after he did, even he himself was dumbfounded.

Maureen and Nora were also taken aback.

Both of them looked at Yvonne.

Maureen said shrilly, "D-didn't you not want that dress? Isn't that why you recommended it to Nora?"

Yvonne lowered her gaze and said with a smile, "You may have misunderstood, Maureen. I've always liked red dresses. It's not like you don't know that. I just thought the dress suited Nora very much today, so I wanted to let her have it. But since she doesn't want it, shouldn't we pick the clothes in accordance with the order?"

Maureen immediately flushed.

She really liked the dress very much because it had the nicest design out of all the styles she had seen in recent years!

She had indeed wanted to let Nora have it just now, too. After all, she had only just returned to the Smiths, so she didn't look like she had any appropriate clothes.

But Nora had unexpectedly given it to her instead. That was why she had accepted it.

How did something that was supposed to already be in the bag disappear just like that?

An upset Maureen looked at Yvonne again.

She was aggressive, and there was none of the pretenses and hypocrisy she used to have on her face right now. It seemed like something had triggered her, and even her facial expression looked a little savage. She had the words 'I just want to make you unhappy' blatantly written all over her face!

Maureen's temper got the better of her and she started to argue. She said, "What's the meaning of this, Yvonne? Are you targeting me on purpose?"

Yvonne kept her expression under control and said, "How am I targeting you, Maureen? You're obviously the one fighting with me over the clothes, aren't you?"

Maureen: "?"

She yelled furiously, "Just who exactly is fighting with whom? Let's make things clear today! I have been married to Warren for seven years. There are four seasons a year, so this is the 28th time I'm picking clothes now. When have I ever not given in to you?! But what about you? All the red dresses you chose have all become moldy in your closet, haven't they? How many times have you ever worn red clothes? You clearly know that red is my favorite color! The way I see it, you're doing it on purpose, aren't you?"

With a smile on her face, Yvonne said smugly, "I told you, Maureen. I like red, too."

As soon as she said that, Nora interrupted her indifferently and said, "But red doesn't suit you. Your looks are too tame to pull off the color."

Yvonne's looks were ladylike and delicate.

However, long red dresses usually needed to be matched with bright and vivid looks.

This was something that everyone knew, but no one had ever said it to her face!

For a moment there, Yvonne flushed bright red!

She looked at Nora furiously, and then at Maureen. She became so angry that she didn't bother putting on a pretense anymore. She yelled, "I can just like collecting red clothes, can't I?"

"So what even if I don't wear them and put them all in the closet?"

"As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?"

Nora: "!!"

Maureen: "!!!"

The two looked at each other. Neither of them had expected Yvonne to actually fall out with them openly. Also, she looked just like a shrew at the moment.

Maureen frowned and warned, "Don't go too far, Yvonne!"

Yvonne scoffed, "Am I the one who shouldn't go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else's roof? Maureen, do you really think you're one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You're all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!"

She deliberately emphasized 'temporary', making Maureen flush.

Lucy couldn't bear to listen anymore. She said, "Ms. Yvonne, we're all family. Why go so far? Besides, Mr. Warren and Mr. Joel are very close!"

Warren lived in the manor because he got along well with Joel, and felt that this was his home.

Yvonne looked at her viciously. "Do I have to do what you say or get Joel's permission when I'm ordering clothes in my own home? Am I the one disregarding familial ties, or is she the one who's being ungrateful?!"

"Dad isn't dead yet, yet all of you already dare to act like you're the masters of the house, and step beyond your boundaries as a servant and slight me?"

Seems like I should get someone to have a good talk with the people at our ancestral home!”

The arrogant woman’s words became more and more awful. She said, “Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

Lucy was rendered speechless by her.

Yvonne, however, dragged her to the door and said, “Since that’s the case, you can come with me to our ancestral home! Let’s go to my granduncles there and see what they say about this!”

Lucy immediately pleaded for mercy. “Spare me, Ms. Yvonne! I was wrong!”

Should they really go to the ancestral home, wouldn’t everyone say that Joel was being disrespectful to his elders?!

He was the successor that Ian had chosen, yet as soon as Ian fell into a coma, he started to bully and oppress his daughter?

Lucy didn’t care whether it was embarrassing for her or not. She tried to appease Yvonne and said, “Ms. Yvonne, this matter isn’t that serious. It’s just a piece of clothing, isn’t it...?”

She looked at Maureen for help after she spoke.

Lucy had watched both Joel and Warren grow up, and was especially close with both brothers. Thus, she also got along well with Maureen.

Maureen didn’t have the heart to implicate an old-time servant who had been serving the family for so long just because of this.

She suppressed her grievances and said, “Fine, I’ll let you have the dress!”

After saying that, she turned and went straight upstairs while saying, “I won’t order anything this year.”

She could buy ready-made clothes even if she didn’t custom-make anything anyway, so why should she let others bully her here?

Satisfied, Yvonne sat on the main sofa. Then, without looking at Nora, she said to the manager, "I want this, this, this... and also this. Make them all in my size."

"... Yes, ma'am," said the manager.

After ordering the clothes, Yvonne turned and went upstairs. When she passed by Nora, she said, "This is my father's home, after all."

Nora: "..."

She had also lost interest in choosing clothes, so she waved and sent the manager out.

There was no one left in the living room. In this instant, she finally understood all those things that Maureen had said previously, and also finally understood how much injustice she had suffered over the years.

While she was thinking about it, Lucy led Lisa in and said, "Ms. Nora, your cousin is here."

Nora put her thoughts away and stood up.

Lisa had already rushed straight up to her. She took her hand and said, "At last, Nora!"

Nora smiled at her.

Lisa looked at her carefully. It was only when she found that she hadn't suffered any injustice that she finally breathed a sigh of relief. Then, she smiled and said, "By the way, my mom wants me to pass you a message.. She says that your cord blood is still in the cord blood bank in the hospital."

Panda Novel

Cord blood?

Nora was slightly taken aback to hear that. She said, "My cord blood is still around?"

Lisa nodded. "Yes. Mom says that back then, when Aunt Yvette... when your mom gave birth to you, she had insisted on banking your cord blood. To be honest, this wasn't a popular practice in the country at that time and wasn't

widely promoted in hospitals, either, so it was very expensive. However, she was very stubborn about it and said that you would need it in the future. Mom had said that you definitely won't, so she mustn't say that..."

Lisa had also been a little surprised when she heard about it from Irene.

Banking cord blood was just a sort of insurance. Nobody would wish for it to come into use.

After all, once one needed it, it would mean that they had blood disorders.

So, how could Nora's mother say such a thing back then?

While she was thinking about it, she saw Nora's eyes brighten. The woman's lips slowly curled into a smile and she said, "What a coincidence. I just so happen to need it."

Lisa: "?"

She was stunned. Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said, "Nora, could it be that you... you..."

No wonder Nora had lost so much weight and was always so lethargic. On top of that, she wasn't in good spirits and was so pale that it looked as if all the blood had drained from her face. Did she have a blood disorder?

While her imagination was running wild, Nora said, "I'm not sick. I just need it for something, that's all."

Lisa: "??"

Before she could figure it out, Nora had already picked up her cell phone and called Lily. She asked, "Where are you?"

Lily replied, "I'm arranging your operation schedule. There are a few that I can do, so I've fended them off for you. What's up?"

Nora said, "... Find some time to go to California. Go to the hospital and take my cord blood from the cord blood bank, and then do another DNA test."

"?? You actually still have your cord blood? My god, your mother is so amazing. Did she expect that you'll need it?"

Nora narrowed her eyes. "Perhaps."

Otherwise, why would Yvette insist on banking her cord blood back then?

These days, she kept feeling like there was a purpose behind all her mother's arrangements.

She couldn't help but think of what Morris had said in the police station. Was her mother really involved with the so-called 'mysterious organization'? And even participated in their human experiments?

The look in Nora's eyes turned a little cold at the thought, and even her tone became a little impatient. She said, "Go as soon as you can."

Lily, who heard the change in her emotions, was so scared that she didn't dare to say any more. She immediately replied respectfully, "Okay, I will leave for California right away. I'll be able to produce the newest DNA test results by tomorrow at the latest."

"Okay."

Nora hung up. She rubbed her temples and suppressed her irritability. Then, she looked at Lisa. She was about to speak when a voice suddenly reached them.

"Nora! You're awake? Oh, Nora's little cousin! You're here again!"

She and Lisa turned in unison to see Louis walking in from outside.

His blond hair was exceptionally glaring. His eyes on his handsome face lit up a little at the sight of Lisa.

As for Lisa, she reacted like a mouse that had just seen a cat and didn't even dare to look straight at him. She looked at Nora as if she was complaining and said, "Nora, d-didn't you say that he won't be here?"

Nora: "?"

Before she could speak, Louis had come up to them. He said, "Yeah, I originally wasn't planning to come back tonight, either. But Lucy called me and said that Nora was asking whether I would be home tonight, so I turned down Chester when he asked me out and specially came back!"

Lisa: “!!”

Nora: “!!!!”

Nora wanted to say something, but Lisa had already jumped up and said, “Nora, I... I suddenly remembered that I have a paper that I need to write. It’s very urgent, so I’m leaving first! Mom was very worried about you, but now that I see that you’re doing well, both Mom and I will be relieved!”

Then, she turned and fled toward the door. “Tell us if someone bullies you. I’ll leave first!”

Nora: “...”

She was planning to have a chat with Lisa that night, but unexpectedly, she had left just like that?

She stepped forward, intending to see her off. But as soon as she did, Louis said enthusiastically, “You don’t have to lower yourself to do something like that. Let me do it! I’ll see her off!”

After saying that, he chased after Lisa and said, “Nora’s little cousin, shall I drive you back to school?”

Lisa’s voice traveled over after that. “N-no, you don’t have to.”

“You don’t have to stand on ceremony! C’mon, get in the car.”

“We’re not that familiar with each other. I’ll just hail a cab. Thanks.”

Louis’s annoying voice traveled over. “Why wouldn’t we be familiar with each other? You took my first kiss, you know!”

Panic entered Lisa’s voice. “W-what nonsense are you saying? Stop that!”

Louis laughed and said, “No, I can’t. I have something to ask you. Will you get in the car and we can talk while we drive there, or shall I ask you right here while you hail a cab?”

“You, you, you...” Lisa stuttered forever but still got in the car silently in the end. Shortly after, the sound of the engine being started up rang out, and they left.

Nora, who had listened to their affairs in the living room for a while: "..."

Just what exactly did Louis do to Lisa the night before?!

She shook her head and went upstairs.

After thinking about it, she still decided to knock on Maureen's door in the end.

Maureen's eyes were still red when she opened the door. Obviously, she had been crying. Nora was about to say a few words to comfort her when Maureen gave her a wry smile and said, "Say, Nora, do you think everything will be fine if Warren and I move out?"

Although Warren loved and respected Ian like a father, and although Warren and Joel got along very well, Maureen really couldn't stand it here anymore, after being bullied by Yvonne again and again.

It wasn't like her family was poor, either, so why should she let someone else bully her here?

Nora wanted to say something, but Maureen said, "Never mind, ignore what I said. Warren and Joel are so close. Neither would Brandon want to leave Mia... I can't do something like that just for myself..."

Nora fell silent.

Warren came back at this point.

He was carrying a matcha cake. As soon as he went up the stairs, he said, "Oh, Nora is here too? I just so happened to buy a matcha cake. It's Maureen's favorite. You guys can eat it together... Dear, what's wrong? Why are your eyes red?"

Maureen turned away. Then, she forced a smile and said, "It's nothing. Something got in my eyes..."

Warren went up to her and circled around her. "What got into your eyes? What's the matter? Did someone bully you?"

As soon as he said that, Maureen's eyes immediately reddened.

She was about to say something when Yvonne opened the door and came out. She sighed and said, "It's just a dress, Maureen. If you like it that much, then I'll just let you have it, okay?"

She lowered her head and her eyes reddened. "Joel has already confiscated my rights to manage the house anyway.. I don't have a place in this family anymore."

She looked just as if she had suffered some kind of injustice.

Warren was aware that Yvonne had been stripped of her authority to manage the household. When he heard what she said, he subconsciously assumed that it was Maureen who was fighting with her over a dress.

Taken aback, he turned to Maureen and asked, "What dress is she talking about, dear?"

He grabbed Maureen and led her to the side. "I get it now. It's time to custom-make clothes today again, right? Did you get angry again?"

During the past few years, the aggressive Maureen would always get angry once a year.

After Warren found out about it, he would always go out of his way to make her happy during those few days. He either took her out shopping or took her overseas for a vacation.

He subconsciously tried to persuade her and said, "Didn't we already agree on this? It'll be fine once she marries into another family. You'll have the biggest say in the family after that! And you can choose all the clothes you want after that! Her marriage with the Hunts has already gone up in smoke now, so her future husband's family definitely won't be as good as the Smiths. What's the point in fighting with her over a dress..."

"What's the point in fighting with her over a dress"...

That one line of his instantly made Maureen feel even more aggrieved.

Even though someone had bullied her at home, she still thought of being considerate toward her husband and son, but what about her husband? All he did was take his sister's side in everything!

Maureen stared at Warren. She was really hurt this time. She said, "Do you think I would get angry just because of a dress?"

Warren scratched his head.

As a man with low EQ, he really was rather dense when it came to how girls thought.

Next to them, Yvonne said, "Don't lose your temper at Warren, Maureen. I already said that I would let you have that dress... It was my fault. I should have noticed that you liked that dress and not taken it for myself..."

Her hypocritical words put Maureen at such a loss for words that she couldn't say anything at all.

Yet, Warren actually believed her. He walked over to Yvonne and said, "Since you are so generous, then I won't stand on ceremony, Yvonne. Haha, how about this? I'll take you out tomorrow for some clothes shopping, okay?"

Yvonne smiled and replied, "You're standing too much on ceremony if you say that, Warren. We're family; I should give in to Maureen once in a while."

"... You're the most sensible one, after all. Don't hold it against Maureen!"

Nora stared at Yvonne. Her two-faced behavior in front of the men of the Smiths wasn't anything surprising to her anymore.

She merely thought that Yvonne looked very laughable at the moment.

Maureen, however, was furious. It was clearly Yvonne who had snatched her dress, yet she looked like the insensible one now!

With her eyes red, she shouted furiously, "Warren! Smith!"

Warren immediately looked back at her timidly. "Dear... What's the matter? The dress is already yours now. Why... are you still unhappy?"

Maureen was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stared at Yvonne and sneered, "You really have a way with schemes, don't you?"

Yvonne lowered her head. “Are you still upset, Maureen? In that case, will it do if I give you all the clothes I picked?”

The EQ-less Warren immediately nodded. “Yeah, it will! Dear, look at how Yvonne has already given in. As they say, harmony in the family brings prosperity. Let’s let this matter go...”

Maureen: “!!”

She was so angry that she simply couldn’t say anything. Her finger trembled as she stared and pointed at Yvonne. Then, she pointed at Warren. “You’d rather believe her over me?”

Warren scratched his head. “No, it’s not about who I believe or whatnot. Weren’t we talking about clothes, dear? How did it turn into about who I believe? You’ve totally confused me!”

Yvonne also sighed. “We’re family, Maureen. If you’re still dissatisfied, then will it do if I apologize to you?”

Maureen retorted, “I’m not worthy of your apology! After all, this is your home, and you’re the eldest daughter of the Smiths. Didn’t you say just now that Warren and I are just outsiders?”

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief at once.

Yvonne panicked. “What are you saying, Maureen? Isn’t it just a piece of clothing? How did it escalate to this?!”

She looked at Warren and hastily explained, “I think Maureen is being too sensitive and is thinking too much. Warren, I’ve always seen and treated you like my brother all these years! Dad has also said that I’m the only daughter at home, so all of you are my family!”

Warren frowned. He looked at Yvonne, and then at Maureen.

Maureen wasn’t someone who made groundless accusations. Since she had said so, then there was no doubt that Yvonne had said that. However, Yvonne was also someone reliable who looked at the big picture usually, so how would she possibly say something like that?

While he was hesitating, Yvonne said, “Out of all my brothers in the family, I’m the closest with Warren. I know you’re suddenly making a scene because Joel doesn’t like me anymore, but even so, you can’t just sow discord between Warren and I like that!”

Sow discord?

Maureen became even angrier. “In that case, do you dare to repeat what you said just now when you were fighting with me over the clothes downstairs, Yvonne?”

Yvonne frowned. “What did I say? Maureen, I really don’t know what you’re talking about!”

Maureen felt like she was about to explode.

She had always been a straightforward person. She hated hypocritical b*tches like her the most!

It was at this moment that a soft voice reached them. “Tsk.”

The three people who were arguing immediately turned to Nora.

She curled her lips disdainfully and said to Yvonne, “I didn’t expect you to have such a bad memory. Have you already forgotten what you said just now?”

Warren immediately looked at Yvonne.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes but remained calm. She heaved a huge sigh and said, “Nora, I know you got into trouble because Mdm. Florence took the pill from my room, but you can’t just make up lies about me like that!”

Practically right after she said that, a voice suddenly played from Nora’s cell phone.

“I can just like collecting red clothes, can’t I?”

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

“Am I the one who shouldn’t go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else’s roof? Maureen, do you really think you’re one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You’re all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!”

“Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

“ ... ”

Yvonne’s voice played clearly from the audio recording.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully and looked at a stunned Yvonne. Her lips curled into a smile.

Did they really think that she would allow Yvonne to behave so arrogantly in the Smiths’ manor? She hadn’t done anything just now only because these recordings were more than enough to expose her true colors to the Smith brothers!!

After the recording was played, the entire second floor was silent.

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief.

He did not expect his gentle and elegant sister to speak like this to his wife in private.

He looked at Maureen again.

In the past, he always felt that his wife had a bad temper. She was not sensible and did not know how to be humble. After all, she was pampered like a little princess in her family.

However, her eyes were red at this moment. It was obvious that she had suffered a lot of grievances.

Yes.

Although his wife did have a bad temper, she had always been open and straightforward. If he had not forced her to this extent, how could they have quarreled like this?

Maureen had thought that the matter would be like any other dispute in the past, making Warren feel that she was not sensible enough. She did not expect the situation to take a turn in her favor!

She looked at Nora in shock.

Her eyes turned red again.

She looked at Warren with a trembling voice. "Did you hear that? Is this about a piece of clothing?"

Warren's heart ached so much that his expression changed. He walked quickly to stand in front of Maureen and looked at Yvonne. "Yvonne, so that's what you think!"

Yvonne bit her lip, wanting to explain. "Warren, I..."

However, Warren had already interrupted her. "In the past, no matter what Maureen said about you, I would always be on your side. I didn't expect you to be such a two-faced person! You said one thing in front of me and another behind my back! My wife isn't someone you can humiliate!"

He pointed at Yvonne in rage. "I never expected you to be such a selfish person!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Warren, that's not what I meant. I..."

However, Warren was already ignoring her. He directly wrapped his arm around Maureen's shoulder and said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I never knew that you were being treated like this at home. It's too unpleasant. We don't need to live under someone else's roof. It's not like we don't have a house outside. Let's go!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren.

No matter what, Warren was still a member of the Smiths. Moreover, she was indeed in the wrong for blowing up this matter.

Ian did not have a son, so although Ian's generation had separated, his nephews from the next generation all lived in the Smiths' manor.

Yvonne was an adopted daughter. Sooner or later, she would be married off. This family would belong to Joel sooner or later!

Yvonne could bully Maureen and even look down on Nora, but she could not look down on Warren!

She rushed forward again and grabbed Warren's arm. She called him with an intimate tone, "Brother, I..."

Before she could finish, Warren pushed her back a few steps.

Warren's face was cold. "Don't. Don't call me that. You're the eldest daughter, I'm just from the side family. I don't dare to let you call me brother!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren. She could only look at Nora and scold her directly. "Why are you so despicable?! You actually recorded it!"

Nora lowered her eyes. "If I hadn't recorded it, how could I have broken your disguise?"

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

"But Nora, do you think you're so smug just because you're a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you're just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you're so glorious?"

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora's cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. "You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!"

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, "You're not worthy of mentioning my mother."

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, "Why don't you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!"

These words angered Warren. "It's my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?"

Yvonne sneered. "I'm the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!"

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. "In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!"

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. "What should I do if you guys leave? Who's going to cook for me tonight?"

The two of them coughed. "About that, we don't know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let's hurry and get out!"

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She'd asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I'm sorry, I'm a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: "!!"

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now, there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!"

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. "What did you say?"

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, "Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!" before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. "Granduncle, why are you here?"

This Granduncle was Ian's third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths' dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle's eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian's methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian's match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" The wrinkles on Granduncle's face furrowed as he scolded, "Your Uncle Ian isn't dead yet, but you can't wait to chase his daughter out?"

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne's eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, "Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!"

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to "help his adopted daughter?"

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. "What did you do wrong?"

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, "I shouldn't have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?"

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, "Big Brother, I'm doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she's back, Dad's illness has worsened. Wasn't it all because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

“Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith’s kindness to you?”

“That’s right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!”

“I don’t care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn’t have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!”

“That’s right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith’s nurturing!”

Facing everyone’s criticisms, Joel’s attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian’s most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian’s depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, “Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts’ banquet personally. I’m sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian’s orders?”

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, “Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?”

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, “Hmph, you’re full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn’t it all because you’re not Ian’s biological son? I think you’re the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don’t go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn’t dead yet!”

Joel couldn’t be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, “I’m indeed not Uncle Ian’s biological son. But don’t forget that I’m still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I’m sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!”

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel’s words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. “...How is he now?”

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. “This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!”

Nora nodded. “Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!”

She was very confident when she spoke. “My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!”

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora’s attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian’s treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, "Joel, don't think I don't know! The medicine I've been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It's just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don't dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine!"

She said firmly, "All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons' medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!"

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine.

Everyone said that he didn't eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy's Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. "Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith."

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. “Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don’t blame me for being rude. I’m going to call the police!”

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora’s light words. “Who said you’re his immediate family?”

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, “What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don’t go overboard!”

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, “What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?”

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. “Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there’s no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they’re just uncle and nephew!”

“I’m not talking about him.” Nora’s voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. “Then who are you talking about? You can’t be talking about yourself, right?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl’s almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, “Yes, it’s me.”

“ ... ”

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. “You? Are you dreaming? You’re clearly Uncle Ryan’s daughter! You’re the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it’s daytime now. Please don’t have any beautiful dreams!”

Joel looked at Nora’s confident look and frowned. He asked directly, “What evidence do you have?”

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora’s lips curled up. “The evidence is here.”

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. “Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian’s DNA test report.”

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian’s capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, “Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!”

Joel put away the report and said word by word, “Nora is indeed Uncle Ian’s biological daughter.”

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

“Let me see!”

“Don’t fake this report. Look carefully before you speak.”

“Didn’t you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can’t be fake!”

“Is she really Mr. Smith’s daughter? So Yvette didn’t betray him? Then why did she escape back then?”

“That’s not important. What’s important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!”

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, “How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn’t she Ryan’s daughter? Joel, tell me, what’s going on?”

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, “The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian’s daughter!”

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. “I’m going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that’s okay?”

Ian’s subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, “No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!”

When she said this, Joel’s eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, “Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you’ve been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?”

Yvonne choked and stuttered, “I, I... I’m just fulfilling Dad’s wish!”

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, “Treat him first!”

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor’s words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

“How’s Dad?”

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. “Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. “Of course. The surgery was very successful.”

The words “very successful” made Yvonne’s face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. “He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that.”

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne’s feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. “I-I want to see Dad!”

“Yes, let’s go see Mr. Smith!”

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. “The patient has just finished his surgery. It’s easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let’s wait for the patient’s condition to improve before we talk.”

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, “Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now.”

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, “Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period.”

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel’s hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, “Where did you fabricate this report from? It’s actually so real! But you’re really smart. You actually thought of this method!”

Nora: “?”

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. “This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn’t see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I’ll see if I can poach him from the Hunts...”

Joel: “...”

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That’s right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora’s report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl’s clear voice say, “This report is real.”

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. “What did you say?”

Was the DNA report real?

Didn’t that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian’s daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan’s daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian’s heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 344 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Lisa: “?”

She was stunned. Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said, “Nora, could it be that you... you...”

No wonder Nora had lost so much weight and was always so lethargic. On top of that, she wasn't in good spirits and was so pale that it looked as if all the blood had drained from her face. Did she have a blood disorder?

While her imagination was running wild, Nora said, “I'm not sick. I just need it for something, that's all.”

Lisa: “??”

Before she could figure it out, Nora had already picked up her cell phone and called Lily. She asked, “Where are you?”

Lily replied, “I'm arranging your operation schedule. There are a few that I can do, so I've fended them off for you. What's up?”

Nora said, “... Find some time to go to California. Go to the hospital and take my cord blood from the cord blood bank, and then do another DNA test.”

“?? You actually still have your cord blood? My god, your mother is so amazing. Did she expect that you'll need it?”

Nora narrowed her eyes. “Perhaps.”

Otherwise, why would Yvette insist on banking her cord blood back then?

These days, she kept feeling like there was a purpose behind all her mother's arrangements.

She couldn't help but think of what Morris had said in the police station. Was her mother really involved with the so-called ‘mysterious organization’? And even participated in their human experiments?

The look in Nora's eyes turned a little cold at the thought, and even her tone became a little impatient. She said, “Go as soon as you can.”

Lily, who heard the change in her emotions, was so scared that she didn't dare to say any more. She immediately replied respectfully, “Okay, I will leave

for California right away. I'll be able to produce the newest DNA test results by tomorrow at the latest."

"Okay."

Nora hung up. She rubbed her temples and suppressed her irritability. Then, she looked at Lisa. She was about to speak when a voice suddenly reached them.

"Nora! You're awake? Oh, Nora's little cousin! You're here again!"

She and Lisa turned in unison to see Louis walking in from outside.

His blond hair was exceptionally glaring. His eyes on his handsome face lit up a little at the sight of Lisa.

As for Lisa, she reacted like a mouse that had just seen a cat and didn't even dare to look straight at him. She looked at Nora as if she was complaining and said, "Nora, d-didn't you say that he won't be here?"

Nora: "?"

Before she could speak, Louis had come up to them. He said, "Yeah, I originally wasn't planning to come back tonight, either. But Lucy called me and said that Nora was asking whether I would be home tonight, so I turned down Chester when he asked me out and specially came back!"

Lisa: "!!"

Nora: "!!!!"

Nora wanted to say something, but Lisa had already jumped up and said, "Nora, I... I suddenly remembered that I have a paper that I need to write. It's very urgent, so I'm leaving first! Mom was very worried about you, but now that I see that you're doing well, both Mom and I will be relieved!"

Then, she turned and fled toward the door. "Tell us if someone bullies you. I'll leave first!"

Nora: "..."

She was planning to have a chat with Lisa that night, but unexpectedly, she had left just like that?

She stepped forward, intending to see her off. But as soon as she did, Louis said enthusiastically, "You don't have to lower yourself to do something like that. Let me do it! I'll see her off!"

After saying that, he chased after Lisa and said, "Nora's little cousin, shall I drive you back to school?"

Lisa's voice traveled over after that. "N-no, you don't have to."

"You don't have to stand on ceremony! C'mon, get in the car."

"We're not that familiar with each other. I'll just hail a cab. Thanks."

Louis's annoying voice traveled over. "Why wouldn't we be familiar with each other? You took my first kiss, you know!"

Panic entered Lisa's voice. "W-what nonsense are you saying? Stop that!"

Louis laughed and said, "No, I can't. I have something to ask you. Will you get in the car and we can talk while we drive there, or shall I ask you right here while you hail a cab?"

"You, you, you..." Lisa stuttered forever but still got in the car silently in the end. Shortly after, the sound of the engine being started up rang out, and they left.

Nora, who had listened to their affairs in the living room for a while: "..."

Just what exactly did Louis do to Lisa the night before?!

She shook her head and went upstairs.

After thinking about it, she still decided to knock on Maureen's door in the end.

Maureen's eyes were still red when she opened the door. Obviously, she had been crying. Nora was about to say a few words to comfort her when Maureen gave her a wry smile and said, "Say, Nora, do you think everything will be fine if Warren and I move out?"

Although Warren loved and respected Ian like a father, and although Warren and Joel got along very well, Maureen really couldn't stand it here anymore, after being bullied by Yvonne again and again.

It wasn't like her family was poor, either, so why should she let someone else bully her here?

Nora wanted to say something, but Maureen said, "Never mind, ignore what I said. Warren and Joel are so close. Neither would Brandon want to leave Mia... I can't do something like that just for myself..."

Nora fell silent.

Warren came back at this point.

He was carrying a matcha cake. As soon as he went up the stairs, he said, "Oh, Nora is here too? I just so happened to buy a matcha cake. It's Maureen's favorite. You guys can eat it together... Dear, what's wrong? Why are your eyes red?"

Maureen turned away. Then, she forced a smile and said, "It's nothing. Something got in my eyes..."

Warren went up to her and circled around her. "What got into your eyes? What's the matter? Did someone bully you?"

As soon as he said that, Maureen's eyes immediately reddened.

She was about to say something when Yvonne opened the door and came out. She sighed and said, "It's just a dress, Maureen. If you like it that much, then I'll just let you have it, okay?"

She lowered her head and her eyes reddened. "Joel has already confiscated my rights to manage the house anyway.. I don't have a place in this family anymore."

She looked just as if she had suffered some kind of injustice.

Warren was aware that Yvonne had been stripped of her authority to manage the household. When he heard what she said, he subconsciously assumed that it was Maureen who was fighting with her over a dress.

Taken aback, he turned to Maureen and asked, "What dress is she talking about, dear?"

He grabbed Maureen and led her to the side. "I get it now. It's time to custom-make clothes today again, right? Did you get angry again?"

During the past few years, the aggressive Maureen would always get angry once a year.

After Warren found out about it, he would always go out of his way to make her happy during those few days. He either took her out shopping or took her overseas for a vacation.

He subconsciously tried to persuade her and said, "Didn't we already agree on this? It'll be fine once she marries into another family. You'll have the biggest say in the family after that! And you can choose all the clothes you want after that! Her marriage with the Hunts has already gone up in smoke now, so her future husband's family definitely won't be as good as the Smiths. What's the point in fighting with her over a dress..."

"What's the point in fighting with her over a dress"...

That one line of his instantly made Maureen feel even more aggrieved.

Even though someone had bullied her at home, she still thought of being considerate toward her husband and son, but what about her husband? All he did was take his sister's side in everything!

Maureen stared at Warren. She was really hurt this time. She said, "Do you think I would get angry just because of a dress?"

Warren scratched his head.

As a man with low EQ, he really was rather dense when it came to how girls thought.

Next to them, Yvonne said, "Don't lose your temper at Warren, Maureen. I already said that I would let you have that dress... It was my fault. I should have noticed that you liked that dress and not taken it for myself..."

Her hypocritical words put Maureen at such a loss for words that she couldn't say anything at all.

Yet, Warren actually believed her. He walked over to Yvonne and said, "Since you are so generous, then I won't stand on ceremony, Yvonne. Haha, how about this? I'll take you out tomorrow for some clothes shopping, okay?"

Yvonne smiled and replied, "You're standing too much on ceremony if you say that, Warren. We're family; I should give in to Maureen once in a while."

"... You're the most sensible one, after all. Don't hold it against Maureen!"

Nora stared at Yvonne. Her two-faced behavior in front of the men of the Smiths wasn't anything surprising to her anymore.

She merely thought that Yvonne looked very laughable at the moment.

Maureen, however, was furious. It was clearly Yvonne who had snatched her dress, yet she looked like the insensible one now!

With her eyes red, she shouted furiously, "Warren! Smith!"

Warren immediately looked back at her timidly. "Dear... What's the matter? The dress is already yours now. Why... are you still unhappy?"

Maureen was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stared at Yvonne and sneered, "You really have a way with schemes, don't you?"

Yvonne lowered her head. "Are you still upset, Maureen? In that case, will it do if I give you all the clothes I picked?"

The EQ-less Warren immediately nodded. "Yeah, it will! Dear, look at how Yvonne has already given in. As they say, harmony in the family brings prosperity. Let's let this matter go..."

Maureen: "!!"

She was so angry that she simply couldn't say anything. Her finger trembled as she stared and pointed at Yvonne. Then, she pointed at Warren. "You'd rather believe her over me?"

Warren scratched his head. "No, it's not about who I believe or whatnot. Weren't we talking about clothes, dear? How did it turn into about who I believe? You've totally confused me!"

Yvonne also sighed. "We're family, Maureen. If you're still dissatisfied, then will it do if I apologize to you?"

Maureen retorted, "I'm not worthy of your apology! After all, this is your home, and you're the eldest daughter of the Smiths. Didn't you say just now that Warren and I are just outsiders?"

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief at once.

Yvonne panicked. "What are you saying, Maureen? Isn't it just a piece of clothing? How did it escalate to this?!"

She looked at Warren and hastily explained, "I think Maureen is being too sensitive and is thinking too much. Warren, I've always seen and treated you like my brother all these years! Dad has also said that I'm the only daughter at home, so all of you are my family!"

Warren frowned. He looked at Yvonne, and then at Maureen.

Maureen wasn't someone who made groundless accusations. Since she had said so, then there was no doubt that Yvonne had said that. However, Yvonne was also someone reliable who looked at the big picture usually, so how would she possibly say something like that?

While he was hesitating, Yvonne said, "Out of all my brothers in the family, I'm the closest with Warren. I know you're suddenly making a scene because Joel doesn't like me anymore, but even so, you can't just sow discord between Warren and I like that!"

Sow discord?

Maureen became even angrier. "In that case, do you dare to repeat what you said just now when you were fighting with me over the clothes downstairs, Yvonne?"

Yvonne frowned. "What did I say? Maureen, I really don't know what you're talking about!"

Maureen felt like she was about to explode.

She had always been a straightforward person. She hated hypocritical b*tches like her the most!

It was at this moment that a soft voice reached them. "Tsk."

The three people who were arguing immediately turned to Nora.

She curled her lips disdainfully and said to Yvonne, “I didn’t expect you to have such a bad memory. Have you already forgotten what you said just now?”

Warren immediately looked at Yvonne.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes but remained calm. She heaved a huge sigh and said, “Nora, I know you got into trouble because Mdm. Florence took the pill from my room, but you can’t just make up lies about me like that!”

Practically right after she said that, a voice suddenly played from Nora’s cell phone.

“I can just like collecting red clothes, can’t I?”

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

“Am I the one who shouldn’t go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else’s roof? Maureen, do you really think you’re one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You’re all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!”

“Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

“ ... ”

Yvonne’s voice played clearly from the audio recording.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully and looked at a stunned Yvonne. Her lips curled into a smile.

Did they really think that she would allow Yvonne to behave so arrogantly in the Smiths’ manor? She hadn’t done anything just now only because these

recordings were more than enough to expose her true colors to the Smith brothers!!

After the recording was played, the entire second floor was silent.

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief.

He did not expect his gentle and elegant sister to speak like this to his wife in private.

He looked at Maureen again.

In the past, he always felt that his wife had a bad temper. She was not sensible and did not know how to be humble. After all, she was pampered like a little princess in her family.

However, her eyes were red at this moment. It was obvious that she had suffered a lot of grievances.

Yes.

Although his wife did have a bad temper, she had always been open and straightforward. If he had not forced her to this extent, how could they have quarreled like this?

Maureen had thought that the matter would be like any other dispute in the past, making Warren feel that she was not sensible enough. She did not expect the situation to take a turn in her favor!

She looked at Nora in shock.

Her eyes turned red again.

She looked at Warren with a trembling voice. "Did you hear that? Is this about a piece of clothing?"

Warren's heart ached so much that his expression changed. He walked quickly to stand in front of Maureen and looked at Yvonne. "Yvonne, so that's what you think!"

Yvonne bit her lip, wanting to explain. "Warren, I..."

However, Warren had already interrupted her. "In the past, no matter what Maureen said about you, I would always be on your side. I didn't expect you to be such a two-faced person! You said one thing in front of me and another behind my back! My wife isn't someone you can humiliate!"

He pointed at Yvonne in rage. "I never expected you to be such a selfish person!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Warren, that's not what I meant. I..."

However, Warren was already ignoring her. He directly wrapped his arm around Maureen's shoulder and said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I never knew that you were being treated like this at home. It's too unpleasant. We don't need to live under someone else's roof. It's not like we don't have a house outside. Let's go!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren.

No matter what, Warren was still a member of the Smiths. Moreover, she was indeed in the wrong for blowing up this matter.

Ian did not have a son, so although Ian's generation had separated, his nephews from the next generation all lived in the Smiths' manor.

Yvonne was an adopted daughter. Sooner or later, she would be married off. This family would belong to Joel sooner or later!

Yvonne could bully Maureen and even look down on Nora, but she could not look down on Warren!

She rushed forward again and grabbed Warren's arm. She called him with an intimate tone, "Brother, I..."

Before she could finish, Warren pushed her back a few steps.

Warren's face was cold. "Don't. Don't call me that. You're the eldest daughter, I'm just from the side family. I don't dare to let you call me brother!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren. She could only look at Nora and scold her directly. "Why are you so despicable?! You actually recorded it!"

Nora lowered her eyes. "If I hadn't recorded it, how could I have broken your disguise?"

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

"But Nora, do you think you're so smug just because you're a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you're just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you're so glorious?"

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora's cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. "You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!"

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, "You're not worthy of mentioning my mother."

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, "Why don't you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!"

These words angered Warren. "It's my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?"

Yvonne sneered. "I'm the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!"

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. "In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!"

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. "What should I do if you guys leave? Who's going to cook for me tonight?"

The two of them coughed. "About that, we don't know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let's hurry and get out!"

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She'd asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I'm sorry, I'm a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: "!!"

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now, there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!"

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. "What did you say?"

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, "Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!" before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. "Granduncle, why are you here?"

This Granduncle was Ian's third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths' dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle's eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian's methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian's match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

“What do I mean?” The wrinkles on Granduncle’s face furrowed as he scolded, “Your Uncle Ian isn’t dead yet, but you can’t wait to chase his daughter out?”

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne’s eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, “Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!”

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to “help his adopted daughter?”

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. “What did you do wrong?”

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, “I shouldn’t have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?”

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, “Big Brother, I’m doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she’s back, Dad’s illness has worsened. Wasn’t it all

because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

“That’s right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith’s nurturing!”

Facing everyone’s criticisms, Joel’s attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian’s most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian’s depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, “Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts’ banquet personally. I’m sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian’s orders?”

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, “Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?”

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, “Hmph, you’re full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn’t it all because you’re not Ian’s biological son? I think you’re the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don’t go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn’t dead yet!”

Joel couldn’t be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, “I’m indeed not Uncle Ian’s biological son. But don’t forget that I’m still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I’m sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!”

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, “Because she’s from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad’s wishes?”

Joel: “??”

He frowned. “What nonsense are you talking about here?!”

Yvonne immediately said, “Joel, don’t think I don’t know! The medicine I’ve been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It’s just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don’t dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine!”

She said firmly, “All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons’ medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!”

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine.

Everyone said that he didn’t eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy’s Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. “Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith.”

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was

adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, "No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!"

When she said this, Joel's eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, "Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you've been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?"

Yvonne choked and stuttered, "I, I... I'm just fulfilling Dad's wish!"

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, “Treat him first!”

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor’s words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. "He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that."

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne's feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. "I-I want to see Dad!"

"Yes, let's go see Mr. Smith!"

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. "The patient has just finished his surgery. It's easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let's wait for the patient's condition to improve before we talk."

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, "Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now."

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, "Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period."

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 345 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Yvonne smiled and replied, "You're standing too much on ceremony if you say that, Warren. We're family; I should give in to Maureen once in a while."

"... You're the most sensible one, after all. Don't hold it against Maureen!"

Nora stared at Yvonne. Her two-faced behavior in front of the men of the Smiths wasn't anything surprising to her anymore.

She merely thought that Yvonne looked very laughable at the moment.

Maureen, however, was furious. It was clearly Yvonne who had snatched her dress, yet she looked like the insensible one now!

With her eyes red, she shouted furiously, "Warren! Smith!"

Warren immediately looked back at her timidly. “Dear... What’s the matter? The dress is already yours now. Why... are you still unhappy?”

Maureen was so angry that her chest heaved up and down.

She stared at Yvonne and sneered, “You really have a way with schemes, don’t you?”

Yvonne lowered her head. “Are you still upset, Maureen? In that case, will it do if I give you all the clothes I picked?”

The EQ-less Warren immediately nodded. “Yeah, it will! Dear, look at how Yvonne has already given in. As they say, harmony in the family brings prosperity. Let’s let this matter go...”

Maureen: “!!”

She was so angry that she simply couldn’t say anything. Her finger trembled as she stared and pointed at Yvonne. Then, she pointed at Warren. “You’d rather believe her over me?”

Warren scratched his head. “No, it’s not about who I believe or whatnot. Weren’t we talking about clothes, dear? How did it turn into about who I believe? You’ve totally confused me!”

Yvonne also sighed. “We’re family, Maureen. If you’re still dissatisfied, then will it do if I apologize to you?”

Maureen retorted, “I’m not worthy of your apology! After all, this is your home, and you’re the eldest daughter of the Smiths. Didn’t you say just now that Warren and I are just outsiders?”

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief at once.

Yvonne panicked. “What are you saying, Maureen? Isn’t it just a piece of clothing? How did it escalate to this?!”

She looked at Warren and hastily explained, “I think Maureen is being too sensitive and is thinking too much. Warren, I’ve always seen and treated you like my brother all these years! Dad has also said that I’m the only daughter at home, so all of you are my family!”

Warren frowned. He looked at Yvonne, and then at Maureen.

Maureen wasn't someone who made groundless accusations. Since she had said so, then there was no doubt that Yvonne had said that. However, Yvonne was also someone reliable who looked at the big picture usually, so how would she possibly say something like that?

While he was hesitating, Yvonne said, "Out of all my brothers in the family, I'm the closest with Warren. I know you're suddenly making a scene because Joel doesn't like me anymore, but even so, you can't just sow discord between Warren and I like that!"

Sow discord?

Maureen became even angrier. "In that case, do you dare to repeat what you said just now when you were fighting with me over the clothes downstairs, Yvonne?"

Yvonne frowned. "What did I say? Maureen, I really don't know what you're talking about!"

Maureen felt like she was about to explode.

She had always been a straightforward person. She hated hypocritical b*tches like her the most!

It was at this moment that a soft voice reached them. "Tsk."

The three people who were arguing immediately turned to Nora.

She curled her lips disdainfully and said to Yvonne, "I didn't expect you to have such a bad memory. Have you already forgotten what you said just now?"

Warren immediately looked at Yvonne.

Yvonne narrowed her eyes but remained calm. She heaved a huge sigh and said, "Nora, I know you got into trouble because Mdm. Florence took the pill from my room, but you can't just make up lies about me like that!"

Practically right after she said that, a voice suddenly played from Nora's cell phone.

"I can just like collecting red clothes, can't I?"

“So what even if I don’t wear them and put them all in the closet?”

“As the eldest daughter of the Smiths, surely I have the right to be a little willful, right?”

“Am I the one who shouldn’t go too far, or is it someone else who should practice some self-awareness as an outsider living under someone else’s roof? Maureen, do you really think you’re one of the masters of the household just because you and Warren are living here? The Smiths have already parted ways and formed their own families long ago! My dad is the real master of the Smiths! You’re all just people who have left the main family! All of you are just! Taking! Up! Temporary! Residence! Here!”

“Joel isn’t Dad’s adopted son, either. I’m Dad’s one and only lawful daughter! All of you are bullying me because Dad is sick, so no one can defend me, right?”

“...”

Yvonne’s voice played clearly from the audio recording.

Nora curled her lips disdainfully and looked at a stunned Yvonne. Her lips curled into a smile.

Did they really think that she would allow Yvonne to behave so arrogantly in the Smiths’ manor? She hadn’t done anything just now only because these recordings were more than enough to expose her true colors to the Smith brothers!!

After the recording was played, the entire second floor was silent.

Warren looked at Yvonne in disbelief.

He did not expect his gentle and elegant sister to speak like this to his wife in private.

He looked at Maureen again.

In the past, he always felt that his wife had a bad temper. She was not sensible and did not know how to be humble. After all, she was pampered like a little princess in her family.

However, her eyes were red at this moment. It was obvious that she had suffered a lot of grievances.

Yes.

Although his wife did have a bad temper, she had always been open and straightforward. If he had not forced her to this extent, how could they have quarreled like this?

Maureen had thought that the matter would be like any other dispute in the past, making Warren feel that she was not sensible enough. She did not expect the situation to take a turn in her favor!

She looked at Nora in shock.

Her eyes turned red again.

She looked at Warren with a trembling voice. "Did you hear that? Is this about a piece of clothing?"

Warren's heart ached so much that his expression changed. He walked quickly to stand in front of Maureen and looked at Yvonne. "Yvonne, so that's what you think!"

Yvonne bit her lip, wanting to explain. "Warren, I..."

However, Warren had already interrupted her. "In the past, no matter what Maureen said about you, I would always be on your side. I didn't expect you to be such a two-faced person! You said one thing in front of me and another behind my back! My wife isn't someone you can humiliate!"

He pointed at Yvonne in rage. "I never expected you to be such a selfish person!"

Yvonne took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Warren, that's not what I meant. I..."

However, Warren was already ignoring her. He directly wrapped his arm around Maureen's shoulder and said, "Honey, I'm sorry. I never knew that you were being treated like this at home. It's too unpleasant. We don't need to live under someone else's roof. It's not like we don't have a house outside. Let's go!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren.

No matter what, Warren was still a member of the Smiths. Moreover, she was indeed in the wrong for blowing up this matter.

Ian did not have a son, so although Ian's generation had separated, his nephews from the next generation all lived in the Smiths' manor.

Yvonne was an adopted daughter. Sooner or later, she would be married off. This family would belong to Joel sooner or later!

Yvonne could bully Maureen and even look down on Nora, but she could not look down on Warren!

She rushed forward again and grabbed Warren's arm. She called him with an intimate tone, "Brother, I..."

Before she could finish, Warren pushed her back a few steps.

Warren's face was cold. "Don't. Don't call me that. You're the eldest daughter, I'm just from the side family. I don't dare to let you call me brother!"

Yvonne did not dare to flare up at Warren. She could only look at Nora and scold her directly. "Why are you so despicable?! You actually recorded it!"

Nora lowered her eyes. "If I hadn't recorded it, how could I have broken your disguise?"

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

“But Nora, do you think you’re so smug just because you’re a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you’re just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you’re so glorious?”

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora’s cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. “You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!”

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, “You’re not worthy of mentioning my mother.”

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, “Why don’t you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!”

These words angered Warren. “It’s my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?”

Yvonne sneered. “I’m the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!”

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. “In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!”

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. "What should I do if you guys leave? Who's going to cook for me tonight?"

The two of them coughed. "About that, we don't know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let's hurry and get out!"

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She'd asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I'm sorry, I'm a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: "!!"

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in

New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now,

there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!”

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. “What did you say?”

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, “Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!” before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. “Granduncle, why are you here?”

This Granduncle was Ian’s third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths’ dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle’s eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian’s methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian’s match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" The wrinkles on Granduncle's face furrowed as he scolded, "Your Uncle Ian isn't dead yet, but you can't wait to chase his daughter out?"

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne's eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, "Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!"

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to "help his adopted daughter?"

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. "What did you do wrong?"

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, "I shouldn't have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?"

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, "Big Brother, I'm doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she's back, Dad's illness has worsened. Wasn't it all because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

"That's right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith's nurturing!"

Facing everyone's criticisms, Joel's attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian's most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian's depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, "Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts' banquet personally. I'm sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian's orders?"

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, "Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?"

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, "Hmph, you're full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn't it all because you're not Ian's biological son? I think you're the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don't go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn't dead yet!"

Joel couldn't be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, "I'm indeed not Uncle Ian's biological son. But don't forget that I'm still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I'm sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!"

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, "Joel, don't think I don't know! The medicine I've been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It's just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don't dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine!"

She said firmly, "All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons' medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!"

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine.

Everyone said that he didn't eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy's Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. "Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith."

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the

agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, “No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!”

When she said this, Joel’s eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, “Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you’ve been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?”

Yvonne choked and stuttered, “I, I... I’m just fulfilling Dad’s wish!”

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, "Treat him first!"

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor's words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

“How’s Dad?”

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. “Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. “Of course. The surgery was very successful.”

The words “very successful” made Yvonne’s face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. “He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that.”

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne’s feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. “I-I want to see Dad!”

“Yes, let’s go see Mr. Smith!”

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. “The patient has just finished his surgery. It’s easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let’s wait for the patient’s condition to improve before we talk.”

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, “Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now.”

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, “Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period.”

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 346 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Yvonne was about to go crazy after being torn apart.

She was on the verge of breaking down. She no longer pretended to be a pure and innocent girl. She pointed at her angrily. "It's all because of you that my relationship with them became so bad. Nora, you're actually more pretentious than me! More manipulative!"

Nora: "..."

She raised an eyebrow and stared at her. "So?"

Yvonne was furious. Ignoring the fact that Warren was still beside her, she pointed at them and scolded, "Okay, okay. I'm an outsider, right? I'm not related by blood, so you guys are bullying me together!"

"But Nora, do you think you're so smug just because you're a member of the Smiths and have the Smith blood flowing in your veins? In the end, you're just an illegitimate daughter of the side family! Your mother was immoral and seduced two brothers at the same time. Do you really think you're so glorious?"

Smack!

Nora suddenly slapped her!

Yvonne was stunned. When she returned to her senses, she saw Nora's cold expression and anger in her eyes.

Yvonne was stunned as she touched her face before she reacted and took a step back. "You dare to hit me? You dare to hit me?!"

Nora clapped her hands and felt that her palms were a little dirty. Her voice was cold and distant as she replied, "You're not worthy of mentioning my mother."

No matter what, her mother had passed away.

As a junior, she was wrong to point fingers at her elder.

Yvonne bit her lips, fearing that she would make a move again. She pointed at her and roared, "Why don't you let anyone mention it? Do you feel embarrassed too? Then move out like Warren!"

These words angered Warren. "It's my own freedom and decision to leave. Who are you to chase me away?"

Yvonne sneered. "I'm the mistress of the Smiths! This family belongs to my father, and you guys are just outsiders! And that Louis is also an outsider! Get lost, all of you! Get out of my house!"

Hearing this, Nora smiled. She was about to say something when a cold voice suddenly came from behind. "In my opinion, the person who should leave is you!"

They turned around again and saw that Joel, who had rushed back after handling some company matters, was slowly heading upstairs with an icy expression.

He was wearing a black suit. His face, which had always been gentle and smiling, was now extremely stern.

The moment he appeared, Yvonne was instantly silenced, as if someone had pressed a mute button.

She had been most afraid of him since she was young.

Joel's handsome face was covered in frost as he stared at Yvonne. His tone was very serious. "You disappoint me too much. How did Uncle Ian raise a daughter like you?"

Yvonne was rendered speechless by his stern words.

Joel spoke again. "I originally wanted to wait for Uncle Ian to wake up before dealing with you. It looks like I was wrong. Lucy, come over."

Lucy hurriedly stood up. "Mr. Joel, I'm here."

Joel said coldly, "Pack Yvonne's luggage and take her to the villa in the suburbs. She'll be staying there for a while."

Lucy immediately nodded. "Yes."

With that, she asked tentatively, "Should I only prepare summer clothes?"

It was summer.

Joel lowered his eyes. "She will need some more clothes. After all, there are four seasons in a year!"

What he meant was that he wanted Yvonne to live in the suburbs forever!

Lucy was delighted, but she did not show it on her face. She lowered her head. "Yes, I'll send Miss Yvonne over first. I'll send the clothes over later."

With that, Lucy called two bodyguards over. Seeing them walk over, Yvonne finally returned to her senses and hurriedly shouted, "Joel, big brother, you can't treat me like this. I'm Daddy's daughter! I'm Daddy's daughter!"

A day later, Nora received a message from Lily.. "The DNA results are out."

The Smith villa was in the suburbs. It was a three-story building, and each floor was about 100 square meters.

Yvonne sat in the living room and clenched her fists tightly as she watched the nanny unpacking her luggage.

She looked at the low floor and then at the living room, which was at the end of the hall. She felt a violent rage roaring in her heart.

She stood up suddenly and said to Lucy, who had come over to help her unpack her luggage, "This place is too small! Get Joel to move me somewhere else!"

Lucy did not even look at her and continued ordering the others to send her clothes upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, I think you should stop acting. Do you really think you're here for a vacation?"

Yvonne sneered, "Even if it's not a vacation, I'm still the eldest daughter of the Smiths! Joel won't let you suppress me, right?"

Lucy pursed her lips. "Yes, you're the eldest daughter. But Mr. Joel has instructed me not to allow you to go home for the time being. You should reflect on yourself here."

Yvonne's face turned red.

She clenched her fists and lowered her voice. "Tell Joel that I know I was wrong. Dad is still in the hospital. It's not appropriate for me to stay in the suburbs like this. Let me go back."

Lucy lowered her head. "Alright, I'll help you deliver the message."

Although she said that, she turned her head and pursed her lips.

Hearing Lucy's words, Yvonne felt relieved and went upstairs. She entered the master bedroom and looked around. Although it couldn't be compared to the one in the manor, it was still passable and could be considered clean.

She changed her clothes and went out. When she was about to go downstairs, she heard someone ask, "Lucy, are you really helping her pass a message to Mr. Smith?"

Lucy sneered. "Did she say something just now? Why didn't I hear her?"

The other servants nodded as well. "Yes, we didn't hear anything."

Yvonne: "!!"

These unruly servants were bullying their master!

She was about to go over and scold them, but Lucy seemed to have seen her. She waved her hand. "Alright, since Miss Yvonne is here, let's get going."

With that, she turned to look upstairs. "Miss Yvonne, we'll head back first. Oh, right, your bank card has been frozen temporarily as well. But don't worry. There are ingredients in the fridge. I'll get someone to regularly send you daily necessities."

With that, she left without waiting for Yvonne to say anything.

Yvonne did not think much of it at first, but when she saw the people who'd brought her here walking out one by one, she panicked and chased after them. "You two are leaving too?"

The two of them nodded. "Yes, Lucy just said that we're leaving."

Yvonne looked around.

This was a villa district in the suburbs. However, because it was too far away, most people came here to stay on vacation. At this moment, there were not many families around.

From afar, the surroundings were filled with greenery.

She was anxious. “What should I do if you guys leave? Who’s going to cook for me tonight?”

The two of them coughed. “About that, we don’t know. Oh, the car is about to leave. Let’s hurry and get out!”

They pushed Yvonne away and left the room.

She was the only one left in the villa!

Yvonne looked around. The sound of a tree branch breaking startled her, and she clutched her chest.

Then, she opened the door to the villa.

The Smiths had bought all the places on both sides, but Joel did not arrange for anyone to stay here. She left the house in a panic and walked to both sides. After walking for 10 minutes, she did not see a single family!

The sky gradually darkened.

Yvonne became more and more afraid. She wanted to take a taxi and leave to stay in a hotel!

However, when she picked up her phone, she suddenly remembered that her bank card had been frozen.

She frowned. She’d asked her good friend in the circle to lend her money on WeChat, but she did not expect the other party to reply so quickly. [I’m sorry, I’m a little tight on money right now.]

Yvonne: “!!”

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: "!!"

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: "You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money."

Yvonne's pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: "This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We're all afraid of your brother!"

Yvonne: "!!!"

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, "Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can't guarantee anything. He's still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor."

Joel said directly, "I've already called Anti over."

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, "What's wrong?"

The attending doctor sighed. "A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian's body is too weak. Just now, there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!"

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. "What did you say?"

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, "Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!" before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. "Granduncle, why are you here?"

This Granduncle was Ian's third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths' dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle's eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian's methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian's match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

“What do I mean?” The wrinkles on Granduncle’s face furrowed as he scolded, “Your Uncle Ian isn’t dead yet, but you can’t wait to chase his daughter out?”

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne’s eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, “Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!”

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to “help his adopted daughter?”

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. “What did you do wrong?”

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, “I shouldn’t have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?”

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, “Big Brother, I’m doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she’s back, Dad’s illness has worsened. Wasn’t it all

because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

“That’s right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith’s nurturing!”

Facing everyone’s criticisms, Joel’s attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian’s most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian’s depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, “Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts’ banquet personally. I’m sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian’s orders?”

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, “Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?”

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, “Hmph, you’re full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn’t it all because you’re not Ian’s biological son? I think you’re the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don’t go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn’t dead yet!”

Joel couldn’t be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, “I’m indeed not Uncle Ian’s biological son. But don’t forget that I’m still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I’m sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!”

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, "Joel, don't think I don't know! The medicine I've been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It's just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don't dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine!"

She said firmly, "All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons' medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!"

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy's medicine.

Everyone said that he didn't eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy's Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. "Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith."

Yvonne said forcefully, "Her surname isn't important. What's important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!"

Yvonne sighed, "Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!"

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was

adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, "No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!"

When she said this, Joel's eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, "Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you've been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?"

Yvonne choked and stuttered, "I, I... I'm just fulfilling Dad's wish!"

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, “Treat him first!”

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor’s words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. "He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that."

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne's feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. "I-I want to see Dad!"

"Yes, let's go see Mr. Smith!"

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. "The patient has just finished his surgery. It's easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let's wait for the patient's condition to improve before we talk."

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, "Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now."

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, "Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period."

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 347 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Yvonne: "!!"

She bit her lip, her fingers trembling in anger.

Usually, when she went out, she would be the one paying among her best friends. Now, she was borrowing some money from them, but all of them were actually so wishy-washy!

However, no matter how much she looked down on her, she could only send her a humble message: "Just lend me \$800. \$200 is fine too."

The other party: "I saw a bag and planned to buy it, so I really don't have any money. Sorry!"

Yvonne: “!!”

She could only switch to another person and continue trying. However, the other party rejected her as well. She continued to ask a few people until someone reminded her: “You should stop trying to borrow money. No one in the circle will lend you money.”

Yvonne’s pupils shrank. [Why?]

The other party: “This is an information age. We all heard that you were chased out of the Smiths by your brother. The Smiths have a high status in New York. Other than the Hunts, who would dare to lend you money? We’re all afraid of your brother!”

Yvonne: “!!!”

She stared at the message on her phone and realized a terrifying fact.

No matter how powerful her father was... no matter how much Joel respected her father, he was already old!

The Smiths had long belonged to Joel!

This fact made her feel as if she had been severely injured. Her feet went soft and she fell to the ground.

She was done for.

She was really finished for offending her brother this time!

She returned to the villa dejectedly and sat on the sofa.

That night, she turned on all the lights in the room, but still kept trembling in fear in the silent night.

It was not until the next morning, when the sun rose, that she suddenly realized that she could not be locked up in this villa without a neighbor to die alone!

Absolutely not!

She took out her phone and made a call...

At the Smiths, Nora asked Lily, "What was the outcome?"

Lily's voice did not fluctuate, and one could not tell if she was happy or angry. "It's an electronic version. I sent it to your email. The paper version is in my hands. I'll send it to you right now."

Yesterday, when she returned to California, she took the umbilical cord blood and rushed the test overnight. She had found a testing facility in New York. Personally handling the test to ensure no one could tamper with it, Lily had not slept the entire night.

Although she did not say it, Nora roughly understood the meaning of the outcome.

If she and Ian were not biological father and daughter, there was no need for Lily to send another test report back...

Nora narrowed her eyes and looked out the window.

Although she had already guessed her identity, she still felt an inexplicable and complicated feeling when this moment came.

Her father...

Just as she was deep in thought, her phone suddenly rang. She glanced at it and realized that it was Joel. She hung up on Lily and picked up his call.

Just as she was about to speak, Joel's serious voice sounded.. "Nora, come to the hospital immediately. Uncle Ian is vomiting blood!"

He had vomited blood?

Nora's eyes narrowed. She hurriedly said, "Okay, I'll be right there."

No matter what, saving Ian was more important!

In the hospital.

Joel was panicking outside the operating theater. Ian suddenly vomiting blood caught him off guard. At this moment, his vital signs had already calmed down and he was once again pulled back from death.

However, the attending doctor said, “Mr. Ian was saved this time, but next time, we can’t guarantee anything. He’s still in a coma. We have to think of a way to deal with the brain tumor.”

Joel said directly, “I’ve already called Anti over.”

When the attending doctor heard this, he hesitated. When Joel saw him like this, he could not help but ask, “What’s wrong?”

The attending doctor sighed. “A few days ago, Anti could still perform the surgery and barely save him. But now, Mr. Ian’s body is too weak. Just now, there was blood in his lungs, and we also performed the surgery on him. His body is no longer suitable for surgery. Sigh!”

No longer suitable for surgery...

What did this mean?

Joel grabbed his hand. “What did you say?”

The attending doctor slowly retracted his hand and said, “Mr. Joel, you... should prepare for a funeral!” before slowly retreating and leaving.

Joel stood there and frowned.

He looked at the ICU ward again.

At this moment, footsteps suddenly came from the end of the corridor.

Joel turned back and saw that the elders from the old residence had arrived.

He narrowed his eyes and welcomed them. “Granduncle, why are you here?”

This Granduncle was Ian’s third uncle. He used to be a glorious direct descendant, but ever since he moved to the old residence, he only took the Smiths’ dividend and did not ask about anything else.

Under normal circumstances, they would only appear if something unfair happened to the Smiths.

However, this Granduncle did not get along with Ian.

Back then, Ian refused to marry for the sake of Yvette. In granduncle's eyes, he had already become an anomaly. Joel knew that granduncle had repeatedly scolded Ian for being selfish and completely disregarding his future generations. He did not even have a direct successor!

Granduncle even said that even if he did not get married, he could just have a child, but Ian had rejected all of them.

Back then, Ian's methods were iron-blooded. The entire Smith family was exceptionally obedient under his thunderous methods. How could Granduncle be Ian's match?

He had forcefully sent him back to the old residence and even sent him a message: "Take care of yourself. Don't be a busybody."

Granduncle had been furious, but he could not do anything to Ian.

According to what Joel knew, this Granduncle was guarding the ancestral old residence. The fun he had every day was cursing Ian. Every day, he would scold him. It had almost become his daily routine!

Ever since Ian fell ill, Granduncle had felt even more satisfied. Joel heard that he waited at home every day for news of his death.

Nothing good would come of him running here now!

Sure enough, the walking stick in the hands of this 80-year-old man hit him directly. "Unfilial son! Don't you know why I'm here?"

Joel was not stupid. He dodged his attack, his eyes slightly cold. "Granduncle, what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" The wrinkles on Granduncle's face furrowed as he scolded, "Your Uncle Ian isn't dead yet, but you can't wait to chase his daughter out?"

When Joel heard this, his eyes narrowed.

With that, Granduncle moved aside to reveal Yvonne behind the crowd.

Yvonne's eyes were red. She lowered her head and was crying silently. She looked up at Joel and said in a choked voice, "Joel, big brother, I was wrong. Let me go home!"

When he saw her, Joel narrowed his eyes.

His lips curled into a mocking smile.

Granduncle had always been at odds with Ian. Why would he be so righteous as to “help his adopted daughter?”

In fact, when Ian was seriously ill a few years ago, Granduncle had sent someone to contact him, hinting that he would take Ian down and control the Smiths.

This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. “What did you do wrong?”

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, “I shouldn’t have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?”

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, “Big Brother, I’m doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she’s back, Dad’s illness has worsened. Wasn’t it all because of her? Although I’m not Dad’s biological daughter, I’m Dad’s legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You’re biased toward Nora, but I’m not! My heart only favors Dad!”

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. “After all, he’s not Ian’s biological son. He’s just Ian’s nephew. If you don’t feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you

shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

"That's right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith's nurturing!"

Facing everyone's criticisms, Joel's attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian's most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian's depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, "Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts' banquet personally. I'm sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian's orders?"

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, "Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?"

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, "Hmph, you're full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn't it all because you're not Ian's biological son? I think you're the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don't go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn't dead yet!"

Joel couldn't be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, "I'm indeed not Uncle Ian's biological son. But don't forget that I'm still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I'm sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!"

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking

over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, "Because she's from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad's wishes?"

Joel: "??"

He frowned. "What nonsense are you talking about here?!"

Yvonne immediately said, “Joel, don’t think I don’t know! The medicine I’ve been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It’s just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don’t dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine!”

She said firmly, “All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons’ medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!”

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine.

Everyone said that he didn’t eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy’s Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. “Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith.”

Yvonne said forcefully, “Her surname isn’t important. What’s important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!”

Yvonne sighed, “Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!”

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. “I’m just saving Uncle Ian’s life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts.”

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. “Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there’s no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they’re just uncle and nephew!”

“I’m not talking about him.” Nora’s voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. “Then who are you talking about? You can’t be talking about yourself, right?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl’s almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, “Yes, it’s me.”

“...”

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. “You? Are you dreaming? You’re clearly Uncle Ryan’s daughter! You’re the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it’s daytime now. Please don’t have any beautiful dreams!”

Joel looked at Nora’s confident look and frowned. He asked directly, “What evidence do you have?”

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora’s lips curled up. “The evidence is here.”

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, "No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!"

When she said this, Joel's eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, "Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you've been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?"

Yvonne choked and stuttered, "I, I... I'm just fulfilling Dad's wish!"

"Wish?" Joel sneered and looked at the others. "Let's not talk about whether Nora's DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian's wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You're too foolish!"

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian's capable subordinates and said directly, "Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the

beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I'm fighting for power, but if I'm really so selfish, why don't I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn't it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I'm sure you all know who doesn't want Uncle Ian to live!"

Ian's subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian's persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, "Treat him first!"

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor's words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the “good news” of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. “Don’t worry. With Anti’s medical skills, if she can’t save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can.”

Quentin: “?”

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. “I’m not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she’s the best in medicine, why should I be worried?”

Joel: “?”

He hesitated. “Then you are...”

Quentin sighed heavily. “Big Sister hasn’t been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!”

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: “...”

He touched his forehead and asked, “Can’t you focus on the hospital first?”

Quentin: “...Is Big Sister in the hospital?”

“ ... ”

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. "He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that."

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne's feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. "I-I want to see Dad!"

"Yes, let's go see Mr. Smith!"

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. “The patient has just finished his surgery. It’s easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let’s wait for the patient’s condition to improve before we talk.”

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, “Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now.”

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, “Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period.”

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel’s hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, “Where did you fabricate this report from? It’s actually so real! But you’re really smart. You actually thought of this method!”

Nora: “?”

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. “This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn’t see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I’ll see if I can poach him from the Hunts...”

Joel: “...”

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That’s right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora’s report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl’s clear voice say, “This report is real.”

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. “What did you say?”

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

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This Granduncle had a stomach full of bad ideas for Uncle Ian, but he had stepped forward at this moment. Yvonne must have promised him something!

Joel retracted his thoughts. There was still a smile in his fox eyes. “What did you do wrong?”

What wrongdoings was she admitting to?

Yvonne lowered her head and said, “I shouldn't have targeted Nora. But Joel, I really did treat her like this because I felt bad for Dad. Think about it. Who is the reason why Dad is lying in there hanging between life and death? Whose daughter is Nora?”

Joel sneered.

Yvonne was really good at finding excuses for herself.

Yvonne continued, “Big Brother, I'm doing this all for Dad! If you ask me, he should have just disowned her and prevented her from returning to the Smiths! Now that she's back, Dad's illness has worsened. Wasn't it all because of her? Although I'm not Dad's biological daughter, I'm Dad's legal daughter. Dad raised me, so how can I not repay his kindness? I know that

you and Nora are cousins and are related by blood. You're biased toward Nora, but I'm not! My heart only favors Dad!"

Her words were self-righteous, but she had found an excuse for what she had done wrong.

When Granduncle heard this, he nodded slightly. "After all, he's not Ian's biological son. He's just Ian's nephew. If you don't feel sorry for your Uncle Ian, his daughter will naturally feel sorry for him! Joel, no matter what, you shouldn't have chased Yvonne out because of someone from the side family! I'm here today to tell you that you have to bring her back!"

Yvonne had gone to look for him and made a request to split the family.

As Ian's only daughter, even if Joel inherited the Smiths, she could still get half of Ian's assets!

At that time, she would give the two-thirds to Granduncle.

Granduncle knew very well how big Ian's private fortune was!

He was immediately tempted.

Only then did he lick his lips and follow Yvonne here. Furthermore, he had called a few loyal members of the Smiths over.

Those people had created the Smiths' legend with Ian back then and were very loyal to him.

They stood behind Yvonne and Granduncle and began to criticize Joel.

"Joel, how could you forget Mr. Smith's kindness to you?"

"That's right. Even an adopted daughter knows how to repay the kindness. What about you? Mr. Smith treats you very well!"

"I don't care what mistake Miss Yvonne has made. Nora shouldn't have acknowledged the Smiths! She should be chased out!! Bring Miss Yvonne home!"

"That's right.. We need to get that illegitimate daughter out of the Smiths to live up to Mr. Smith's nurturing!"

Facing everyone's criticisms, Joel's attitude remained indifferent.

These people were originally the backbone of Smith Corporation and were Ian's most capable subordinates. They had all seen Ian's depressed state because of Yvette.

Everyone hated Yvette to the core.

Therefore, when he first found out that Nora was his cousin, Joel had to ask Ian for permission before he could go and fetch her.

Joel said slowly, "Uncles, it was Uncle Ian who made the decision to bring Nora home. He even went to the Hunts' banquet personally. I'm sure you all know about this, right? Are you planning to disregard Uncle Ian's orders?"

His words silenced those people.

Joel knew that they were only there to stand up for Yvonne. These people were actually very reasonable people. He said sincerely, "Think about it. If Uncle Ian was still awake, would he have allowed Yvonne to do such a thing?"

Would he?

Of course not!

Ian was a very charming person. Otherwise, he would not have let so many of them follow him his entire life.

When those people stopped talking, Granduncle said, "Hmph, you're full of righteousness and morals. In the end, isn't it all because you're not Ian's biological son? I think you're the one who instigated him to acknowledge her so that he would be angered to death. You completely control the Smiths, right? But don't go overboard! Joel, your uncle isn't dead yet!"

Joel couldn't be bothered with him, but he looked at the core members of the company and said, "I'm indeed not Uncle Ian's biological son. But don't forget that I'm still his nephew at the very least. But this woman... is not related to Uncle Ian by blood at all. I'm sure you all know who is closer to Uncle Ian!"

With a few words, Joel shifted the conflict.

They looked at each other and fell silent.

Yes, when they heard that Miss Yvonne had been bullied, they thought about how good Ian used to be and stood up for her. However, Joel's words were true!

The corridor suddenly fell silent.

At this moment, another set of footsteps could be heard. Everyone turned their heads and saw Nora, who was being discussed by everyone, walking over with hurried footsteps. She did not care about the people sizing her up at all and walked straight to Joel. She looked at the operating theater and her gaze was a little complicated. "...How is he now?"

Treating Ian was the most important matter. How could Joel have the time to bicker with these people?

He directly pulled Nora aside and frowned. "This... I need you to take a look and see if Uncle Ian can still be saved!"

Nora nodded. "Give me the medical records and all of his CT scans!"

She was very confident when she spoke. "My assistant, Lily, is already on the way. Everything regarding him... send them to me!"

Joel had originally called Nora over to let her treat his illness.

However, he did not expect Nora's attitude to be so strong. She immediately wanted to take charge of Uncle Ian's treatment?

He frowned and was about to speak when Yvonne's sharp voice sounded. "Joel, you plan to let Nora treat Dad? That's not possible!"

Her words made Joel frown tightly. "Why not?"

Of course, it was because if Ian woke up, he would definitely pursue the matter!

Yvonne knew Ian's character like the back of her hand. She knew very well what would happen to her if he was treated!

When they came to the hospital, they had already found out that Ian might not wake up this time. At this moment, of course, they could not let the miracle doctor, Anti, be involved!

Thinking about this, Yvonne took a step forth and accused, “Because she’s from the Andersons. Joel, are you going against Dad’s wishes?”

Joel: “??”

He frowned. “What nonsense are you talking about here?!”

Yvonne immediately said, “Joel, don’t think I don’t know! The medicine I’ve been taking lately is not any good medicine from Myers Peace Pharmacy! It’s just a replacement Carefree Pill! But you don’t dare to tell the truth because you know that Daddy has never taken Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine!”

She said firmly, “All these years, Dad has hated the Andersons to the core. Joel, you know that, right? Even if he died, he would not take the Andersons’ medicine. Now, you actually let Nora treat him? Even if he was saved, he would be angered to death by you!”

Joel narrowed his eyes.

The Smiths knew that Ian did not take Harmonia Pharmacy’s medicine.

Everyone said that he didn’t eat them because he hated Yvette.

However, Joel felt that Uncle Ian was afraid that experiencing the familiar taste would cause sadness.

As for the final stage, Uncle Ian had always been unwilling to take Harmonia Pharmacy’s Carefree Pill. It was not because he had a problem with it, but because he really did not want to live anymore.

If Uncle Ian had not met a small-time broadcaster on the Internet, he would not have taken the Myerses medicine again.

He did not expect Yvonne to interpret his actions this way...

He narrowed his eyes. “Nora is not from the Andersons. Her surname is Smith.”

Yvonne said forcefully, “Her surname isn’t important. What’s important is that her mother is Yvette Anderson!”

Yvonne sighed, “Joel, Daddy is already very weak. Do you really have to humiliate him like this?!”

Humiliate?

Joel clenched his jaw. "I'm just saving Uncle Ian's life! I believe Nora has the same thoughts."

After saying this, he said to Nora forcefully, "Go and see the medical records first."

Nora raised her eyebrows. She was in a hurry to save him and did not care about the rest. However, just as she was about to enter the ward, Yvonne rushed over and blocked the door. "You can't go in!"

She looked at Joel angrily. "The person Daddy hates the most is Yvette. How can Nora appear in Dad's ward? Are you trying to make Dad leave faster? I don't agree!"

With that, she turned to look at Granduncle.

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

Yvonne nodded. "Joel, if you insist on humiliating Daddy, don't blame me for being rude. I'm going to call the police!"

Joel frowned and was about to force this group of people out of the hospital when he heard Nora's light words. "Who said you're his immediate family?"

As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

Yvonne frowned and shouted in anger, "What? You chased me out of the house. Are you not even going to let me acknowledge my family? I was adopted by Daddy, and our relationship is protected by the law. Don't go overboard!"

Joel frowned and looked at Nora, not understanding what she meant.

Nora raised her eyebrows and said directly, "What I mean is that a biological child is more qualified than an adopted child to give permission to continue treatment, right?"

Biological child?

Yvonne was speechless. "Everyone knows that my father has never gotten married or had a woman in his life because of your mother. How could he have a biological child? Oh, I get it. You mean Joel? But there's no adoption between Joel and Dad. Legally, they're just uncle and nephew!"

"I'm not talking about him." Nora's voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. "Then who are you talking about? You can't be talking about yourself, right?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl's almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"..."

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. "You? Are you dreaming? You're clearly Uncle Ryan's daughter! You're the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it's daytime now. Please don't have any beautiful dreams!"

Joel looked at Nora's confident look and frowned. He asked directly, "What evidence do you have?"

As soon as he said this, he heard hurried footsteps in high heels walking over.

Hearing this familiar sound, Nora's lips curled up. "The evidence is here."

With that, everyone turned around and saw Lily walking over. She was wearing a black windbreaker and walked very flashily.

Although Lily was American, she was of mixed blood. She had large eyes and a high nose bridge, making her look valiant.

She came in front of them and directly handed the DNA report to Nora.

Nora did not take it and raised her chin at Joel.

Lily turned around and handed the DNA report to Joel. "Mr. Joel, this is An... Miss Nora and Mr. Ian's DNA test report."

Test report?

Joel narrowed his eyes and picked up the report to take a look. When he saw that there was a 99% chance that they were father and daughter, he looked up at Nora in disbelief.

Ian's capable subordinates were all stunned. Someone could not help but ask, "Mr. Joel, what is written in the DNA report? Say something!"

Joel put away the report and said word by word, "Nora is indeed Uncle Ian's biological daughter."

As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

"That's not important. What's important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!"

The group was very excited. Their eyes were red as they spoke.

Yvonne was also stunned. She took a step forward and snatched the DNA report. She shouted angrily, "How is this possible? How is this possible?! This is impossible! Isn't she Ryan's daughter? Joel, tell me, what's going on?"

What was going on?

Joel also wanted to know what was going on!

However, now was not the time to argue about this. He said directly, "The previous test report might have been wrong, but this report is the answer given by the most authoritative and legal testing organization in the country! Nora is Uncle Ian's daughter!"

As his words fell, he looked at Nora.

The girl was still standing there confidently. At this moment, she had her hands in her pockets as she looked at the people in the corridor. "I'm going to save my father now. Everyone, I wonder if that's okay?"

Ian's subordinates did not stop her anymore.

Yvonne and Granduncle had always been the ones stopping them.

At this moment, the two of them had no right to stop her!

But Yvonne was indignant.

If Anti really went to save her father, the first thing her father would do when he woke up would probably be to deal with her!

Yvonne roared, "No, I suspect that this report is fake! I want to get a DNA sample and do the test myself!"

When she said this, Joel's eyes turned cold.

His eyes, which were usually smiling, were now filled with killing intent. He took a step forward and said coldly, "Yvonne, everyone knows that Nora is Anti, but you've been stopping her from saving Uncle Ian. What are your intentions?"

Yvonne choked and stuttered, "I, I... I'm just fulfilling Dad's wish!"

“Wish?” Joel sneered and looked at the others. “Let’s not talk about whether Nora’s DNA report is true or not. Your words are really laughable! Uncle Ian’s wish is to die, so you want him to die too? Is this your filial piety? You’re too foolish!”

Yvonne was stunned.

Joel looked at Granduncle and Ian’s capable subordinates and said directly, “Uncles, she has been stopping Anti from treating Uncle Ian since the beginning. Why? Only Anti can give Uncle Ian a glimmer of hope! You all said that I’m fighting for power, but if I’m really so selfish, why don’t I let Uncle Ian leave like this? Wouldn’t it be better to just be in charge of the company? Why is this unnecessary?! I’m sure you all know who doesn’t want Uncle Ian to live!”

Ian’s subordinates had not spoken since Yvonne suggested not letting Nora treat him.

In their opinion, Ian’s persistence was courting death. Being alive was better than anything.

They were all senior executives of Smith Corporation, so how could they not understand anything?

At this moment, everyone said, “Treat him first!”

Hearing this, Yvonne was anxious.

However, she calmed down when she thought of the doctor’s words.

So what if she went to see him? The doctor had said that it was too late even if she made a move!

The main reason was that once her father had passed away, so what if she was an adopted daughter? She still had the right to fight for the inheritance!

After everyone stopped blocking her, Nora entered the ICU ward.

As soon as she entered, she sensed a group of people protecting the place.

It seemed that regardless of whether the people outside had any objections or not, from the moment Joel called her to the hospital, the surgery was set in stone.

He had probably sent Quentin over long ago and secretly arranged everything.

Even without the DNA report, Joel could still resolve the problem violently if Yvonne objected.

This big brother looked soft, but his methods were powerful.

She did not have time to think about this anymore. She had already arrived at the bed and first sized up Ian's expression.

He was thinner than the last time they met. His cheekbones were protruding, and he lay there as thin as a piece of paper.

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

He hesitated. "Then you are..."

Quentin sighed heavily. "Big Sister hasn't been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!"

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. "He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that."

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne's feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. "I-I want to see Dad!"

"Yes, let's go see Mr. Smith!"

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. "The patient has just finished his surgery. It's easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let's wait for the patient's condition to improve before we talk."

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, "Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now."

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, "Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period."

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel's hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, "Where did you fabricate this report from? It's actually so real! But you're really smart. You actually thought of this method!"

Nora: "?"

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. "This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn't see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I'll see if I can poach him from the Hunts..."

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

It was not that she was not their cousin or related to them by blood if she was indeed Uncle Ryan's daughter. It was just that Uncle Ian was different to them.

To Joel and Quentin, Ian was more like a teacher and a father than an uncle.

Especially Joel, who protected him from the bottom of his heart.

Yvette and Uncle Ryan had eloped and hurt Uncle Ian's heart. To the two of them, this matter was unforgivable. Therefore, in the beginning, their feelings for Nora were a little complicated.

Chapter 349 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Granduncle immediately coughed. "It seems that in the last stage of the patient's life, if we agree not to resuscitate him, the signature on the agreement must be signed by his immediate family. Joel, the decision to let her save your uncle is in the hands of Yvonne! After all, she is Ian's legal daughter!"

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As soon as she said this, everyone looked at her, not understanding what she meant for a moment.

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“I’m not talking about him.” Nora’s voice was cold. She looked at the time. When she first came, she did not immediately reveal her identity because she wanted to get the test report from Lily.

Judging from the time, it should be here soon, right?

As he thought about this, he heard Yvonne sneer. “Then who are you talking about? You can’t be talking about yourself, right?”

Nora raised her eyebrows and looked at Yvonne.

The girl’s almond-shaped eyes were filled with interest and mockery. For some reason, Yvonne suddenly had a bad feeling. Indeed, in the next moment, she heard her say calmly, “Yes, it’s me.”

“...”

The entire corridor fell silent for a moment.

After a long time, Yvonne was the first to return to her senses. “You? Are you dreaming? You’re clearly Uncle Ryan’s daughter! You’re the illegitimate daughter your mother gave birth to when she eloped with Ryan! Last time, Joel even took your DNA to prove it! Nora, it’s daytime now. Please don’t have any beautiful dreams!”

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As soon as he said this, the others stepped forward.

"Let me see!"

"Don't fake this report. Look carefully before you speak."

"Didn't you see the report logo? This is the most authoritative testing organization in the country. It can't be fake!"

"Is she really Mr. Smith's daughter? So Yvette didn't betray him? Then why did she escape back then?"

“That’s not important. What’s important is that Mr. Smith has a future. He has a real daughter now!”

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He hesitated. “Then you are...”

Quentin sighed heavily. “Big Sister hasn’t been to the underground arena for two days. I wonder what happened. Sigh!”

The night before yesterday, because he was going to save Nora, he did not go to the martial arts arena. In the end, he had found out that Big Sister had not gone over either.

But last night, after he saw Nora return home, he had gone over. But in the end, Big Sister still did not come!

Where did she go? What was she busy with?

Joel: "..."

He touched his forehead and asked, "Can't you focus on the hospital first?"

Quentin: "...Is Big Sister in the hospital?"

"..."

This child did not know how serious Uncle Ian's illness was. Forget it, he would not say any more. Instead of making him worry with him, it was better to worry about that Big Sister!

"It's done."

With Nora's words, the surgery in the operating theater came to an end.

She looked at Ian's vital signs and took out the silver needles to stop the bleeding. After she was done, she said, "Lily."

Lily stepped forward and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

Then, she checked Ian's entire body and said, "The operation was very successful."

Nora then heaved a sigh of relief. She nodded and went out.

The door to the operating theater was opened. The people waiting anxiously outside immediately rushed over.

"How's Dad?"

Yvonne was the first to ask this question. "Did the operation succeed? Will Dad wake up?"

Nora raised her eyebrows and glanced at her. "Of course. The surgery was very successful."

The words "very successful" made Yvonne's face turn pale.

She took a step back in shock and looked at Nora in disbelief.

Nora looked directly at Joel. “He will wake up in a day. I think there are some things that need to be settled after that.”

Her last sentence was directed at Yvonne.

Yvonne’s feet trembled as she looked at the operating theater. “I-I want to see Dad!”

“Yes, let’s go see Mr. Smith!”

The others agreed.

Nora stopped them. “The patient has just finished his surgery. It’s easy to get infected if so many people go in to see him. Let’s wait for the patient’s condition to improve before we talk.”

Everyone nodded.

Joel then said, “Alright, Uncle Ian is no longer in danger. You can leave now.”

After that, he looked at Yvonne and sneered, “Also, when Uncle Ian wakes up, I will tell him everything that happened during this period.”

Yvonne trembled again.

She bit her lip, but she was helpless in front of such a domineering Joel. In the end, she could only leave with the group of people.

Seeing that the group of people had left, Quentin appeared again and stood beside Nora. He casually took the DNA report from Joel’s hand.

Quentin looked at Nora curiously and asked, “Where did you fabricate this report from? It’s actually so real! But you’re really smart. You actually thought of this method!”

Nora: “?”

Quentin opened the DNA report and looked at the stamp of the testing organization. “This stamp really looks like it. No wonder they didn’t see through it. Did Justin help you? Help me find out who they used for this. I’ll see if I can poach him from the Hunts...”

Joel: "..."

If he blurted his motive out so openly, would Nora still tell him?!

That's right. He and Quentin both thought that Nora's report was fake. It was a reasonable plan to treat Uncle Ian.

However, he did not expect to hear the girl's clear voice say, "This report is real."

Quentin and Joel were stunned.

The two of them looked at her simultaneously. "What did you say?"

Was the DNA report real?

Didn't that mean that... Nora was really Uncle Ian's daughter?

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Chapter 350 - The Plan of Saving Nora Novel Free

Nora retracted her gaze and picked up his medical record and the CT scan she had taken.

Every organ in his body was indeed failing. The most serious thing was that there was a tumor in his brain that needed to be removed immediately. It was similar to the situation with Mrs. Hunt.

However, Mrs. Hunt was in her eighties, so her body naturally deteriorated.

Ian was only 50 years old. It was really not right for his body to be so exhausted.

While she was thinking, Lily had already changed her clothes and walked in. The medical team that belonged to Anti had completely taken over Ian's treatment team.

Joel had no objections to this.

Outside.

Ian's attending doctor watched as Lily pushed Ian into the operating theater. He walked back and forth angrily and stomped his feet. He said to Ian, "Mr. Joel, Mr. Smith's body is really not suitable for surgery! You'll kill him!"

Joel did not speak and only stared at the operating theater.

The attending doctor said, "No matter how good Anti is, the most important thing to do now is to let the old sir recuperate first. All physical indicators have to be met before he can be carried to surgery!"

Joel lowered his eyes and only said after a moment, "I believe her."

This girl could always create miracles.

When the attending doctor knew that Joel had made up his mind and he would not change it again, he could only pace around anxiously as he stared at the operating theater.

In the corridor, Granduncle and Yvonne sat on the bench.

Granduncle held his walking stick and craned his neck to look as if he was waiting for the "good news" of his death.

The others were also paying attention to this surgery.

Quentin had walked behind Joel at some point in time. He held his chin and was deep in thought, looking very worried.

When Joel saw this, he comforted him for once. "Don't worry. With Anti's medical skills, if she can't save Uncle Ian, then no one in this world can."

Quentin: "?"

He slowly raised his head and looked at Joel. "I'm not worried about Uncle Ian! Nora can definitely treat him, right? Since she's the best in medicine, why should I be worried?"

Joel: "?"

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